

CHAPTER ONE

The O'Neil's

David and Sheila O'Neil live in a two-level five-bedroom brick house in an affluent neighborhood in Mitchellville, Maryland with their two daughters. Christine is seven and Sandra six. They own a black Lincoln Navigator and a white S500 Benz. David is twenty-seven and Sheila is twenty-six. They met at *Arcadia Junior High School* when David was in the ninth grade and established a strong connection early that is almost unheard of nowadays. They've always known they were meant to be together.

At nineteen, David asked Sheila to marry but her parents were against it because they felt that they were too young. So David and Sheila eloped.

One year later Christine was born then Sandra the second year.

David, by now has been in the construction business for years and is a foreman working for the largest construction company in Maryland owned by Victor Augular, "Augular's National Construction."

Sheila is a part-time office assistant at a law firm. They have strong convictions about obeying the word of God and raise their daughters the same way.

David is very playful and enjoys touching and flirting with his wife in a sensual way. He thinks she is the finest woman walking.

Sheila and David work out together at the nearby gym because this is part of their bonding time.

David is brown-skinned five feet ten, two hundred thirty-five muscular pounds with a six-pack. He is clean cut and very hand-

some. Many ladies try to get his attention but he is committed to his wife.

Sheila is very attractive at five feet seven, one hundred forty pounds with a curvaceous tight body. She has shoulder length hair, full breasts, and a round, firm butt which David can't keep his hands off.

It is 4:00 p.m. on a sunny evening in May. Sheila and her two daughters are home. The girls are upstairs in their room studying and Sheila is in the kitchen. She is still wearing the conservative dark blue dress she wore to the office today that hangs just below her knees. A white apron is snug on her 24" waist. She is preparing one of her husband's favorite meals: southern fried pork chops, mashed potatoes with dark gravy, spinach, corn on the cob, corn-bread, and homemade iced-tea and lemonade mixed.

While she is cooking and setting the table for dinner, she hears Mary J Blige's song, "*I Am*," on the radio. She starts singing the words as she works with the skill of a woman who knows her way around the kitchen. She pauses for a moment, turns down the radio and calls out to her girls upstairs.

"Girls, are you doing your home-work?" Sandra is in Christine's room and they are sitting on the floor doing their homework.

Both chorus in, "Yes, mom we are." This is followed by hysterical giggling.

With her hands on her hips she yells back. "Don't try to be smart, and you better not be playing in there or your dad will hear about it. Hurry and finish you're reading because dinner is almost ready." Sheila looks toward the ceiling. "Lord, I truly thank you for my husband. He is a good man. I love the way that man lays his hands and body on me." She turns the music back up and starts

RONALD GRAY

dancing but is thinking...*I will hurt a woman over that man the way he puts in work. He has that diamond penis and pearl tongue. I hope my baby is not too tired when he comes home because I got something for that fine, praying, black man tonight. Feed him and then drain him.* She looks up again.

“Lord, please give my baby some strength tonight so he can put it on me. I want a son and I don’t care what the doctors have told me. I believe in you Lord, and I hope those red pumps I will be wearing for my baby tonight, with my sexy bra and matching thong will help.” She shakes her head and smiles. “I love that man,” she murmurs aloud. The Mary J. Blige song fades in the background and another song comes on.

David pulls into the driveway in his white work pickup truck.

Christine hears the familiar sound of his truck in the driveway and gets up from the floor and walks to her bedroom window.

Christine and Sandra yell. “Mom daddy is home, we heard his truck pull in the driveway.”

Sheila walks up stairs into Christine’s room and points at both of them. “Ok, both of you put your school work away and go wash your hands and get ready to eat.” Sheila quickly walks back downstairs, checks herself in the hallway mirror then walks towards the front door.

David steps out of his truck wearing his brown work clothes and boots. He has his lunch box and hard hat in his hand. Before he can unlock the door, it opens and Sheila is standing there with her hands on her hips wearing that beautiful smile that David loves so much.

“Hi David, come on in with your big fine self.”

