

ADAM BELIAL.
DIARY OF A DEVIL DISCIPLE.
2e Edition.
Cardosi Victor aka « Shandar Gortis »

www.the-disciples-of-hell.com

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO ASMODAY AND SEBASTIEN special thanks to the three women who saved my life: My mother, Laetitia Bernier, Sarah Chan. I also thank: Nathalie Chevalier of the newspaper Libération (thanks to your article of August 96 you opened one of the doors that lead to hell, THANK YOU!) Sarah Fyson, Peter G, Bruno Conrad and his son Adrien, Mon père(pour ta patience et ton dévouement), Cyrill Marchionini(pour ton amitié, pour m'avoir supporté toutes ces années), Frater Némi Dial, Signifer(be blessed by the master, i'll see you soon in Russia),Valentin Scavr(eternal thanks, for your wisdom, your texts, you change my life...), Guillaume D(R.E.P), Calibre 12 (Merci pour m'avoir sauvé la vie cette nuit-là pendant la bagarre...), Karl (for the girls, for sex, for having me réappris à « vivre »), José Debry(for our discussion hours. Don't shoot yourself!), Najib (for being my best friend, a brother...), Dagon, Philippe and Frédérique Dekeyser(for inspiration...), «Valentine»(thank you for your affection. Leave your horrible husband deputy!!).

The supremely perverse beings are also part of the spiritual world. The ordinary man, carnal and sensual, will never be a great saint. Nor a great fisherman. We are, for the most part, simply contradictory creatures and, all things considered, negligible(...) The highest among the saints have never done a good deed in the ordinary sense. And on the other hand, there are men who have descended to the depths of evil, and who in their entire life have never committed what you call a bad act (...) The murderer does not kill for positive reasons, but negative ones; It lacks something that non-murderers possess. The evil, on the other hand, is totally positive. But positive in the wrong way. And it is rare. There are surely fewer true fishermen than saints.

Arthur Machen” The White People”

1994. When I was a child, wooden churches were burning in the far north. The shadow of evil slowly spread its gigantic wings. I was 18 years old I was fascinated by those who in the name of the Devil, and Odin have made reign terror. The Scandinavian media spoke of esoterism, of Viking revival. Me may I cared the terms, the labels, I wanted like so many others, to collect some embers, bring them here and rekindle the fire in these lands of France. I was exalted as only a lonely child can be, who hates men, these like. I had long been burning my youth in the drug spectrum. All of a sudden to destroy others seemed more profitable, more enjoyable... I devoured everything that could be found on the subject, records, books, videos, magazines. My education into the world of darkness was just beginning. I had so much to discover. The next step was to find me a clan, brothers in arms. The kind of guys, who in my romantic mind, could die for one cause, for another of the same tribe. I have searched, with the suspicion of the child

who knows life, which grows too fast from frequenting the mud of this world. I only met caricatures, empty minds, painted twinks, the kind of guys who wear, new-foot rangers, bought at high prices. I arrived like a hair on the soup, I wanted beatings, carnage, blood of the real. They wanted only to disguise themselves in what they would never be, they lacked that unconsciousness, that wild side that they would never touch. Parading at concerts, getting drunk, kicking bottles, smoking some shit, such were the standards of their well-defined rebellions. The kind of rebels” with fixed hours”, a little on Friday, a lot on Saturday, not too much on Sunday, because the family comes to you with pie, lightning and the obligatory bouquet of flowers. I was laughing at first, then I didn’t laugh for long. My hatred grew against them, against the world. I forgot that I had to develop, do my own experiments alone. Loneliness was always, unfortunately, a faithful companion. My lucidity towards the world hurt me, it cut off all social ties. So I sailed alone for

quite a few years, until I met those whose existence I thought impossible. When we have confronted him with certain beings who possess power, wisdom and money, we quickly become under the spell, in a kind of dependence. They brought me sex, drugs, blood lust, the end of taboos. They have above all calmed my revolt, and made me understand that there is no hope, that freedom is another illusion, that we must just steer our boat as intelligently as possible, avoiding the reefs, facing the best storms. My vision of the world seems very dark, my vision of man is much worse! This desire to be alone, to discover the hidden ways forbidden to humans, allowed me in any case, to avoid that my fantasies come true, and that I pass to the act. As this evening of December 96, when I presented myself with a gun in hand, decided to put to death a couple of friends, what kept me was the words of those who supported me from the beginning. Thank you. Some facts in this book are more or less accurate, others are pure fiction, they are a reflection of

what hatred can produce, of what evil can have of more bewitching, without limits, without conscience, without other outcomes than the abyss. For the weak and cowardly: slavery and death of the soul, for the strong and intrepid: to serve and survive at the expense of men, never... CHAOS INCIPIT! A.M.S.G

I like pain, to feel it, to make the other suffer, to put him at my feet, to stand there looking at this pile of flesh, to whimper and cry. To contemplate the fine stripes, the blood that dries too quickly and is blackened. I am always looking for the right subject, but the perfect and true masochist is a rare species. At that time I was still with my parents, I let myself live, drawn by the deadly current of life, I spent time. They have a big house, two floors, a garden, and the flea bag that goes with it. A quiet little life in a soft suburb for me was "the asshole of the world". I lived in the cellar, I had it arranged, I had everything done, decoration, painting, various accessories of the kid who thinks he is rebellious and cheeky... I alone had the keys, I was free, almost independent, on another planet. I was sixteen, in the middle of a gothic trip, vampire-loving, blood-sucking. I started to dress exclusively in black, leather pants and very long hair. I

was getting some success with the vampire girls. But I needed more than the classic missionary in the dark. The girls despite their looks of mini_sluts, were finally very stuck, their pussy delicately shaved that smelled like soap Marseille, could not cause any excitement in me. I needed smells, sweat piss, blood, a real woman... I needed an urgent plan. I had to enter the only world that could satisfy my desires; the dark and bewitching world of sm. I became little by little aware of my attraction to the objects of this cult of pleasure, I had become a fetishist, all my meager savings were spent on buying various accessories, whip, whip, leather-studded hoods, magazines, plugs. I was discovering a desire for sensations, a secret world, or the notions of pleasure and physical suffering, were the key words. But I was alone, desperately alone. I could not tell anyone, the other teenagers would not understand me, worse they would treat me as a monster, an outcast. I knew it, the day I was trying an opening with two of my closest friends. One morning I left, one of

