

SPIRAL OUT

a novella by

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1

I have no real idea what happened that afternoon, everything is a blur. All I know is I'm in a panic, on the phone in the call box at the top of Lysways Street to my father, telling him I'm in a little situation here and I need to speak to Offenbach. I tell him, get Offenbach to call me now at this call box, I'll be waiting. I need to ask him how to get rid of a freshly dead body.

2

The view from the apartment was cold and bleak. I could see the city spread out before me. The sun hadn't yet come up and the sprawling mass of city lights glittered like a swarm of fireflies in the blackness. Already I hankered for whisky but I'd already drank myself dry.

On Sundays I usually started at about eleven in the morning. I'd drink two bottles of wine and smoke about eight or nine joints before I went out, so I was already pretty bombed by the time I got down the boozer for the rest of the day and night.

Spiral Out

I'd go down and wouldn't stop drinking until they stopped serving. If I managed to pull some bird I'd drag her back to the flat and drink until I was unconscious. I'd wake up in the morning and the birds had usually gone. And that was just my Sunday wind-down after a speed fuelled Saturday night.

I'm not entirely sure what she saw in me but in Lydia's case, when I woke up in the morning she was amazingly one of the few who were still there. And that was the beginning of our relationship. It was light outside and the diffused sunlight through the bedroom curtains bathed Lydia's naked body in a magnificent golden hue. She was up, already showered and I watched her fiddling in her overnight stay bag; fixing herself up to leave for her modelling job in London. I dressed and made coffee. We sat at the kitchen table talking as we drank it. As she held the steaming cup between her hands her diamond encrusted rings glinted in the light from the window.

With her long black hair and that petite little body she looked better every time I looked at her. Face pretty and flawless as a china-doll, white and perfect in the disco-lights. Her shirt was open right down between her firm looking little breasts, revealing a hint of front-fastening red lace bra. But you don't tell the most beautiful women they are so. They hear that a dozen times a day from all the other grovelling dickheads. So I was straight with her from the start; I told her right then and there in the club that ordinarily men of my calibre are not attracted to women like her and all I wanted to do was take her home and grab her by the neck and throw her violently on the bed. So she laughs a little bit drunk and shrugs and says: okay then, take her home and rape her. Rape me. Fuck me as hard as you like, she said. Fuck me like you're

Spiral Out

raping me, do what you like to me.

I yanked her jeans off and ripped her little red knickers off. Oh that shaved pussy. Rose red swollen labia. I pinned her arms down above her head and she breathed in my ear: *fucking rape me.*

I devoured her tongue, the peppery red lipstick. I wrapped my hands in her long hair and pulled her head back hard and fucked it all right out of my system. We both collapsed, gasping, tearing at each other so brutally we punctured each other's skin with our fingernails and I came inside her in a swirling fusion of pleasure and pain. We lay there breathless, as if in the aftermath of a hurricane; devastated, unable to speak. My heart was beating so hard I thought it was going to give out.

These were the first physical sensations I'd had in I didn't know how long, like a sleeping snake that had been coiled inside me, and just for those brief moments I saw everything I'd ever thought beautiful in the world was right there in my arms in the fleshly form of Lydia. My heart felt like a tiny bird held in the cool palms of her porcelain hands.

She finished her morning coffee, kissed me on the mouth, and then slung her Louis Vuitton bag over her shoulder and briskly walked out the door with her glossy black hair flowing behind her. I didn't notice the hefty clunk as the door slammed shut so much as the tender residue of lipstick left on the coffee cup, compounded by the resounding waves of quietness that invaded the whole apartment in her wake. I was alone again. And nothing seemed to fill my sense of emptiness.

A few days later she went to Terracina in Italy on some modelling job. But surprisingly she sent me her telephone number

Spiral Out

scrawled in red lipstick surrounded by a mascara black heart on the back of a photograph in which she was looking absolutely tantalising in a short blue and white polka-dot summer dress. I should never have called that number. The symbolism was there, even before I became aware of the reality of it like some blazing warning. I wouldn't call myself superstitious, I didn't believe in fairies. But purely by analytical observation I had to say that when Lydia was around I didn't have any luck at all. She brought along with her only badness.

Lydia fucked everything up. Her own life, I mean. She was a fuck-up and all she ever did was fuck everything up; for herself and anyone who became embroiled in her crap, like a vortex dragging everything in. A femme fatale that floats into your life gentle as a butterfly. She was a model who worked in London and I have no idea why the most beautiful ones amongst womenfolk are also the most fucked-up in the head. But she was beautiful in the same way a bird of prey is beautiful, or a lion. Beautiful but deadly. And she became like a stab wound to the gut, leaking stomach-acid into my bloodstream, poisoning me slowly.

