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A stone-crafted, fifteen-foot-high wall, with shards of broken glass embedded in the crown, surrounded the mile-square estate in Atlanta. It occupied the land that was once the largest pre-Civil War plantations. The castle-size mansion that replaced the main house, rested on elevated ground so as not to obstruct the 360° view of the Lord of the Manor.

The servant's quarters were hidden on a back road, in the wooded area near where the trash was picked up. The guesthouses were positioned so visitors could pay homage to the Lord.

One had to climb ten granite steps, to reach the double oak doors with the family crest-stained glass windows, before entering the cathedral-size foyer. To the left of the front entrance, beyond the semicircular driveway, was a row of sixteen garage doors, behind which were stored classic, one-of-a-kind automobiles. On the opposite side of the driveway, beyond the jasmine hedge, was the lake with the fountain that spewed water fifty feet into the air. The tower of water cascaded down, and presented a rainbow when backlit by the setting sun. When the timer turned the fountain on, it brought a protest of honks from the resident family of swans, because it rippled the water and disturbed their sleep, but even they enjoyed being elitist and spoiled.

Inside, the place was more of a museum, than a home. Security was tight. You couldn't use one of the fifteen bathrooms, without someone watching you on a screen in a dark room. If it so pleased the Lord, he would be told how much toilet paper you used. After a while, whether because of boredom, or a dislike for his lordship, the security personnel did more reading of books, magazines and newspapers, than scrutinizing the guests. They couldn't care less which asshole used the toilet paper, and how many sheets. It was hard to keep track of all the assholes in the world of wealth, there were so many.

Inside one of the mansion's rear corner turrets, far from where the rest of the family lived, was a room with walls covered in black velvet. From the peak of a very tall ceiling, a single halogen bulb inside an expensive light fixture dangled. The brightness of the halogen bulb, gave the impression that a supernova was floating in the dark matter of an infinite universe. Below the light, was a mini-spotlight that illuminated a semicircular, command-control-center desk. Smaller stars, LEDs, lit the three wide-screen computer monitors, an array of maxed-out servers, and Apple computers. It resembled the bridge of the Starship Enterprise.

The hardware and software were the most expensive money could buy, save for a government agency, or the military. A good portion of the technology had not yet been released to the marketplace. The infrared mouse and keyboard were overkill, because the man sitting at the computer was tech-savvy enough to issue computer-recognized voice commands to get what he wanted.

Jared Hamilton was born with an off-the-scale I.Q. He wore the standard Coke-bottle glasses. He walked the uncomfortable-in-his-shoes, insecure gait. He had a self-conscious, awkward demeanor. The fifth grade was the last one he was forced to complete in a formal learning institution. Inside his mind, was a whirlwind of thoughts and ideas. He saw numbers and days as colors. He watched equations fly past at the speed

of light. He could solve them all without breaking a sweat. His extraordinary intellect was his strongest asset, that he couldn't relate to anyone in the world was his major flaw.

His dad's first wife, Madison, couldn't conceive of an actual thought, much less conceive a child, but she had an expert knowledge of the Khama Sutra, and performed sexual acts like a Cirque de Soleil contortionist, which worked well for dad in his empire building years. He didn't want her to think. He just wanted her to excel at fucking her brains out.

Wife number two, Whitney, was a plot-driven, society Georgia Peach, who fucked her way into the wealthy man's life, but then only found true satiation while fucking most of dad's yard help, pool cleaners, and several steroid cases from L.A Fitness. She did manage to help dad increase his reach in the financial sector and on Wall Street. He quadrupled his fortune, which was perfect for his mid-empire expansion years. Because of Whitney, dad accelerated rapidly into the mega-ultra-über-filthy rich guy the regular filthy rich guys admired, envied, and aspired to be.

Contessa, the biological mother of Jared, started as a trophy wife like the other two. She was magnificently beautiful, and an ex-international, supermodel—tall, graceful, exotic, with flowing auburn hair, deep sea green eyes, who had graced all the glam magazine covers for years beyond her professional career. She didn't increase his wealth, or the range of his empire, but she was capable of loving, and at that time of his life, her husband needed to be hugged. She also had a functional uterus, not bored out by large drilling dicks that could give him an heir. At the birth, Richard Hamilton's eyes teared for the first time in his life, as he looked over the squirming, pink infant wrapped in a blanket, and held by his mother in her bed. It was a time of great expectations for Richard. Before he held his son, he had already mapped out the boy's future. He would orchestrate the future so that his son would one day rule the heavens and the earth, indeed all the universe.