my journals of domination, on a bench, in the high school courtyard. I was with Fabien and Samir, we headed to the bench to sit. Samir noticed the magazine, he leafed through it, then started laughing like a madman. He then amused all the other students around him. I was ashamed, a river of icy sweat running down my back. There was the stupid laughter, the homophobic insults, the threats made against "the scumbags and the sluts who did that!! " I forced myself to laugh, despite the rage, and my violent disgust against these are saying "friends" I suddenly became aware that an abyss separated me from these pigs, violent and filthy. Internally I was scrolling, my personal cinema. They would all die, in the most horrible ways, tortured, humiliated, raped, this band of virgins, rude and stupid, were only good now, has one thing for me; To be used as bidets and human toilets. I had hoped to be understood, to make a close being feel the beauty and enjoyment that sometimes arise from pain. A few days after this episode, I

was alone, by choice, I had just closed the door on the world of adolescence, on its stupidity . I ruminated in my cellar, which day after day became a real vault. Surrounded by dozens of candles, naked sitting in a sling on a tapi, it was the time for solitary experiences. I already knew that although strongly attracted to women, I also liked to experience pleasure through the anus. I bought two plugs-anal of imposing dimensions. At first I was clumsy, even stupid. It did not occur to me, to use any lubricant. My ass was bleeding. A plug is made to be kept, to widen the anus, preparing it for larger introductions. Instead, I used it as a simple dildo. With experience, you learn what you can put in, what will hurt too much, or what will be perfect for yourself. I was ashamed to be discovered one day, my worst nightmare, was that one day on the way home from school, I fell on the door of the basement broken. My parents sitting on my mattress, exposing me to the lubricated objects of crime. It happened quite often, to wake up

sweaty in the middle of the night, yelling " this is not mine, I swear, I am normal, normal!! " I waited, three years before leaving, I took it, again and again, on me. I did not want to end up, by introducing myself one day in the high school courtyard, a rifle in my hand...

THREE YEARS LATER Ivry. Alone, I stare for the fifth time, this shitty video. A pure porn hard German sm. A dominator, the gothic genre, long hair, works for almost an hour, a lovely little blonde, attached to a black st André cross. She has small breasts, to which weights are suspended. I like her pussy, not waxed, quite well-stocked in terms of hair. Close up of his face, soaked in sweat. She has a ball gag in latex around her mouth. The whole scene takes place in a twilight atmosphere, with all lighting, about ten red candles. His masked executioner, he turns around, he yells , insults probably. From time to time, he violently tickles her ribs, legs and breasts with a short-lanyard

swivel. At other times, he pulls on the weights hanging from his nipples, she moans more and more. I look carefully, fascinated as always by the suffering of the other. This suffering which I would like to seize, inflict, first cause fear in the other, and then better open the valves of pleasure. I turn off the video recorder, already very excited, very hot. Videos have become for a year, my only sources of pleasure, sex. An appearance of sex, by proxy. I go to the bathroom, take off my clothes. Back in the living room, I open my closet secrets. Inside, well protected from the world, my treasures, the instruments of my worship, that of my enjoyment, "the evidence and vestiges of your total depravity," would certainly have said my dear slut mother. I contemplate my accessories, I touch myself, I am already in erection. I bring my hand along my tail, I gently masturbate. I close my eyes, I let myself go I visualize precisely all these objects, which can, manipulated by an expert hand, give so much pleasure. Leather or rubber cockrings,

two black latex hoods, four pairs of steel handcuffs, a nine-tailed cat, a riding whip, and one of the most painful objects, a soft English cane. Added to all this, two leather pants, a pair of twenty-hole stealth boots, an electric baton, a hunting knife, and various accessories, matches, lead weights, crocodile nipple clamps, tear gas, and dozens of black candles. At the bottom of the closet, there are scalpels, which were offered to me by an old girlfriend depraved, student in medicine, as well as some drugs, a few grams of heroin, coke, and some acid owls. Despite my equipment, I have suffered loneliness for too long. One year without having my cock sucked, without licking a pussy, without a finger in the ass, without marking the skin of another, without the cries, without a sweet heat, in bed next to me in the morning. Deprived of the thick and abundant wetness, of a woman in my sheets, on my thighs, on my sex. I find substitutes, pain, instead of offering it to others, I inflict it on myself. I chase away these thoughts, I return to my

cock, again and again. I start masturbating again, I have another satisfying erection. I take the jars with the scalpels from the bottom of the cupboard. I light a few black candles. I turn off all electric lights. I put on a condom, I must not stain the beautiful carpet that my stone-hearted mom gave me, "I'm an idiot," I think. She never came to see me, her animal son, I toss the condom. Naked, sitting cross-legged, I jerk off faster and faster, it feels good. I am surrounded by a soft orange light. In my left hand, I have a scalpel, which I slowly glide along my torso. I press gently on the blade, as I descend, the blood flows slowly along my torso, down to my pubis. I hear my heart beating, louder and louder, I lower my head, a big drop of blood slowly descends, tangled in my hair, trickling down to my cock. I ejaculate violently, letting out a long, hoarse sigh. I remain lying on the ground, with a lot of semen on my right hand and on my legs. I spread my fluid on my hairy chest, mixing it with the flowing blood. I lick this precious nectar with

