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Fifteen Seconds Past Midnight

by Alvin Proudly

Chapter 1

Janey arched her back similar to the crescent moon that dangled from the night sky. Her delicious, rounded, features bounced up and down, while she glided over another pair of hairy, tanned legs.

A great set of tits and to match an even sexier ass. Dark, long, raven colored hair cascaded over her milky, white shoulders; swaying like palm trees off the cliffs overlooking the Santa Monica beach below.

Sometimes she liked the occasional tug from behind too. It was the excitement of being ridden like a show pony at Santa Anita Park.

Rent was due and the cellphone bill needed to be paid. Those were convenient excuses she used to not feel like a whore. But Janey was a horny bitch tonight. It had been what? Three and a half long dry months of masturbation.

The poor sap underneath her was weird as fuck too. He questioned her over and over about how good he was in bed. Talking while fucking was a major turn off for Janey. However, what was a girl to do when a dry spell needed to be extinguished.

His name was Frank or something like that, Janey thought while taking another thrust from his small cock. Again, with the questions:

“Do you like it when my tongue does that?”

“Is it alright if I play with your breasts?” and, “How about this...how does it make *you*

feel?”

Jesus F Christ! It wasn't so much the questions that bothered her, it was his timing. Janey was used to being manhandled; it was borderline BDSM treatment. Not tonight. Not with Mr. Four Incher.

Janey performed an act of a lifetime as she released a fake vociferous orgasm. She had to force thoughts of Brad Pitt in his younger years, from that movie he starred in with Anthony Hopkins and that beautiful Italian actress he fell in love with. Then she collapsed onto her side of the bed.

“Honey, how was it?” Mr. Four Incher said.

“How was what?” Janey leaned over his shaggy, flat, Mediterranean chest and reached for a cigarette.

“How was what...” Frank chuckled, “the sex babe.”

“Oh that...yeah...it...was...okay.”

“Good. I'm glad.” He lit one of her cigarettes.

“Hold on, one second.”

Janey sprung off the bed and almost fell face first onto the dark, stained, hardwood floor. It was freezing. She hurried to the bathroom. Every step felt like she was skating barefoot on ice. Janey had to time this right. Her cigarette from earlier was still lit and hung from the corner of her pink, thin lips.

As Janey slammed the door behind her. All she could harp on was if she was a second too late, her vagina would dry up like cracked dirt in the desert.

“Babe.”

“Hold up!” Janey said, through the locked door.

Damn it. Give me a few minutes to do my thing will you...

Her Victoria’s Secret panties were still scattered across the damp tiled floor. Janey turned on the bath faucet.

Her flat was built at the turn of the 20th century. The amenities were still functional, including the lion pawed cast iron bathtub.

She propped one leg up on the tub and left her other on the toilet bowl seat. The flexibility of an acrobat, she grabbed Mr. Bullman, an enormous dildo made in the image of the famous pornstar. When she plunged the large artificial cock deep within her that set Janey’s mind adrift.

Janey had a typical girl’s night out. It started as a prank. One of her girlfriends brought ‘him’ over. You should have seen them whores, toss around Mr. Bullman like a giant, Italian salami stick. Similar to a bachelorette party at the Dancing Bear. Everyone got a chance to put their lips and hands on ‘him’ except Janey.

Her knobby knees began to buckle under the thought of Mr. Bullman and wet-heat rose inside her rapidly. Each massive thrust blew a gasket of euphoria deep inside her. Her legs were now weak and shaky like trees in a rough storm.

Janey bit her bottom lip hard enough to make it bleed. Then she collapsed onto the floor.

After some time, alone with herself, she opened the door and saw the moonlight glimmer over the pink satin sheets gently scattered on the bed.

She looked down at Mr. Four Incher. Who appeared to have already passed out from sex fatigue. Well, I have the perfect way to wake him up. She straddled his face; and put her warm, moist pussy to his nose. Then hoped he smelled what it took to make her orgasm.