His stunningly beautiful mother, in her early fifties, knew he was a genius and fawned over him, but she was lost when it came to the depth of his math homework. His parents, when alone and discussing their son, had nicknamed him, "Why?" Dad, a dominant figure both in his Reagan-like stature and his Trump-like attitude, was largely an absentee parent off conquering corporate kingdoms in America, and around the globe.

Stepsister Constance, the daughter of Whitney and her first husband, was older by six years. Jared's dad, after the divorce, adopted Constance, which did not require a great deal of negotiation because the girl's mother did not want her. Constance did not have Jared's mental strength. She failed most of her classes while enduring female physical changes driven by flashpoint emotions.

Both half-siblings rarely crossed paths, but when they did share time together, they found they had one thing that bound them together like no other. They both felt desperately alone, surrounded by a world full of billions of people, none of whom could ever understand them.

During her early teen years, Constance spent every waking hour of her early teenage years in malls with her step-mom Contessa. Just before her sixteenth birthday, she fell in love with a classmate. He was the son of Latino parents, who managed to escape extreme poverty by crossing the border in the dark of night. They began the long hard climb in America to reach their dreams. His mother found work in the suburbs as a nanny. His father worked two jobs until he could start his own lawn care business. Eventually, they

were able to afford better schools for the children. Carlos, the eldest son, was reminded often about their roots, the severe poverty they had escaped. He was pressured by his parents to succeed. Though he excelled in school and earned a scholarship to Constance's affluent private school, his classmates never accepted him. His classmates taunted him relentlessly. They claimed he was inferior, and could only pretend to be an elite.

Constance first saw him in her biology class. He was a handsome boy with jet-black hair and sincere, passionate eyes, who kept to himself. From the first time she saw him she found she couldn't stop thinking about him. They were paired up in class to dissect a frog. After class, they talked. The quiet boy, she found, had a lot to say. He was glad someone would listen. He found he couldn't stop thinking about her. It wasn't long before biology, and passion, overtook them both. From that point on, they were inseparable. She followed him when Carlos began to rebel.

He talked to her about his parents' struggle to make a life in America, and the discrimination they faced. He said they never received the respect they deserved. He told her about the relentless intimidation he had experienced among his peers. He blamed the wealthy upper class that he said had an insatiable desire to acquire more profit, for transforming the working class into the third world in America. She saw the passion and fire in his eyes. When Carlos decided to go full-blown militant, and "stick it to the man," Constance decided to hit the brakes on the One-Percent Interstate, and turn off onto Revolutionary Road. She committed to him, her soulmate. The only problem was, her adopted father was *the man*.

Her little half-bro geek was in a weird world invisible to her. Had the new revolutionary been using her head, and not her vagina, she could have recognized her little brother's potential in causing far more havoc, and harm to the system, as a compatriot. For Constance, it wasn't revolution, but her new found passionate needs, that took control of her. She took it all in, as she gave it all up. With every penetration, she was pushed further over the edge, until the fuck of her short lifetime, fucked her up for good. She died a true, respectable, revolutionary's death sans the memorial cross and flowers on Revolutionary Road.

While little brother Jared was on a different hormonal and philosophical timetable than hers, nevertheless he, along with his own little army of malfasant characters running Helter Skelter inside his head, found other ways to terrorize the world from his private turret.

Contessa showered Jared with all the attention she could, between prestigious social and charitable events scheduled on her calendar. She chaired many of them. She did find uninterrupted time to fawn over him on the beach during a St. Barth's vacation. Other observers, particularly the paparazzi, suggested the intimate, seemingly romantic behavior between them, appeared abnormal with kisses and caresses, unlike the normal affections between a mother and her child.

Richard knew his son was bright, but he never entertained the thought that the boy would ever be able to outsmart him. He also wrote his boy's arrogant behavior off to DNA, and to being extremely coddled and spoiled. Dad had observed the same arrogant behavior in his senior managers, who had half of the brainpower of his son.

On a particular sunny afternoon, out on the estate, Richard handed his son a baseball mitt, then he walked ten feet away. He asked if the boy was ready, and after a small nod, Richard tossed a baseball to him.

The boy, then ten years old, correctly calculated the trajectory, wind, drift, solar-flare-headwind effect, electromagnetic field, as well as speed and azimuth in a nanosecond, but his hand with the glove remained idle at his side.

