

# Longpig



**A FREE E-BOOK  
BY JOHN PUTIGNANO**

# The Emersons

Give me that old time religion. Praise the lord, immerse me in the brilliant blood of Christ!

Something like that

In Appalachian country, God takes on a unique role. The God of the mountain people is a vindictive shit reeking of Old Testament mumble jumble. He is one to dread, but his followers... let me tell you. Let me fucking explain to you all about the sadistic, wrathful followers of the high country. Holy Christ, you've never met so many fucked up people. Even the most sharp tongued, snake oil slinging Evangelical would cringe at what these small isolated towns claimed to be God.

Ain't no good ever come from religion. I am steadfast in this and rather inflexible. Having been raised in the highlands myself, I found myself very fortunate to have been given a more progressive household. My pa would not have no holy rollers or bible thumpers living in the homestead.

Pa once told me a biblical story when I was six years old that God burned a bunch of people alive because he perceived them to be nothing more than sexual deviants. "what's a sexual deviant" I asked Pa. "Well, a deviant means nothing more than that you are different. I don't know about you, but I don't think anybody should be burned alive for being different."

My Pa's words made so much sense to me, and I'm grateful to have been raised by wonderful parents. But there was just something about raining fire indiscriminately that just didn't sit right with six-year-old me. I glanced up at him and asked, "Pa, why did God have to go on and kill the children of Sodom? What did they do wrong?" And you know what my Pa's answer was? "Simply put, God is an asshole."

You Yankees from up top won't get it, I ain't expecting some Hollywood hot shot to get it either. But to utter such blasphemy in the highlands was unheard of. No one did it. Seriously. I'd wager that there's still an old timey law on the books that authorizes the courts to stone people to death for such talk.

The Emersons moved to King's Creek from Alabama, took the house right next store when I was thirteen. They were a somber lot who never spoke in town unless it was absolutely unavoidable or to spread the family patriarch's toxic brand of Christianity.

Peter Emerson was something else, I tell you. This one occasion he called my Ma a harlot for sun bathing our own back yard. This guy just yelled "harlot!" from his own kitchen window. And it was loud, I heard it from inside with the windows all shut and the central air pumping. Pa was pretty upset over this. I was scared, I honestly expected him to tear the man's head off, but no. Annoyed, he simply shook his head and called him a miserable cunt maggot.

Wendy Emerson was a simple, mousey, silent woman. Seriously, I never heard that woman's voice. Nobody had. It began to spread throughout King's Creek that perhaps Mrs. Emerson was a mute. That was not the case, however, for she had been controlled by a rigid system of conduct which was based on some looney biblical revelation produced by her husband. One day he told her she was no longer allowed to speak. She was twenty-two years old the last time she spoke, and Wendy had to be no younger than forty when the Emersons moved next door.

Wendy was treated awful, but it was nothing compared with how the patriarch disciplined their fifteen-year-old daughter. Her name was Maggie and boy did I have the hots for her. She was a beautiful free spirit with a rebellious streak. The teen would catch rides from older high school boys, use profanity when at school, and cut class to smoke cigarettes behind the bleachers. She was a real spitfire, and I admired her because we all knew that whenever her father got wind of her debaucheries, he'd deliver harsh punishment. Often the girl would come to school with large bruises and even a limp. Maggie may have been in pain but you'd never know it because for her school was the only place where she could be free, and she wasn't going to waste any of her free time in the dumps because her daddy canned her. She took beating after beating, but the old man couldn't break her. I applaud such attitude in a person.

Over the span of three months, she began a downward spiral. Maggie began smoking pot, drinking booze, having sex and when she got home all stoned and drunk, well she knew the drill. She would undress and wait for her penance. Maggie saw the beatings as the price she had to pay in order to be free for part of the day. I never could wrap my head around it, but that's because I was privileged enough to be born to southern liberals. Seriously, just three years later I'd come out to my family as bisexual and do you know what they did? They hugged me and told me they loved me just the same. When was the last time Maggie ever had that? I'm willing to bet that once school let out for the summer things next door got worse. Maggie was a wild child, and she was not about to leave her lifestyle behind simply because the school year ended. Maggie was instructed to never leave the house, she was a sinner without remorse and as Peter put it, "to let you out there would be tossing you to the wolves". The thing was Maggie had become destructive, but it wasn't because of the devil, it was because of her father and his authoritarian, sadistic fanaticism.