In truth, I'd lost all interest in a woman's conversation, whatever was going on in her mind. The rudiments of the female species held no fascination for me and when they spoke I may have nodded and pretended to be listening whilst I watched their lips and thought only of whether or not I wanted to stick my cock in her mouth. With my increasing feelings of isolation, women could sense that I did not believe in love and they were nothing more than objects to me. I didn't need no beautiful face with a characterful little scar or slight blushing of her cheeks when she

Spiral Out

laughs. I wanted my women expressionless; as plastic looking as possible with heavily made-up faces and glassy, doll-like eyes and doll-like bodies. Something to be possessed.

I have found more beauty in my possessions, the antiques I have collected than I have in people. Such possessions last longer than people, last longer than love. Men hate women and that's a fact. They might not admit it but all men hate women. They hate the sexual power women wield over them and how weak and helpless it makes them feel. And it's all part of a strange dynamic I've observed. I often wondered why so many women seemed to like being mistreated, why they are so frequently attracted to men who make no attempt to hide their misogyny, men who do not refrain, like most other men, from calling a woman a cunt when she is clearly behaving like one.

Most men hate the fact that women don't get treated as equals when they deserve to be. No one refrains from calling a man a cunt. Women usually escape such judgements purely because men grow up in subjugation to the mother. Call a woman a cunt, as you'd call a man a cunt, and these militant feminists soon get up on their high-horse. But a man that unashamedly calls a woman a cunt seems to command some kind of unspeakable respect amongst women. I am speaking both literally and metaphorically, of course, about such men's overall attitude towards women. The sticking point for most men is the pandering to the mother. Those that treat women as equals, rather than surrendering themselves to the mother figure like little sissies, are far more likely to call a woman a cunt.

And what does it matter? No one truly loves anyone else just for who they are. In the end we simply choose to acquaint

Spiral Out

ourselves with people who make us feel better in some way, someone who fills a void within us. We are all trapped inside the shell of ourselves. That's how it is, and I don't care if anyone else disagrees with me because that simply indicates that they are wrong and I am right. It's all about voids. Voids in the universe. Voids within ourselves.

3

Watching the liquid in the barrel of a junkgun being pumped into your arm while you're already half gone, slumped in the armchair is like returning to the womb. It all seems so natural. It all comes to you in an epiphany, as if time itself dissolves and you're asking yourself the question: is this how it ends? Disjointed memories of your life sweep across your drooping eyelids and yet you can't even remember your own name. I was a fearless overdoser; give me a handful of pills and I'd swallow the lot without even asking what they were. Like a fucking Zen priest or whatever they're called, I set out with one mantra:

Obliterate Consciousness. Obliterate Consciousness.
Obliterate Consciousness.

Quite often, when I look at photographs, I'm distracted by something in the background; a beautiful face in the crowd, perhaps, or someone staring blankly out the window of an idling bus. I become enthralled. I look for the more unnoticed aspects of life. They seem more meaningful to me. But what can I say? I've always been something of an escapist. I've always preferred images to reality. Images that have no deeper meaning, other than

Spiral Out

the surface upon which you can impress your own thoughts. It's just better that way. People have always let me down. It's just the nature of how everyone has their own trajectory in life. It's all near misses, near encounters. We are like crossing comet tails. But in the end no one is to blame, we are all solitary travellers at the mercy of gravitational influences pulling us this way or that.

No one truly loves anyone else just for who they are. They just hide behind false manners and smiles. In the end we simply choose to acquaint ourselves with people who make us feel better in some way, someone who fills a void within us. Well, in truth, I don't know if I can state unequivocally that love does not exist, I can only state that it is outside my own personal experience. It's like the sound of distant traffic. Some of us are outcasts all our lives. You get on a bus and as if by instinct almost everyone puts their bag on the empty seat next to them. You see the implicit hatred in their eyes. You are a black sheep left alone to be torn apart by wolves.

With your eye-lids turning blue in some cheap hotel there's nothing to worry about any more. In the end everything is silent and beautiful. Just pull the trigger and in an unknowable instant blow your brains across the ceiling. And when they eventually find you the only thing left is for some poor bastard to come and scrape your oblivious half-decomposed carcass up off the floor. While somewhere across town in the bowels of the hospital new life is spat from the infected womb of its mother. And as the infant draws its first choking breath of air you can hear its scream of protest ring out all over this shattered city.

Sometimes I want to go outside and scream into the night just to hear the echo come back to me and prove in some way that

Spiral Out

I am really here. There's no beauty in life any more, no joy. I only ever wanted to shut myself away in a fortress of my own making, to erect impenetrable walls all around me. With these solitary thoughts I was just trying to preserve something before my mind was finally and completely shot to hell.

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