pleasure. My hand is all clean. I get up, put away the scalpels, and toss the used one into the sink. It doesn't hurt, the cut isn't deep, you can barely see the long 15cm gash with the hair. I take a hot shower. Sitting in the shower tray, I let the hot water spray whip my body for nearly half an hour, and I cry, cry without being able to stop myself.... I've been scouring sex shops for weeks. I browse, I don't buy anything, I'm not in the mood, I think I've already completed my collection. And besides, I don't have anyone to play with me anyway. Women are always very reluctant when it comes to embarking on the true territory of perversion. I navigate alone. I'm trying to meet people, but it's not working. I scare people, I only provoke disgust, consternated looks, with the practices I propose to them. I come to terms with it, I will remain alone, with my 20cm blades, my chains, my candles. I will only live in my fantasies, the imaginary will be my refuge. What woman would want to be butchered, pierced with needles, and see her blood lapped up by a

psychopath like me? None, I don't know any. It has to stay "soft" with them, the little flirts, the so-called liberated women, liberated from what exactly? I don't know. Apart from the right they have won to do the same slave jobs as men, I don't see any change. They were freed from their kitchens, only to be shackled in the worst positions. I still don't understand where the great revolution and the promised great change are? I don't give a damn, first of all, I just want to fuck, grind like a beast, one of those bitches who had the courage to embrace the same urges as me. I come across an ad posted online, on the "Satan Sex" forum on Google. I like spending time reading these messages filled with dark and perverse desires. I imagine when it's women who post these kinds of ads, how much they must be dirty, without taboos, always ready to fuck. I reread the ad in question, it's in English, no problem: "girl interested in bondage and discipline, seek rude guy, true master, to initiate me, hard Sex ok" I decide to send her a message, I don't get my hopes

up too much, 60% of those who come to these forums are American or English. She'll probably respond but she's going to tell me she lives in Los Angeles or New York, I can't see myself traveling thousands of kilometers just to spank a girl. I send the message, I tweaked my usual response, neither too sexual nor too reserved. I made sure to give quite a few details about myself. I disconnect. I decide to take a trip to the newsstand. Damn era! You can't even leaf through your favorite porn magazine in peace anymore, everything is cellophane-wrapped, just like our dicks... I still buy the latest issue of "personal ads," stuff it under my leather jacket, and head home. A message on the answering machine, I listen to it. It's Claude, he's inviting me to one of those "little liberating parties." He's a funny guy, I've known him for two years already, two years during which he hasn't stopped pestering me, again and again, to join these parties. He was always very discreet about his night meetings. One evening, when he was quite high on meds, he finally let it

slip. These meetings were, in truth, mock black masses. He told me he did it for the money, and at the same time, to get laid with a few idle young bourgeois women. The sex and the money, those are very good reasons. I'll get back to him in a few days. I'm going out again, it's already dark, it's November. No one in the streets, I decide to hang around a bit, to take a stroll around the neighborhood. It is in these moments, when everything is gray, black, when the weather is bad, that I find a semblance of calm, of comfort. I feel in harmony with the elements. For me, the greatest moments of depression always occur when the nice weather sets in, with the heat, the sun, and those hordes of people going out. These feelings come from my great frustration, my disgust at having to be human, at living in this so imperfect and repugnant shell. Fortunately, I have stopped lying to myself, I know my problem and how to solve it... I walk slowly, light a cigarette, not a soul around, I walk along the cemetery wall Ivry. I kick a beer can. I stop in front of the

gate, take a look inside, towards the caretaker's house. Nothing, not a single light. It's rather unusual, I think. "What do I care?" I say out loud. Leaning against the railing, I light another cigarette. I think of all those corpses lying there, all those tall ivory dolls, who used to be people, with lives, stories, friends, and sexual escapades. It doesn't disgust me, on the contrary "we were all born, between piss and shit" undeniable truth. I crush my cigarette, get ready to go home. I once again feel like playing with my blades. At the moment I turn my back to the grill, I hear a woman's voice, a bit hoarse, warm, and sexy. - Good evening. I turn around abruptly, surprised. I don't see anyone, just tombstones and the water pump in front of the gate. I think for a moment, I might have thought I heard someone talking to me, but there's no one. Maybe that woman is hiding against the inner wall of the cemetery, watching me for a long time by some means I don't know! I'm not afraid, I'm just curious. I step forward to the gate.

"Good evening, to whom do I have the honor?" I ask. I listen attentively, I hear footsteps coming from the other side of the enclosure wall. Before my eyes suddenly appears an indistinct mass, human-sized, slightly smaller than me. I still can't see much. She stands on the other side of the grid. She slowly advances towards me. I put my right hand in my pocket. I take out my lighter. But before I light it, she directs the beam of a flashlight onto my face. She blinds me, the bitch, she's studying me!! I think Before I could make any objection, the beam of her flashlight went out. She tells me, "that she's glad I came, that she thought someone had stood her up again." "People are stupid, you know, they can't take responsibility for themselves." Aren't they? She said. "Indeed," I say. I add: - Especially the guys, they are real cowards without their buddies. I add, murmuring: What are we doing, little rascal? - I'll open the door for you, wait for me, she says. I start to feel a slight discomfort. My stomach is starting to do the salsa. "What is

this plan?" I think. This girl is confusing me with someone else. It's undeniable. Even though the jerk who was supposed to come isn't here, apparently I've stumbled upon a prime opportunity. A year since I last met a girl. Not sex, nothing, nada. Tonight the gods are serving me a girl on a platter, quite hot. I won't let my chance slip away. I won't say anything to her. She most certainly must have hooked up with a guy online, or on a Minitel server, very well, I will be that guy, her date... I hear her coming back, she stops in front of me, fiddles with the gate lock, and opens it for me. She steps aside, then closes the gate. I am facing her, and I notice what I couldn't see before. Her face is masked by a hood. She is a brunette, I can see her hair, very long, reaching down to her chest, she is about 1.75m tall, my height. I look at her body, her clothes illuminated by the pale light of the moon. But what my eyes can't leave are her enormous breasts, which her tight black sweater highlights perfectly. Her eyes watch me attentively, but it's her mouth that