David steps inside the house smiling, puts his lunchbox and

RONALD GRAY

hardhat on the floor then reaches over and pulls Sheila into him. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he kisses her lips allowing his hands to slide to her hips and butt, caressing them slowly.

“Baby, I have been thinking about you all day. I couldn’t wait to get home so I can feel all this fine body of yours. You got a big, sexy, fat ass.”

She leans back and playfully slaps David on his shoulder. “David don’t say ass, that sounds so nasty and my butt is not that big thank you. It is round and shapely like it should be from spending hours in the gym. Now let me go.” She playfully pushes him back knowing she never wants him to let go. He pulls her into him again and starts kissing her neck and face.

“Relax, baby. I said you got a big, sexy, fat ass and that is what I meant. Round, tight, fine booty.” He lightly smacks Sheila on the butt. “Let me get some of this, let me hit it from the back,” he laughs knowing that it would provoke her because she does not like that kind of talk. Sheila pushes him off her trying to be serious.

“David, I asked you not to talk to me like that. I am not some woman you picked up in a nightclub. I am your Christian wife so respect me and stop talking like some street thug.” David laughs and gently pulls her back into him, kissing her passionately on the lips.

Sheila tries to act aloof but her body betrays her while she is thinking...*I feel this man’s touch all the way down my spine. Lord, he feels so good all over me.*

David begins to slide his hands underneath her dress feeling her butt, squeezing until his fingers slide inside her panties feeling her wetness.

RONALD GRAY

“You know it feels good. Now say you want me to hit this,” he murmurs while sucking on her neck.

Sheila moans and presses her body into him thinking...*if he only knew how badly I want him to push me against the wall and take this lovin.* But she quickly pushes his hands down; smooth’s out her dress and playfully slaps his face.

“Stop, you are so nasty and impossible David. Now behave yourself.” They both start laughing.

David sees his girls walking towards him. He picks them both up, hugs and kisses them on the cheek then put them down.

At the dinner table David blesses the food and they eat and talk while listening to some light jazz music. When everyone is finished, the girls hug and kiss Sheila and David good night and go to their rooms.

Sheila yells. “Don’t forget tomorrow is church night!”

David stands up and walks over to Sheila and kisses her on the cheek, neck, and lips. Sheila stands up and faces David. He picks her up and she starts laughing.

“David O’Neil, you better not drop me. Put me down.” He gazes into her eyes. “I love you Sheila. Tonight I want to take my time and make passionate love to your entire body until we fall asleep in each other’s arms.”

Tears come to Sheila’s eyes and slides down her cheeks because she can feel the sincerity in David’s words. “David, I love you just as much baby.”

“Sheila, you are my best friend.” He walks down the hallway toward their bedroom carrying Sheila in his arms.

When they reach their bedroom, David puts Sheila down and puts his finger to her lips.

RONALD GRAY

“No words Sheila just let me spoil you.” He starts undressing and Sheila does the same. David’s eyes explore his wife’s naked body and he shakes his head smiling because even after having two children Sheila’s body is still very tight and sexy.

He gently grabs her hand and they walk to the bathroom and get in the shower washing each other slowly. They rinse off and step out drying each other off with the towel. David kisses her lips repeatedly then carries her to the bed and starts slowly kissing and licking her entire body front and back making her climax from his wonderful touch.

David moves his body up until he is parallel with Sheila’s and slowly slides inside her. Being inside Sheila always feels wonderful, like it is the very first time.

Sheila looks deep into his eyes and begins to cry.

“Oh David, baby, you feel so good inside me. I thank God for you, so don’t stop, please, don’t stop. Oh, it feels so good. I love you David, oh I love you. Ohhhhhh David.”

RONALD GRAY

CHAPTER TWO

Construction Site

The following morning Sheila is sitting in front of her desk at work. She picks up the phone and calls David.

David is walking to the office trailer on the construction site when he hears his cell phone.

“Hi baby. Oh, and just for the record, if you are trying to hook me, too late. I am already hooked. Last night was so good. You tried to hurt a brother.”

“David, don’t talk dirty on the phone and I did not hurt you. I just put this body on you like I always do. Anyway, I felt some heaviness in my spirit when I was praying this morning.”