When her father told her that she would have to spend the entire summer indoors she simply laughed at him, called him a prick, took her clothes off and took her beating. Of course, she didn't listen to him and the minute the old bastard left for work she would strut out the front door in a miniskirt. Her mother would watch in horror from the window as her daughter lit up a cigarette on the porch while waiting for Greg to pick her up.

Maggie began dating Greg in April, and boy did he fill her mind up with dreams. The seventeen-year-old boy promised to take her away from her parents once he got the money together to start their new life. So how did the dick with legs plan on getting the cash together to split town? The dumb fuck planned on robbing a drug dealer known as Diablo. He would never get the chance to carry out this plan, however.

All day the two of them swam naked down at Burt's Pond. While they were drying off, he handed her a bag.

“What’s this?” Her eyes lit up with excitement. She never received a gift before, and Greg had no idea how much this meant to Maggie. In the bag was an expensive pair of pink lace thong underwear. “Oh my god, I never had real lingerie before.”

“Technically real lingerie is from France and these were made in China.”

Maggie shot a suspicious glare at him, jokingly. “Wow, you really know your woman’s underwear. Let me find out you got a little sugar in your tank.”

“I love you, Maggie.”

That’s the precise moment where our story goes to shit. Greg was just a naïve teenage boy letting his hormones speak for him. He didn’t love her, not really. But for Maggie, this was a life-altering event. For the first time in her entire life, someone actually spoke the words “I love you” and directed them at her. Her eyes swelled up, and she threw her arms around her boyfriend, causing them both to fall onto the grass.

Maggie looked deep into his eyes. Her lip quivered. She felt sick and happy all at the same time. She began to tear up as a drop streamed down her cheek, glistening in the sun. Greg reached out a hand and gently wiped her face dry.

“Why the tears?”

“I just really love you .”

The two of them lost track of time, as young lovers often do in the summer. Her father would be home when she got back, something that had never happened before. She would be attacked the very moment that door opened, but she was prepared to take whatever punishment her father deemed necessary. Hearing Greg say those words that afternoon made her glow like never before, and nothing could ruin this high. Or so she thought.

“What in the name of the Holy spirit do you think you’re doing?”

“I went out, obviously.” Maggie rolled her eyes, shutting the door behind her. She took off for the stairs, but her father grabbed onto her arm.

“Do you really think you can disobey me and head upstairs, unpunished? God has given us the conscious choice to sin or not, you have chosen to sin. I don’t fault you for sinning. The bible tells us that temptation dates back to the Garden of Eden. The serpent was cunning, he was persuasive and led them to sin. God didn’t hate his creations, yet he knew that there must be atonement. That’s the gift that Jesus gave us. We sin, we are punished and then we are clean again. Girl, take those rags off and prepare for your cleansing.”

Maggie took off her blouse with a cocky expression. There was no fucking way that she was going to let this asshole ruin her mood. But suddenly everything came to a screeching halt when she began to remove her skirt. She was wearing lingerie. Sneaking out is one thing, but to come

home with whore garments is a new level she had never experienced before. Maggie was terrified.

“Go on, get that skirt off and them undies so I can whoop you.” When the skirt hit the floor, her mother gasped. The poor woman was convinced that this would be the time her husband would finally lose control. Wendy feared for her daughter’s safety. She wanted to help, but she was groomed and brainwashed to believe this is right.

As for Peter, he just stood there and stared at the underwear, frozen and unable to talk. His eye began to twitch, the arm he used to beat the girl began to shake with rage. Everything was so silent except for Maggie’s sobbing. She swore years ago to never give the old man the pleasure of seeing her cry ever again, but this was different.

“You nasty little slut.” Peter muttered under his breath. He scooped up a large hardbound bible, the one that he kept on a table by the front door. His lip curled, and he looked like he was about to cry. “I’m sorry, girl, but its God’s will.”

Peter totally lost control. He used that big hard book to beat his daughter. Each brutal whack to the face resulted in blood splatter. She spat out broken teeth and then came a loud cracking sound. This was her jaw breaking. Wendy dropped to her knees and silently watching her husband beat the living hell out of her only child. It finally came to an end when Maggie collapsed like a sack of potatoes.

“Get up, girl.” Peter’s face and chest were drenched with blood, and the flames of hell burned in that man’s eyes. “I said get up!”

She didn’t move, nor would she ever move again. The bible fell to the ground with a loud thud. Peter fell to his knees, looking at his little girl. He couldn’t believe how still Maggie was. And her face. He pummeled her until it looked like ground hamburger.

