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СОДЕРЖИТ  
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ  
БРАНЬ

18+

**I.N.F.E.R.N.O.**

**HELL STARTS ON EARTH**

18+

*Studying English  
Advanced level*

# КИРИЛЛ МИХАЙЛОВИЧ ДЕНИСЕНКО

## I.N.F.E.R.N.O.: HELL STARTS ON EARTH

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### **Аннотация**

The plot of the book unravels the world, survived in wars and natural disasters, people surviving in the new world, in the world, generating fiends: the vampire men of the new regime. There is nothing worse than a person who has lost the face of morality, fallen into the abyss of permissiveness and sadism. The beast is less ugly in its wildness than such people. It's a book-parable. It's silent, provoking, and unreal. Its main events are represented as seen by its characters. Contained in their minds, it is reflecting their fears, sufferings, life mess. At times we don't see; don't hear all that distinct horror that surrounds us. Содержит нецензурную брань.

## IntroduCtIon

Everything written in my first book is a dream. It's a book-parable. It's silent, provoking, and unreal. Its main events are represented as seen by its characters. Contained in their minds, it is reflecting their fears, sufferings, life mess. At times we don't see; don't hear all that distinct horror that surrounds us. The horror yells. It yells so loudly it's impossible not to hear. It strikes so much it's impossible not to see. But in all the noise and brightness of our life we don't see and don't hear. The horror of human suffering and devastation has achieved the highest, inconceivable note. But we don't hear it. I depend on silent lines which are strict, deprived of colours of real life and because of that – powerful. As I believe, there is nothing louder than silence. No sound – no matter how intense it is – can overcome the silence. Silence wins. Where there is silence, there is a centre of every thought. Where there is a thought, there is clarity. It is in this blessed abode the mind is awakening. And when it has awoken the actions start.

As it's said by the Apostle, the hell starts here. We generate our horror. We let it into our lives, our souls. We suffer only from ourselves. It's we who create most of the problems that surround us. Nobody and nothing else. It is our belief in the power of evil. The original error is that people believe in bad, in omens. We believe. Believe that something bad is going to happen either with us, or with our loved ones. Evil exists. Believing and knowing

are different things. Ignorance is no excuse. I know what evil is. I know that there are demons. I know, but I do not allow my faith to increase their power. I don't believe in good, I believe in God.

Initially, religious themes, interspersed throughout all the chapters in the narrative, may seem (and probably will seem) to people with the established stereotype of religious imperception, hostile to individual worldview. And, therefore, rejected. This is a problem for the vast majority of readers, a barrier that not every atheist will be able to overcome. So I worry that religious themes greatly narrow the range of readers. There's

a problem – the book is not perceived by Christians, for example, as it was written for everyone. And not appreciated by everyone, because it was written for Christians. I noticed this problem only while rereading the book and creating «conditional» ending of the story. Conditional, because not everything, that was planned initially, is written. And there is no ending per se. It's an indivisial dream, a puzzle, a maze of the mind of the protagonist.

Frankly, not everything that was written is to my liking. The book does not claim to get the highest praise. During the four years of work I have changed. Following me the views and the style of writing have changed.

Each time seeing more of the shortcomings and sickened by the writing style I'm developing. It is a poor book, which has nothing to teach his Creator. My book teaches. It teaches tough, no matter if I like this approach or not. Because of this, I'm

making progress. Once a person begins to think that the fruit of his labors is genius or good, he becomes a prisoner of this framework, he stops.

The book is published. Now I want to start with a clean slate, to start the continuation of the originating events of this story. I am open to criticism, and therefore, ready to improve, but still I'm the fiercest critic of myself. What I write it for, deviating from the topic? I'm waiting for your critics, my dear readers, because I want this book to be liked by you. If you would like to share you impressions about my work, don't hesitate to write on my e-mail: kirillmichaylovich@mail.ru.

The plot of the book unravels the world, survived in wars and natural disasters, people surviving in the new world, in the world, generating fiends: the vampire men of the new regime. There is nothing worse than a person who has lost the face of morality, fallen into the abyss of permissiveness and sadism. The beast is less ugly in its wildness than such people.

Organization INFERNO – Inferno Numanistiska Federation Unified Response Nenastojaschaja of Ocnita – spetsnaz of «dead» is responsible for the settlement of infernal beings. Those «dead» have lost everything, all the ties connecting them with humanity. But they reflect humanity like no other people on the Earth. For life's sake INFERNO – generated by the brunch severed from the fallen Vatican, joined a mighty heritage of antiquity, suppressing the potential power.

Numenistick: Numen is impersonal divine power, which is able to intervene in human life. This concept is attested in the 2nd century BC and in the age of the Empire is identified with the concept of «God». It is characteristic of Roman mythology, in which features of anthropomorphism are more pronounced than in the Greek one.

Goddess Nenia, in the early Roman folklore is a song of praise and mourning a dead person. It was sung with the sounds of flute at first by the family of the dead person, then by specially hired mourners at the tomb.

Oknus (from Greek Ocnus – slow) – in Greek mythology is a character of the Kingdom of the dead, the old man, making a straw rope, devoured from the other end by the donkey. The symbol of the infinite. He was imposed such a penalty because he did not want to die.

The enemy has many faces.

The evil is not so terrible as the mighty of this world.

Lodge of evolving Freemasonry «Cognition 5» has split the world,  
leading to the Apocalypse.

And in the middle of the chessboard of global scale there is an ordinary  
man Arthur King. He's just a man. The human being with

limited power. The man who infuriates his inherent limitation. The man who fights against all the odds.

Having come into the world with a triple valvular defect, I've been living for years on the brink of life and death. My sands were running out. Doctors predicted my early death. They talked about the months, weeks, saying that I should be meek and mild, because death was about to take me. And I just refused to die. I turned to him whose power is beyond any limits... to God. And my life changed. God heard me. He gave me a new life.

I am grateful to my mother, whose tears and prayers were the force that defeated death inevitably approaching me. And from that moment I became different. My faith changed, I overcame temptations and disappointments. Even after a miracle performed for me I doubted the truth. But due to all those thorns I acquired something more valuable than belief – the ability to overcome. One of my characters says about the limit: «through my lifetime I've been put a limit. All my way, everything pushes me to the limit, but there is no limit. There is infinity. There is death. There is zero. There is no limit».

I and nobody but me is the embodiment and essence, which puts limits, but every limit is just illusion. The limit is specific. The basis of the limit is only theory, theoretical derivation based on the behavior of individuals encountered in a situation that puts the scope.

All our life though diverse and unusual, is trivial, and is in all its manifestations unambiguous. All our life is the road. It's the

line from point A to point B. Life is a challenge, a puzzle, an incredible maze of human thought.

Every action has one task – to get from point A to point B. For others we are alive while we go this way, while we are at this movement from point A to point B. When the road ends, we cease to exist for those who have not arrived at the point of destination. What is beyond the destination point of this route?

Haven't you understood yet?

But I'm afraid Preface is dragged out. Let's go!