“Well things around here have been very tense this morning. We have a new site foreman and this guy is mean, cold, and he has evil looking eyes. I can feel his bad spirit. We have the same lunch box which I grabbed his by mistake earlier and he snatched it out of my hand like I was stealing it. I looked at him like he was crazy.”

“People like that need more love in their life. So you let your light shine and be kind to him, God will do the rest. Have a blessed day Baby and I love you. Don’t work too hard because I need you to save some of that energy for me.”

“Yeah, I know. Be nice to him but I will definitely save some energy for you because you got that, do right.”

“David what in the world is; do right?”

“Your loving is so good; you make me want to, do right.” He said while laughing.”

RONALD GRAY

Sheila quietly laughs and has a big smile on her face.

“You are so nasty David.” She holds the phone closer to her mouth. “Baby, I got some more of this, do right, for you when you get home.” She giggles and hangs the phone up, thinking...*I have a whole lot more of this, do right. What a man!*

David sees the foreman watching him as he put his phone away.

Greg Johnson is the foreman and he has been in the construction business for over twenty years. He is also Mr. Augular’s personal assistant on various matters. Greg is six feet two, two hundred thirty pounds with a very muscular physic and a handsome face. But his heart is very cold and he cares for no one. He walks toward David extending his hand to him.

“Excuse me Mr. O’Neil, how are you sir?” Greg purposely shakes David’s hand very hard. “There is some business that we need to discuss. May I have a word with you?”

“Mr. Johnson yes sir,” David looks sternly into his face. “Nice handshake. So what can I help you with?”

“Please call me Greg.”

“No problem, and call me David.”

“Okay. I have heard some good things about you. You have been with the company for years, started as a laborer working your way up. I can respect that.”

“Thank you. I enjoy my work and God has blessed me.”

Greg looks at him frowning. “I heard you are very religious, a church going man.” He said while laughing.

“Well I am a born again, Holy Ghost filled Christian. There is a big difference.”

RONALD GRAY

“Yeah I know God too. But right now we need this job completed. Bad weather, equipment breaking, and lazy people have already caused us to be behind and it may rain today. So you need to make sure everyone is doing their job. Which means less talking on the phone and more work. Is there a problem with that?”

“No problem at all.”

“Very good” Greg said staring at David thinking how much he loves irritating Christians. He shakes David’s hand and walks away, then stops, turns around and looks back at David. “Oh, since you are born again, ask God to hold back the rain so this job can be completed on time.” He walks away laughing.

RONALD GRAY

CHAPTER THREE

Victor's Reign

Victor Augular is twenty seven years old. He is five feet ten, two hundred twenty pounds. Finely groomed with a muscular physic, light complexion Dominic Republican mixed with Italian.

He is wearing a dark blue Armani suit, light blue long-sleeved cuff link dress shirt, and Italian dress shoes. He is sitting in his office in his nightclub called, "Reigns." His office is spacious with a mahogany desk, two very expensive sofas, several soft leather chairs, and a refrigerator.

The club is located in Laurel Maryland. It is a two level building with the exterior made of stone and brick. No expenses spared in the decorations. Marble floors, imported oak and granite counter tops. One million dollars spent just on lighting. The front has an overhang so customers don't get wet in the rain when they drive up and lots of greenery around the building.

It is the most popular club in all of the metropolitan area with a seating capacity of eight hundred. It's not the largest in the area but it is a very elite club that caters to those who desire to be treated like kings and queens. The club has a strict dress code, no jeans or athletic wear is allowed. It has an elite security team to enforce its rule of zero tolerance for any disturbances or violence.

There are two dance floors, three bars, and plenty of private VIP booths throughout the club. The food is exquisite. Fresh lobsters, crabs, and shrimps are flown in weekly. People brag about how good all the food is and all of the desserts are handmade.

RONALD GRAY

Victor picks up the phone on his desk but stops moving when he hears the buzzer from his office door. He puts the phone down and opens his desk drawer pulling out two .357 magnums, then moves his hands under his desk.