Nothing.

The scanty bastard didn't know when a great thing smacked him in the face.

Chapter 2

“Hey asshole!” Janey said. “Hey, wake up!”

She began shaking Mr. Four Incher, but there was no response.

“Yo...buddy you've got to go. I got to pick up my kid in a few hours and take her to school. I also need to sleep and you're on my side of the bed.”

Janey bent down. Her large, milky tits brushed his face. She slapped him twice on the back open palm. Nothing.

When Janey punched him hard in the side he didn't budge. She leaned in to listen to his breathing, at least that's what they did on Rescue 911-her favorite medical drama on Hulu. Still, nothing.

Janey hurried toward the bathroom to gather her clothes.

Chapter 3

Carl opened his eyes. The smell of eggs benedict, crispy hashbrowns, sweet powdered French toast with buttery syrup, and the citrus scent of fresh squeezed orange juice blew into his nostrils. On schedule, every Sunday morning since they were married, Carl fell in love again.

He felt his young, beautiful, blond wife's soft, full-lips on his forehead.

"Wakey...wakey..." Vanessa said.

"Hey teddy boo" instead of bear, *Carl called her his boo*, something he took from the brothers he played pickup games with at the park on Saturdays. After they kissed for a few seconds, he devoured his first piece of French toast. Halfway through the second one the buttery syrup began to run down Carl's chin.

"So...teddy boo...where are we going today?"

"I was thinking after we drop off the kids to Val's we'd drive up to Deep Creek hot springs."

"That sounds like a plan."

"Yeah...we can have dinner at our favorite restaurant too."

"That little Italian place, what's the name?"

"Antonio's..."

"Yep, that's it-makes a great calzone."

Before Vanessa got out of the bed, she looked at her husband and smiled one more time.

"Hon...I was thinking..." she said.

"Oh no..."

"Oh hush...stop it." Vanessa swatted Carl across the chest, then started playing with his tiny golden hairs attached to it.

“I was thinking...we could get away for the weekend like we used to before the girls.”

“Let’s talk about this at dinner in Apple Valley tonight.” Carl said.

He handed her the wooden tray filled with an empty glass, bread crumbs, and smeared egg yolk that became a dry sticky puddle, mixed in with the dried brown syrup on the plate. Carl smiled, before swinging his large, tanned legs out of their king-sized bed. He sauntered toward the master bathroom ready for a nice hot shower.

*

An hour later, everyone was downstairs in the enormous remodeled kitchen. Carl walked into the broad space with a cheery grin. He adjusted his black rimmed glasses before he noticed his daughters at the granite counter-top island.

“Daddy, your muscles are hurting me!” Squealed Kate, his youngest daughter, after getting an enormous hug and wet kiss from her father.

“I am...I am!” Carl hugged Kate tighter. “I just love you so much pumpkin.”

“Daddy...daddy...please!” Kate wiggled and giggled herself free from Carl’s grasp.

“Hey Virginia, what’s up?” Carl eyed his eldest from afar. She was almost in high school, and acted like it too.

“Nothing.” Virginia said, without looking up from her cellphone.

“Well...that’s cool.”

“Yep.”

Carl moved in for a hug, but was blocked by Virginia’s phone in her right hand.

“No hugs honey?”

“You’ll mess up my makeup dad.”

“Okay...no problem Virginia.”

Vanessa walked over to Carl after letting a dish fall into the soapy sink, and rubbed him on the back shoulder.

“Don’t feel bad hon. I was the same way with my dad at her age.” Vanessa whispered in his ear.

Carl grinned. German-Mexican bred. He grew up in Southern California, Huntington Beach to be exact. So, Carl was used to the stand-offish attitudes. It didn’t bother him too much.

“Okay kids grab your things we’re off to Aunt Val’s.” Vanessa said.

“You look great babe.” Carl said.

