

Lucifer's Wedding

A Novel

by

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"In those days there was no king in Israel; every man did what was right in his own eyes."

Judges, 21:25

Prologue Dachau, 1945

Dr. Abraham Friedman sat across from Commandant Helmut Strasser inside the Nazi S.S. Officer's room at the German death camp number seventeen. Abraham could smell the tantalizing odor of frying sausages from the kitchen and it was driving him crazy with hunger. Strasser's ten-year-old daughter, Heidi, was preparing them for the two men, and as a prisoner in Dachau, Abraham had eaten nothing but watery barley soup for over six months. Even this was more than most of his fellow inmates had received. At five foot two, and 110 pounds in his striped prison uniform, Abraham was comparably hefty.

"It is interesting to hear you have studied the Luciferians, Dr. Friedman. We have been a little-known sect for hundreds of years."

"Yes, Commandant, but before the war I was an archeologist in the Middle East. I discovered the writings of the founder of your group, and it surprised me to understand that you believe there will be a new Eden on earth in the future."

Commandant Strasser moved forward in his cushioned chair toward the short Jew and committed the unpardonable sin for a Nazi--he looked into Abraham's eyes. "Yah! Did you think the Master had nothing to offer his followers? Did you think Herr Hitler was the only one to want power on earth? Oh no, my friend. In fact, since you have studied so much about my sect, I am going to appoint you my personal researcher. I want you to bring any information you have discovered during your expeditions. I must find out if what we have been told is true!"

"True?" Abraham also leaned forward.

"Yah, we were told about the Black Wedding. Did you read anywhere in your texts about this event?"

"No, there was no mention of such ceremony in the texts we unearthed in Jerusalem. Only more sacrificial instructions for the Black Mass, and other codified rules of behavior for the Luciferians."

The tall Commandant stood up. His neatly pressed, gray officer's uniform with the bone-white death's head insignias on the cap and shoulderboards contrasted sharply with the smaller man's dingy gray prison garb. Strasser walked over to a Victrola sitting on a mahogany table near the window and turned the crank. A record began to play. It was a German waltz.

"Ach, Strauss! They will play such music at the Black Wedding. Well, my friend, since you will be going nowhere but up the chimney, I will share the secret of my Master with you. The Black Wedding will be the marriage of Lucifer to a mortal woman. This union will mark the end of the rule of Man. The birth of the Anti-Christ, and the true harmonious life under the Master's new Reich will finally show us the way. Isn't that magnificent news, my little Jew? Who knows? Perhaps there will even be room for your kind in Satan's dominion. You are the same horned rascals who mix Christian infants' blood to make your matzos for Passover, are you not?"

Heidi came into the room with the steaming platter of Berliner sausages. She wore the blue-bibbed mountain dress with the tiny embroidered edelweiss on the front, so popular with the girls of the Hitler Youth, and Abraham thought he had never seen such sparkling blue eyes. She offered them first to her father, who took two large knockwurst, and then to Abraham, who at first refused. He was still staring over at the Commandant, his mouth hanging open.

"Oh, come now, learned fellow! Eat! When the Master finally rules, the order will be reversed. The last shall finish first, and the first shall be last--just as in your evil book! But the one in control will not be your pitiful little god, that's all. Take heart, and eat!"

His hunger finally got the best of him, and Abraham took two sausages into his hands and began devouring them. The hot grease splattered inside his mouth and rolled down his chin, but he felt no pain. The intense pleasure and relief of real food overcame his inhibitions, and he knew he would survive.

Heidi watched the little Jew eat for awhile, and then she said, "Look, Daddy! The Jews do so eat pork!"

To Abraham, an Orthodox Jew, this little bit of news was too much. In a fit of nauseous heaving, he threw-up the pig onto the shiny wooden floor, with its boards imported directly from the Black Forest in the heart of the Rhineland.

Chapter One

Commendation, San Diego California, Monday, June 4

Miriam Weinstein woke up with a start. Her Pacific Beach apartment was bathed in a golden glow from the open window, but the black shapes and moving forms from her nightmare made her uneasy. She rubbed her eyes and looked at the digital clock. If she hurried, she could get downtown in time for Chief Redmond's meeting at nine. There was a problem with getting money to finance her special investigations unit, and Miriam and her partner, James Duvalier, were to meet with Mayor Catherine O'Meara about their handling of the Sansouix Satanic Cult at Soledad Mountain.

Miriam got up, pulled off her shorty pajamas, and walked into the bathroom. Her one-bedroom apartment was filled with decorations from her college life and from her early years in police work, when she was earning a reputation as a psychic. Her track and field trophy from UCLA stood on the dresser, the news clippings about her capture of the San Diego Slayer using extra-sensory techniques was inside a plaque hanging above the dresser, and a color photo of both her and James Duvalier graduating from the Police Academy at Miramar College was next to the clips.

Miriam turned on the water for her shower and also turned on the small portable radio on top of the toilet.

"Good mornin', San Diego! This is Rick Aden, and here's a hot tune from the latest metal group to hit the big charts: Dead to Rights. This song kills me!"

Miriam switched the channel to a classical station. She hated the Heavy Metal music phenomenon. It was so negative to hear about death and destruction. Punk and Slash groups like the Dead Kennedys, Sex Pistols and even Skinhead Nazi groups like Der Deutschland,

made her wonder why young people had such a great appetite for nihilism. Her job was filled with suicide, racism and gangsterism, so why did she have to listen to it on the radio? She had had enough of doom and gloom in her childhood experiences. Just watching her father, Isaac, drink himself to death was enough to make any kid turn against adulthood. But it was Isaac's love of law and order--he was a chief in the Navy--that had given Miriam her inspiration to become a police officer. Isaac was paralyzed protecting his house from an intruder, and was rewarded for his heroism when his wife left him because he could no longer satisfy her sexually. After taking a degree at UCLA and getting through police training in San Diego, Miriam had entered police work.