Stephanie Walker walks in and she is every man's dream concerning looks. Twenty four year old model, mixed with Brazilian and Caucasian. Stephanie is five feet ten, gorgeous face, slim waist, and curves in all the right places. She causes car accidents while walking down the street. She is wearing a snug fitting dress that shows her abundant hips, butt, and ample cleavage. Every step she takes makes her body shake with the spirit of pure lust. Stephanie walks through the door and stands in front of Victor's desk.

"Mr. Augular, how are you today? I hope my presence is not disturbing you." Stephanie places her hands on her hips looking at Victor with that come and bend me over your desk, look.

Victor stares at her thinking...*damn this woman is fine and if she only knew how badly right now I want to bend her fine ass over my desk and blow her back out.*

"Miss Walker, I was just going to call you so your entrance is perfect timing." He puts both guns on top of his desk looking directly at her. "Please have a seat."

Stephanie sits in a chair in front of his desk, crosses her legs slowly making sure he sees her panties. She shakes her head while looking at the guns.

"Why do you have two guns? I did not know I make you so nervous." She said while licking her lips.

"Miss Walker I don't get nervous but I do get what I want, one way or another. Has anyone ever told you that you have beautiful legs?"

RONALD GRAY

“Yes but they are not my best feature,” smiling as she spreads her legs slightly so he can get a better look. Victor leans forward staring between her legs. “Very nice view but let’s discuss some business.”

Stephanie frowns because she does not get the reaction from Victor she was hoping for.

“Victor Augular, it is always business with you and very little time for me. I am about pleasure and a woman who gets what she wants and I have very little patience when I don’t get it. You need to make time for me sir, and very soon.” She is thinking...*forget all of his discipline. He needs to leap over here and get this ass.* “Break your rules for me and I will show you that I am more than worth it.”

Victor stares at Stephanie knowing she is a gold digging freak, just like all of the rest of them. She is a high class freak but still a freak.

“Damn all of this talking.” He walks over to Stephanie pulling her from her seat kissing her very passionately.

The moment their lips touch, Stephanie can feel herself getting wet. She quickly removes her dress, standing in front of him in high heels, a garter belt, and panties.

“So do you see anything that you like?”

Victor nods his head and smiles at her. “You look absolutely beautiful Stephanie.” He caresses her back, hips, and butt while kissing her very passionately on the lips. Victor reaches down and lifts one of her legs up gripping her butt while sliding his fingers inside her panties feeling her wetness knowing he is only seconds away from being inside her. His office phone rings.

“You have got to be kidding me,” he said with instant irritation in his voice and shaking his head, “who in the hell could that be?”

RONALD GRAY

“Victor, please don’t answer it. My body is on fire for you right now and I am so wet for you baby.” She grabs Victor’s waist pulling him closer into her. He kisses her again.

“I have to. Damn this better be good.” He walks over to the desk and answers the phone.

“Hello, yes I am very much interested in your proposal; I can be there within the hour. No, that will not be a problem; yes I will see you then, goodbye sir.” He put the phone down and stares at Stephanie. She has her hands on her hips staring at Victor with anger in her eyes.

“I cannot believe you Victor. You are filthy rich and you stop pleasing me, of all people, to answer a damn phone so you can get some more money. You are a greedy bastard. Men dream, fantasize about touching me and I am standing here, wet and on fire, waiting to get fucked, and you,” she waves her hand at him, “forget it.” She starts getting dressed. Victor has no choice but to watch her get dressed knowing she is highly upset.

“Stephanie, I do apologize for this but I have been waiting for that call. It just came at a bad time and I realize this is a missed opportunity but I plan on making it up to you.”

Stephanie finished getting dressed and walks towards his office door but stops before reaching it. She rubs her butt while looking at Victor.

“You have no idea what you just missed. Sometimes opportunity only knocks once, you remember that.” She walks out still fuming mad and speaking her thoughts out loud. “Greedy bastard, you will pay for that, no man turns me down.”

As soon as Stephanie walks out of the door Victor slams his hand down on the desk.