Vanessa smiled as she walked down their long, white-posted steps towards the small foyer at the foot of the stairs. She had on a flowery crop top sun dress. Not too fancy, not too casual.

“Where are the girls?” Carl said, as he looked at his silver banded Philippe Patek watch he got for Christmas last year.

“We’re gonna be late Nessa, I’ve already made reservations at Antonio’s.”

“I know hon, don’t worry we’ll make it.” Vanessa said.

“Girls, what are you doing up there? Let’s go!”

The traditional hair and makeup check before they left was mandatory in the Hart house. As Vanessa walked by Carl, she planted a big kiss on his cheek. Then she stepped back and looked into his blue eyes and winked.

When his daughters made their appearance, everyone piled into the Audi Q5 and off they

went.

Chapter 4

Janey opened the door to her apartment after work, and was smacked in the face by a foul odor that made her gag. It was like something crawled up her nose and died.

When she came out of the bathroom the other night, she had no idea what to expect. Only that Mr. Four Incher had to go.

It took her a few minutes to realize how *really* dead he was after her infamous pussy on the nose trick failed. She panicked at first. The amount of Fentanyl that was in him would attract instant handcuffs. Finding all his drug paraphernalia was easier than Janey thought. Most of it, she left at the bottom of a nasty blue waste management dumpster blocks from the apartment.

The excess drugs were then flushed down the slow turning toilet bowl. Janey had to flush multiple times. Woosh! Away went the proof of their wild night of debauchery.

Unlike law abiding citizens, Janey couldn't run to the Hollywood Police for help. Not only did she have high amounts of drugs and booze in her system, a recent bench warrant was issued for her immediate arrest.

A few months ago, when she was too high and tired to show up to court, an order to detain her for a simple drug possession charge was sent.

Often, the charge would've been a citation and thrown out right there on the dirty streets of

the boulevard. However, Janey's mouth tended to complicate things. *If that fucking officer would not have propositioned her for sex, she wouldn't be in trouble with the court!*

Janey called the one person she really didn't want to ask for help. What other choice did she have? Mr. Four Incher was like a heavy sack of potatoes. Plus where would she put him? In the dumpster? With her luck, one of the frequent tent dwellers who lived around the corner would discover her problem.

*

Aunt Val's house had a warm atmosphere that invited you in like a cup of hot chocolate on a cold winter night. It was comfortable and quiet too. She lived alone with her two cats Macy and Harry, one a Siamese and the other a Maine coon.

Aunt Val's house was a *little slice of Venice*, was what Dad called it. The beach front, gable roof dwelling was a tranquil oasis in a sea of meth-headed tourist attractions of Venice beach.

Virginia just snubbed out her roach she'd been saving for this very occasion. Popped in her air pods and turned up one of her favorite Taylor Swift songs. Something about a boy lost in love.

Then it hit her eardrums like a Qtip gone rogue in the ear. At first, Virginia thought she was getting migraines like her mother. However, over time she learned to neutralize the painful sensation in quick, short, breaths. If she meditated long enough the pain would stop. Then the sound would start over within her head, like nails on a chalkboard.

Again, the noise would come to an abrupt stop. In the far distance there was clarity. Virginia could begin to catch a word here and there. If she concentrated hard enough...that's when the magic happened.

Weed worked well. Bypassed the interference. Virginia felt relaxed, like floating on a white fluffy cloud. The more serene she felt the more frequency was emitted into her mind which made the images clearer.

At first, the pulsations sounded like a train speeding through a mountainside tunnel. Then it would cough, sputter and spit like an old Chevy's exhaust pipe.

What Virginia heard next was a moment she'd never forget....

"Rrr...yo...u...gurr..." the female voice said.

"Yeah...didn't I tell you yes already."

"Okay, okay Rico, I'm scared."

"I know you are...but don't worry babe."

"I got a couple of homeboys out in Pomona, they got experience with this type of thing."

"Really? *That's great...*involve more people." The female voice said.