The baseball smacked Jared in the face and broke his nose. The boy never forgave his father, who stood and watched, motionless, without attending to the injury, while contemplating how someone so intelligent, could lack common sense.

The Hamiltons, Richard and Contessa, finally concluded the teachers at private elementary school were no match for Jared. While most children struggled to read Dr. Seuss's weird incantations, Jared was reading the classics. Richard concurred with his wife that junior was special and needed special handling, but he left the details to Contessa and the experts in such matters. He went back to what he did best—manipulating currencies, countries and governments like a good free marketeer.

The experts insisted that Jared become a

stay-at-home student, and be tutored by those who personally wrote the manuals, everything from microbiology, to quantum mechanics, to astrophysics, to nuclear medicine. The Hamiltons had plenty of cash to spread among the masters who would in turn attend to all of Jared's intellectual pursuits, desires and needs. After one formal invitation to visit, Dr. Michio Kaku taught Jared how to build an electron volt particle accelerator and a cloud chamber, on a Saturday afternoon inside one of the sixteen garages.

Early on, dad started to notice other things besides the intellectual geekiness of Jared that didn't seem normal. The boy would breast-feed and fondle the firm, flawless breasts of his mother, while staring into her eyes. When the little guy started walking, he would waddle over to his mother and nuzzle his face between her legs, directly into her crotch, which was embarrassing when guests were visiting.

After breaking the boy's precious nose, and after several attempts to toughen the boy, dad began spending most of his weekdays and evenings away on business. Weekends, he spent his down time on the world's largest yacht hooking tunas in thongs.

Jared's mom thought his fondling of her nipples, and his nuzzling of her snatch was cute, when he was a child. It was more than she was getting at the time from her husband. The attempted breast feeding and crotch nuzzling continued during his pre-teens, but Jared's child psychiatrist said he was just shy, hiding, it was just a phase he was going through, and he would find his independence in time.

After the consultations, she accepted the psychiatrist's evaluation and conclusion, although it became more troublesome for her. As a good mother would, she continued to lavish encouragement upon the boy and made sure he had everything he ever wanted, except for the sex. She attended all of his achievement awards ceremonies, and beamed her best supermodel smiles.

The Gothic ambiance and the darkness of his room, with a god's view of the countryside and cityscape, was Jared's real home. There his mind expanded to an even higher level. Hidden away in the turret, one would almost have expected him to be a grotesque, bell-ringing, hunched-over stump, but as he grew, the geekiness disappeared, and the genes of his beautiful mother began to transform him.

Lasix surgery, expertly performed by the "Eye God," Dr. Alan Kozarsky, corrected his vision, and there was no longer a need for the Coke-bottle glasses. He also became less awkward and learned how to apply his father's charm and salesmanship, to coerce

out of people what he wanted. Of course, when coercion failed, Jared wasn't above being a total dick to get what he wanted. Jared had learned how to manipulate people from the bullies he endured all those years in formal school. Rather than becoming disabled from the bullying, he studied the techniques of direct and indirect attacks, their subtle mind fucking, how to induce paranoia, how to use double-meanings, sarcasm, and how to invade personal space. Later, he used what he had learned on countless numbers of his own defenseless victims, against the weak and easily intimidated.

His overall appearance went through a second transformation when he stopped wearing the metal-head T-shirts, the drop shorts, and Vans tennis shoes. Khaki pants and polo shirts better concealed his lethal disposition. It made him more palatable, more accepted. He learned to easily get in to and out of his snakeskin. After he learned to apply his craftiness and cunning on the strong and powerful, the handsome Prince Charming became extremely dangerous.

Though he appeared to be like the others, the thousands of hours he played Grand Theft Auto, Mafia Mayhem, and Blackwater Battle Zones left him craving for a life of crime. He fantasized about being a badass, gang-banger, tat-covered Crip, Blood, or Latin King. He wanted to rule MS13, be a crime family don. Crime was his recreational drug of choice. He loved the concept of violence. As a criminal, he could be on Wall Street, or in Congress. Crime was exciting, rewarding, challenging to a man who was otherwise completely unfulfilled. He craved that fulfillment more than the air he breathed. All he needed to do was to outsmart the legal system on all levels, and never be caught. No charges, or convictions meant he would have options for his later years. The most successful criminals didn't do time, until they were nearly dead from old age.

Since his preteen years, Jared excelled at applying his master machine wizardry. A downloaded copy of Kevin G. Coleman's, "The Cyber Commander's eHandbook" was in his extensive hard drive memory.

