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## **Chapter 9**

Time: EE 22:34:76

3rd moon descending

3rd moon phase

Vircingetoris is nicely shared bald. You know the buzz cut. Now here is the plan: Vircingetoris is a buddhist posing as a right-wing anarchist punk.

This secret location (HQ) is no more there; all further communiqué is psychic: Telepathy is.

Target location is within the core of the underground anarchist movement under AC. The goal is to successfully strike and cause even more chaos within the ranks of the anarchists; survival, or lack there of, of the strongest should shake a few of their hearts...

In fact Vircingetoris now looks, smells, moves, hears, touches, riddles feels, and behaves just like one of their strongest heads, who is now taken out, replaced.

The difficulty lies in their high paranoia levels, the heavy substance abuse, and their sickeningly chaotic and highly unpredictable defence mechanisms.

Vircingetoris is smoking a cigarette with one of their females in a future cybercafe, exclusive, each to his own, no dress code. This bar/cafe.dopeshop is a happening place. The rich fumes of marijuana, hash, heavy shag, spilled bier wafts through the dense atmosphere, digital electronic music keeping the flow going. There are tables, circular, wooden, and are all at least 10 feet apart placed in corners, concaves, and general modernistic darkdecor keeping things apart.

'Hey Vik, you got that nice real good-feeling stuff, eh?' drawls blàissez Suzy D, an SM modern minimalistic costumed red haired babe.

Vik (AKA Vircingetoris) presses a part of his body to signal back to HQ that things seem to be going, "Suzy baby, I really love you honey, buh, 'he raises a finger, "I don't quite yet have that sweet for you.

SuzyD typically answers, "Oh man, of course I'll do your finger man, c'mon, just give me the stuff..."

Suddenly there is a very loud impact. They turn their heads to look. At the chrome lined glassbar a bottle has been very heavily thrown at one of the tables breaking, into pieces against the wall. The poor sod who missed is blown the fuck away by a rapid rifle shotgun draw which blasts him back against the shiny reinforced glass bar. The glass cuts him in

half and the smoking hole in **his** middle section spews blood all over the counter, floor, the whiskey wall.

A regular junkie leaps to get a lick of blood, the bartender shakes his head unphased and with no particular grandeur signals for a wipeman, The whisky bottle sales increase, The gunman sits back down and takes a calm uinwavering sip of his tequila cocktail (a bloody mary?).

"Woh, **ka**-yo mon..." Suzy D's happy to see some action.

Vircingetoris (AKA Vik) rises, "' O.K. babe this is a good-time to leave. Let's go honey sweetie darling.'

SUZYD retorts, 'Wha'. Theaction too hot for you?"

Vircingetoris responds, "Of course not. This is your chance now.'

She reluctantly obliges. Before leaving she gets in a satisfying drop of blood.

Outside the black and pale silver lighted top-pointed high rises fill the view.

Vircingetoris states, 'Ya see Suzy D, my theory is that the contrast is a good memory helper.'

Suzy fingers her mouth, 'Wot contrast?'

Vircingetoris answers while they walk to their car,

"By leaving."

"Oh." says SUZYD.

They zoom off in their sleek-luxury sport's model TX-RX Saturn mobile vehicle. It's definitely got

those underlying neon FUZZ glows: light and blue, and bright.

Vircingetoris gives her her pack of mary jame.

"Oh thank you baby!" Suzy D takes a big whiffer of it.

She then mumbles sensually to herself, "I like you mon, they told me you're good...'

They drive on through neon and laser-lit paved streets to their destination.

## **Part II:**

They arrive at an upper-middle incoims apartment building parking in the underground multi-level parking complex.

Foreplaying they laugh and pull each other back & forth up through the elevator to their suite.

In the suite they knock back two pinkbrandies quickly & then prance laughingly off to the bedroom.

The bedroom door closes and appropriate additions are voice activated i.e. the big puffy waterbed.

Vik (aka Vincingetoris) pushes her onto the bed and she pulls out from under her bed an SM whip. Vincingetoris (AKA Vik) undoes his metal, clasped leather belt (a rich commodity in their time where everything is synthetics).

He jumps on her laughing flexes the back of her head and throttles her to death.

She was the left-hand woman to the underground anarchist movement.

He commutes calmly off to a new private sector in a minor disguise, let down through a trapdoor in the floor of their private complex, brought to a secretlaboratory, with plastic-surgery achieves a for bolder male appearance, acquires new tools & skills & magic, already had psychic communication, with his now new HQ, is given a bullet shock-proof padded multifunctionalsuit, and he, Vircingetoris, demi-god rook of the gods & goddesses, is now a **SPY KILLER!**