## **Chapter 1**

the hIghLIghts of the Past

*Near Tandrod. The year 475 after the Great Separation. The Second Age.*

Time seemed frozen in a lonely desert, dimly lit with cloudy sun, hiding behind mournful clouds. Under a thick layer of the Lord snow in the dead vegetation there was life. Unconsciously, in oppression, under the white darkness, the life was seeking out to light, which possibly did not exist at all. But without ceasing to strive for, not tolerating frustration, and overcoming insurmountable and through the insignificance of breaking to the cherished light, so much desired and emerged into consciousness from the outside, the life was relying on the senses in the desire to break out of the thick snow and to behold the sun. The sun wilted, but warming a beautiful flowering snowdrop. This snowdrop, as a miracle, with its tender shadows of light colours and smiling life

seen in a slightly bended bud, will emphasise the region bounded with rocky guards and haggard spruces-guards, a few dignified, but mostly shrunken, living among anarchically thrown clumps of grey stones. It was near the village. Poor and impoverished it seemed a cemetery opposite the rocks. It had some spirit reminding about former life, sunk into oblivion.

The silence enveloping the steppe soaked the air itself. As a sinister dissembler it was hiding the world, devoured and oppressed by the poison of death behind phony external unwavering, chilling calm. The eternity, as an outcast mother, was bewailing adopted world. The abandoned world was destroying the ways to salvation. The world was dying in tergiversation. The world grown dark and contrived its power has lost the Light as it was clothed in flesh and so it was dead.

The past has disappeared in frozen hearts as a green-leaved life under the thickness of snow. The world was neither dead no alive. It was languishing surrounded by a wall of fear. It was unfit to confrontation,

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amazed with disbelief and obsessed with absurdity. It didn't understood good or ill omens as it was sick and had lost its true image. That's why even evil, staggered, torn apart. The link in the image of a belligerent man without joining any wrong part goes and does what is not abhorrent to his honour and duty.

Far away, from the lowlands of Tandor, surging skyward a man of huge height and stately figure was coming. He was dressed in red with black edging coat fluttering in the wind. The coat was tightly buttoned on his body with dozens of silver clinchers. He steadily rose opposing blizzards, hitting him in the face. He moved step by step in heavy boots with silver accents slowly but surely climbing the slope forbidding peaks. His gaze was directed upward through the pitch black glasses. His long hair, once tied with a ribbon, which a few hours ago was kidnapped and taken to infinity by the wind, was heavy with endless snowflakes and desperately evolved into a raging stream of air.

Having put his right foot on the protruding grey stone he stopped, slowly examined the world seeming tiny and insignificant from this height, sighed, losing the peace, which resulted in appearing on the face wrinkles. Removing his glasses and closing his eyes, he tipped his head slightly and uttered in a soft, strong, charming and bass slightly husky voice, «the World knew him and no one knew about him; and his name was Scott Renter»... So, father, the first lines of your diary run... So... so... You know, father, from a man I was reborn into a beast. It's hard, and the burden remains with me. And I am suffering, father, but as this suffering and pain touched me..., so that is my path and I must accept it and avoid becoming what people intended me to become. It hurts me, father..., excruciatingly hurts to realize that being clothed in the Good, I do not change

the essence, I... I remain Evil... and the beast.

Tortured with untold travail of soul, reflected on the stern handsome face, he tried to overcome the bitterness, to hold back the tears spilled from under closed eyelids and ran down the cheeks. These tears hurt, every drop burned the whole being, they drained the rebellious essence, tormented by the burden of centuries.

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Taking the burden of the century, he was alien to the human shape, but he defeated destiny being reborn in the wanderer. He sighed, his eyelids rose, showing the beast's eyes with sharpened like a wild cat's bronze with golden pupils. And again they were hidden behind dark glasses. Peering into acute heads of cliffs Scott Renter continued on.

A thick fog thickening in the sky covered the mountain ranges of Tandora and numerous cliffs with collapsed boulders. The soles of the shoes, dipping in iridescent silver flooring, etched, leaving deep footprints.

The rays of the sun peeped out through the gray clouds and it was light. It beamed for a moment boldly highlighting impregnable stone wall, blocking Scott's way, and fleeting disappeared. Scott stopped ten steps from the huge shard of rock. He gradually examined the rock from bottom to top, verifying the distance and put his mighty hand on black as the darkness handle of purple-red katana, rushed forward. He jumped up, in a couple of steps rebounding from the boulders. Moving in the

fog with lightning speed, closing his eyes from increased biting wind, suffering excruciating pain in frozen fingers, he clambered overcoming the nullity of his frail body. With an effort of will he prevailed against the weakness, because he knew that the flesh would yield to the spirit, destroying conceivable obstacles, and they will become one. His hands grabbed the edge of the top.

The sky cleared and the sun, not hidden under clouds or the column of rocks, filled Tandrod with saturated cold light and scattered the shadow of the illusoriness and darkness. Rays of light descended to sensory petals of the snowdrop inclined to shyness in front of the huge world. It wanted to blossom and reveal the beauty that was alien to this world, the sweet charm that charms not a soul, subordinate to dead spiritless minds.

Lazy stream of Time flew in an unknown direction without looking back or stopping. Silently, relentlessly, it obediently fulfills its destiny to lead everything alive to the end.

And snowdrop stood bent, surrounded by the whiteness of tombs and disjoined contrast of the village erected long ago for the delight, but then buried in suffering, destroyed by human will and unbridled inexorability of the Governors of the Dark Side.

The flower felt somebody's presence. The different presence was incomparable to anything else. The presence that inspires the idea of sympathy and admiration for the snowdrop. The feeling was so strange and so obvious that it turned around and saw an incredibly high and a huge man who was on one knee, gazing fixed at it.

It was a long gaze, but a mysterious stranger turned his head and rushed to imperceptible snow ball. It was a girl, just a kid. She seemed to be about six years old, looked pale and small. Scott lifted a young creature from the ground with his immense hands. The girl suddenly came to her senses and stared at the enemy or saviour with the pure blue eyes of hers.

Barely looking at him, hardly audible, almost in a whisper she abruptly said:

– Who are you?

– Don't be afraid, everything is well, – he said as gently as possible. – Where is your home?

The face of the child changed, disfigured with horror, as if she recalled the image of a terrible dream. Small snow-white hands grasped the hem of the cloak on his chest, and weakened, driven by the fear of a confused voice declared:

Please, save yourself! They will come again! I am the only one left. They will come back! And after a pause, she exclaimed: Brother!

After that she burst into tears, nestling up to Renter like a drowning man catches at straws.

Scott Renter felt embarrassed, weasel was alien and forgotten because he hadn't seen it for many years. The cry of a child echoes dissipated in the bottomless void in his soul, scorched with suffering.

«Darkness how long will you thicken in the world!» he thought in a fit of temper. And looking at the old, destroyed village, he

said loudly:

– Child, don't worry, I'll never leave you. From now on I'll always be with you! Nothing will dare to darken your face.

And to the surprise of the girl tears started to fall from his eyes. The child stopped crying, stretched her hands to his face, as she knew now, the face of her Savior, not of the blighter. She took off his glasses, but was not frightened with animal sight, radiating goodness and reflecting

the suffering. Though she withdrew her hand, then she held a hand to his cheek. It got warm in his torn soul. Weeping ended; Scott looked into the clear eyes of the girl and with a smile asked:

– What's your name, heavenly creature?

– Iona – she answered briefly, sounding like a bell.

– You're quite cold. Iona, where's your home?