“No. oh my god, what have I done?” He reached out to touch his daughter’s hair while desperately searching her green eyes for any sign of life. There were none. Peter had killed his fifteen-year-old daughter over a pair of underwear.

The cops came and arrested Peter. That evil motherfucker is still alive, lost in the prison system where I hope the memory of Maggie Emerson haunts him for the rest of his miserable life. A while back I ran into a correctional officer who had worked at the prison where Peter was serving out his sentence. From how he tells it Peter has since turned his back on the lord.

Every time I drive by the Emerson house, I think about Maggie. It’s unbelievable that a religion of peace and love could lead to such tragedy.

# The Trailer Witch

Deputy Richards was a hardened man. An officer for twenty-three years, you better believe he had seen a thing or two. I'm talking about the type of stuff that keeps most folks up at night. Rapists, pedophiles and murderers have all entered the man's life throughout his career. With that said, nothing could prepare him for the brutal killing of a little girl.

She was laid out in the dirt, not far from Miller's Road. The girl had been slashed up and down her body and her inside removed, stacked neatly in a pile next to the corpse. It's one of those horrors no person should have to endure witnessing. Richards was a tough man, but this heinous crime nearly brought tears to his eyes.

Deputy Wilson had been the first on the scene. He approached Richards, shaking his head. He had just finished photographing the crime scene and knew the images would never leave his mind for as long as he lived.

"You know who she was?" Richards asked, popping a cigarette into his mouth.

"It's Michelle Bradshaw, seven years old. Preacher Oscar Bradshaw's little girl."

"This makes what, three children in two weeks? All slashed, organs stack beside the bodies." Richards took a deep drag of his cigarette. "She suffered."

"It's just terrible. These killings are senseless. And in a God fearing county like this one. It makes you wonder why such evil exists."

"Did you notify the family?"

"Mitchell is there as we speak. As much as I hate to have seen this, I am sure as damn don't want to be the one to tell parents that their child was murdered. Especially a man who preaches the gospel. I mean, I go to his church for fuck's sake. This will kill the man."

"Any clues?"

"None whatsoever. We're expanding the search area and questioning those who live around the scene, but it's just like the others. There's nothing to go on, no lead."

Richards stared at Michelle, unable to fathom the terror the child felt. The pain. He wondered how many more there would be before the person is caught. Police work can only take a case like this so far. He knew this. What he needed was beyond the confines of what was legal.

"Fuck this. It's time we call a council meeting. Meet me at Bucky's in a couple hours. Get on the phone and call our people up." He tossed his cigarette on the ground. "We need to stop this immediately."

Bucky's Tavern was a small watering hole in town, ran by Bucky Lewis. It was the home of many drunks, soul drained husks plopped on barstools abusing their livers. It was a seedy joint with its regulars, but today it would serve a different purpose. The sign read closed, but inside were eleven men and women from the town, all sitting in chairs waiting for the meeting to begin.

Richards had a beer in his hands. Fuck it he thought, after the day he had? Finding the Bradshaw girl had rattled him to his core, and he had to wonder if he'd ever shake the shock of what he had seen over the last few weeks. "Dear god" he prayed in his head, "Don't make me live this every day."

"So let's get started" Phil Leeks ran a store in town and at seventy-two he was the oldest one on the council, thus giving him a leadership role in this rural democracy they have built.

Oscar Bradshaw, father of the latest victim, was a member of the council, and when he heard that there would be a meeting held regarding the death of his little Michelle, he made damn sure to show up before anyone else. Oscar had an opinion on who the killer was. He knew who it was and he would convince these men and women of this.

"I know who killed my little girl." There was a hush over the room. All that could be heard was the sounds of a slight draft. "It was Lynette Watson."

"The witch?" Shirley asked, as everyone shook their heads.

"That be the one. Lives up in that secluded trailer. All the young bucks in town sneak into the woods around her house to watch her dance nude in the moonlight. Such open blasphemy makes me sick."

"Hold on a minute." Richardson spoke up, Oscar looking at him like a confused dog. "How do we know that Lynette Watson killed all those kids?"

"Tell me, deputy, am I right in saying that all these killings were ritualistic in nature?"

"I reckon you'd be right. We suspected Satanism early on, after first victim."

"I also know that the killer is Lynette." Charlie stood up as all eyes fell on him. "Just yesterday I saw Michelle in town, stopped and said my hellos and all, and as I was walking away, I saw Lynette speaking to her. She was on her knee, whispering into her ear."