"What are you talking about...got a better idea or do you want my help?" Rico said.

"No...you're right and yes I want your help."

As the static got fuzzy again, Virginia scratched her right ear and thought, *I wonder what she needs help with?*

“Janey I gotta see you at two.” Rico said.

“What? No, I'm not working tonight, come earlier.”

“When?”

“Make it after midnight the body’s been in my tub under water since yesterday. I want it out of my apartment.” Janey said.

Chapter 5

Virginia fell back on the large, red, couch. She kicked her legs up into the air. Did she just hear what she thought she did? *A body? What the F!*

The static cleared after a second or two.

“Give me another kiss I gotta go.” The deep baritone voice said.

“Fine. Midnight.” The female said. “Don’t be late please.”

There was a short pause followed by silence.

“Yes.”

The connection broke. Virginia could hear her sister and Aunt out front.

She stared up at the beige ceiling tracing the numerous stress lines with her eyes. They reminded her of spider webs.

Between the muffled frequency it sounded like two people were prepared to dispose of a

body. A man and a woman's voice are all she could make out. Should she tell her Aunt Val? Would she think her niece was crazy? This was still all new to her. Now, this is thrown in her lap too. What was wrong with her? Virginia smacked the side of her head with the face of her palm.

Chapter 6

After a good time at the hot springs, Carl and Vanessa headed down towards Antonio's. Carl looked out the bug-stained windshield in a trance. He glanced at Vanessa, who was still in her two-piece purple dot bikini. At forty-two she still had the body of a twenty something hottie. Carl grinned at the thought.

Carl also thought about how Virginia had changed in recent years. No longer the happy, bouncy, cheerful kid he had raised. Now, enter the bitch. And boy did she, about everything he did for her. Vanessa reassured him it was something all teenagers went through. Matter of fact as she grew, so did her complaints. What was wrong with her? What did he do wrong? How could he fix it? *Fix her.*

"Waa...tch...the freaking road!" Vanessa taking the top off another nip bottle filled with gin. On her other hand were two valiums. Before they entered the restaurant she would barely function in her own capacity. Why did he continue to tolerate her, Carl thought to himself? Vanessa could be the most beautiful woman on earth, *when she didn't drink.*

When they walked into the dim, lit, restaurant Antonio's brick oven aroma hit them in the

nose. The smell of delicious marinated meats, sautéed peppers and onions, plus the fresh garlic bread-made their mouths water.

Soon after a short wait, a college aged Italian woman led them to a booth with a small candle on the table. Carl began to spin it between his fingers as he stared into space.

The dark-haired Italian woman returned with both their menus. After a great meal of fettuccine alfredo, spicy veal cutlets, fried zucchini and grilled onion lamb chops, Carl opened their first bottle of red wine. He chugged down a glass before he released a loud, raunchy burp.

“Pig.” Vanessa said, half slumped over the table.

“Oink...oink babe.”

Carl put the red cloth napkin back on his lap after he wiped his mouth. He then asked Vanessa if she was ready to talk about the kids and vacation.

“Yes. I was hoping the two of us could get away from it all in a few weeks...you know the kids will be out of school.” Vanessa looked at her husband, swirled the red liquid in her glass and poured it down her throat.

“Yes.” Carl said.

“Yes...what?”

“Yes, let’s do it. I’m all caught up at the union, other reps can handle the small issues while I’m away. Plus, I wanted to spend some of my truck pension on you.”

“Really? You can do that.”

“Do what?”

“Use your pension right now?”

“Yeah, part of it at least, I’m past the thirty-year retirement mark, the legal requirement for

the company to withhold my funds.” Carl popped another green olive into his mouth. He instantly regretted it. He felt he was going to barf!

“Okay great. Let’s plan it for the end of the month, that way the girls will be out of school.” Vanessa said, with a smile.

“Great, sounds like a plan.”