She stepped into the hot shower and grabbed the sprayer. She liked the way the body massaging spray pulsated against her body. She took the shampoo and began to lather her blond locks. *Thanks, Mom, wherever you are*, she thought, as she shampooed her hair. She liked the fact that she did not have the dark, Semitic look of a Jew like her father. Instead, she was light-skinned and blond like her Swedish mother.

However, Miriam Weinstein kept her opinions to herself. She was a loner, and she lived the life of the loner. Except for her attendance at Adult Children of Alcoholics Meetings, she had little to do with any social groups. She spent most of her free time going over the cases in her new department, the Paranormal Psychology Unit, and exercising her mental telepathic powers to solve especially intriguing cases.

They had just broken the Sansouix Satanic Cult Case last month, and Mayor O'Meara wanted to give Miriam and James a special commendation in a private ceremony in Chief Redmond's office. Five arrests were made at Soledad Mountain, and in large part, it was their telepathic tracing of the crime scene which led to the busts at the mountain.

But the mayor's interest in the case went much deeper than the San Diego Police Department. One of the cult's members had been one Debra O'Meara, the mayor's seventeen-year-old daughter. Miriam had mentally sniffed-out the girl's presence at the crime scene. This led to a positive identification from an old photo of the cult founded by college drop-outs and millionaire twin brothers from La Jolla, Jacob and Joshua Sansouix.

Debbie stood in the center of the group photo, her tanned face beaming back at the camera, wearing a provocative string bikini and simulating a fellatio act with Joshua, who clowned in front of her, his pelvis thrust forward, and a wide grin spread across his swarthy young face. He was holding a guitar in his big hands. Joshua was the lead singer in Dead to Rights, the heavy metal group formed during the brothers' college days at the University of San Diego.

Miriam stepped out of the shower and grabbed for a towel. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed something on the fogged mirror. Five words were formed, as if someone had written them while she showered. But each letter was jagged and inhuman. The words made a single phrase in all caps: MIRIAM IS THE CHOSEN ONE.

* * *

Miriam and James stepped forward to accept the check for twenty-seven thousand dollars. The mayor, wearing her blue suit, smiled her best Irish grin and handed it to them.

The photographer took the picture as both partners held the check: black man and white woman working together to fight crime. It was good P.R. for the police force, which had been getting some bad publicity lately from shooting cases in which civilians had been wounded.

Chief Redmond stepped forward and shook their hands. "Good job, Weinstein. Duvalier. Just remember that your work is not to be communicated to the press, except for the fact that we're using paranormal psychology methods in a *very* scientific way. The San Diego Police force criminal science laboratory isn't ready to be called voodoo police work just yet. However, we are glad you have made this contribution."

Mayor O'Meara laughed. "Chief, I don't care if the press knows about their psychic abilities. We've spent thousands of dollars researching the Soviets' work in this area, and it's about time America woke up to the fact that ESP and psychic phenomena do exist. My Cultural Exchange Program was a big success last year, and we have to keep up the good relationship with Russia."

James Duvalier, a tall black sergeant with a protective attitude about his paranormal abilities, adjusted his ivory cufflinks and looked down at his two-hundred-dollar Italian shoes. "I hate to tell you all this, but those who have true psychic abilities--like the Sansouix brothers--really don't give a damn if you believe in them or not. They'll keep taking in innocent young people like your daughter and showing them what they can do. It's a great temptation, and the only way to stop it is by our methods."

Miriam smiled at her partner. "James is right. We can use this money to fight criminals who have abilities like we have. They can harness supernatural powers for their own evil intent--make no mistake--and the only way we can stop them is to discover what they're up to before they can do it."

Mayor O'Meara stepped between the two officers and draped her arms around their shoulders. "Sam, take a shot of me with these two fine officers. Miriam, you tell Sam what to write up for the press and we'll get it out. The community *should* know what fine work you

are doing, and will continue to do. And after that, I want you both to take a couple of paid days off. You deserve it."

"Thank you, Mayor," said Miriam, but she could read minds, and Catherine O'Meara was thinking to herself, *If you had arrested my daughter with those criminals, you both would be walking the boardwalk in Mission Beach.*

James Duvalier, who could also read minds, nodded over at his partner and smiled. "I'm gonna sleep for two days, Wino, how about you?"

"Yeah, Duv, my head could use a rest too," said Miriam, as the lights of the police photographer from Public Affairs flashed in her eyes one more time.

Chapter Two

First Dream, Tuesday, June 5

This wasn't like the other dreams. In the other dreams, even her childhood dreams when her father was out drinking, Miriam could always tell she was asleep because of slow-motion movements or fantastic shapes. Now, all of her senses were sharp and real. She could feel the cold pavement under her bare feet as she walked toward the tavern called The Poor Inn.

She could smell the cigarette smoke, stale beer and urine odors inside the barroom and touch the soft, red vinyl cushion of the stool on which she sat. Only the blinking colored lights and shadowy forms in the darkness looked surreal and dream-like to her. She felt her skin under the flimsy shorty pajamas suddenly go cold as the bartender pushed toward her from behind the counter. He came at her from out of a fog-like mist.

Miriam could feel his hot breath against her cheek as she stared into his hideous face. He was the ugliest creature she had ever seen. He stood over seven feet tall, two-thirds of his body's surfaces were raw and bloody flesh, blue veins pulsing on the surface of the red meat, and giant boils covering his face.

Some fiend had turned his body inside-out, internal organs dangling against his flesh and jostling the counter next to her: his heart pumping blood, his liver spitting juices, and his brain shooting electric currents that sparked against the mirror and across the liquor bottles standing in rows behind him.

When he spoke, Miriam could see that his gleaming teeth were all metal--razor-sharp blades sunk into bleeding gums--she could smell the stench of his mouth--like the raw sewage she smelled once while swimming off Point Loma.

A terror gripped her as she listened, and she looked frantically around for a way out. Yet, she knew it was a dream. It was amazing! She *felt* real, but she knew it was only a fantasy. She had experienced these dreams many times before. They were the way she predicted the future--just like those witches of old. So she had to listen carefully to the sounds coming from the creature's mouth because they sounded like a record being played at slow speed with a dull needle.