– It's near...

The former settlement was enclosed with the low wooden fence, mostly

fallen. Wooden huts were standing along the dusty trail.

The village was dead. Scott Renter watched utter wretchedness, felt the

stinking spirit of desecration, which only he could recognize.

They stepped onto the narrow road.

Here it is! – Iona pointed to a simple log cabin standing out against a background of half-destroyed buildings.

– It's beautiful, – said Scott unexpectedly for him.

– Yes, dad was a carpenter... – she said with a pause and wept bitterly. – Don't cry, Jonah, please. From now on everything will be fine. Logging on the porch decorated with cut-outs, with ornate shaped

railing, the wanderer crossed the threshold and bent down to enter the empty doorway. Embossed door, like everything else was lying on the floor. Frowning, Scott Renter asked with a deep sigh:

– Iona, which way?

– I live in the upper room.

And heading up the winding stairs they were on the second floor,

which was, in fact, the attic, masterfully redesigned into three small rooms: a Parent's, located all over the left side, and two children's rooms on the right side, divided by an additional wall partition. However, everything was nice and looked comfortable.

Scott lowered the girl to the floor. She was afraid to be left alone and pleadingly declared:

– Please, stay with me! I'm afraid you will disappear and I will

die! – I'm not leaving you! Show me the way!

In amazement the child gave a glance at him and said:

– You are so huge!

– Nothing to worry about. Where you can't get in full growth, get bent. – And he knelt down and followed her.

Soon Iona changed her clothes. Nestled in a warm white blanket she fell asleep, clutching the hand of the man who saved her. Freeing his mighty hand from the feeble hands of the girl Scott silently left the room. He went down and looked around. Noticing a square piece of wood, he approached it, knelt down and gently took the subject in his hand. He turned it and was frightened: huge brown eyes strictly and sympathetically looked at him. The trembling came upon him. The tension of facial muscles made cheekbones visible. It took his breath away; his hands started trembling and pain pierced his heart. He was holding an icon in his hands.

Regal Divine Countenance was facing him. Jesus Christ was neither striking lightning, nor withering anger at him; he looked at him with mercy, waiting for repentance, folding his fingers for blessings. Christ was suffering as the true God unfathomable in love, loving and righteous, one and right God.

It was hard to keep all-embracing space and world. Coming to his senses at last, Scott Renter stood up and sedately but hardly pacing, went to the red corner, put the icon in its proper place

and moved a step away. Then with a great effort he made a sign of a cross.

The sun was gradually drooping. Smoke wafted from gray brick chimney.

There was a bundle of firewood near the hearth; the fire crackled, water in the hanging pot was boiling, emitting rich flavor. The broth was ready. Ion, wearing a woolen scarf over a warm sweater, sat on the bench and enthusiastically watched Wanderer who had removed wide in the neck and tapering to the bottom pan of grayish tint from the copper hook, put it on a round stand on the table and was pouring a rich soup with a piece of meat on the bone into a wooden bowl.

Belly-pinched, Iona swallowed, burning, delicious broth. Scott Renter, stared at the child, and the two feelings simultaneously existed in him: the joy hidden in the corners of his lips and the bitterness of regret, looking out of the corners of his eyes like small tears.

Suddenly the child stopped eating and stood up, turned towards the red corner, and looked upon the face of the Savior, prayed:

– Lord, forgive us! Sir, say grace – she said, referring to Wanderer.

– I... I don't know, you say it..., I'll listen. – Scott replied in confusion. – Our Father, who art in heaven – Iona prayed fervently –

Hallowed be thy Name,

Thy kingdom come,

Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread

And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation, but... – her eyes were full with tears.

– Deliver me from evil – finished Scott turning white.

– Thank you, – she whispered and sat down, silently continued eating. Through the window one could see the snow. Heavy snowflakes fell to the ground like an impenetrable veil.

– Iona, tell me. You, only you...are alive. Brother, father and mother, all... – he gave her a look. – Can you tell me?

– They... they came from the mountains. I woke up. Horrible screams

woke me up. Brother, my little brother grabbed me in fear and would not let. Mother, bloody, burst into the room, grabbed us and rushed down. The father, holding the gun... could not resist... THAT. Those were not human beings and not animals. They broke into... rabid drove of something terrible. Antosha, like a leaf, like a toy, was ripped in half, by their terrible claws. And mom... they dug their teeth into her. I saw the vile fangs; jets of blood had stained my mother's body. They grabbed me, but mom, I don't understand how she could, but she had thrown herself back and detained... that. – Jonah was sobbing. – Frightened, I huddled in the corner, without thinking, without understanding, and closed with my hands. The roar echoed over me, and it smacked into the wall. And the icon suddenly fell down; I grabbed it and tried to protect myself with it. The terrible creature uttered the hissing gradually turning into screeching, and withdrew from me. So I was sitting, fettered with trembling, and THAT was rough and for a long time one could hear the screams of people. Scott put a hand on the arm of the Iona, and he seemed to see the fateful night firsthand. He heard the high-pitch cries of children and helpless mothers and silent trembling of the earth. Blood, a

disgusting smell of blood and triumphant roar of killers, resurrected as the Ghost of the past, enveloped the consciousness... He took his hand away. Nameless face of the nightmare was outlined as a clear image; he glanced at Iona, who was continuing her faltering story. – It had got light, I got up and,

shouting, screaming for mother... mother and brother, escaped from the house and ran. I was running on and on but soon I fell freezing. Then I woke up in your hands... Who are you?

– Iona. – he stood up, walked around the desk and, having appeared in front of her, got down on one knee and put a hand on the head of the child. He replied: – ion, no matter who I am and where I am from. Only one thing is important: what I am now. Understand, I'm a wanderer, lonely aloof from life, I do not exist! I am neither alive nor dead; my heart isn't beating. Perhaps those who killed your family, and the same as I am; but don't be scared, please! Yet we are not the one; I destroyed the chains; but I'm hitherto bounded with a hidden chain. You can't understand. Iona, – he again lifted his look descended for a moment. – Iona, I will prevent the Darkness; I will die, but you will live. I'll take you away, nothing will be able to hurt you, nothing bad will happen to you; I swear, Jonah, I swear before heaven and earth, to protect you from now on! Do you hear me...

– It's here... – with glassy look, she said in a constrained voice

The sun went in. Luminous fringe dropped farewell rays and the twilight deepened. Scott Renter, casting a stern look at the door, said quietly:

– Go upstairs.

At the door, leaning against the wall, there was a huge katana; Iona, stepping on the stairs turned back. Wanderer's figure was the picture of strength and determination; his fingers touched the handle. Sliding down the cold steel his hand firmly grabbed

the sheath. He walked out, leaving the cloak, leaving the girl, leaving the light, and stepped forward into the darkness. Having moved away from the house, Wanderer faced the frightening gray horizon.

There was silence, the shining of the stars, the sons' of Light eyes, and frozen tears of heaven. The whispering as echo of pain, as a silent, roaring torturer has plunged into consciousness, entering the brain, covering it with countless, endless voices. And as suddenly as the whisper collapsed into his brain frightening silence descended.

The silence was interrupted by the click – extracting of katana – eyelids opened. Ghoul, standing close to Scott raised his sword from behind his head. Coordinated, immediate movement splitting space with the blade was the response of the Wanderer. His strong hand cut the body in two. True fulfillment of iaijutsu had taken the life of writhing ghoul dipped in the blood on the snow.