*

As dinner wore on, Vanessa looked deep into her husband’s blue eyes. Only if he knew how much she did behind his back. His long trips out of town to visit other districts left her desperate. It wasn’t her fault. As she reflected back on past memories then took a long sip from the wine glass.

She’d always been a tart. It was something her girlfriends teased her about on their nights out.

In this order: go out, meet young hot males, take them back to a four-star hotel [funded by her husband through a separate monthly allowance], bang their brains out.

Even though Vanessa hardly considered herself one of these old women that prowl the night life hungry for their next prey. What were they called? Yes...cougars. A lot of men she slept with wanted to leave their girlfriends or convince her to leave Carl. *Like that would ever happen.* She admired the young pup's tenacity though.

Carl was so dead in bed. One, maybe two positions if she was lucky, and at best twice a month was all she was getting from old Carl. However, she had the sex drive of a rabbit. Late at

night, it wasn't unusual for her to be trolling websites like Reddit for advice about hookups→ on extra marital affairs.

Her screen name was LADYOFTHENIGHT6981.

Stuffed full of food and booze both Carl and Vanessa staggered out into the dark parking lot. The moonless night didn't make it any easier to see.

Chapter 7

After work Janey hopped on her all black 2014 Honda Shadow Phantom and sped towards the 101 freeway. Wind in hair, bugs in her teeth. She didn't care about any of that. *There was a rotted corpse in her bathtub.*

Rico's cracked, brick, window apartment had the usual suspects out front to greet her.

"Hey Chica." One of the greaseballs said.

"Mama how'd bout you and I go for a ride?" The other said with a devilish scowl.

"Buzz off assholes," Janey removed her helmet and placed it on the handle bars.

"Ouch...we got a sassy Senorita, just like I like them!"

The Cholo with the stained wife beater and blue bandana blocked the sidewalk that led to the building's entrance. However, Janey pushed her way past. The faded, plastic, intercom box came into reach-she found Rico's name and pressed the tiny, broken, black button.

On the third buzz the speaker sprang to life.

“What!” Rico said.

“It’s Janey, open up.”

“It’s past midnight.”

“I know sorry.” Janey looked around to make sure the three amigos wouldn’t come accost her again.

“It’s 3am, what happened to *be ready* at midnight?” After a long pause, “never mind, come up.”

With that, the spiderweb glass door popped open with a hiss.

*

Janey walked up the stone steps that led to Rico’s apartment. She felt strange all of a sudden. A noisy knock banged on and on within her brain. It throbbed and ached. Most of all, it buzzed like a gnat in her ear. If Rico didn’t help, what would she do?

*

Before starting the ignition, Carl turned toward his drunken wife who was passed out next to him. *What a romantic evening.*

His eyes rolled back to the small, plastic, window that housed the odometer and doubled as a picture stand for the wallet sized images of his daughters. They both wore dresses for another spring time JCPenney’s family portrait. The girls must have been seven and eleven at the time.

Carl smiled. Started the engine and drove out of Antonio's parking lot.

*

A fat Mexican man kneeled down, lined the moist tiled floor in Janey's small bathroom with plastic construction bags. He cut the plastic liner halfway down the middle, while another small framed Mexican helped lift the soggy, purplish-gray body onto the plastic black bags.

Janey felt her nerves go raw, then numb. The knock in her head...banging a silent drum. Something was there. Something malicious searching around in the darkness.

One of the men bumped Janey in the shoulder with the wrapped-up Mr. Four Incher. Her heart jumped out of her skin and landed on the ceiling. Chills ran up her spine like rats up a Californian palm tree. What had she done? *Murderess*.

Chapter 8

"Virginia...Virginia..." Aunt Val said, as she touched her shoulder.

"Yes...oh...hi." A smile slowly crept across her solemn, pale face.

"Would you like to come to the beach with us?"

"Grab some pizza, cokes, maybe ice cream too?"

"Yeah, sure."

“Good we’ll leave around three o’clock.”