"You arre a witnesssssss, you biiiiiitch! Watch the murrirderrrr, and see what you misssssssed! Yourrrre turrrrrrn will come sooooooon! His Majesty issssss coming. But ssssstay awaaaaaaay from City Heightssssss!"

What luck! It's not bad enough to have color dreams, but she also had to be cursed at as well. She watched in fear as the bartender pointed a bloody hand toward the center floor of the barroom like a ghoulish Master of Ceremonies.

The juke-box magically began to play "Welcome to the Jungle," by Guns 'N Roses, and Miriam could see a couple slow-dancing. On the back of the boy's jacket was the picture of a man hanging from the gallows with the words "Bounty Hunters" in red Cholo Script beneath it.

Miriam watched, powerless, as the creature stepped out and walked toward the dancing couple. They were kissing passionately and unaware of the bloody menace approaching them from behind. The big juke box blared, " . . . jungle, welcome to the jungle. Watch it bring you to your sha . . . na . . . na . . . na . . . knees! I wanna watch you bleed."

Miriam suddenly yelled, "Look out!"

But the monster had already sunk his razor-sharp teeth down into the top of the youth's head. The boy let out a blood-curdling scream as the seven-foot fiend ripped-off the Raider cap, and, with it, the top of the boy's skull! The gang member's body fell to the floor with a thud, and Miriam could see his brains begin to pour onto the sawdust floor, and the blood soon began to pump and to coagulate into woody clumps beneath his head.

But the creature was not through yet. He limped slowly but purposefully toward Miriam, and she could see the heart pumping outside his chest, and she could hear his hairy jaws gnashing and crunching together as he devoured the bloody top of the Bounty Hunter's head. The boy's black girlfriend was staring at Miriam, her mouth in an uncomprehending, terror-stricken "O." No sound came from her mouth, and Miriam could only sit, riveted in disgust, as the monster shuffled toward her, closer, ever closer, until at last he reached out and grabbed at her leg with his bloody talon.

Miriam pulled away, and shrieked, "It's only a dream!" But as she did so, she felt the flesh tear from her right thigh. It was real! She was going to die in a dream!

But just as quickly, she was wide awake, in her own bedroom, the burning sensation coursing through her whole body from the ripped flesh on her leg. She was sitting on top of the familiar green, down comforter that her German Grandmother Judith Weinstein had sewn for her long ago in Berlin. But the blood that flowed from the wounds on her thigh was all too real. This demonic messenger of her dream was the most horrible experience in her short career as a psychic and as a police officer.

Miriam swung her arm across the bed, over the nightstand, to the telephone. She had trouble picking up the receiver, but at last she held it in her trembling hands. She pressed "mem 2" and waited as it automatically dialed the number.

"Yo," came the familiar voice of her partner, James Duvalier. "If it's not a murder, or World War Three, then you're in a world of hurt!"

"It's me, Duv," said Miriam, clearing her throat. "I had another dream. But this time, I got physical proof that the Demons are gaining strength."

Miriam heard her partner's sharp intake of breath on the other end. "Holy Jesus, Weinstein! What did you see? Where was it?"

"Someone or some *thing* killed a kid in the Poor Inn on University in City Heights. That's the first murder since we put the Sansouix brothers away in Patton State. This means we have another commander in the field, my man. We've got to tell the chief and visit that bar before there's another killing. Meet me in front of my apartment at ten tomorrow morning. We have to talk to the Bounty Hunters before it happens again."

"Right on, Wino. You want me to come over there so you can sleep?"

"No, thanks anyway, Duv. I'm going to put something on my scratches and take a couple of Darvon. Nothing ever comes again after I dream like this. You know how it is."

"Yeah, I know. But sometimes I hate having to live alone, don't you? Just because we're mental freaks doesn't mean we're not human beings with feelings like anybody else."

"Sure, Duv. See you in the morning."

Miriam put down the receiver and looked at her dream-wound again. If the Demons were back in force, then it would take every ounce of mental courage she could muster. But if they did attack in her sleep, then what chance did she stand? She winced as she reached for

the bottle of sleeping pills on the nightstand. As she popped the pills into her mouth she found herself humming the tune from "Welcome to the Jungle."

She always felt alone, even when standing in crowds of people. The powers that she owned isolated her from others because the voices would cram inside her brain until she wanted to scream. The energies from this fifth dimension were so powerful to her sensitive mind that she used them to move objects.

Her dreams predicted the future and her mind read others' thoughts. Her chief petty officer father even locked her up for a month in the apartment when he saw her lifting pancakes off the plate with her mind. He was *not* hallucinating--it was his five-year-old daughter--his little girl--dressed in her pink sailor suit--needing so much love that she was *giving* him her pancakes so he wouldn't drink another bottle of beer.

Miriam stopped doing her magic when she was six years old, after her father took her to see Rabbi Friedman at Temple Beth El. Miriam remembered that day like it was yesterday. Her thoughts were a colorful VCR play-back, and she viewed the movie with interest from her bed.

The air was damp with the sea breezes of San Diego, but there were also sinister and demonic smells that came from the bars and pool halls along the avenue. Gulls reeled crazily in the skies, calling frantically down to the two moving figures.

Isaac Weinstein rolled his wheelchair briskly down Fourth Avenue with her reluctantly in tow. Two hookers standing in front of the Hitching Post Motel waved at Isaac and blew kisses to her. "Hiya sweetie! You goin' bye-bye with Daddy?" Miriam tried to dart into the different stores and taverns that they passed, but Isaac kept yanking her back onto the sidewalk by the rope and halter he had tied to his chair. He was a man with a mission.

Miriam twisted her body as she was pulled along, trying to stretch her neck to see the two women, who were now fading from sight. She had seen these women--or women like them--often since her mother left. They sat with her at night, long after Isaac passed out in his wheelchair from the beer he drank. They sat with her on the bed, and read her stories from the Little Golden Books. The women's bright clothes and interesting odors fascinated Miriam.

Miriam enjoyed these women because they lived their lives according to the zodiac, and they read her the horoscopes in the daily papers. They also went to psychics who told them their fortunes and they often took Miriam with them.