Strikes were like lightning, reaching ghouls, it was death on the edge of the blade. Crimson sun of Darkness shone in the Night. Dozens of ghouls were against the only force – Scott Renter. He was the embodied nightmare of evil – the Fighter.

And the main enemy. Old memories, like the tombstone covered the withered vegetation and marked with decay, surfaced by fits and starts. It rained. There was a rich building; and a rushing geek with a grin of a beast. Then Scott was defeated, his escaped was inexplicable. Reflections of the past, which had

been buried in the recesses of memory, rose again in the duel... Hard breathing. The uplifted sword. A thrust, another thrust, a stopping counter and sparks from hot steel. The blades are crossed, it was confrontation. Look – the Wanderer and Hondas. They are united; they have eliminated the distinction between them, and the lifetime path is extended and over. They came together in the battle, devoured by the fight.

– Beast’s Eye, Wanderer, Indestructible, no matter which of your names would recur because of soul-chilling terror, you are Scott Renter; and nothing, nothing will change it. Stop escaping from reality, search your heart and accept the your entity – said Aundas, crossing swords with Scott Renter. – Behold, brother!

There was a howl of rage from the mouth of the Wanderer. He lunged, and Aundas, pushed aside, doing flips, soared up the branch of the tree. Around there were blood thirsty creatures immortalized with the damnation and stung with death. Rivers of blood wash the feet of the Wanderer.

– Behold, brother, this is your reflection! You are me, you're part of me, we are all one flesh! You're a traitor who has chosen miserable existence. Let the force, nesting in you free; I feel your fear, your weakness. You're the Beast!

– No-o-o! – Wanderer rushes to the tree, breaking those who stand his way. A ghoul rises close to him, thrusting the sword in the shoulder. Scott

Renter snatches massive colt and lead smashes the enemy's skull. Running up a stout trunk he unleashes series of blows and

shouts:

– Swords will not save you from my hand... The shadow does not hold out against the light... A star will never outshine the moon. You will not hold out against me!

– So you liken yourself with the light, don't you, brother? Wake up! There is not light in emptiness; life doesn't fit in with the decayed body, but death shall rise up in him as the prophecies of the end in reborn Alius, shaking cherished abutment, showing the reign of power, exiled from the depths to the glory of this world, which accepted the law of the Darkness.

– Could the saying of yours come true? My answer is: never!

– The world will be filled with blood, and the blood will be yours. You'll fall down!

– Aundas, I didn't kill you then, now the clock has struck for you!

– You are fool! Indeed, Wanderer is your name. You can only succeed going into the void, realize the futility of the way you've chosen.

I'm laughing at you; you are a fiend and a monster of Darkness, high-handedly you forged into the different way, haven't you? I'm laughing and making fun of you. Are you the Light? So learn the power of Darkness! Tremble! Behold, and perish: for I will taste your flesh, and I will be afforded the honour of this mission!

Vampires flew as a black cloud, turning into ugly winged creatures. And rumbling, turning into squeak, filled the soul

with horror. Human faces were transforming into elongated fanged muzzles, black hair was appearing on the bodies. Ghouls, screaming, lashing out, had sunk his claws into the flesh. Wanderer's eyes were gleaming when he fought tirelessly, striking at the heart, ripping the wings, cutting off the limbs.

The flute melody reigned, echoing in the clang of steel and the dying groan as the Muse of death. And the climax of horror for Scott Renter whose body was covered with gaping bloody wounds from the claws and blades of swords was echoed in his heart cry of Aundas who stood on the roof of the house, holding Iona in his hands. Surpassing the speed of light, refracting the time, Wanderer raced to the house. Futile was the effort, the ghoulish had plunged his teeth into the flesh of the child, drank quickly and threw the young body away onto the white of snow, colouring it with drops of red blood...

The heart beats burned Wanderer's chest, the world froze. He hid the sword in its scabbard and dropped on one knee, touched golden curls and looked at the blood-stained pale face. His ear was struck by the dying gasp of child's agony.

– Scott Renter is crying, – scoffing at grief, inquired Aundas. Bowed Wanderer gradually overcame the bitterness, gazing at the sky. And while getting up, he let his righteous anger off the depths of his soul.

– You've brought a beautiful rose in the darkness. You've taken the life of a child... I will release the beast, nesting in the snare of my heart seared by the Darkness, and you Aundas, you

will learn my wrath. Your power will turn against you and the abyss will consume you; your master is waiting for you! – And there was a shriek, and disgusting huge black wings leapt from Scott Renter's back with sharp pain.

– So the time of the fight has come; I'm glad. Did you mean to intimidate me? Behold, brother, the true nightmare, – Aundas raised his hands to the gloomy sky, turning into a terrifying giant; bluish-black skin covered the body of a six-meter beast topped with horns. Saliva was flowing out from the stinking mouth, bright yellow pupils victoriously looked in the flushed eyes of the Wanderer; the snatch and there was an outstretched arm with a silver colt in the hand. Shot, step right, shot, step left, movement forward, snatched katana, the flap – deviation and blow. Aundas soars reached by Scott Renter. The clouds swept over the sky; the sky flashed, thunder shook the world, and lightning illuminated the confrontation of celestial creatures and sizzling the soul flame of rage.

The sword and sharp-clawed paw crossed; force, pressure, disarmed. Katana released from the hand flashes and pierces the ground and the powerful hand grabs the neck. He is moved to the rock and the claws plunge deeper into the bleeding flesh – the eyes grow dim, veiled with darkness and the wide open jaws are mocking in a hollow voice. The kick, and Wanderer, having released, engages in a fight and tears up immense wings of the enemy; Aundas with one wing falls on the old Church.

Scott Renter in tattered garb lowers at the gates. A movement

of his hands – and he embarks on shabby track; the vapor comes from his muscular body, black wings behind characterize the unforgiving figure. The eyes of bloody color take a casual look at marble floor, rows of benches,

massive columns and freeze at seeing Great, Tired and Incomprehensible crowned with thorns, with his head declined on his breast. His gaze falls down: subverted Aundas shaking off the debris and dust rises entirely naked, in a human body. The hand of approaching Wanderer turns into a clawed paw, scratching the rows of the benches and marble floors with long fingers. In anger Aundas, roaring aggressively is confronted with the horrific hand, tearing the belly lightning fast, lifting up his body, making the way deeper, and reaching the heart.

– You caused too much pain, Aundas. Sweet is the moment of punishment for me. I... Feel... your heartbeat. You will die slowly, and infinity will take you, resuming the torments prepared for you. Aundas, I will go after you. The torments will befall me, but you, you, Aundas, Aundas Bertshvain, will learn the value of requital. And my torments, my damnation will vent on you. And the hell torments will seem trifling, as you learn the power of explosive, uncontrollable rage.