Aunt Val left towards the small, cute kitchen at the far end of the beach house.

When it was time to leave all three grabbed their large, colorful, towels and sunblock.

Virginia had on her favorite black Prada sunglasses. Her blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail.

Her teen boobs blossomed last year, which made her blue bikini look awesome on her large rack.

She stood in front of the dresser mirror. Thigh high cut off jean shorts and pink flip-flops that showed off fresh painted pink toenails, made heads turn as they approached the sandy boardwalk.

God, she *loved* Venice Beach. The entire scene was like a crazy mad house. Anything you could imagine happened there. It had some of the best marijuana too.

*

The California sun was still bright and large over the Pacific Ocean. Virginia laid on her beach towel half asleep and half naked, erasing the tan lines on her back. Her Aunt and her younger sister Kate were up to their ankles in water. To Virginia the ocean was pretty from a distance. However, to go into it was another story. Not much of a swimmer she preferred the sun and the sand better.

All of a sudden it hit her like a sucker punch to the face. What the F! Not again!

But it was happening. *Right now*. Right here on the beach, in front of all these people.
Shit!

It’s similar to the crunch of popcorn eaten in a movie theater prior to the opening credits.

You first experience the static. Then a fine-tuned frequency is played like a broken record.

Then a slight muffled sound begins to resonate inside the ears. However, when the music plays, it's from deep inside the recesses of the mind. Where her darkness dwells. *Where the music lives forever.*

At the age of six Virginia felt like a Chris Angel Mind Freak. Was it magic? She didn't think so, that was for little Harry Potter fans. Yet, here it was like an annoyed child ready to go outside and play, only to be refused until she finished all her nasty vegetables.

The static cleared, the music played, then something that never happened before, did. A perfect transparent image of her parents appeared. They were driving on the highway. Dad was singing along to Guns'N'Roses-Paradise City.

Chapter 9

Take me down to the Paradise City...where the grass is green and the girls are pretty!

Carl slapped the tan, leather steering wheel in unison with the beat of the drum. *Take me hoommeeee!* Vanessa was asleep in the passenger seat of their Audi. More like unconscious in a boozed filled coma. Carl didn't give two fucks and slapped the steering wheel again. It was small moments like this that he lived for.

He leaned over and popped the latch on the center console. He reached in for another nip. This time good old Captain Morgan made his appearance. Carl tore off the cap and chugged the tiny alcoholic drink down his throat as fast as he possibly could without choking. *Ah...never*

disappoints. Carl rolled down the rest of his window and tossed the empty nip out into the night.

When he finally rolled up his window that familiar irritation clawed at his conscious.

“Carl!” Vanessa said, “What time is it? What are you doing?”

“It’s nine o’clock dear.”

“Oh...alright...my head hurts. Can you turn down the music a little?”

“Yeah sure...” Carl lowered the volume with the button on the steering wheel. Now, he was pissed off. *Who was she* to deny one of the greatest rock bands in history? He reached for another nip banging the center consul along the way.

*

Virginia was on the red couch once again; the images invaded her eye sight. Dirty, dark ones. Her drunk mother and reckless father plastered beyond recognition.

Dad began to sway back and forth across the highway’s median lines in a snake like pattern. Every so often the Audi’s back tires crossed the boundary of the passing cars. Images flickered across Virginia’s mind like a camera shutter, snap, crackle and pop!

Then everything once again faded to black. The terror of the abyss crept into her head like a cat stalking a mouse.

*

It was eleven o’clock the next morning. After Rico and his homeboys left, Janey still had

to clean the flat, then clock in to work later. She worked at the Frolic Room off Hollywood and Vine. It's red, cursive, neon 'cocktails' sign lit up the smog filled night like a crimson devil. Howling into the darkness warning all who enter. It was an uneventful small dive bar that attracted the local hipsters. Janey *hated* it, but it paid the bills and wasn't permanent, at least not in her mind. Within the next year or two she planned on moving back to upstate New York to be with her mother and acquire a teaching job.