"You watched the whore of Satan speak to my child?" Oscar slammed his fist on the bar. "I swear, for a God fearing county y'all certainly like to ignore the influences Satan has on our children."

"It's got to be Lynette." Shirley turned to Richardson. "Is there any chance that the killer is an outsider, some drifter moving through?"

“I’m afraid not. Whoever it was who killed these kids was trusted by the victims, right up until the end. It’s obvious. Michelle was found off in the brush by Briartown. She sure as damn wouldn’t ride with a stranger to Briartown, now would she, Oscar.”

“No, I raised her to fear strangers, to prevent shit like this.” Oscar burst out in tears as Donnie pulled his face into his shoulder.

“I still don’t know. Lynette? She seems so harmless.”

“Goddamn it Deputy Richardson, my daughter is dead, and that whore is the killer.” Oscar got his composure before continuing. “I say we put it to a vote.”

“Very well then.” Phil banged a small gavel on the table he was sitting at. “We all know the drill. We will take a vote by show of hands whether we find Lynette Watson guilty of murder. If she is found guilty, she will be visited by the council and sentenced swiftly. So, can I see the hands for guilty?” Everyone in the room, except Richardson, had their hands raised. “Well then, that decides that. Lynette Watson is hereby found guilty of murder.”

“This is insane.” Richardson interrupted. Phil shot him daggers, but allowed him to finish. “We are basing a woman’s life on whether she spoke to the deceased. Surely I’m not the only one who sees that this doesn’t hold water.”

“She was seen speaking to Michelle.” Oscar was quiet and somber as he spoke. “You said it yourself. The killer is a local. Ritual murders, there’s only one witch in this county. Her name is Lynette and you dare stand in the way of the council from carrying out justice. Need I remind you that you have no more power than any of us on this council? She was found guilty so get your shit together because we’re heading over to the harlot’s house now.”

Lynette was in her living room watching TV when she heard a commotion outside. She lived in seclusion, so this alarmed her and sent her flying to the window. Outside her trailer were a group of people holding pitchforks, machetes and torches.

“Lynette Watson.”

She opened the window. “What’s this all about?”

“You have been found guilty of murder by the council.”

“Murder? What the fuck are you talking about?”

“You killed my little girl.” Oscar yelled, gripping his pitchfork tight.

“You think I had something to do with those kids? I’m innocent.”

“You’re a witch, a whore of Satan.”

“I’m Wiccan. It’s a peaceful religion. We don’t sacrifice girls.”

“You can come out.” Phil hollered, “Or we will drag you out.”

Richardson held his torch in hand, conflicted over what was to be done. If she was indeed the killer, well then she deserves this, but if she is innocent, this would be a grave injustice. But the council had decided. Since replacing his father on the council, he made sure to be careful not to ruffle some feathers and he wasn’t going to start now.

Lynette slammed her window shut and slowly backed away, sobbing. She knew what the council was capable of. The front door crashed open and as the council piled in. Oscar came at her full force, plunging the pitchfork into her abdomen. Lynette screamed in pain as a hammer smashed her nose in. Blood exploded everywhere, seeming to throw the council into a frenzy, even Richardson.

Shirley used plyers to rip Lynette’s right eye out, then she spit into the bloody socket. A knife jammed into her neck as her screams drowned in blood. Oscar turned to Richardson.

“Don’t just stand there, light this sanctuary of Satan up.”

Richardson lowered the torch, setting small fires all around the living room. The council left Lynette dying on the floor, stood outside and watched the trailer go up in flames. Justice had been served.

That is until three days later when another body was found near Bosna Pond. The little boy’s insides were piled neatly beside him.

# Long Pig

“Our sales were up from last month and our stocks have increased quite a bit; up 2.96. I see a lot of great news coming in and I am sure we all have secured our quarterly bonus.”

The meeting room applauded as Max Rutten modestly held his hands up.

“I couldn’t have done it without all of you. Honestly, your hard work and sacrifices have all paid off and allowed me to bring this good news to the table.”

He felt the phone vibrating in his pocket as he made his way back to his chair. A man next to him gripped Max’s shoulder and gave him a thumb up. Once settled in he pulled out his phone. He had a text message.

*2435 Hazy Creek Edge*

*8:00 PM Sharp*

As his boss continued the meeting, Max obsessively read and re-read the text message. All morning he had been excited about this conference, to deliver this good news, but now he was impatiently waiting for the minutes to count down. Tonight everything was about to change. He hoped he wouldn’t get cold feet.