You were eager to see the reflection of the Darkness, the evil filling my body on my face. So remember: covenants of mind come true – Scott Renter's eyes burned trying Aundas – and their reality is horrible. Suddenly as if addressing to himself Scott Renter said the following: – Have you contemplated Lord? Being

the fruit of the dullness, clouded eye will represent Him as an anamorphosis. Imagine, all of us, no matter according to our will or not, created by Him, and the disease is inside us. The disease inside me, like a parasite, stuck into the soul, drains, oppresses and deprives of the will, and I can't resist it. – Tears poured from Wanderer's eyes. I was born like this, and it is not my will. It's the fate, you may say, but the fate is in opposition with the existence; aren't I free and wasn't it my decision to escape the fate? I'm perishing, I'm dead and lifeless! Lord, where is He? Is he looking at me? No! The essence of me is darkness, and if only this bright look turns on me, I will fade away, unable to endure it, I'll die, and the Abyss will swallow me. I'm afraid and trembling at this great sight of Him, and I myself don't raise my eyes. Lord is so great, and I'm so miserable and dark, that I'm constantly in fear, but I don't want to accept my inner Darkness and I will never do it, the soul is sick of it. I know, my soul has shriveled up, and I'm not sure whether it was in the heart that is not beating and was the repository of stinging

Darkness, – Wanderer looked into the eyes of Aundas, whose heart was squeezed in his hand. – Your heart beating is sweet to hear; I have power to do what I want, for we all are the center of great Darkness.

Terrifying were the laughter and the roar of Scott Renter when rushing in the jump up, he threw the body of Aundas down on the floor – broken glass rained down from the windows of the temple. Aundas was raised, and his body, breaking through

the wall, tumbling, brought down slabs and stone crosses in a graveyard. Moving away from the ruins of a fallen temple, Scott Renter was walking to the crypt slowly to finish the execution; and vampires, soaring over his head were afraid to attack and were watching the battle in silence, as the result of the battle is lethal.

Mysterious light of the moon was shining as a halo, pandering to the absolute Darkness; and the Spirit of vengeance descended into Wanderer's heart, filling his look with unbridled anger and fire. It was fire that shed in the carmine eyes of the legendary Beast, the most powerful in the World but becoming small and feeble in attempt to resist Logo.

Wanderer, taking the primordial nature, turned into a dark winged creature. His brutal body was covered with short fur; blackened skin was bursting with incredible muscles. Clawed paws, long tail and kind of the face, which has lost any resemblance to a human's one was nasty with pointy huge ears and open wide fanged mouth. Imperious eyes mercilessly gazed down at the worn-out Aundas outstretched at the crypt from the height of four-meter body.

The pain and Darkness devoured the consciousness of Scott Renter into a crushing labyrinth. The Path was Eternal and Beginningless, cruel, senseless and hopeless, Darkness and Pain were the space. They were united with locked and breathless; lonely and helpless, homeless and eternal Wanderer. He cognized Death and Life in death; he was turned from Life into Death;

he was damned and insane. And the Darkness, embracing, made him slave and created different creature. And the universe was whispering:

– Your name is Ar-hon! Tireless Slave!

– Begone, Darkness! Behold the collapse of the foundation laid in me. I'll build something different, and the eye of the depths of my soul will penetrate into your world. I'll annihilate it and Earth Kingdom will fall! Life

is put in the people by God; you put the distortion, you are reflection of destructive spirit; you're worthless! You're weak! Your essence is Lie, the Power is illusory and the power of yours is deception and shaky. Leave! Leave me alone! You torment me! I'm perishing, and the Life is flowing down as a drop of life-giving water, as hot steel in the soul, in the heart, which you want to subdue like the body! Damn you! And I'm damned! And the Power is flowing away from the wounds of the soul left by the Spirit. It's not able to accept the Gift of this unseen and taken away from me from the birth, from conception of originally damned soul! I hate you! I'll destroy you! Begone... Begone! – Wanderer appeared as a child hugged by Darkness, he was twisting, suffering imprisoned in the Void, alone and naked, on bended knees in a vacuum of mob, shedding tears.

Reality dispelled the Illusion, stopping the vision and Wanderer, recovering, gradually approached Aundas. He looked into the eyes of blood brother and stooping down, dug his clawed

hand into Aundas's head and lifted him up. Turbulent flow of life, as pouncing threatening wave, instantly swept and weeded out the hidden anger and bitterness that plagued the innermost part of the soul – the memories.

– Brother, I'm sorry... – said the wanderer, and his hand crushed Aundas's skull.

Blood dripped from his claws, soaking into the snow. Scott Renter turned and walked away and, gradually taking human form, approached Iona. The bloodied child was lying in a snow-white tomb; the warmth was leaving cold body; and different life, spreading through her veins, was transforming the dying girl. Gasping, anguished breath was bursting from the lips.

Wanderer snatched the blade glittering in moonlight from the earth; and with a cry of anguish, sobbing pierced the child's heart, and froze bowed, on bended knees near the girl. With hers last ounce Iona glanced at the drooped, smiled shyly, and froze forever. Iona's face stamped in memory of Scott Renter indelibly, and tears shed at the moment shriveled the soul, and henceforth nothing could cause the tears of Wanderer.

A silky tender voice broke into the silence of speechless suffering. Moonlight lit a virgin in a white cloak; her soft hands pulled back the hood, revealing a high forehead, blue eyes on the face, framed by golden curls. Red lips, half-opened sensually, said mellifluously:

– The only person who knows the true name of Wanderer...

– Rise, Anthony; this way is given to the dead. You, who tasted life from

the birth, got the force of the mortals. If you recant the original essence, you will be taken away the life, you will become feeble, you will become just like human beings.

Wanderer gave a sigh, grabbed the sword and approached the virgin. His gaze was stern and voice was cold.

– You rose up from the depths of the past... Annette... Are you foreshadowing the Pain and the battle of the feelings implemented in the ashes? The hammer of Fate has shattered Love and will the immortalized know the terrestrial? Will the world of Love accommodate the one who is neither alive nor dead, – lifeless, breathless... And yet, as the dust of sand hides an undercover life...

The virgin stepped forward, threw off her cloak, revealing naked body. Gold pendant hung down to her chest, rounded belly stuck out clearly,

– The son of yours will be born...

Light hand touched the face of Wanderer hesitantly; fingers caressed his forehead went down to the cheeks. His mighty right hand covered her hand; Scott Renter closed his eyes and in a moment opened them again gazing at dearest features. His hand slid to Annette's chin, thumb gently outlined sensual lips.

The sword ascended, the edge penetrated to the womb, the blood gushed from the mouth, and Annette fell as a leaf plucked by the blowing of the wind.

– I've changed...

Having returned for the cloak, Scott Renter was going away, and bowed lilac-white snowdrop followed with its eyes the stately figure.

Star placer illuminated a person in a black robe, standing at the edge of the bleak mountains of Tandrod; majestic face with thick beard, balls of beads counted by lowered hand, the black robes – Klim the recluse watched Wanderer and with a sigh said quietly:

– *Sui cuique mores fingunt fortunam hominibus...* 1 1 The fate of each person is built by his character...

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## **Chapter 2**

shone from the darkness

*Rus. Year 354 from Great Separation. Second Epoch.*

The modern era came in the archaic style of the past; the rudiment of neo-history was based on the collapse of the old world; on the cataclysms of the earth and the contentions of the opposing powers, creating one world, based on nature and socio-political thoughts of people who believed that the basis for

the creation of the new world had to be enclosed accumulated experience of the past adapted to absolutely different conditions of modern existence. The history took its rise from the Great Separation of the former foundations into the comprehensive unification of powers, nations, and continents. People had no differences either in the language or in the «roots» of their ancestors. United Nation had appeared, and the new world was called the Birthplace of the Surviving Creatures, receiving the title from the antiquity of the earth, which had centralized continents and powers by the cataclysm in the State of Rus.