During his early teenage years, he dabbled in hands-on petty crimes to get a feel for it. By his mid-teens, he had advanced to auto theft and B&E. Right before he turned seventeen he donned a ski mask and committed an armed robbery. Each crime he committed gave him a thrill, but each in turn soon bottomed out. He needed steeper peaks of adrenaline highs to feel truly powerful, truly invincible, to make himself feel alive.

He had a copy of Locks, Safes, and Security: An International Police Reference, a hacker's encyclopedia and bible. He spent a great deal of time on Max Butler's, a.k.a. Max Vision, Carders Market, a cyber-maniac's forum for parties interested in looking to buy and sell stolen credit card numbers, and identity theft information. He surfed Warren Ellis' lexical darknet.

He was an adamant follower of the life and times of hacker celebrities such as Lightman, Mitnick, Poulsen, Jaschen, Rogers, and Marc Weber Tobias. His amazing mental skills, focus, dedication and concentration absorbed all the information available from a keyboard. He had mixed feelings at an early age on whether to be a "white hat," or "black hat" hacker, but the issue was resolved when he fell in love with crime and criminal behavior. In the beginning, Jared concentrated on applying his electron magic to slowly steal the fortunes of family friends. He didn't need, or want, their money. He had all that he could spend for multiple lifetimes. After researching Kurzweil's "Singularities," he fully expected to become a man-machine combination that would live for eternity, and rule the universe, so he also began saving for his future financial needs.

For all of his strengths, Jared had no real grasp of poverty, because he enjoyed a life of privilege.

He eventually became the only rich kid to own, under various stolen identities, priceless comic books, shrunken heads, fifty collectible cars, including the Lamborghini Miura SVJ once owned by the Shah of Iran that made famed writer Clive Cussler, who owned an enviable car collection himself, envious.

He bought multimillion-dollar estates in

Las Vegas, and six castles from Bath, England to Etzelwang, Germany. He outbid Spielberg for a piece from the Macovich Collection. He had expensive yachts, and bought an island in the Caribbean.

Like his cyber-heroes, he learned the value of the *botnet*, a collection of compromised computers connected to the Internet used for malicious purposes, such as breaching a software company's servers. It was one of Microsoft's worst nightmares. He toyed with *exploits* programs created to take advantage of vulnerabilities in widely used operating software, with millions of lines of code that controlled network servers. He excelled at "zero-day exploits." He admired the *Stuxnet* considered to be the best high-end zero days exploit virus.

Black hats said it was the best, because it lay dormant and invisible until used, and untraceable after inflicted. It was capable of crippling essential services such as electrical grids, shutting down hospitals and hardware, disabling GPS, up to and including launching a CAN—a computer network attack, or cyber-warfare. It placed unbelievable amount of destructive power into the hands of someone who was capable with a keyboard, giving them a more powerful weapon than a nuclear arsenal. His hacking was so respected in the cybersphere he soon drew the admiration of the tech-savvy Ukrainians. In time, "Kyllar," as he was known in hacker sites, was on a first-username basis with the Russian tech czar "A-Z" who created the *Zeus* virus.

While they begged him to be a coconspirator, to help take down the global economy, Jared knew he wasn't good at playing well with others, so he declined. He accepted he was a loner, the ultimate lone wolf, isolated. He didn't want friends. Alone, he was better able to conceal all of his deviant behavior. Besides, Jared had money. He just wanted to manipulate the system. He wasn't looking to destroy the planet.

Who needed the Ukrainians? As close as Midtown, inside the historic Biltmore Hotel, across from the Georgia Institute of Technology, on the seventh floor, was Security Systems, a major supplier of: digital weaponry, zero-day exploits, airport and government building schematics, corporate offices, including what computers were inside, and what software they used, weather control, customized menus of attacks appropriate to any region of world. Security Systems was a premier cyber-arms dealer. Cyber-warfare prepackaged and ready to infect all for the low, low price of millions of dollars.

When he achieved his fifth and last doctorate, at the age of twenty-five, another celebration was held in the family's grand ballroom. While he passed through the guests, he received the praise of ambassadors, leaders of industry, and Nobel-prize winning scientists. The job offers from major corporations and Wall Street firms were countless. Sweeney White, a multibillionaire Wall Street tycoon, had an attack dog snarl, but Cupid's bow lips gave him a feminine appearance. There was a faint steel-gray color to his eyes. His bulky shoulders sagged into skeleton arms as he aged. Before establishing himself as a staunch conservative, right wing money-manipulator, he was the Grand

Wizard of the Georgia KKK chapter. He offered Jared an elevated position in his firm, but Jared had no such aspirations.