Ever since the bullet hit him during a burglary attempt on their home in Point Loma, Isaac was unable to have sex. Isaac paid these women to visit him in the lonely evenings. Today, the Navy paid him disability checks, and they had lost their home because of his gambling debts. He had little money left over, except to pay rent for their apartment in downtown San Diego, and for his alcohol and women. This practice was frequent these days.

Isaac's parents died in concentration camps during the war, and officials sent Isaac to a brother and sister-in-law living in San Diego, California. Isaac decided to marry Ingrid, a Christian Swedish woman he met while serving at a duty station in Stockholm in 1965. Isaac's relatives, who were all Orthodox Jews, held mourning over Isaac, as though he had died.

Ingrid and Isaac gave birth to Miriam in 1968, at Balboa Naval Hospital in San Diego. Isaac was serving a two-year hitch in Vietnam. Ingrid left them shortly after Isaac became paralyzed in 1972. He sold his house in Point Loma and moved downtown to a more affordable apartment on Sixth Avenue, in the Park View Manor, across from Balboa Park.

Many people who met Miriam in the park crowded around her and marveled at her soft blonde hair--a gift from her Swedish mother--and paid her to do mind-reading tricks. From the time she was five years old, she made money with her father by doing these tricks. She guessed the age of the tourists, or how many children they had--even what their names were--and Miriam amazed the visitors with her accuracy. "What a gift she has!" they exclaimed, and Miriam beamed up at them, happy to be the center of attention.

Isaac brushed absently at the front of his whiskey-stained coat as he pulled his daughter into the single-door rear entrance of the Temple. He wore his dress-white chief petty officer's uniform--the eagle and Boatswain's Mate anchors on the left sleeve.

Isaac wheeled directly into a small conference room located in the back of the building. Isaac had made a special appointment for her. Inside, seated in a padded black chair, was Rabbi Abraham Friedman, 72, the only member in the Orthodox Union of Rabbis who worked with suspected dybbuk possessions. Rabbi Friedman was thin, a vegetarian with dark, brooding eyes and little hair under his kippah. He had recently worked in Jerusalem to excavate a shrine devoted to Satan by an early off-shoot of the Christian Gnostics--the Luciferians.

"Please, Mister Weinstein, be seated. I hope this damp weather is finding you well. My arthritis begins acting up whenever the moisture arrives. So, this is Miriam. What a lovely child you have! What has happened to make you believe that evil spirits could affect such a gorgeous child? The Catholics seem one up on us in this area. I must say, most of these incidents are psychologically based and are not a supernatural phenomena."

Isaac reached over and pulled up the front of Miriam's shirt. Emblazoned on her soft white skin was a five-pointed star inside a crimson circle. "You call this natural?" Isaac

spat. "She woke up this morning with this tattooed into her belly. She doesn't remember seeing anybody--she just had some crazy dream. That's not all. Now she can move things around with her thoughts and she reads people's minds. This kid's not normal, Rabbi. She has hallucinations, too. I want you to tell me what's wrong with my little girl!"

Rabbi Friedman bent down to touch Miriam's stomach with his bony fingers. The star felt smooth, with no sign of scar tissue or abrasion. "Do you know what this pentangle symbolizes, Mister Weinstein?"

"No, I don't know what it symbolizes! If I catch whoever did it, though, I'll symbolize them a new asshole!" Isaac shouted.

"Please, be calm, sir. It seems your daughter has received the insignia of devotees to Satan. It's interesting, because I recently found a similar pentangle design in an ancient shrine built by the Luciferians in the Second Century. These were a group of devil-worshippers who believed that Yahweh in the Torah was the Evil God of the material universe. Cain became a hero to these people, and destruction, vice and power became their commandments. This pentangle is our Star of David with one less angle."

Rabbi Friedman pulled his hand back and stroked his beard. "But I wonder who tattooed this on your daughter's stomach? You see, while digging out this Satanic shrine, we uncovered the bones of many young women. Part of the Black Mass was to donate young virgins to Satan in a sacrificial offering to gain power in this world. There are many mentally sick people, Mister Weinstein. There was a Nazi commandant in Poland who was a Luciferian. I saved my own life by playing into his insane psyche. But not before I witnessed over seventy-five Jews donated to Satan for his Black Mass sacrifices. I hope Miriam is not one of their new victims."

"If I find whoever did this, I'll kill them! So help me God, they'll be dead meat!" Isaac took his daughter by the hand. "What is it you can do for her? Nothing but mumbo-jumbo? I should have expected as much. You rabbis have been worthless all along. In Europe, you let the Nazis take over, then you refused to fight the Arabs, and now you're out doing research on Satanists. You even refused to accept an innocent young girl into Judaism! Even if I have to lock her up, I'll keep her away from crazy lunatics like you!"

Rabbi Friedman raised his thin hand in protest. "But Chief Weinstein. Don't you understand the conversion process? The convert must be rejected three times. Besides, your daughter is too young. This incident could be an authentic dybbuk. The Cabala says high priests will often mark females for marriage, which is against the Jewish law. Your daughter could be one such maiden--a Shekhina! This practice is not Satanic ritual at all. It is a written prophecy that must occur before the Messiah comes!"

Isaac Weinstein yanked Miriam by the arm and pulled her, protesting, out the door. She was smiling back at the old rabbi and reading his thoughts. His thoughts were saying prayers for her safety. She wanted to tell the rabbi about the beautiful visions she saw when the serpent gave her the mark on her tummy. A wonderful snake with white flowers, red fruit and leafy green vines wound around its gigantic body came to her in a dream. His writhing form was green, violet and red. His forked tongue came darting from the hole between his jaws to brand her skin in a painless, sizzling eruption.

As he was doing it to her, her body felt renewed and strong. She felt as if she could almost fly around the room. The mind inside her small head began to expand. Equations, formulas, poems, and historical data, all raced through her brain at light years per second.