RONALD GRAY

“Damn, I have been waiting to hit that fat ass for a while but no piece of ass is worth more than my one hundred million dollars a month business, net income.” The phone rings. “Hello, secure this line, very good, go ahead. You want ten thousand kilos? It will take me a little time but consider it done and it will cost you ten thousand dollars per kilo, which comes to one hundred million dollars, cash on delivery. I will call you tomorrow with the details.” He put the phone down and smiles. “No piece of ass.”

RONALD GRAY

CHAPTER FOUR

O'Neil's Home

David pulls his work truck into his driveway. He is tired after a tough day at work. He leaves his hard hat in the truck but walks in the house carrying his lunch box, looks around and does not see or hear anyone as he stands in the living room.

“Daddy is home,” he yells, “can I get some love in this house?” Sheila walks out of the bedroom and downstairs wearing a tan colored top and a light blue skirt that comes just below her knees, and tan colored heels.

“Hi baby and stop yelling in this house.” She gives David a loving smile, a hug and then kisses him on the lips. David responds by caressing her hips while kissing her back with just as much passion.

“I really missed you today and these hips always make me come home. Where are the kids?”

“Never mind my hips and don’t start something you can’t finish.” She kisses him again. “The girls are getting ready for church tonight, you know its revival week and I am looking forward to going. So please hurry and get ready.”

“I almost forgot this week was revival at church.” He kisses her and walks into the kitchen setting his lunch box on the counter. “I am going to shower and get ready for church. Would you and your hips care to join me?” Holding his arms out and licking his lips.

“Sweetheart we don’t have time for that. I don’t want to be late for church so hurry and get ready.”

RONALD GRAY

“Forget all of that talking. Let me shower, grip your hips, and work that body. Good! Make you scream my name, oh David, oh David.” He starts laughing. Sheila can’t help but laugh.

“You are too much and you are nasty. No you cannot, so go take a shower. I am going to check on the girls and clean your lunch box.” She walks upstairs into Christine’s room where both girls are. Christine and Sandra are sitting on the bed wearing dresses.

“Hi mom, I heard dad. Is he getting ready for church?”

“Yes he is Christine, you and your sister look nice.”

“Mom, do we have to go to church tonight? I am sleepy.”

“Yes Sandra and you will feel better once we are in church praising God. Your dad should be ready soon, so you two stay in your room until we are ready.” She kisses them both on the cheek and walk back down stairs and into the kitchen. Sheila opens David’s lunch box and stares into it, then walks to their bedroom carrying the lunch box.

David is dressed wearing a polished black pair of old school Stacy Adams shoes, triple pleated with a quarter inch cuff grey dress pants, black gator skin belt, with a long sleeve white dress shirt with grey lines in it. He is looking at himself in the mirror and sees Sheila walk in.

“So have you ever seen a man this fine in your life? Talk to me and don’t be a hater.” Sheila has a very concerned look on her face.

“David, look at this.” She steps closer to him holding the box out so he can see inside.

David looks inside.

“Baby this is not my box.”

RONALD GRAY

He takes the box from her and walks over to the bed and sits down. Sheila follows and sits next to him. David removes a yellow envelope about six inches thick with rubber bands wrapped tightly around it. He unwraps the envelope and sees stacks of hundred dollar bills.

“Good God almighty.” He rubs his eye brow.

“Lord, have mercy, David that is a lot of money.”

David nods his head and removes a brown sandwich bag that he opens and removes six plastic bags with a white powder-like substance in it. He stares at Sheila.

“Oh my God David, is that powder stuff what I think it is?”

“I am no expert but I am sure it is drugs of some kind. I grabbed the wrong box and I know this is the beginning of trouble.”

“David what are you going to do and what do you mean by trouble? This is not your lunch box or the money and drugs that are in it,” she put her hand on her heart looking at him with worry.

“Sheila I think I know who it belongs to or who had it.”

“Who David? Who does this box belong to?”

“I believe it belongs to Mr. Greg Johnson the new foreman on my job. Well it has to be his or someone that he knows.”

“David this is a very serious situation. What are we going to do?” She looks up. “Lord, help us.”

“I know this is serious and I am not sure what to do about the money but I do know what to do about the drugs in the plastic bags.” He stands up.

Sheila touches his arm. “Baby please don’t do anything stupid. We should talk to God about this and call the police.” She stands up staring at him and puts her hand on his shoulder.