University Regents, the scholarly rulers, offered him honorary chairs, and grants to develop mind-boggling technology. Senator Chuck Davenport, who once nearly immolated himself when he accidentally set himself on fire as a young man, had a “don’t-screw-with-me” scowl. A dangerous predator, he was extremely wealthy and fully intended to maintain his status by any sin. A political hack, he spent the evening soliciting Jared for donations to his reelection campaign. He also suggested Jared run for various offices, to hype his own resumé so Jared could run for President someday.

Is he fucking serious?

Among the panderers and philanderers attending Jared’s party was the founder of Immunity, the CEOs of KEYW, IOActive, and New Delhi’s Appin Technologies. All made a pitch, but the appearance of the CEO of Security Systems impressed Jared the most.

Rogers was an intense individual who projected a deadly chill. Jared had followed Rogers religiously on line, knew all too well his past as a member of the elite X-Force team, the *White Hat* hacktivists. Rogers was Security Systems. The cyber-god walked over to Jared and politely introduced himself. Jared was blown away.

“Hello, Jared, my name is Christopher Rogers.”

The unexpected warm introduction, and subsequent small talk about his father Richard, led Jared to consider discussing his own illicit work in the turret, but he decided against it.

If Rogers were as good as they claimed, he would already know about my work.

Jared, instead, decided to stay the lone wolf. Besides, his ultimate goal was beyond cybercrime. He subsequently thanked them, but passed on all their offers. He had reached the same conclusion as Jon Ronson, who studied the traits of the top CEOs. They were all incurable psychopaths, narcissists, something every warden of any penal institution could verify. Psychopaths didn’t play well with other psychopaths. He didn’t need any of them. He could do all those things and more right from his control room. He knew exactly what the depraved craved. With his electronic criminal enterprise in full force, Jared decided he would take some time off. He spent the next six months lounging poolside, under the shade of a yellow and white umbrella, with a cool drink nearby, and Ray-Bans blocking the sun.

While contemplating his universe, and deciding what his next move would be, he read and researched as he had always done. Except the knowledge, he sought involved kidnapping, white slavery, prostitution, and rape. He wanted to experience them all. He knew they were just more sub-levels before he reached his ultimate goal, the only thing to take him to the edge—cold-blooded murder. He wondered what it would be like to take a human life, what it would feel like to kill, feel the blood on his hands. He began to study different killing techniques: poisoning, stabbing, strangulation, anything that would get him excited. He studied serial killers like Gacy, Bundy, Dahmer, Rostov, and the most notorious mass murderers of history: Hitler, Hussein, Gadhafi, Milosevic and Bin Laden.

Jared decided he was only going to murder five individuals, unlike the more prolific serial killers who had gone before him. It was a number that he had calculated in some skewed equation. He reasoned if he kept the numbers down, and used his superior

intellect, powerful analytical logic, and his self-control, he had a better chance of eluding capture.

Mind over murder.

The equation said if he did more than five, like a gambler, it would all turn against him over time. He also had no plans to become a sick-fuck, murdering addict like all the others. He just wanted to enjoy the experience. He just wanted to be a player. He would be the best slayer-player ever. He decided that his top five killing techniques would not be as impersonal as a drive-by. He needed to do them all on a timeline. He was a genius, smarter than everyone, so he wasn't going to make mistakes, he would beat the system. If he followed his equation, Jared believed he could satisfy his taste for blood, and then disappear off the radar, exist in complete isolation, until the heat died down. Once the trail was cold, he would reemerge as a respectable member of society, with a respectable career in industry, on Wall Street, or in politics.

Poolside, Jared read from his Wikipedia research on his laptop:

The FBI states that motives for serial murder include: anger, thrill, financial gain, and attention seeking. Typical characteristics: high intelligence, and frequently bullied as children. The predominant diagnosis is dysfunctional personality characteristic, commonly associated with lack of empathy and guilt, are egocentric and impulsive. Does not conform to social, moral and legal norms, they often follow a distinct set of rules, which they have created for themselves. They appear to be quite charming, a state of adaptation...called the "mask of sanity." The mother normally plays the largest role in the development, combined with the lack of paternal influence. FBI's Crime Classification Manual places serial killers into three categories: organized, disorganized, and mixed. They maintain a high degree of control over the crime scene, and usually have a solid knowledge of forensic science. They follow their crimes in the media and often take pride in their actions. The motives of serial killers are generally placed into four categories: visionary, mission-orientated, hedonistic, and power or control... Hedonistic—seeks thrills and derives pleasure from killing. Lust, thrill, power, control... Gratification depends on the amount of torture and mutilation...weapons that require close contact with the victims...create terror...Thrill killers murder only for the kill...can abstain from killing for long periods...more successful at killing as they refine their murder methods.