Act normal....

Rico said to her. As if nothing had happened that could cause her this recent paranoia. How could she act like something that didn't feel natural to her at the moment? What the fuck was he thinking to suggest such a thing?

Janey thought back to the night in bed with Mr. Four Incher. Over and over, she warned him to cool it on the fentanyl. Too much too fast could kill him. And then it did. How was that her fault?

In the bar Janey found it impossible to work. Every two-bit loser she served asked for her number. It's like she had a sign on her ass that said, "Open for business...rent space cheap." If they knew how much of a black widow, she was they'd think twice. *Naïve-little men with little dicks.*

Janey told Micha her boss, a tough nosed Russian bitch that Angie would cover for her tonight. Then the exchange of violent words was thrown between the two of them. But in the end Janey always got her way.

In the back of Frolic's Janey usually paid some old homeless woman to watch her Phantom. The old steel door to the bar swung closed as she looked up down the alley way. No

sight of the female vagabond. Oh well, Janey thought and swung one slender, black leather booted leg over her motorcycle. Kicked started the engine and raced on down the boulevard towards home.

*

Virginia turned off her tablet at 11:30pm. Her head was on fire. How could she help her parents? Her visions were like watching an episode from *Lost*. Her mind screamed into the void.

When Virginia fell back out of her trance, she got up, went into the kitchen and saw her aunt was on her iPhone playing Candy Crush. As she passed her and continued on towards the refrigerator she smiled.

“Hey there V...how’s my favorite niece doing?”

“Favorite?”

“Yep...sure are babe.”

“What about Kate?”

“She’s my favorite too.”

“Aunt Val you can’t have *two* favorites...”

“Sure, you can.”

“Says who?”

“I do!” With that Aunt Val let out a big belly laugh that filled her small square kitchen.

“But how are you *really* doing Virginia you look tired?”

“I can’t relax enough to fall asleep.”

“Poor girl what’s wrong?”

Virginia paused for a second in her mind; should she tell her aunt about all the visions she’d been having about her parents?

Chapter 10

Sweet home Alabama! Carl sang along, slapped the tan steering wheel again and again, louder and louder each time. Then he started to hit the dashboard as if it were bongo drums. Harder and harder he tapped.

He looked over at Vanessa. The drunken whore. Carl was well past two bottles of wine and three nips. His brain felt like an ocean fog rolling in from the shore of insanity. He then took a sharp turn into the exit towards home.

*

Virginia finished her cold glass of milk.

“Well Aunt Val that’s it.”

“I guess so...”

Aunt Val shifted around in her seat and stared at her niece with aroused eyes.

“So...”

Aunt Val took another look into Virginia's eyes and realized at that moment they were the most glorious set of gemstones she's ever seen. There...yes, *there it was*...that familiar illumination spotless souls could create. She recognized it only because her spirit shined once too.

"It's been a while dear since I've seen *that light*...in someone's eyes."

"Really...a light?" Virginia said.

"Yes dear. Your KA energy is an Ancient Egyptian gift-power that's existed since the start of the universe. Since the formation of our stars that light is information that is as old as time itself."

Virginia's mouth dropped to the floor.

"Are you F-ing serious right now? OMG. How is light connected to me and these visions, not only that I can hear sound too?"

"Exactly." Val said, "Light and sound are needed to capture our attention in this world. Why do you think there's no sound in your dreams? Yet, you can understand what people in them are saying."

"Think...Virginia."

"I am Aunt V... I am."

Virginia adjusted her chair and scratched her head. Truth is she was not aware of all this light stuff prior to her aunt mentioning it. Therefore, there was nothing to think about.

Aunt Val continued, "In our dreams, our egos or lower selves the physical part of us moves out of the way in order for your creative or higher self to communicate with the you." She picked up her glass of green tea, took a sip and said, "Virginia it's called telepathy!"