RONALD GRAY

“Get real Sheila. You watch too much TV and calling the police, please give me a break. We would be under investigation; the drugs would end up back on the streets, and the money in their pockets. Forget the police but I know how to handle these drugs.”

“Baby we need to pray and pray now.”

David steps closer to Sheila. “We can pray later, I need to handle this problem now,” he said raising his voice.

Sheila points her finger in his face.

“Let me tell you something David O’Neil. Don’t you ever tell me when or when not to pray. I am your wife not your slave,” she said with conviction and anger.

He looks at Sheila with a smirk on his face then smiles.

“Well I guess you told me. I think you are very sexy when you become emotional and it turns me on. Can a brother get a quickie? You know about twenty minutes of real fast rabbit sex. Release some stress.” He starts smiling and moves closer to her.

“Get away from me,” holding her arms out, “you are impossible David,” she said laughing and then becomes very serious. “At a time like this and you are thinking about sex? What are we going to do baby?”

“I already know.” He kisses Sheila and takes the plastic bags to the bathroom flushing its contents down the toilet and walks back into the bedroom. He put the money back in the lunch box and put the box under the bed.

Sandra and Christine walked downstairs and are standing in front of David and Sheila’s bedroom.

“Sandra and I are ready for church.” Christine said.

David and Sheila turn to look at the girls. David can’t help but smile.

RONALD GRAY

“You two look very pretty. Two beauty queens and I love you.” He walks over hugs and kisses them. “We are going to have a very blessed time in church tonight, so let’s go.” He turns around and looks at Sheila. “Baby you always look good. You are a walking fashion model.” He smiles and winks at her.

“Oh, you finally noticed, thank you for the compliment and your love dear,” placing her hands on her hips.

“I always notice baby, always.” Staring at Sheila he walks over to her and softly kisses her lips. “Now time to go and get our praise on.”

They all walk out of the house and get in the Navigator and drive off.

RONALD GRAY

CHAPTER FIVE

The Church

David and his family attend church in Hanover, MD. It is a nice brick building with a seating capacity for six hundred people. For Thursday night revival the church is full and music is playing. David and his family are sitting together close to the front of the church. Mr. Cleo Williams is the Pastor. He is thirty seven years old, African American, five feet eleven, dark skin tone complexion, two-hundred twenty five pounds with a baritone voice. He walks out to the pulpit wearing an off white and red robe and raises his arms high in the air.

“Praise the Lord Saints, praise the Lord everybody. I do believe tonight is the night. I know Betty Wright sung the song first but I am talking about a mighty move from God, not a sex thing. Can I get an Amen?”

The church says. “Amen.”

“I thank God for blessing us to gather in his name one more time. I believe the Lord will move tonight in a mighty way. He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I feel like praising him but I have a message for the house tonight. Church, you cannot live the life God has called all of us to live unless you have the word of God on the inside of you. I am not talking about church attendance, bible reading, telling people about Jesus, and speaking in tongues. By the way the devil can speak in false tongues.”

“Fasting is an important sacrifice. Most people are just dieting. Eating pork and meat or neglecting to eat it will not get you in heaven either. No, I am talking about being born again by the holy

RONALD GRAY

spirit of Jesus and walking in the spirit of obedience to his holy word. This is the only way heaven will be your home. Jesus Christ being your Lord and master and living a holy life.” He looks up. “Yes Lord, have your way.” He looks back at the people in the church. “Saints, God is going to answer a long sought after prayer.” He waves his hand.

“David and Sheila O’Neil, will you come to the altar please.”

Sheila and David stand up and David looks at his daughters.

“Christine, you and Sandra stay here. We will be back.”

They walk to the altar and the pastor steps from the pulpit to meet them and he stands directly in front of them.

“Praise the Lord David and Sheila.”

“Praise the Lord Pastor.” David and Sheila said while nodding their heads.

Pastor Williams places his hands on David and Sheila’s shoulder.