Finally, the serpent spoke, its voice booming all over the earth like Creation's trumpet. "Eden will return to my world on the day He weds us! Hail Princess! Hail the Marriage made for eternity!" The message was so marvelous that Miriam forgot all about her magical powers until her father died of alcoholism, and she turned eighteen years of age. This was also the first day she met Dr. Daniel Sharpe, Professor of Paranormal Psychology at UCLA. When her mental powers finally did return, they came back with a vengeance. Miriam returned to the present. She had kept the magic powers to herself until she began college, and she first met Professor Daniel Sharpe. He was the first man who was able to understand her mental gifts.

The drug was finally getting to Miriam, and she felt herself nodding sleepily. She looked down, pulled up her nightie and gazed at her stomach. She saw that her "mark of the beast" was still there, prominent as ever. She had made excuses for it after awhile, telling people she got it on a drunken night out with friends. Everybody understood a moment of excess. Dr. Daniel Sharpe first talked to her about the tattoo on a stormy night in his office. He said some devil-worshippers had probably drugged her and then put their mark on her. "All primitive peoples mark their tribal members to protect them from evil spirits. Satanism is not always the worship of an evil entity, Miriam," said the professor. From then on, she was less self-conscious about her mark. *Dr. Sharpe, handsome Dan Sharpe, with the cute goatee and the dimples. He was one of us,* thought Miriam, and she finally began to fall into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Chapter Three

Bounty Hunters, Wednesday, June 6, A.M.

James Duvalier was in his usual happy mood when he picked Miriam up the next morning in Pacific Beach. They had been detectives together on the San Diego Police Department's Paranormal Psychology Unit four years, ever since Miriam graduated from the academy.

The duo's mental and psychic abilities made them the talk of the police force. Miriam Weinstein and James Duvalier could both predict the future and they could even read minds. As a result, they were in charge of all the so-called "unsolvable murders," where the circumstances were exceptionally mysterious or occultist in nature. They were both outcasts in many ways, however, and this brought them together.

James Duvalier was a black belt master at Tae-Kwan-Do self-defense, and he practiced Zen Meditation. His six-feet-three, 225 pound body was a specimen of strength, agility and calm intelligence. Not only was Duvalier the muscle of the team, he was also a computer and robotics genius. He furnished his La Jolla playboy apartment with fascinating devices, like a water bed that moved and grooved to the modern jazz sounds from his all-around stereo CD system; or the two house-robots, Dr. King and Malcolm X, that did his housework, fixed his meals, and even answered his phone calls and front door visitors.

When they arrived at The Poor Inn, Miriam was surprised how different the place appeared. This was nothing like her dream. This Poor Inn was a wide-open bar with three long pool tables covering the floor's surface--not an inch of space remained for dancing.

Miriam and James were wearing California street clothes--she, Guess jeans and a violet, crushed silk tank top--he, 501 Levis and a multi-colored Dashiki blouse. Both had the "bulging 45s" look of police detectives, and the assortment of Bounty Hunters inside The Poor Inn moved away from them as they came into the room, punched each other in the arms, laughed and inhaled nervously on their cigarettes.

The Bounty Hunters was the ruling gang in the City Heights section of San Diego, between 40th Street and Park Boulevard, and the leader of their set was called "The Terminator," because he claimed to have whacked eight rival gang members by himself in drive-bys and in carefully planned ambushes. The recent hits on his gang had come from nowhere--that is, two of his Bounty Hunters had been found in an alley two weeks ago, but their bodies looked like they had been attacked by a pack of wild dogs--and not by a pack of rival gang members. Last night's hit, inside The Poor Inn, was the most gruesome event the gang had ever witnessed.

James Duvalier sauntered up to The Terminator, Marvin Douglas, and gave him a "soul brother hand-shake," a ritualistic set of clasps ending with a black power fist salute. Before Duvalier joined the police force, he had been a gang member himself, and he understood the code of honor in the set: never rat on your set, and never show your fear in front of the Man.

But The Terminator was upset as he told Duvalier about the events of the previous evening. His voice was high-pitched, his gold front teeth flashed, and he kept punching the air as if he could strike some unseen force with his pent-up anger.

"Rascal be moving with his woman. You know, man, they be dancing to some Guns 'N Roses. Then, something make that boy raise up into the air--right up off the

ground--and we watch as he scream and grab onto his head. And then the damned top of his head come off! No shit, man, his skull come right off his head until his brains was showing! But nobody could see what caused it to happen. He slump down to the floor, bleeding all over the place. We got scared and split, man. When we come back--about an hour later--Rascal's body be gone. There wasn't even no blood stain on the floor to show he was there!"

As The Terminator was speaking, Miriam was watching the pool table in front of her. She saw the balls--first the one ball, and then, in consecutive order, each of the other colored balls--as they all began to roll across the table and fall into the pockets. Nobody had moved toward the pool tables; the balls were moving on their own.

Then, as the gang's leader was completing his story, two of the tallest Bounty Hunters were suddenly and violently flung everywhere around the room--their bodies smashing against the walls as pool sticks clattered to the floor--their heads crashing against the juke box which caused it to burst into a song called "Boom, I Got Your Boyfriend!"

"Shit, man, what the fuck's going on?" The Terminator yelled.

"It's a poltergeist--a supernatural force," Miriam explained, matter-of-factly, having seen similar incidents before.

"But what do it want with *us*?" the gang leader asked.

As he was asking the question, Miriam saw that Duvalier was bending over and clutching at his head. The juke box said, "Boom, I got your man!"

"Oh, God! My fucking head!" screamed Duvalier, twisting and turning in obvious agony.

Then, as if he were responding to some inner electrocuting force, Miriam's partner stood up straight--at rigid attention--and the other two flying Bounty Hunters stopped--gazing stupidly at James--as if they were waiting for Duvalier to do something.

James did do something. His stomach slowly expanded, busting his belt out of its loops, and his face contorted into a vicious grimace. Miriam had never seen Duv look so horrifying--even in his wildest trances. And then, the sound came, as if being shouted from a deep, dark pit, and Duvalier's eyes bulged, and his nose began to bleed, as a deafening growl burst from his diaphragm.

"I am the Messenger! We are here to clear the way for the Immortal One! Stay away from City Heights!"