“Dead fucking on!”

The most famous serial killers were some real sick bastards. Had they been at their own Happy Hour, drinking beer at the Waterfront Tavern, they would tell tales of necrophilia, bathing in victim's blood, dismemberment, cannibalism, trepanation, storing trophies in freezers, vampirism, coprophilia, urophilia, pedophilia, masochism, and decapitation, Granny, infant and school girl killers giving out props for the “Most Creative,” the “Most Cunning,” and the “Most Daring” categories. Jared considered the scene, and then read further.

Serial Murder, Multi-Disciplinary Perspectives for Investigators

“Are not adjudicated as insane under the law...It is not that serial killers want to get caught; they feel that they can't get caught...Specific themes in past successful interviews

of psychopathic serial killers focused on praising their intelligence, cleverness, and skill in evading capture...”

“I should have been a guest speaker at the Symposium.”

He closed his laptop, sipped his drink, and retired to his Command Center. When he sat at his desk, a quick glance at the 24-hour news channel on one computer display, reported the return of a serial killer fugitive at Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta International Airport. The woman was stunning, far more gorgeous than his mother, he thought. He turned up the volume and listened to the reporter on the scene, who described Lori, her capture, and why she was notorious. The end of the report showed a copy of the recently released book about her life in the *Atlanta Journal Constitution*.

He instantly commanded his computer to research Lori Powers. Google produced hundreds of sites about her. All The cheesy, amateurish YouTube iReports of her return came up. He stared as he scrolled news reports from years past. He hacked into, and retrieved, police files and reports. When finished, Jared knew he had found the only person he could ever relate to in the entire world. He had found the woman to replace his mother. He found a kindred spirit, who enjoyed the kill, except that she had a purpose, whereas he was only interested in the sport of it. He would bond with her. She would be his goddess. Lori Powers would make him a better man.

He also found that they already had something in common. She once had Jake Roberts as her lover. He planned to take Jake Roberts’ life. His final kill would be the law enforcement pig, which mercilessly gunned down his sister during a police raid of a small, militant band of Atlanta Metro area revolutionaries, reminiscent of the Black Panthers, and Weathermen, of the Sixties. Jake Roberts would be Jared’s last victim before Jared disappeared into obscurity. Roberts would be taunted, and then he would die painfully, suffering the sting of every stab and slash, while Jared watched the blood spill from his lips, along with Roberts’ death rattle as he succumbed to the reaper. Jared was going to kill Roberts for fun, and for personal revenge. Now, he was going to kill him for Lori.

Jared was eager to reach the edge. The act of killing began to consume his every thought. He remembered the night Constance was gunned down, killed by Roberts so many years ago. He could barely remember her face now, but he could never forget the rush he got when the family was informed of her death by APD. It was time to do it. It was the next step in his evolution.

“When, Jared?”

Jared was startled. He immediately ordered all the lights in the Command Center be turned on. His head swung, his eyes searched rapidly from corner to corner, doorways to windows. He looked up to the tip of the vaulted ceiling. No one was there besides him. He thought maybe the computer had come out of sleep mode. The voice was familiar to him. They were his words, his voice.

“When, Jared?”

“Tonight, my parents, here in the house,” Jared said.

“I will help you, Jared.”

He didn’t think twice about the voice. It

may have had something to do with what he had just read about Lori and her wicked, manic voices. It didn’t matter, he decided. There was no better place to begin his killing

than right there, in familiar territory, inside the mansion. He would have home field advantage. He would kill both of his parents. If he could get away with it there, he reasoned that he could get away with it anywhere.

The only reason he would have lamented his mother's demise was thinking she still might have given in to him and his perverted advances that she would say yes. Even he had to concede, in his twisted reality, she was never going to let him fuck her. Besides, he didn't need mom now. He would have Lori. As far as whacking his old man, even Jared didn't think he deserved to die because of the baseball in his face. No, dad deserved to die because he was there. Killing dad would add so much more. Game time.

What better place? What better time? Who better to kill? What better test of my ability to perform under the ultimate pressure?