attracts me, like a magnet, a fruit I want to bite into. She looks at me, I don't know if she's scared, if she suddenly changed her mind. Then suddenly, she takes my hand. Shh, she said. Come, follow me. She silently leads me to a corner of the cemetery lined with trees and grass. Standing in front of me, she starts to take off her sweater. I watch her, more and more excited. I decide to undress myself as well. I am overwhelmed by a tremendous heat that seeps into every part of me, making my erection painful. I try to awkwardly get rid of my pants, and after some effort, I succeed, trembling. Naked in front of her, I suddenly realize how magnificent her body is, her breasts, her hairy pussy, her hips, and this hood she doesn't want to take off. I become aware of the luxury of being here with her, this stranger, in the land of the dead, naked, thirsty for sex, ready to fuck death itself, to deny it during the time of our embraces. She throws herself at me, kisses me passionately, our tongues intertwine, her hands caress me

everywhere. She kneels in front of me and takes my penis in her mouth, sucking me eagerly. I press my hands on her head, and for a few minutes, I find myself in pure ecstasy, realizing I've never been sucked like this before. I roll her with me onto the grass, I suck her breasts, kneading them, scratching. She writhes in pleasure, I bury my head between her thighs, I lick her again and again, until she starts to come, and my face is soaked with her juices. She asks me to sodomize her dry. I turn her around, spread her legs, and after a few licks around her anus, I suddenly thrust my cock in, she screams, but doesn't try to push me away. I quicken the pace, my balls slapping faster against her ass, she comes again, I pull out, sweating, I lie down in the grass, she comes to lie against me. We won't exchange a single word, we remain entwined in the fresh grass, watching the stars. She gets up and heads towards her clothes, which she picks up, dressing in silence. In my mind, I tell myself that I will never see her again, I will never know her

name, she will be nothing more than a wonderful memory in a few years.

Stalingrad. Paris.

These last five months have amounted to very little, searching for the ultimate hole, the pussy that will still make me hard. Trying again and again to relive the sensations of a certain November evening. But now I fear that the only ultimate hole I will find will be the one in which I will be buried. The problem is complex. Who says hole, pussy, snatch, also says woman, and her mouth that will move at full speed, all day long, to spout nonsense. All these speeches, these stupidities, that I would have to endure, to maybe have the right to fuck. My engorged glans, which will rummage through her triangle of hair, in the hope of having an orgasm, too much work!! I could never stand all this unnatural crap, this stupid romanticism. I circle around you, bitch, supposedly getting drunk on your flat words, on your stupid remarks, little snob!! I have to pretend that I'm interested, "you're the only one for me," I take you to a nice restaurant, I walk you

home, I play the gentleman, with just the right to a little kiss before we go to bed nicely. Then we go home with a damn pain in the balls, the tip already well wet, sticking to the underwear, the tail between the legs... The only hole you see is often the one in your bank account... I come home, exhausted, vaguely sick. As soon as I open the door to my little two-room apartment, I feel relieved, the familiar smell, death, that vague presence, which has been floating in the air for months. Smells of incense, decay, formaldehyde, stale tobacco, at home, my universe. I am alone by choice, I try to convince myself of it. No one is capable of understanding me, yet other beings like me are all around, but we don't associate with each other. Solitary, extreme individualists. We live our non-existences, alone, forever. I would like to be like a flute player, invisible, in the nocturnal vastness of a desert. I move alone, producing a deathly music, which, thanks to its melody, manages to have an impact on the world. I dream... I let myself fall onto the mattress, a

familiar scene, I enter without taking off my boots, I just toss my leather coat on the floor. I put on music, always the same thing. A CD stuck for life, the original and demonic soundtrack of my days. Black metal "Belketre," ultra-hateful music, screams, howls, over-saturated guitars. It's no longer just music; it's a true gateway to hell. A terrible satanic mass, and me. As a good devotee, I attend the service every day. In my thoughts, it is always me who brandishes the dagger with the black handle, it is always me who slashes, who plunges the blade into the heart of some whore, me, always me, in dreams... I wake up at noon. I slept for four hours. I recover quickly, the only hitch is that I'm already drenched, a cold sweat running down my back. The mattress is damp, sticky. My knees hurt, terribly hurt, I have stomach cramps. It's time to take my little pick-me-ups. It's been two years already that I've been addicted to the little green pills. I can't do without them anymore, I've often stopped taking them, sometimes for a

month, but I would immediately fall back into my bad habits. From now on, I need my forty codeine pills, per day. This weakness disgusts me, but without this filter, I couldn't stand these people, this world, which only has one effect on me: to vomit! Without codeine, I would go completely mad, a madness that would not be the result of a mystical quest, an expansion of consciousness, but just a complete mental disorder. I reach out towards the mantel, I take out the two green boxes. I take out ten tablets from the packaging and let them dissolve in a glass of water. It's the only way to spare my liver a bit, removing the green dye around the tablets, which is quite harmful. I wait a bit, and as soon as the pills have turned white, I swallow them all at once. I lie down again, slowly letting myself drift away, and after twenty minutes, a gentle inner warmth envelops me. Euphoria takes over, plans and resolutions of all kinds flood my mind. Flashes, violence, machetes, murder fantasies, which continue to haunt me. I

move forward alone, I watch, naked, covered in mud and blood, a hunting knife in one hand. I stink, the metallic smell of blood. My long hair, stiff, soaked in hemoglobin. I am no longer myself, civilized, weak, I am becoming a barbarian. Freelance gynecologist, pap smears with machetes. My office: some random jungle, or a cemetery. I wait for my prey, I know it is not far, hiding somewhere. My sense of smell is very developed, my animal instincts, I can sense her over there, trying to hide behind a tree trunk. I smell her skin, her sweat, the urine that has soiled her panties, that has trickled down her bare legs. She is paralyzed by terror. Cavalcade, rush of adrenaline, scream of terror, gurgle, quick movement of the knife blade, from bottom to top. It's no longer a woman that I'm gutting, but a sow! I watch, fascinated, the choreography of her legs that dance, the last convulsions of the prey, it's beautiful! I didn't close my eyes, I stayed awake all night. I waited in vain in front of the computer screen, for a contact, an answer to

my questions, someone else who would understand my quest. I am afraid of being abandoned, afraid of being disappointed, of being too weak again. He hasn't replied to me for two months, Nicolas, my brother, my guide, who from the depths of his American prison, has never renounced his principles, his faith, despite the guards' blows, despite the fear, the madness. I was able to ask him very many questions, a relationship of trust was established between us. But I still can't explain his silence, did he sense my weakness?, my overly human side? I don't understand... I go out, it's six in the morning, the air is fresh, biting, it's still dark. There are very few people in the streets, all the cafés are still closed. I walk slowly, cross Stalingrad Square, the sidewalks smell of urine, usual and familiar. I head towards the Louis Blanc station. The feeling of a dreadful routine grips my heart, I hardly sleep at night anymore, and this morning, like every other, I do as usual. I withdraw twenty euros from the Louis-Blanc post office