As soon as he spoke the last syllable, James Duvalier fell to the floor. The Poor Inn was back to normal. Miriam walked to her partner to see if James was able to rise.

"I guess now we know what we're up against. This force can cause physical harm in my dreams, and it can even invade your psychic consciousness. I think I'll call in Dr. Sharpe on this case. He's the only one I know who has worked with exorcisms and has had direct dealings with Satanic cults."

Duvalier got up slowly and steadied himself against Miriam's shoulders. The Bounty Hunters were circled around the two police detectives in a signal of support.

"If you need us, man, call," said The Terminator.

Miriam began to walk her partner toward the door. "Thanks for the offer," she said, looking back over her shoulder, "but we have to fight a force beyond this world. And you saw what it can do to you and your gang. We'll need an expert in on this."

"Well, good luck anyway. You gonna need it!" said The Terminator.

As Miriam drove back to the downtown station, she couldn't help but remember what her professor once said in a class on paranormal confrontations. "An evil force will always act first. The power of hell erupts like a volcano."

Miriam and Duvalier would be facing the most powerful supernatural force they had yet to meet, and it would be good to have Dr. Sharpe on their side. Weinstein glanced at the sleeping Duvalier. Men looked so innocent when they slept, she thought. It was a shame that the Devil *never* slept.

Russian Wolves

by J. R. Musgrave

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Published 1999
ISBN 0-9639070-8-9

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Preface

I wish to thank Richard Lourie for his factual account of the pursuit, capture and confession of the most savage serial killer in history, *Hunting the Devil*, Harper Collins, 1993. Much of the historical information in this fiction was obtained from his book. However, most of the characters, plottings and settings were purely creations of my own, and they bear no resemblance to real people, places or activities in the countries now called the Russian Republics. I also wish to thank Pavel and Marina Katz for their technical and historical help. Finally, I wish to thank my wife, Ellen, who is the true protagonist of my personal life's history.

INTRODUCTION

American CIA Agent, Dr. Abby Soloman, pursues a dangerous killer and Moscow detective who are plotting to murder the president of the new Russian democracy.

Russian Wolves traces the creation of a serial killer and how one man's desire to get his family to America causes him to use this killer as a paid assassin for the Russian Mafia. Only one person can stop them, and she can't get her own country (the United States) to believe what she has discovered is true.

Race with CIA Agent, Abigail Soloman, as she tries to stop the execution of the newly elected President of the Russian Republics. Will Chikatilo and Boris Sukurev successfully kill the president, or will Agent Soloman find a way to stop them? The answer is ultimately revealed during the heart-stopping climax of *Russian Wolves* in Moscow's famous Bolshoi Ballet Theatre—ironically—during Prekopiev's *Peter and the Wolf*.

Part I: The Wolf is Born

The storms of revolt are all dead as the Czar.

The Soviet whirlpools are covered with scum.

And there has peeped out from behind the back of the USSR

The burgher's damned snout--his day has come.

--Vladimir Vladimirovich Mayakovsky

Chapter 1

Famine (Prologue)

Southern Ukraine, February 1932. The crowd was assembled outside Mayor Petrovsky's house near the Headquarters for the People's Ukrainian Comintern. The village had been without food for six weeks, and the people were now getting desperate. Mrs. Petrovsky was boiling down leather belts, hats, coats and shoes, and then selling the "broth" to villagers for two rubles a bowl. A trapper from the Ural Mountains had, one month earlier, carried in a freshly killed deer on his horse, and he was almost immediately assassinated for "the common good of the town."

During the raging blizzards of the Ukraine's worst winter ever, the villagers had eaten all of the livestock, pets and other farm animals, and they were now devouring whatever rats and other vermin they could catch inside their cottages. In addition, any "strangers" from outside their community were being assassinated as political enemies, and then they were secretly being cooked and distributed in neatly wrapped, warm bundles by Mrs. Petrovsky for the survival of the starving community.

The four village leaders who were assembled inside Mayor Petrovsky's house knew they had to come up with some

fast solutions. The villagers were again angry and shouting for food outside the mayor's house, and the four male members of Stalin's Communist Ukrainian Cell knew that they had to come up with a way to feed the masses, or else they themselves would become victims of this raging community of cannibals standing outside in the snow, drunk on vodka and as hungry as ravenous wolves.

Vladimir Vladiev, 42, was the officer in charge of the national prison compound on the edge of town. Anatoly Lagrosky, 36, was the local postmaster. David Staskov, 28, was the head of the Communist Youth League. Mayor Fedor Petrovsky, 53, a veteran of World War I, was the government-appointed spokesman for the Marxist/Leninist Council in Moscow.

The men stood around a large, pot-bellied stove in the middle of the room, rubbing their hands together and stomping their boots to stay warm. Staskov spoke first. He was the youngest and the most frightened. His blonde hair was neatly parted in the middle, and he wore a mink overcoat and cap. David had the largest vocabulary of the group, as he also taught in the secondary school's gymnasium.

"I say we select someone who has already been deemed an Enemy of the People. It is not our prerogative to say who is an enemy and who is not."

Petrovsky wrapped his freckled arm around the youth's shoulders and gave him a hug. "Nicely phrased, comrade! I couldn't have put it better myself! But who do we know that is an enemy?"

Vladiev cleared his throat. His long beaver coat had the governmental look of regimental tailors. He was the shortest man of the four, and the lowest in status, and he spoke with a stammer. "There's a family named Chikatilo who l . . . lives near the p . . . p . . . prison."

Lagrosky, a postal inspector and the Stalin government's official censor, was a huge man, almost seven feet tall, and he spoke with authority. "Yes, indeed! Chikatilo was a traitor in the trenches during the war with the Japanese monkeys. He was caught selling maps of our military positions while he was in the Jap prison near Manchuria. I concur with Vladiev. This family is blight on the people. The oldest son has been caught selling pornographic photos of his sister and younger brother. The whole family refuses to attend local cell meetings."

"Then it's settled," said Petrovsky, tossing more sticks into the flaming belly of the stove.