Nine people were elected, to lead the Grand Council; and one hundred and eighty-eight years – in the year 257 from Great Separation the Tenth was elected, sublimed by the world, which took him as the ruler of the World. And there was a response in opposition systematization of society, realizing the upcoming step of the totalitarian world. Dissidents were sought and condemned to the death penalty; the world was flourishing in well-being and stability; the illusory nature of universal happiness was denied by widespread failure and unfortunate low level of life, when faced with the locality of justice and order established in the consciousness of humanity.

Darkness had covered the sun and the Realm of Dreams had clouded the minds of the people; in the consciousness of one person a nightmare has been creating.

White endless corridor has appeared. An outline of a female silhouette with a tray held with both hands. The loud echo of the

reached hearing of the man held down in a straitjacket. Closer... Closer... a Collision is inevitable. Eyes, overwhelmed by fear, toss about unable to stop; the space is absorbed by a ghostly monotone which oppresses the mind in the vacuum of madness. The footsteps are growing louder and closer. Insanity comprehends the nature, destroying the personality. Shivering look is ransacking confusedly, keeping hope to win out, but the path of apostasy is cut off, only a clash... it is impossible to tolerate... The rumble of the steps sneaked into the brain. The thought is doomed to subjugation. Something else is hidden in what is happening... The Illusion is indistinguishable from Reality, since they terminated the existence of the natural order of things. A man. He is tossing, pulsing blood echoes in his temples, trembling grips the gut; the cry is struggling to get out, but fear destroys human nature, turning it into an ignorant beast. Personality is transforming from «person» to «thing», becoming a substance separate from the unauthorized understanding. It is transforming into a particle, driven by a force emanating from a closed realities of the macrocosm – a composite distinctive function of vital principle of the aggregate merger of material and immaterial in inseparable symbiosis, creating the essence,

which is determined primarily as a human being.

And something acting from outside is horrible and disgusting, and the essence of Evil is the ill furious mind in the colossal power of the all- powerful mind.

The noise has stoped.

The man is staring at the void brokenly. Time has completely frozen. It's quiet... quiet to madness. All attention is focused on the door. Something has to occur outside the internal fears; one cannot exist as an eternal fugitive. Fear is waiting for the final failure of consciousness in order to slay, throwing down on a deathbed. The heart beat, rat-tat, rat-tat, rat-tat, echoes in the brain. The damned heart won't subside; lungs draw in the air brokenly. Shortness of breath. The door. Rat-tat, rat-tat, rat-tat. It's emptiness. Breathing is erratic as if he has overcome incredible distance; convulsive fear bound the nature unbearably. Embodied fear is coming. It's impossible to resist; fear is daring, especially having put on the guise of a Stalker, going against the inner self. The door is opening. His heart will burst before he sees what the torturer is, appropriating his consciousness. The

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door opens and... a girl in a lab coat appears. She has walked in, tapping her black heels, walked to the wall, pulled out some transparent plane and put her tray on it.

...He's in a straitjacket, in the exhaustion leaning his back to the firmament of the wall, slid down on the floor. His feverish gaze fixedly followed the preparation of a metal-glass syringe;

they approached him, squatted, took his hand and plunged the needle into the freed from sleeves vein.

«They» seemed to be doing everything with him, meekly obeying, but not this woman outwardly beautiful, but frozen inside so much that this ice of insensibility was getting out.

Speechless, tired, but still substantial, he noticed, like old friends – the walls surrounded him in complete solitude with hostility again. Void incinerated faith. The time is flickering unceasingly, it's slipping away without him; it is unbearable to live in the vortex of this current which never leaves. Pain in his hand persists, although he concentrated on keeping it bent at the elbow, avoiding bleeding. Perhaps a sharp pain of the needle removed from the vein, stamped in the memory is tormenting now. The other Consciousness is ruling the lifeless body; the ear begins to detect disturbing movement of the spatial Force. He perked up from an indistinct echo; a drop of fresh blood was glowing next to him. Is it his blood? There was a new sound and the next footprint.

Having stood up awkwardly, he watches emerged muddy monochrome. And he can see the Palace of comprehensive void.

From a small crack invisible in the drab color of the door crimson blood has flowed as a frightening contrast on the white. And the walls were glowing with sprawling bloody stains; the ceiling was bleeding with hot drops.

Madness is overtaking; it's impossible to resist it.

«I'm a man, yet a man... alive... yet alive» – the thought

flashes in the brain. Straitjacket compresses the body, blocking the air; there was falling... The blood pursues the crawling away body. The blood overtakes, comprising into a ring-shaped frame... It's a dead end. There is not enough air in the chest, breathing is abrupt and hurried, eyes reflect the despair and confusion of spirit. It's unimaginable, stuffy... There is the door. A look in the madness of fear is staring at the door... Something horrendous will reach him. What is he? Indeed the identity is enslaved by some unknown

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strongest force, distinguishable from him. Who is he? Mind accepts integrity of itself in case of the terror, renouncing the understanding, representing the ratio of the object, inanimation grafted to it from outside.

Viscous slush is dripping from the ceiling to the middle of the room, turning into a silhouette, seen with silent fear; the product of blood is getting out, stepping its bare heels toward the unfortunate man cuddling up to the corner of the wall.

Ghostly creature in blood-stained jeans approaches, stretches thin, bare to the elbow hands, with palms, wet with flowing scarlet liquid. Pink t-shirt is ripped; girlish breasts can be seen through holes. Neck is stained in blood. He saw pretty narrow chin and black threads of pale lips and eyelids. She seeks to inform him about something; but the mouth will never be open.

The body is trembling, blood, wildly pulsing through his veins, is tormenting the flesh, as well as bodily fear, paralyzing instincts

of common sense. Sanity is fading, thought is put to death, and only the eyes and facial expressions are showing the despair, the horror, together with painful experience, the anguish of despair which is beyond understanding.

Sinister and at the same time innocent silhouette is moving to the man writhing on the floor, trying to escape and be saved from unbearably squeezing damned shirt.

Heels are sticking to the adhesive floor and, coming off it, are pulling clumps of coagulating blood. The lowing can be heard coming from the closed mouth; she is trying to warn, but in vain effort.

Lying on the floor frozen with fear, he starts crying with the rush of feelings and circumstances; and a few tears are sliding his cheeks right into a puddle of blood on the floor.

And with the spirit found a material condition, something similar is happening, but his tears are not clean and clear as crystal. He is suffering and closing, stretching his long fingers to the face of helpless man; the incredible effort of will liberates heart-rending scream.

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It's a silent night. Stars are twinkling above the sleepless town. The  
darkness is covering a cold room. The reflection of the full moon illuminates 27  
a reclining young man, resting his hands on the bed, who

is swallowing the air randomly. He, holding the palms of both hands on his sweating face, gradually starts massaging his forehead with the left hand, staring tiredly at the blackness of the bedroom, and, having realized the absolute lack of sleep, gives a long sigh and, lying down again, closes his eyes.