As soon as the meeting concluded, Max made his way to the bathroom. With a well-manicured finger, he scrolled through the contacts of his cell phone and dialed a number.

“Hey Max, honey, how was your meeting?”

“Baby, it was amazing, nothing short of it.”

“When will you be home?”

“Well, we are having a few drinks at the hotel bar, so I think it might be a late night. I wouldn’t wait up hun; you know how these meetings go.”

“Yeah, I do; cocaine and hookers.”

“Please baby, my days of hookers and cocaine are long behind me.”

“I know, sweetie. Well, you be good. Don’t get too drunk, and if you do, make sure you take a cab home.”

“Ok. Goodnight sugar.”

He needed to find a way to duck out. He needed to get to that address... he couldn't afford to miss this night. It had taken him months to reach out to those who shared his fetish; his obsession. Tonight, he finally got to indulge.

The bathroom door opened and in walked a fit young man named Clayton Kettler. He was a rising star in the company, a real prodigy at only twenty-seven-years-old. He walked over to the sink and like a magician, revealed a small clear tube full of their favorite white powder.

“Want to do a line, bro?”

Before Max could answer, Clayton already had some of the powder dumped out. He used a corporate credit card to form the small pile into four perfect lines. Max shrugged his shoulders as he reached for the rolled up one hundred-dollar bill Clayton handed him. Like a vacuum, he snorted two lines and passed the bill.

“I definitely needed that.”

“Hey bro, your hard work keeps bringing me the money to buy this magical white powder. Want to go get a woman in town? My treat.”

“Na, I got to leave. My wife is expecting me.”

“Listen to you, man. I offer free, strange pussy and you want to go home to the wife. You're whipped man.”

“When you finally get some pubes, you will understand.”

Clayton laughed as he bent down to snort his two lines. Max made his way for the door as Clayton shouted to him.

“You don't know what you're missing.”

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As he pulled his car into 2435 Hazy Creek Edge, the guard at the front gate checked his ID. After examining the license, he nodded. “They are expecting you, Mr. Rutten. At the front door, a valet will take your vehicle and a butler will lead you in. Enjoy your evening.”

Max nodded as he drove his silver Mercedes up the curving driveway, his way illuminated by small glass globes of light... As he approached the front door, he felt overwhelming excitement.

“Mr. Rutten, I will take your vehicle. I assume the title is signed over and inside?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Very well, sir.” As soon as Max stepped out, another man greeted him.

“Welcome Mr. Rutten. They are waiting for you. Please, come this way and we will prepare you for the event.”

“Very well, lead the way.”

The main hall was breathtakingly beautiful. Hanging in the center was a crystal chandelier. The shadows it cast jumped all over the room. The carpet was amazing, a Persian import for sure. He walked across it in his leather Italian shoes and let his feet sink into the soft fabric.

The butler led him to a room. “This is where I leave you, sir. Please get undressed and meet the rest of the guests in the main hall. When you are ready, simply walk out to the left and follow until you see the party. They are anxiously awaiting your arrival, sir.”

The butler left and Max walked over to a vanity. Reaching into his pocket, he retrieved his phone and searched for his wife’s number. He dangled his finger over the call button, but stopped short of pressing it.

He wanted to call her, but knew it would be a bad idea. Hearing her voice would bring him back to reality. He would realize the insanity in all this. He would go home and return to his mundane world, wondering what he gave up this night. He loved his wife, but his obsession pushed him.

He put down the phone and began to take off his expensive suit. Each article of clothing was neatly folded and placed it in a pile. On top, he placed his leather shoes, the ones with the perfect shine. Now, completely naked, he looked at himself in the vanity mirror.

He had muscles, tone, a perfect stomach; he was well-endowed and always had a year-round tan. His wife back home was a gorgeous hard body herself. She was a gym rat and nutrition nut. Their house was full of all the things anyone could ever want... his life was perfect, yet why was he here?

He knew that after tonight many lives would change, including his. He knew this whole thing was insane; no normal person would come here. This fetish, which began as a titillating search on the internet, had developed into an obsession. This macabre fascination drove him mad.

He knew there was no turning back. He had to commit.

He made his way into the hallway. The air was full of drunken laughter; people having a good time. He continued on, following the sounds.

In the main hall were nearly two dozen men and women. They were all well-dressed, and each one wore a beautifully decorated Venetian mask. They all froze as he entered. Silence fell over the crowd.