"Let's drink on it," said Vladiev, and he walked over to a small table near the door. He picked up the leather-wrapped bottle and took a deep swig, then he wiped off the spout on his fur coat and passed it to Lagrosky. The postal inspector raised the bottle into the air and shouted, "*Nastrovia!*"

One by one, each man drank from the bottle and swore his allegiance to the evil code of starvation justice brought about by the famine and the world economic depression.

Chapter 2:

Manhood

Moscow, May 1, 1958. Andrei Romanovich Chikatilo was sitting in the Bachelor Officers' Lounge when Drednev, Popov and Irkansky brought the prostitutes in.

They were all singing "Lenin's March Across Russia," and Andrei barely looked up from his reading--*Communist Party Rules*--but when they walked over to stand in front of him, swaying and giggling like obscene fools, he finally paid them heed, staring up at them with his ice-blue eyes, twisting his mouth into a sarcastic grimace.

They were Russian Army Officers, in charge of the guard at Lenin's Tomb, where each day, promptly on the hour, one of the four men would march the contingent of six enlisted men over to the tomb and go through the goose-stepping ritual of the guard-changing ceremony. But today was a holiday--the Anniversary of World Communism--and the officers were all off duty.

Nicholas Irkansky, 24, a tall and thin lieutenant from Vladivostok, and the senior officer of the group, stood behind one of the three women, his skinny arms wrapped around her waist, his angular chin nuzzled against her soft cheek. "Hey, Chikatilo! See what you've missed by

studying that party crap? You're too much business, my man. You need to break loose and have a good time. Eh, fellows?"

The other three men laughed and pointed drunkenly down at Andrei, grappling lewdly with their three women like uniformed satyrs. It was disgusting how these men acted, Andrei thought. Didn't they realize there was a Cold War going on? These were the actions of American pigs--not noble Communist officers.

But the men had been making fun of his sexual chastity--his refusal to undress in front of them, or to shower with them--his choice to stay back at the BOQ rather than to go with them on leave into Moscow. Andrei just kept smiling down at his book, pretending not to hear them.

Boris Popov laughed and pushed his woman, a short and pretty Asian, toward Andrei. "Chikatilo, my friend, this is Nadia Cherminski. She wants to go into the back room with you to see what you're made of. She has heard the legendary stories about your masculine prowess, but does not believe us. Please show her what a really fantastic stud you are!"

Andrei sat still for a moment and then he stood up. He was six-feet-four and he stood a good two inches above any of the other men, but now his shoulders were slouched

as he walked toward the door. Popov and Drednev, however, blocked his way. "Come on, Andrei. Where are you going?" asked Drednev. "This woman has taken time from her busy schedule to be with you. It is only considerate that you be a man and oblige her, don't you think? Or perhaps you don't like women. Is that it? Do you prefer boys, Chikatilo? Is that your problem?"

Andrei exhaled deeply and shook his head. "I should have expected as much from you baboons. If I take her now, will you stay off my back?"

"Certainly!" they shouted, in unison.

Andrei Chikatilo took the young Oriental into his sleeping quarters. But he did not have sexual intercourse with her. Instead, he sat on his chair and asked her to undress for him.

When she was completely naked and lounging like a cat across his bunk, he spoke to her in a low and quivering voice. "I am not one of these animals. I am a patriot and a partisan. My father was sent away to prison as an enemy of the people. All because he cooperated with the people and let them eat my older brother in the Famine of 1932. When he came back from prison, he was a shell of a man. Whereas Dostoevski was strengthened by imprisonment, my father was destroyed. He lost his party membership, and he

sat in front of our house each day, chewing on raw pork rinds and cursing at passing citizens. He beat on us often in blind rages. He weighed three-hundred pounds when he died."

But as Andrei thought about what he could do to overcome the ignominy of his father's heritage, the hairy black triangle beneath the woman's belly suddenly began to speak to him. The lips of the labia majora and minora formed perfectly as the vagina spoke, mouthing the syllables like some bearded prophet. "You are no good, Andrei," it said, spitting the words back at him in a vehement cadence, "you are a coward and a liar, and you will always live a nothing life--just like your father did!"

When the four officers broke into Andrei's room, they found him screaming hysterically through clenched jaws, his teeth biting down viciously into his own forearm. The blood oozed out between his teeth and dripped down onto the shiny wood floor. The short Oriental woman was yelling, her brown nipples pointing hard and accusingly at them, "You bastards! Why did you leave me with this crazy man?"

Chapter 3

First Blood

Rostov on the Don, Russia, July 23, 1978. The Party meeting was over, and schoolteacher Andrei Chikatilo was anxious to get home. His wife, Paulina, was expecting their third child in August, and she had a craving for pickled eggs. Andrei decided he would stop off at the public house and buy her a few eggs and have himself a pint of stout.

The weather was mild for summer and Andrei breathed deeply as he passed the bakery on Simov Street. Andrei stopped in the bakery in the mornings before school and bought a small loaf of pumpernickel to go with the salted salmon or whitefish his wife packed for him.

Lately, Andrei had been having nightmares. The dreams took various forms, but they had one similarity. Every nightmare had the focus of an enraged wolf. Andrei had recently read the Russian translation of Hermann Hesse's novel *Steppenwolf*, and it had had a striking effect on his psyche. Harry Haller, the main character, has to do battle with a beastly form that inhabits his mind--a form that knows no limits or morals--a form that strikes out at life with passionate force.

As a mild-mannered father and grammar school teacher, Andrei was frightened by the prospect of having a beast within, and he rose up screaming when he felt himself growling and flashing his teeth in primal rage.

But there was also a strange sense of power that came with the wolf persona. It was a form that everyone feared, and, as the dreams became more frequent, Andrei began to enjoy the metamorphosis taking place inside. In one dream, his father, the pounding fist from his childhood, was mauled to death by the Andrei/wolf child. Volnov, the school's principal, was lacerated beyond recognition by the slicing canines of Andrei's jowls. The fellow officers from Lenin's Tomb were running in terror around the BOQ until Andrei caught up with them and ritually bit off each of their genitals, one by one, and then howled gleefully at the screaming and bleeding carnage he had wrought.