ATM. While waiting for the cafés to open, I walk around the neighborhood, sit on a bench. I observe the few passersby who are heading to the "sorrow." I would almost pity them... I haven't worked for four years, it's a choice. I survive thanks to the inheritance, which a distant aunt left me, one hundred and fifty thousand euros. I've already wasted fifteen thousand, I have time to see it coming. I will never know why she left this money to me, why? I have only seen her a total of about ten times in my life. That damn pious Christian woman, you really surprised me until the end. I had nothing but contempt for her. Indeed, this world is filled with simple-minded people who offer themselves docilely as sacrifices every day! I check my watch, six thirty. I get up and walk up the rue du fbg Saint-Martin. It's time to buy cigarettes, grab a coffee, and wait for her to arrive. My mysterious stranger of the morning, pale and gloomy, my black ray of sunshine. She is beautiful, superb. It's been about three months since she shows up every morning,

at the same time, at exactly six forty. She always orders the same thing, a black coffee, a croissant. She usually stays for twenty minutes. She smokes the same cigarettes as me, she obsesses me, fascinates me. But I won't do anything, I won't make any move. It is not the fear of failure that stops me, but the growing disgust at having to establish a lasting relationship with a woman, the fear too, of hurting her, of not being able to control myself. Sitting at the counter, I look outside, it is slowly starting to get light. I am always the first customer of the day at the "Métropole," the miserable hole where I have my morning routine. I am nervous, smoking cigarette after cigarette. What if she never came again? No! I order another coffee and check my watch; it's not late. The congenital idiot, who serves as a waiter, feels like chatting today, he turns on the TV and chooses a cable news channel. With each news item, he makes his stupid comments while looking at me. I shake my head, making it clear to him: "Yes,

everything is going wrong, everything is falling apart, you're right, and it's the Jews who are causing trouble all over the planet!!!" Internally, I am astonished by such stupidity, and by the ease with which Arabs quickly resume their anti-Semitic rhetoric when they feel encouraged. I smile, with experience, I have understood what people want to hear, like presenting them with a smooth facade of normality, without rough edges. I am a chameleon, because I cannot afford to betray myself, I simply cannot tell this testicular byproduct that he is nothing but a walking piece of shit, that I shit on his religion and his stupid prophet. No matter how hard he tries, he will always remain a big, dumb Arab jerk!! No, I can't, I need my cover, this constructed identity, this life invented for those on the outside. Six forty-five, he keeps mumbling, he quickly gave up on me. In six months of frequenting his shabby bar, I must have said no more than a dozen sentences. She arrives, I see her in the distance crossing. It is always a wonderful sight, her proud,

aristocratic face, her long, raven-black hair tied in a long ponytail, her hypnotic blue eyes, the pallor of her skin, everything about her awakens my desire to possess her. She pushes the door, she doesn't glance at me, she sits at the counter, a meter away from me. The other lackey is preparing him a drink. Already her coffee and croissant, she smiles, says thank you. She takes a book out of her backpack, as well as a pack of cigarettes. Our eyes meet, no smiles, nothing, I am invisible to her, I simply do not exist, I know it. She often looks worried, lost in her thoughts, which makes me want her even more. At that moment, I want to talk to her, to get to know her, to know everything about her, her tastes, her desires, her hopes. Today, she is completely absorbed in reading her book, a novel with an anonymous cover. I gaze at her long legs, her magnificent boots, her full and red mouth, which reminds me of a raspberry, of another country, of summer, of sugar... My sex is tense to the extreme, I have the impression that it would take very little

from her to provoke a liberating ejaculation. I light my fifth cigarette, lost in contemplation of this untouchable goddess. Suddenly she stands up, pushes her stool back, grabs her bag, and stuffs her book into it. She drops two coins on the counter, then leaves quickly without saying a word. As she passes by me, just as she opens the door, I smell her scent, an unusual mix of incense and cologne. I step out too, a few seconds after her. I will follow her, as I have been doing for weeks. She walks in front of me, heading towards the Stalingrad metro station. I know her habits, her schedule, what she likes to eat in the morning, where she lives, the brand of her cigarettes, but I still don't know her name, nor the size of her panties... I keep following her, my eyes fixed on her ass, telepathic efforts, my gaze glued to her neck: "turn around, turn around!" I repeat that mentally, without illusions, a bit pathetic. She plunges a hand into her backpack, I hear a ringtone, her phone. She answers, a piece of paper falls from her

bag. Great, I think. Provided that no passerby makes a remark about it. I rush towards the sheet in question, my heart racing. I finally found a way to dare to start a conversation with her. I unfold the sheet. It takes me a long, endless minute to understand what is written on the paper. I stand frozen in the middle of the sidewalk, trembling, people jostle me, I pay them no attention. I think only of the content of this sheet, of those words written in red ink. I have to make an intense effort to pull myself together, not lose my footing, "this can only be a dream," I think. There, in Stalingrad, Paris, on this gigantic heap of garbage that is the earth, I carefully fold, leaning against a shop window, the message she wrote: "I know what you are, you are watching me, I know it, I want the same thing as you." Each word resonates in my head, and twists my brain. Dreams can indeed come true... I spend the afternoon handling this letter, now crumpled and sticky. My hands are clammy, was this letter meant for me? I am convinced of it.