“Sheila, you and David have been praying for years for a son. Well your prayers have been answered and a lot more.” He stares at Sheila. “Sheila, you are three weeks pregnant with a boy. A miracle birth because physically you could not have any more children. This child is special. Before God formed him in your belly, he knew him and before he comes out of your womb, God has already sanctified him to be a mighty evangelist. God will give him spiritual gifts to prove the unlimited power of God and defeat the works of Satan. But beware; the devil himself will try to destroy this child and his end is not known. But you and David keep the faith. Hold on no matter what happens.”

RONALD GRAY

The entire church stands up and starts clapping their hands and praising God. Sheila and David fall down on their knees crying, thanking and praising God.

RONALD GRAY

CHAPTER SIX

The Belly of the Drug Beast

Victor has one thing on his mind this morning, getting his drug shipment out. He is sitting at his desk in his office in a large warehouse in Bogotá Columbia, which happens to be the main location of his production and distribution of his daily death, cocaine. This is Victor's multi-billion dollar empire. He is wearing ostrich skin shoes, dress slacks and a dress shirt with a gun in his shoulder holster. Two of his body guards are dressed just as nice and are standing on both sides of his desk carrying guns in their shoulder holsters. There are many men working in the warehouse loading pallets with stacks of tightly wrapped Cocaine. A workman is standing in front of his desk.

"I don't care what it takes or how much work, I want this shipment ready. Use three shifts if you have to but this shipment will be ready. This is worth one hundred million dollars cash on delivery and I will kill anyone who gets in my way, their mother and their entire family." He points at the man in front of him. "You are my shop foreman, make this happen. Do I make myself clear?" He said staring at the guy with eyes of death.

"Yes sir Boss, it will be ready, no problems," he is nodding his head as he walks out of the office. Once he is in the warehouse he looks up. "This man is crazy, no mistakes. He ain't killing my family and I love my mother." He continues to walk away.

Another workman walks in Victor's office removing his mask that protects him from the drug fumes and stands in front of his

RONALD GRAY

desk. Victor looks at his men, then at the man standing in front of him.

“What is it and this better be very important and quick. You are messing with my money fool.”

The workman quickly starts sweating and stuttering when he speaks.

“Mr. Augular, I just received a very urgent phone call. I must go back to the States to take care of some very important personal business.”

“Look at this fool. You are wasting my time and risking your family’s life. I have a large shipment that must go out and I need everyone working until it is complete. You can leave when it is finished, stupid idiot.”

The workman is very nervous and is sweating so badly he can feel the sweat dripping down his leg and his back. He swallows hard before speaking again.

“You don’t understand Mr. Augular. My wife is about to have our first baby. I must go now sir.”

Victor laughs then his entire demeanor changes into instant rage.

“You are one foolish idiot but you have balls. I don’t care nothing about your wife or your new baby fool, but go ahead. This must be your lucky day. If you have to go, then you have to go.”

The workman was so scared he thought he would piss on himself. He nods his head repeatedly.

“Thank you Mr. Augular, thank you very much sir.” He turns and begins to walk away.

Victor shakes his head and pulls out his .357 Magnum and walks in front of his desk aiming it at the workman.

RONALD GRAY

“There is one more thing.”

The workman turns around.

“Yes sir boss.”

Victor shoots the workman in the chest and head then looks at his body guards.

“He said he had to go so I sent him on his way.” He put his gun back in its holster. “Now get this garbage out of my office.”

Three of Victor’s warehouse guards quickly come in the office with automatic weapons drawn. They look at the man on the floor, then at Victor. Victor points to the guards that came in.

“Get this dead body out of my office, now. Then find out where his fat, pregnant wife is, and kill her and his family.”

They put their guns away and drag the body out of the office.

Victor’s office phone rings and he walks over to his desk, sits down and picks up the phone.

“Hello, yes send him in.” He put the phone down and pulls his gun out but keeps his hand under his desk.

Mr. Bones walks in the office wearing all black carrying his black cane.

“Mr. Augular, you can take the gun from under the desk and put it back in its holster.”

“Mr. Bones, you continue to amaze me,” he puts the gun in its holster, “I called you for some information and direction.”

Mr. Bones leans his head back then looks at Victor.