The terrible picture continues existing in his mind, having been inspired by the dream, the fear won't dissipate.

Spiral tube are twisted along the walls and ceiling; mercury rib plates of the bed base being risen at each other, glimmered brilliantly when rays of light fell on them.

So to say this apartment has given neither warmth of the home nor coziness; both the design and decor were extraordinary, for it has been designed in accordance with the plans and drawings produced in the new branch of figurative and abstract art that is closely related to futuristic outlook at the technological revolution.

Modernization and technical arrangement, performed at a strikingly high level, were impressive, particularly the natures experienced in this area. He got up again, put his feet on the transparent glass floor plates. Leaning forward, rested his elbows on his knees and after some reflection, got up, and going round the bed, walked to the window. Traffic typical for a big city reigned on the road there were mostly cars hurrying goodness knows where.

Extracting with his mouth an expensive cigarette soon lit with

the flame

of rare petrol lighter from the white pack taken from the table he fell into a sad reverie, which was suddenly interrupted by strumming notification from the computer, located in a tiny but stylish room. He wearily looked at rounded to the left of him doorway and monitor glimmering with snow color and yellow-brown envelope highlighted on it.

Inhaling the smoke of a cigarette, leaning against the window and passing his right hand over his head, as if sleeking his hair back, he said in a husky voice, turning his head toward the computer for a moment, «read», and then fastened his eyes on the view of the still torpid night city.

– I'm reading the notification! – a pleasant female voice wafted to his ears from the computer, and in a second the screen was 'decorated' with white sheet of paper with the text: «To Arthur Georgua King from the Ministry

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of Sociable Enterprise Armory Supply, officials of the main constituent office of law enforcement. The general adoption of new models of weapons according to the decree of the Military Council «KDC» is obliged to all officials, who are in the army and/or Federal districts police departments. «In the context of the government sponsorship of the armament and supply appropriate equipment according to the affected tasks in the context of the specific service in the erected,» and other trumpery encountered in standard reports.

– Sleep, darling... – Arthur ordered in a husky voice, and a huge computer monitor went out.

His face was reflected in the glass of the window, keeping the sharpness of lines and pale color of the face. He pressed his forehead against his arm hoisted to the frame, and screwing up his eyes looked at the reflection. Perfectly set eyes were staring at him sternly and severely. His face was also of perfect shape: broad high forehead, stately nose, manly chins; daring protruding cheekbones, huge expressive brown eyes, and curly thick hair. Also in his features one could clearly see features of the valor, honor and courage, like those of the noble men of old times.

Arthur released a puff of smoke from his mouth when he suddenly heard a rustling in the remote rooms. Not a muscle moved; he slowly turned his head, glancing over, went into the next room where huge, computer equipped in the latest state-of-the-art technology. In a markedly quiet manner he went to the wall, where all kinds of weapons hung, he pulled the silver pistol with a broad and elongated carved barrel out of its holster. He checked whether it was loaded, turned his head and, passing wires hanging from the ceiling (which, by the way, were part of the decor), entered the bedroom again.

His tentative steps and a police stance, which was the special position of the left arm on the right one, guaranteed steady aim in the case he would need to bring his gun into play in a strained situation. Obviously, the actions of Arthur were the result of the skills in carrying out operations to capture leaders of the

underworld learnt in the Academy. He could shoot and reload with his left or right hand standing on his head.

He walked past the bed, passed the rounded aisle and once in the dark hallway, first glanced to the left and gently continued to step to the right side.

The rustle was heard again... Now these acts are really justified.

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Glass floor slabs made his feet cold; heart started to beat faster from step to step with incredible swiftness, causing pain in the temples.

«What's wrong with me... Quiet, Arthur, quiet.»

Inexplicable fear came back.

Arthur managed to pass two translucent doors. Shadows from chrome-

plated pipes hung in various places: the walls, the ceiling, and the floor. They seemed fancy and twisted silhouettes, concealing a hidden reality which was turning into ignorant phobias peculiar to rocky human consciousness.

Rustle, so inexplicable and unexpected, was heard to his left. Arthur stoped, closed his eyes, and, bending his elbows, brought the gun to his face; drops of sweat stood out on his forehead, marking extreme storm of emotional experience

spilled everywhere.

Rat-tat... Rat-tat... Rat-tat, through his teeth he uttered the sound from the dream imprinted in his memory.

His neck was wet with sweat, two drops of sweat fell on the glass floor slabs, clearly ringing out on the entire length of the corridor; his head seemed to be pressed against the iron grip, the body was burning with blood boiling in the veins. «Make up your mind... you or it»... Arthur opened his eyes and motionless was staring at the door; wrinkles appeared on his face. By the fiat of will he skillfully swung to the left, with a scream he rushed through easily opened door to the illuminated room... The bathroom was empty, shimmering with mercury color and twisted thick pipes.... A rustling came from the adjacent to the toilet thin plastic tube.

«What the hell! – cried Arthur, having changed his countenance.

Breathing fast, he slowly turned back and, at seeing the horned ugly mug, bended back and started shooting. A moment later the index finger of his left hand went on pressing the trigger of the gun which was just clicking the shutter, though the cartridge clip had already been emptied.

Wiping the sweat from his forehead, Arthur stood up and headed for the door. The monster turned to be just a shadow of two bottles of aromatic oils with red and blue sprigs of ikebana put on the nightstand next to a metal vase. The place of the «devil's head» was dotted with bullet holes.

A beep of a new message was heard from the bedroom. Stooping down, Arthur sadly went to the bedroom. Respiratory slowed down, heart

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rate went back to normal, but dragging pain, ruthlessly undermining the soul, had not stopped.

– Message from Thierry Zemeckis – began the computer in an unctuous voice. – «Detective, start to the police station, we have arrested a subject with a severe fotoaugliofobia». The reading is finished. There are no more messages.

– Damn! The world is crazy, and it has involved me into the vortex of madness; I will not stand the new regime. No, I can't stand it! Listen, I can't stand it! – He shouted in syllables, turning to the extinct computer monitor.

The clock on the nightstand to the right of the bed, highlighted figures showing that it was two o'clock a.m. Arthur took remote control, turned on the miniature music center which started playing a melody with a dash of gentle and invigorating notes of rock ballads; the composition provided a smooth awakening.

The lights studding the ceiling crossed with iridescent unevenness flashed. Arthur passed to the bathroom again, turned on the faucet adjacent to massive rounded tub, set the water temperature and, after removing the tight-fitting trunks, put his body under the hot water flow.

After seven minutes he was sitting on the glass chair at the same table. The table had one leg consisting of two winding

pipes curved on the floor. Arthur was eating chicken cooked on the electric grill with side dish of brown rice and raisins from transparent deep square dish, washing it down with clean water. Having finished, he put the dishes in the sink, passed the kitchen doorway, and appeared in the bedroom. Doors of the built-in metal wardrobe slid apart and a coat flashed from there with its leather shine. The city was raging in the ebullient night life. The moon was shimmering in shades of blue tones, turning into flushed yellowness, or crimson glow. Silent graveyard was bathing in the dim light, and the pervasive and routine silence was disrupted by a bunch of young people in black clothes. People were the teenage Goths waiting for transformation; and the creatures were enlightened werewolves.