In my mind, there is no doubt about it. Her attitude astonishes me, to say the least. She knows everything. Why never tell me anything? This question leads to others. I am a bit worried, suspicious. A phrase from her letter particularly annoys me: "I know what you are," damn bitch!!! What could she possibly know about me, that little bitch? Nothing, of course!! The magic has vanished, only mistrust and anger remain. I'm already boiling, I don't like the seduction games of little girls, and it would be better for her if I don't get worked up. I drop the letter on the coffee table in the living room. I close the shutters, more comfortable in the dark. I turn on the stereo, I listen to the same CD once again. Black metal, hatred, shivers, screams, nostalgia for a distant past, misanthropy, a punch in the face of God. I am lying on the mattress, thinking about her. I disgust myself, I'm just a miserable piece of shit. I have often felt lately like taking her in my arms, breathing in her scent, drowning in her blue eyes, too blue, too empty, soothing. I failed because I

couldn't fight the "human, too human" in me.

I am still not cured of this cancer called love. I naively believed that with the help of Nicolas van Kraft, I could completely remove the tumor. It is not the case. My weakness, my cowardice make me sick, I haven't been honest with him, in my messages, I always assured him that I was finally on the right track, that he could count on my eternal gratitude. I lied! This girl, who was only supposed to be a passing fancy, gradually became the object of my adoration. In a fit of rage, I tear up the dozens of photos of her taken on the street. I must forget her. I open my closet, I take out a binder, the one where I keep all the letters received from Nicolas, he has written to me a lot since his imprisonment for murder. I have always been fascinated by him, by the extraordinary character, the mystical murderer, who deliberately chose the dark path of evil. From the depths of his cell, he replied to me, and made me one of his students. I reread these last two letters

with a deep sense of pride. This little bitch who left me this message is nothing, she is worth nothing. This ridiculous affection and these budding desires, that's where the problem lies, threatening to destroy everything I've already undertaken. I won't let that happen. I only know one effective way to forget his angelic face... The room is bathed in an unreal light, the walls entirely painted black, accentuating the impression that I am in some kind of antechamber to hell. I am sitting in front of the altar, sweating, a cascade of sweat running down my back. The blood flows too, my blood. It's good and pleasurable, as always during a communion, a meeting. I am exhausted, drained of my vital essence. Tonight, like so many other nights, I summoned him, called upon him with all my strength, vibrating to the very edges of my inner universe, his secret name. I felt his power, his terrible energy, which electrified every nerve ending of my putrid carcass. I am generous, as generous as he can be with me. Blood, sperm, animals, I feed him. He appreciates

suffering, the cries of the beasts, their death rattles. So tonight, I did my best to please him. The ritual is over, the energies are slowly dissipating. I stand up and extinguish the last two half-burned black candles. I smile, lying on the altar is the tiny corpse of a kitten. I look at my hands, they are covered in blood, scratched by the ridiculous ball of fur. He defended himself, he tried to free himself from the grip of my hands. Of course, it didn't change anything for him; I made him suffer even more. I burst out laughing, thinking about the little snob on the third floor, it was her cat! If that idiot could even imagine what her little "darling" just went through, she would surely wet her pants. I really want to leave the cat's corpse in front of her door. When she comes back from work, she would find a nice package on her doormat. She would be intrigued, open it, and then horror! Before her eyes, her decapitated and disemboweled cat, ha ha ha It is evident that I will derive great satisfaction from seeing this piece of shit, with pigtails,

scream and cry in despair. After a ritual, I like to sit on my mattress, smoking a cigarette. Savoring in the smallest details, the communion between him and me. This powerful alteration of the molecules in the surrounding air, all these details that never deceive me, and that always occur after a successful sacrifice. I offered a life, I shed my blood, my sperm, my "Raw Material." And my efforts, have they still been rewarded today? All of this thanks to Nico! Before I met him, I did all sorts of nonsense. I cobbled together my own rites, ridiculous, ineffective. Thanks to him, I was able to access certain keys. And above all, he showed me the truth, he opened my eyes sealed by lies. My mouth has learned to utter the blasphemous words that make the ether tremble, my hands have repeatedly mimicked the gestures of the Roman centurions, who two thousand years ago crucified the inept and laughable king of the Jews. I owe him a lot..

This black whore is sitting in front of me, staring at me stupidly. When she spreads her legs, covered in a myriad of crusts, I catch a glimpse of a scarlet flower, smelling of rotten fish. I feel like vomiting, I make an effort not to puke on her head. She asks me if I have a cigarette?if I can lend her the money?"that it's not free!" And that she is wary of whites like me! She smiled, the bitch!, with her most beautiful smile, like a sex worker, It's the second time I've been with her. I like black women, especially those who are high on crack. Their rancid smell, their acidic sweat, their filthy big asses, their once heavy and massive breasts, which over time have become flabby and shapeless. Kissing their skeletal bodies, filled with the most horrible infections, a Russian roulette, 6 bullets loaded at all times! I tell him to undress completely and put on the handcuffs, just like the first time... I then order him to get on all fours, his big ass turned towards me. I take off my coat, I remove my t-shirt. I stay there, bare-

ched, fascinated by his anus. I kneel down, bringing my face closer to his filthy, glistening ass. With my eyes closed, I breathe in his animal scent. I assess, like a wine expert, her degree of degeneration. She sighs after a moment and scratches her pussy. I get up, position myself right above her, and start to masturbate. She knows what she has to do. I hear her breathing, strong, the sounds in her throat. Her buttocks rise up, her anus throbs more and more. I am about to ejaculate, I hold back. I explode with pleasure after five minutes, just as a long, steaming turd finally emerges from the blind, filthy eye of its flesh. I stay there, for a few seconds, panting. I smile as I stare at this corpse with rotten blood, who, for twenty-five euros, just relieved himself in front of me!! I put my t-shirt back on, I slip into my coat. I remove the pair of handcuffs from her. She seems embarrassed and looks down. Her mouth opens, but with a gesture, I immediately cut her off: Instead of talking, go wash your filthy ass!! I leave and slam the door. I hear her muffled cries,