“Ahhh yes, you want the bones.” He pulls out a black pouch from his pants pocket and holds it in his hand. “Ask the question Mr. Augular.”

“I am working on a one hundred million dollar deal. Will it be a success and on time?”

RONALD GRAY

Mr. Bones shakes his black pouch and walks over to the desk, shakes the pouch again and dumps the bones on the desk. He stares at the bones then looks at Victor. “The bones say ‘yes, and yes’.”

“Are you sure?” He said while rubbing his chin. “This is too important for anything to go wrong and I don’t give a damn about killing people in the process. Are you certain?” He stands up and his body guards slide their hands towards their holsters.

“Mr. Augular, the bones never lie and I have never been wrong about anything. So yes, I am very sure.”

“No you have not, but there is always a first time,” he said smiling at Mr. Bones.

“The first time, we both know will be the last time, but you should never question the bones Victor.” He backs up and mumbles some words and taps his cane on the floor twice while looking down then looks directly at Victor. “Victor, open your desk drawer.”

Victor opens his desk drawer and sees a black snake that starts sliding out. He quickly jumps back kicking the desk drawer shut smashing the snake. His body guards pull their guns out aiming it at Mr. Bones.

“You made a mistake.” Victor pulls out his .357 Magnums and aims them at Mr. Bones. “I will see you in hell.” He unloads the guns on Mr. Bones and his bodyguards do the same.

All of the bullets hit Mr. Bones’ dead center in his chest ripping through his flesh like paper. He falls down still holding his cane. Blood is pouring from his wounds. Victor and his men look down at Mr. Bones and smile. Seconds later blood stops flowing from Mr. Bones wounds and they start closing up. His eyes open and he mumbles some words and the end of his cane taps itself on the

RONALD GRAY

ground twice. The bones that he put on the desk begin to shake and they float off the desk over to Mr. Bones, landing in his hand and his body stands straight up.

“The bones, you can’t beat the bones.” He said yelling and pointing his finger at Victor.

Victor’s bodyguards step back with their mouths open in total amazement but aim their guns at Mr. Bones. Victor steps back as well still holding his guns. He can feel his heart rate increasing and feels fear, but he hides this well.

“Well I’ll be damned. There is no way you could have survived all those bullets. We shot you over thirty times in your chest, big holes and all that blood, no damn way. How in the hell did you do that?”

“Victor, you will be damned and in hell if you ever go against the bones,” he said with a very deep voice and his eyes turn blood red. He steps closer to the desk. “When will you fools learn? I run the whole earth, I am hell. Tell your men to put their guns away before they piss me off and I go and kill their whole stinking sinning family, today. Now is there anything else Mr. Augular?”

The bodyguards put their guns away and step back.

Victor looks at Mr. Bones and put his guns on top of his desk as he sits down.

“Yes there is. Tell me my future.”

Mr. Bones walk over to the desk and put the bones back in the black pouch shaking it and mumbles some words throwing the bones on the desk. He stares at them.

“Ahhhhh.” He screams with his eyes opening very wide and he steps back. “Never have I felt or seen such a powerful spirit.”

RONALD GRAY

Victor's bodyguards step back and Victor quickly stands up looking at Mr. Bones.

"What is it? What did you feel and see? Tell me." He said with a trembling voice.

"Remember you asked. There is one that will be born soon and he will be given great powers. He will be a great threat to you but fear not, because you have me on your side and no one can beat the bones." He walks over to the desk and grabs his pouch and bones and throws his bones down on the ground and a cloud of black smoke appears then quickly disappears. Mr. Bones is gone.

Victor wipes his forehead.

"What have I gotten myself into?" He sits down. "Who did I really make a deal with? This man has got to be the devil incarnate to do all that he does." He slides down in his chair staring out into space. Victor stands up with a look of confidence on his face and looks at his men. "The hell with Mr. Bones and his threats, we will find a way to defeat him when the time is right but in the meantime, let's make this damn money." Victor smacks his fist with his hand. "Damn, I feel like killing someone." He walks out of his office and into the warehouse with his men following closely behind him.

Pages 29 to 359 are not shown in this preview

RONALD GRAY