– There are dark gravestones, lit bonfires and the forthcoming Orgy with the female of the pack of werewolves who was the witch; there are captives, chained with barbed wire to abandoned, overgrown with morning glories crucifixion; everything is so delightful, – prepuce voice was heard. –

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You'll behold the reign of darkness this night, and you will change. Darkness will embrace your souls and the blood will wash you, throw you out of the relation... ha... and you will become a part of the new life that will gain you.

The quiet of the night was broken by roar of a motorcycle; chrome turbine was spitting fire.

– You, Sweeney, come. Take this blade from my hands and stick it in the heart. Yes, Sweeney, in your heart. You, Bella, take off your garments, appear before Baal; tie her to the altar... – the speaker tripped and fell with his head crushed by the slug.

Bulky motorcycle shot up off the sloping roof of the vault and landed on the cemetery's land; and, throwing the ground from under broad rear wheel, whirled, and intensively ran off ahead. The driver in the black fluttering cloak opened out his hands clutching the silver and black handguns and started riddling cartridge clips of lead. Eluding like the lightning werewolves were escaping wounds; suddenly the werewolf grabbed the bumper and knocked the «steel horse» appeared from nowhere.

– Shit, the sect, I see the things seem to be crappy...

Pale werewolf in a suede cloak stood up. The upper part of his head, having been splitted, exposed brain.

– Oh, shit!

– Yes. Yes! – chuckling, said the disfigured. – You showed up on time to become the victim.

– Fuck! Arthur King has two tiddlers, and they like it hot!!! – He grabbed out two guns; werewolves swiftly ran. – A-Ah!!! Devil, die!!!

A Goth, appearing behind him, stuck a folding knife between his ribs. Arthur howled and threw the teenager over his head;

bullets flew cursorily, without touching the moving werewolves. His hair dropped on his sweat face and prevented him from seeing the surroundings. The sword ascended, and the detective, dodging the naked blade of the katana, disappeared behind the scattered column with the cherubim. Moving in the flying dust, he took a short blade with the fabric intertwined handle from his trouser-leg. A single swing resulted in a demolished to the ground werewolf's head; katana of the defeated enemy struck in his hands, and Covenant invested by the master, was expressed in the speech:

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– The debt of the soul is deeper than the seas and higher than the mountains. My enemies are you. Happiness is ephemeral, when a foe's heart hits shivering of life and bubbling Evil deters willful strike of all- conquering character. Have I frightened you, whoresons?! I'm pouring out my blood; – he laughed madly, – do not rejoice! I will die with you, here and now! Fear, rescued from my soul, will descend in you! – and, playing with the swishing blade, Arthur was rapidly approaching the werewolves, ripping and crushing the Goth who had broken into a run. His sword was seen as a revolving circle, being a perfect mastery of renzoku-waza that is a complex combination of thrusts. His gaze became cold-blooded determination and extraordinary calm; the second werewolf fell, having experienced the power of iaijutsu; the third, being behind Arthur, clasped him in his arms and plunged the claws into the flesh, whispering in his ear:

– You will die a long and painful death. Your words are mere. Fear is inside you, for you are hopeless; the wounds are incurable. You are bleeding profusely. And your blood is blackening. Do you imagine yourself the hero? Nonsense! – the claws sunk deeper into his flesh close to the liver. – Who are you now? Or what will you be? You are nothing. And do you know why? Because you're a human being. And like Neko-Mata I'm going to amuse myself with your lifeless body. Are you terrified with the impending decease?

– The teacher had been telling me from the first day of consecration to remember about the death. When I go to sleep or wake up, when I eat or starving, when I'm awake or reflect when I watch the farewell rays or the rising sun, I always remember about death. So behold the feeble person, me Arthur Jorja King!!! The man who doesn't care about death, who doesn't care about you, freaks! That's because God is with me, and you are beneath me! – he burst into insane laughter, stamped his boot – the blade slipped off the soles – a kick in the groin followed; the werewolf recoiled, and Arthur turned around with lightning speed, picked up the fallen sword and cut off werewolf's head with the blade. – Who wants the tail, who wants the crock, huh? Neko-Mata, dammit!

Sighing heavily, he wiped the blood flowing from his nose, and, clenching his bloodied teeth, with a shout rushed toward the Goth appeared in his way. He hack the body from the shoulder to the belt. The youth fell to

his knees, breathless with the blood gushing from his mouth. Black bangs fell on his pale forehead, eyes with red lenses look upward. With pain Arthur looked at the ruined soul, at the sacrifice made not by his hands. The barrel of a gun set into his head and he heard a female voice:

– You’ve ruined everything! I’ll kill you! You’ve killed them, you’ve shredded them like babies! Damn! Who the hell are you?

– You wish to hear the answer... And who are you and who are they? You’re going to kill me? Do! I’ve seen enough of horror and death! These O-Yama and Beherits are different in the languages but the same in nature. They are those slanderers and opponents, the Devils and Sets that have poured into new regime and flooded the minds of people as parasites, stuck in you, in me. I’m fed up with them for they have filled the whole world! The world is being convinced and has been convinced by them that there is no, no, no, fuck, either Evil, or Good! Because we're Evil and we're Good. Yes! We humans, puny humans are the both. Then, then, then we are Gods, only we are and nobody else! – he turned around and the muzzle of the gun set against Arthur's forehead. – So, bitch, you want to know the answer, don't you? – he shouted, – Must you know the answer or not?!

– Yes...

– It doesn't exist! The existing thing is Lie! Lie was splashed out abundantly. Dirt and ink peals of Lie corroded and thinned the truth. Verity is ephemeral and forgotten, and conscience is

eroded by decay, so there is no truth, there are you, me and these degenerates. It's full compliance with the reality of our times. And some contrast will be lost. But there is something that keeps me from shooting myself in the head... Are you intrigued? – he slowly grinned. Being honored to be consecrated Mycoden, I renounced the ways of formation of the highest stages of knowledge, in favour of a different achievement of self-improvement.

His hand reached in his bosom and pulled out large crucifix on a black cord carved from pine, – the bent head, and outstretched hands, pained face full of suffering and clearly looking out from under veiled eyelids eyes burnt only by the view of betrayal and apostasy. The eyes finding unattainable and great in the simplicity of greatness, power and spirituality, full of Light and power, enclosed mercy... and understanding.

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– Your hand trembled, and your face contorted. Yes. You see the person who has mourned, but hasn't rejected, with killed body, but arise from the dead in the soul embodied in the flesh. So who are you? You are destroying the flesh and transformed in the body; you are werewolves, a variable link of ghouls! You are vampires, occult geeks, parasitizing in the bodies. You die and your body comes to life and not as Gods; you, merged with the matter, penetrate into the material world, and you disprove Descartes's dream by your dependence on space, oppressive and subordinating your nature, for you are the prisoners of the world.

And the world will abuse the dependent, will bound by time and space! You are the devil incarnate; your look reflects your emptiness enclosed by the seals of evil, – Arthur snatched the gun put to him and turning back, released the clip in werewolves. One of them fell with scattered skull, and the detective, having thrown unneeded weapons, rushed into battle with the sword. A series of blows, trembling hands and predetermining of slaughter that was the incredible will of a mighty soul, which had plunged enemies.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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