satisfied I quickly descend the stairs whistling. I leave the building, soothed by this little session. I light a cigarette, I feel like bursting out laughing, the day is starting off well! I still have to head back up Boulevard de la Chapelle towards Stalingrad. It's raining, the sidewalk is filthy, it's Friday, the streets are filled with filthy Muslims, heading to raise their butts at the local mosque. As always, I have to make an extreme effort not to pull out my hunting knife. My eyes fall on them, I see nothing but ugliness, their stupid looks, their perfectly idiotic faces. I have always been intrigued by the fact that Arabs can be so ugly and inspire so much disgust. At my place. Going up the building's stairs, I ran into the little bitch from the third floor. She asked me if I had seen her cat. She had clearly cried a lot, her eyes were red and swollen. I shook my head, but added while looking her straight in the eyes: "Oh, you know, he must have gone to hide in the cellar, there are a lot of rats down there." I shrugged my shoulders and left without

saying anything more. Two hours later. Once naked, I start pacing again, tormented by an irrational agitation. I close the shutters, the apartment is plunged into darkness. I want a pussy, again!! I would like to be able to pick up any random slut, tie her up, right now. It would finally be the time to try out my equipment: muzzles, whips, electric baton, genital piercing gear, needles. I must attempt the great experiment, the ultimate initiation, the murder. How can I consider myself his disciple without ever having shed another's blood? I fear that such an experience will change me, erase forever who I am. There will be no turning back, no other path, no shortcut. Without this ultimate desire to be damned, I will remain weak, a caricature. My fear prevents me from surrendering, from reaching out towards the abyss, where I know they are waiting to erase me from the book of life and to grant me a bit of their powers. I have been postponing the deadline for two years, but I know I will have to make a decision soon. I

won't be able to keep lying to myself forever, pretending to be like everyone else. I sit down, a light catches my eye. The phone! I have a message. Strange, it's been more than two years since I cut off all contact with my former "friends." I stare fixedly at the little blinking light. I get up, trembling, and press the Play button. I listen attentively; first a metallic noise, then a background sound on which I can clearly distinguish the cries of a woman, like the sound of a television on, some random movie... Then a hoarse, distorted, metallic voice overlays the screams and other moans heard. A voice that is not familiar to me: "Hi, I'll come see you in two days at 7 PM, it's about the letter...". My mysterious stranger has decided to pay me a little visit, how interesting... Killing time until Sunday, on the lookout for the slightest noise, in anguish. Every floorboard that creaks, every vibration in my front door, electrifies me; I don't like the turn this story is taking. Sunday! , enemy?, friend? I decide to watch a video. One of those that Caroline, my

deceased friend, left me. Some good, filthy, extreme snuff porn. The second video, the one where a Mexican sow with well-tanned skin is tortured for four long hours. I lie down on the mattress, facing the TV. The girl is tied up, the guys start by burning her entire body with cigarettes (the two Mexicans from the beginning have a clear preference, like me by the way, for burns on tits. I still watch the end of the tape. The cameraman zooms in on the girl's backside, smeared with shit and sperm. The anus filmed in close-up is disproportionately enlarged, burst, and bloody. The guys wipe their dicks on the girl's hair. Then it's the black screen, the end of the movie, the end of the agony of a Mexican sow... I turn off the TV and the VCR. Satisfied to have unloaded this excess of hatred and frustration. After a few moments, a feeling of disgust overwhelms me. My lack of courage, this insipid life, me obsessed with all these fantasies that no woman will ever be able to satisfy. No matter how much I tell myself, keep repeating that I am free, I

still have a hell of a bad taste in my mouth... Saturday afternoon. I slightly lacerated my left arm. The blood flowed abundantly. The album by the Scandinavian band "Emperor" was playing on repeat. I set the CD to the track "Inno a Satana," for me one of the best pieces in the genre, it always evokes for me a long moonlit walk in a haunted forest populated by hanged men, dead flesh, succubi, everything I love... I collected a bit of the precious liquid in my right hand. And then I started to masturbate, slowly, then faster and faster, as the images and scenes in my head became increasingly violent. I ejaculated, flooding my right hand, stained red with blood, with my thick and creamy cum. My sperm had a slightly sweet taste. I no longer feel pleasure without pain, I need the razor blade, the burn in my flesh, or in someone else's, unsatisfied I always want more, my fantasies are no longer enough for me. I tell myself that tonight, I might meet someone, I need a really depraved plan. I go outside, I call Claude, he answers after a while.

I ask him how he's doing. He tells me that he's doing well, that he was planning to call me. That he has an amazing plan for tonight. Claude is dominant. He has his own dungeon, with all the necessary equipment. He asks me if I'm okay with assisting him tonight. I say yes. I ask for information about his "client." He abruptly cuts me off, "no information over the phone, please!!" I respond with a terse, "Indeed, the police, I see..." "Come over right away, I'll explain," he says. He hangs up before I could ask him my last question. He has always exasperated me. I've known him for a year. I scanned him from top to bottom, and it amuses me to see him trying to play the mysterious one. He has constructed a grandiloquent Sadian character for himself, even inventing a past, a vanished, aristocratic lineage. He will never come to realize the pathetic side of his life, of his actions, without strength. According to him, he is a refined intellectual, "capable of extracting orgasms of an unprecedented violence from the most

frigid of hags!!" For me, he remains forever a cheap, cartoonish executioner. His so-called slaves, body and soul, never return after the first session, which Mr. "the great dominator" imposes on them. He is an idiot, a moron who has never succeeded in his life in removing the cement that blocks his ears and eyes. Deaf to the desires of women, to their scenarios, to their moans, he is and will forever remain a poor selfish man. I only associate with this rag for one valid reason. He possesses what I don't have yet: decorum, money, very high-quality stuff. I don't think I'm being hypocritical with him. He is alone, bitter, deep down he is looking for someone with whom he can share "his passion," as he says. Between him and me, the deal has always been clear, without any Ambiguities, I keep him company from time to time, I listen to his flat and boring conversation, I take him to some underground places. In exchange, he complies with my demands: drugs, access to his personal equipment, chains, whips,