“Our guest of honor has arrived. Are our appetites strong?” A man asked. They all yelled out in joy. The man approached Max and held out a hand. “Please, take my hand and let me show you something.”

Max reached out and gripped the man's gloved hand. He allowed the man to lead him deeper into the room. Many of the guests were licking their lips, and one woman nervously sipped her wine to hide her excitement.

The host brought Max to a wall. On it were pictures of good-looking men and woman. In each, the person was naked and standing in this exact room.

"You see this one here. It is dated 1923. This is the year our Order of Tantalus was formed. Her name was Natasha Vates. She was a Russian immigrant who worked at a cathouse. She was depressed, and one night, she tried to kill herself. Then she met a man who understood her sorrow.

"My great-grandfather, Irwin Leishner was a wealthy man and rather extravagant. He discovered early in life that he had a taste for human meat. You see, during World War One, while in the trenches, he came across a German man. This soldier was a casualty of a flamethrower. Irwin was trapped in the trench for three days. He ran out of ammo, food, and water. In an act of desperation, he used a knife to cut away the burn exterior to where it was more... tender.

"When he met Natasha, he expressed a desire to eat her. At first, she was disgusted, but after a few days, she warmed up to the idea. My great-grandfather took this picture of her just moments before he laid her on a table and to be eaten alive."

Max couldn't hide his erection and the party guests all welcomed his enthusiastic arousal.

"Now onto you."

A woman approached them with a camera and took a picture of Max. She smiled as she looked at it on the digital display.

"This came out perfect." She spoke in a soft voice. "You look very nice, Mr. Rutten."

"Thank you." Max responded.

"Max, this night we both will indulge in our fetish. We, the Order of Tantalus, will indulge in devouring you alive. You will enjoy being eaten. That is what separates us from criminals. We do not need to force people to fulfill our needs; willing sacrifices are everywhere. We are not criminals; we are not thugs. We are the ones who run this country's corporations, military, government and banks. We are professionals just like you." Max looked at the wall. There was a picture for every month of every year; willing sacrifices. Soon, he would be added to this wall.

"I'm honored. How do we do this?" Max asked. The host could barely hide his smile as he grabbed hold of Max's arm and brought him to a table.

The table was short, the length of a body, and made of African Blackwood. Max took his place, lying down on the surface.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the Order of Tantalus; this month, our feast will be Sir Maximilian Rutten. This fine young man will go down in history among the likes of the great and beautiful Natasha Vates. Now get your cutlery in order.” The masked guests all reached into their pockets and eagerly pulled out silver forks and knives. Looking at Max, the host said, “These forks and knives have been with the order for many years now. This cutlery has cut and pulled apart the meat of men and women and tonight the tradition continues. Now, let us indulge.”

For the first time that evening, he felt guilt. He thought of his wife and children. He imagined the misery and sadness they would feel after he disappeared.

For a moment he felt the urge to flee. He battled it, fought with the good sense to get up and run far away from this place. This fetish is called Vorarephilia, and it had destroyed his life. Now here he was, and there was no turning back.

The group feverishly began to stick their forks into his body. He felt their knives cutting into his flesh. He screamed in pain and pleasure, looking down as chunks of his own meat were being pulled away from his body and shoveled into the mouths of the eager. All around him were bloody masks as arteries were nicked.

A fork jammed into his eye. He felt the metal inside the jelly-like material as the masked woman scooped it out like it was ice cream. Max watched with his good eye as she sucked it down her throat. The guests continued to devour, feverishly pulling meat, and entrails from his body.

The room began to fade to black. He was dying, imagining his meat packed inside the stomachs of cannibal gluttons.

The butler walked down the hall and into the room where Max had changed. Without emotion he picked up the man’s clothes and placed them in a plastic bag. A vibrating sound captured his attention. It was Max’s phone.

The butler picked it up and saw that he had received a picture message. He pressed accept and opened it. In the picture was a beautiful brown-haired woman sitting on a couch with two cute children; one boy and one girl. Below the picture, the text read “Daddy come home soon mommy and we miss you so much.”

The butler closed the phone and tossed it into the bag before making his way to the front door. Outside, he handed the bag off to a man posting security. The man took the bag down a walkway which wrapped around the house. He made his way to what looked like a mausoleum.

Inside this stone building were hundreds of bags, each one containing various personal effects. The man took the belongings of Max and tossed them on the pile and secured the door.