"We speak through our minds uninhibited by doubts produced from our experience here on

earth. Unlike most, you and I are allowed to enjoy extra perks; we can practice telepathy even when we are awake.”

Virginia’s mouth hung open like a broken hinge. A couple minutes must have passed before Aunt Val returned from the refrigerator with a delicious green apple.

“One more thing...it’s important.” She took another cold, crispy bite of the apple.

“The Ancient Egyptians also had another way to interpret our dreams. To them the *awake state and dream state were the same*. Matter of fact, they claimed we are more awake in our dreams than right now.”

Aunt Val walked around the table, bent down and hugged Virginia. Then whispered, “*Let’s call your parents, somethings wrong.*”

Chapter 11

The music pulsated underneath Carl. To the right of him a tiny blue glow from a cellphone screen lit up. He never noticed it.

*

“Try him again.” Aunt Val said.

“I did. This is the fourth time.”

“Okay let me try.”

Both Virginia and her aunt bit their bottom lip at the same time.

*

Vanessa felt the vibration under her butt. For a split second she thought it was her engorged vibrator. Wait a minute. As she opened her eye lid, she began to scan the car’s interior. What sounded like a deflated airbag was really Carl singing.

“Will you shut up!”

“Oh...my lovely wife is up.” Carl said. “Glad you could finally join me tonight and not one of your younger pups.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“You know exactly what I’m talking about.”

“You’re disgusting.” Vanessa gave him a dismissive wave with the back of her hand.

“And...you’re a whore and a bitch, so there!”

“Real mature Carl, you bastard. And yes, you remind me every day how much of a whore I am. So...fucking what.”

Vanessa searched her purse for her valiums.

“Where are they...damnit.” She mumbled.

“At home I suppose. Why? Is our discussion too hard to handle Mrs. Hart?”

“Stop talking bastard.” Vanessa folded her arms and stared out the window in silence.

*

Janey's Phantom revved into high gear and took off down the freeway like a rocket. Cars and trucks became flashes of red and yellowish strings of lights. The 101 was packed. If she could just squeeze past the silver Audi up ahead then she'd make it home and in bed a little after midnight. It was now 11:59 pm.

Chapter 12

"No luck kiddo." Aunt Val said, "Are you alright Virginia?"

Virginia held her forehead. The static was barely audible.

"Aunt Val."

"Yes dear."

"My mother's head has gone through the window!"

Aunt Val dropped her glass cup and watched it shatter on the floor. Her phone said, 12:00 am.

*

"Watch that car on your left!"

Carl swerved to his right. The clock on the dashboard said, 11:45 pm. The last he checked

his mirrors were empty. Enamored by booze, also Darryl Hall and John Oats blasting in his ear, Carl didn't feel the explosion to the front passenger-side door. Carl only knew something bad had happened. Vanessa's head whipped into the window shattering glass into a million pieces.

Then he saw the raven-colored motorcyclist go airborne. As if shot from one of those goofy circus's cannons, the motorcyclist trapezed off into the grassy shoulder. Blood was everywhere and it stained the dark night pavement.

Carl turned toward Vanessa who was slumped over still strapped into her seat. Glass shards in her blonde hair with red streaks mixed in. She wasn't responsive to his calls. He tried to see who he hit, but he could barely see a foot in front of him.

*

Rivers streamed down Virginia's face. She'd seen everything in gory detail.

"Oh god! Aunt Val, mommy is hurt bad! A woman on a motorcycle is laid out in some grass, her head...oh god! Is a foot away from her body!"

Aunt Val held Virginia tighter.

"And Carl? Your father is he hurt? Is he okay?"

Aunt Val's entire body trembled for the next answer, would it be what she saw?

Carl faded in and out between oscillating hallucinations of red and blue flashes. A bright spot light blinded his face. There was a loud voice telling him to stay where he was. He glanced at the dashboard clock. *It was fifteen seconds past midnight.*

The End ~