The public house was full of patrons waiting for the proprietor, Joseph Valnev, to fill their pint mugs with stout, or to give them a shot of vodka from huge government bottles. The alcohol sales were controlled by the state, but still people found a way to bribe Valnev--giving him candy, women, or even poems and paintings created by drunken artists. Joseph, in turn, would give them a bottle

to take home for guests, or for oneself, to obscure the grey reality of Socialist mediocrity.

Andrei sat down on a bar stool at the end of the counter and unscrewed one of the giant wooden containers of pickled eggs and herring. Immediately, Valnev's wife came over to him and took over the job. "So, your young wife is still craving the eggs, eh Andrei?" she said, raising her heavy black eyebrows in good humor. "Her own egg has been fertilized and now she needs to stock up once more!" she laughed at her own joke.

The room was filled with smoke and the smell of alcohol and sweat from the factory workers, civil servants and office personnel. There were even some workers from the prison near the forest on the edge of town, who were felling pines for the wood stoves in the community. The prison guards were carefully pouring out the stout into their cups, making certain that no one man received more than his allotment. "Hey, I can drink a barrel full!" yelled a huge bearded prisoner in the center of the circle. "And then you go crazy, like Raskolnikov!" answered the guard. Andrei thought it interesting that even prison guards had read *Crime and Punishment*.

"I'll also have a pint, Marla," said Andrei, accepting the carton of eggs.

"Certainly, sir!" Mrs. Valnev exclaimed, and immediately she poured a mug full of dark stout from one of the oak barrels behind the bar. Mrs. Valnev's son, Maxim, was in Andrei's fifth grade class and he had nothing but kind words to say about his teacher. She took every opportunity to make Andrei feel at home at the public house.

Andrei was swallowing the last inch of stout when he saw a small dark girl standing in the shadows of the door's entrance. She was a strangely attractive young thing, with huge, almond-shaped eyes, long black lashes, and she wore a short, flowered dress that came down to just above her knees. But it was the petulant expression--rather a sad little pout on her lips--that endeared her to Andrei.

She was eight or nine years of age, Andrei assumed, and she was probably looking for one or both of her parents, who were tarrying a bit too long in the tavern. Andrei paid for the stout, took the carton of pickled eggs and tucked it under his arm, and walked toward the door where the little girl stood.

As he stood next to this frail little creature, a voice from within growled in his ear, "Take her, you fool! Little boys play doctor with her and rub against those soft

young thighs. She wants it, don't you know? They all want it deep down inside. Take her to the woods!"

Andrei looked down at the girl and spoke, his voice gentle and calm, in his best teacher manner. "Hello there, young lady. Would you like to see where some luscious blackberries are growing? Have you ever eaten blackberry cobbler? It is oh so good and tasty! Come with me, young one, and I will show you the secret place where blackberries grow out of control."

She took his hand, like Gretel took Hansel's, and they walked out of the public house and into the bright summer sunshine. It was a half-hour's walk to reach the forest on the outskirts of town, and as they walked, Andrei asked the little girl a variety of questions.

Her name was Louise, she was nine years old, and she was traveling with her uncle to Moscow. They were merely passing through town, and her uncle was drinking in one of the taverns while he waited for his motor bike to be repaired. She enjoyed riding on the back of the bike, feeling the wind in her hair and smelling the summer flowers all along the dirt roads. She thought she could surprise her Uncle Vanya with the blackberries, and she thanked Andrei for his interest.

Andrei led Louise down into the center of the forest. The tall pine and cedar trees stood majestically, providing a church-like silence inside a shadowy cavern of womb-like peace. But inside Chikatilo, there grew the ominous presence of the wolf from his dreams. The wolf from "Peter and the Wolf," who destroyed without regret; the wolf who could redeem his self-respect and make him a hero--a real man--and not merely a slovenly school teacher with no future outside the classrooms filled with the problems of other people's loins, who were gobbled up by the state and given into his care to teach them about socialism, Lenin and the glorious Revolution against capitalism and greed.

As he felt the soft and trusting hand of the little girl, a young person so totally under his power, Andrei's penis took a new life. He stopped in the middle of the glade and unzipped his fly. The newly engorged penis came out of its lair and stood up straight in the shadows. The little girl looked at it, and her eyes became wide with fear. Andrei felt his heart pound, and his body began shaking all over with nervous energy.

"Don't look that way!" Andrei yelled, and the little girl started to cry. "You've seen these before, haven't you? I've caught you little monsters before. You play with each other's genitals, secretly laughing and cursing

us under your breaths. I know you all live a secret life of debauchery! Come, touch this for me. I want you to feel a real man!"

Louise reached out with her hand, still crying and sobbing with fear, and touched his penis. As he felt her innocent touch on his prick, Andrei looked up into the silent canopy of the forest primeval and howled with passionate release. The girl screamed and tried to run, but he was on her in an instant--flinging the carton of pickled eggs against the trunk of a pine tree, where it smashed, sending showers of egg whites into the air. He was tearing at her dress--ripping into her with his fingernails--feeling the soft young flesh strip away and yield the communist red blood--the flood of wolfish revolt! He took the long kerchief from his pocket and blindfolded her. He believed in the old wives' tale that the murderer's reflection is trapped in the eyes of his victim.

His penis stabbed at her pouty mouth, her delicate ear, her smooth armpits, her tiny vagina, her skinny buttocks. But she still screamed, so Andrei pressed his face against her mouth and caught her tongue between his front teeth. He could feel the vibrations against his skull as she screamed in terror. When he bit her tongue in two, he also ejaculated against her naked young body, huge

gobs of passion mixing with the blood, the communist party, the revolution, the power of the primal animal seeking revenge for the lost innocence in the world. As he chewed her tongue and watched her scream, Andrei picked up a granite boulder.

"Silence!" he shrieked, and he brought the boulder down onto her small head like a meteor from hell.

The joy and relief he felt as he stood above her bloody and naked young body, and the relief he felt was astounding.