computer, camera, video tapes. He cannot refuse, because he is weak, a coward who has always been afraid of me. I have always seen fear in his eyes. I did everything for it. I had to train him like an animal. Today, each of us has accepted this sham of friendship. I could not tolerate the slightest objection, the smallest criticism from him. I made it very clear to him. I had to show him my true nature right from our first meeting a little over a year ago. He had vainly tried to play the tough guy, hard SM. I remember bursting out laughing at that moment, before landing a punch on his jaw with all my strength. I heard a crack, and he ended up on the ground, twitching weakly, his eyes rolled back, drool on his lips. Then, I took the opportunity to put one of his handcuffs on him. I had left him like that for a few moments, while I took off my coat and went shirtless. Then I had woken him up in quite an original way. Some girls got a liter of water thrown in their faces. I had decided to bring him back to his senses with a splash of urine in his face. I

unbuttoned my fly and took out my cock. I focused for a few seconds on aiming at his mouth and nose. He then woke up abruptly, screaming. I had kicked him in the balls. As calmly as possible, I tried to explain to him the harsh realities of this world; he was nothing but a servile piece of shit, and I was a formidable predator. He had listened to me, his face contorted with fear. The perfect relationship...

At Stephane's home.

I feel the intimate communion with the demons, I feel more at peace, though increasingly weaker. Despite the strange noises, the muffled blows, despite the icy grip around my heart, I am well. He concludes the end of the ritual, once again facing south. He traces a sign in the air. Then he extinguishes the candles by pinching them. The ritual is over, he turns the electric light back on. I'm on the verge of falling to the ground. He looks at me

with an amused expression on his face. Anger begins to rise within me. But I refrain from exploding. I'm ashamed for having been afraid, for having been weak. I regret having been condescending towards him a few hours earlier. He clearly has some things to teach me, I need to show a minimum of humility. "Get dressed," he says, "we look like two fags like this!" Without answering, I start picking up my things that were lying on the floor. I quickly get dressed, I have so many questions to ask him. I go over all the steps of the ritual in my head again and again. I analyze.

What I take away from it is that I didn't dream. This time, something significant happened. He succeeded where I have always only had meager results. I remain torn between admiration and jealousy. I don't have time to ask him any questions, as he turns on his heels towards his room. With his back turned, he says to me: "Go home, we'll see each other tomorrow." He closes the door to his room without saying anything more. Stunned by his attitude, I

can't even find the strength to demand an explanation. I put on my coat and, with quick steps, I leave the apartment, slamming the door violently. I don't know what's gotten into him, "too bad, let him go fuck himself!!" I think. The phone's ringing pulls me out of a strange and pleasant dream. I pick up the phone, my mouth dry, I can barely articulate. It takes me a few seconds to understand that he is talking to me and that the strange sounds I hear are words and that they are meant for me. He tells me that he is sorry for last night, that he hopes I didn't take badly the fact that he wanted me to go home right away. I tell him no, I'm lying. He asks me to pick him up this afternoon at 3 PM. He says he has a way to make it up to me: "What?" I ask - Not over the phone, okay? he said. - Okay, see you later, I say. I couldn't find a way to refuse, I feel a bit guilty. Yet I have to try to trust him, give him another chance to redeem himself. I can't fall back asleep. I'm concocting all sorts of theories in my head, thinking about all those people I would love

to get back at, all those scumbags who made me suffer one day, I'm drafting my new blacklist... I go to Stéphane's at 3 PM. I ring the bell, and he immediately opens the door for me. I don't even have time to cross the threshold when he tells me, "We're not staying, I'm taking you to some friends!" Surprised, I ask: "Which friends?" He thinks for a few seconds. Then, with a mysterious smile, he adds: - The other members of my circle. I don't say anything. He watches me, on the lookout for the slightest sign of tension or anger on my face. I do my best to hide the disappointment and rage that drive me, I do everything I can to control my anger, caused by the fact that he lied to me, claiming to be alone. He dared to lie to me! Like so many others before him... I tell myself that I have to play along, give them at least a chance to prove their worth to me. I turn to him smiling: "Okay, I can't wait to meet your friends." He smiled back, delighted. I put him at ease. I tell myself that at the slightest dirty trick, I would

know how to make him pay for it! I follow him without asking where we are going, the silence has settled in for a good half hour. I can't shake off my anxiety and the nervous tension that has taken hold of me. He throws me glances from time to time, we walk to Place de la République, then we head up Boulevard Voltaire. Arriving in front of an old building, he stops: - It's here, on the third floor, where my buddy lives. I don't say anything, I just nod my head, increasingly curious to see what happens next. We climb the stairs of the dilapidated and dirty building. The mailboxes on the ground floor are smashed, and a terrible smell of grilled meat permeates all the floors. Arriving on the third-floor landing, Stéphane knocks six spaced-out times on the door of the apartment to the left: "They only open if people do this code," he says. I hear footsteps and then the door suddenly opens to reveal a giant with a shaved head, nearly two meters tall, covered in tattoos. On his bare chest is written in Gothic letters "Ad Majorem Satanas Gloriam." He fixes

his translucent blue eyes on me, I hold his gaze, aware that at any moment things could go off the rails. He nods to Stéphane and asks, "Who is he?" - A friend, don't worry, we can trust him," says Stéphane. The other seems reassured. He steps aside in front of us to let us pass. We find ourselves in what seems to be a tiny two-room apartment. The walls are entirely painted black, as well as the ceiling. The window panes are blocked by large pieces of cardboard that let no light through. Everywhere, dozens of red candles are burning. The skinhead invites us to sit on a rotten couch that smells slightly of urine. I carefully look at the walls covered with posters of gory films and close-ups of female genitals. In a corner, I notice two very young blonde girls, half-naked. They don't even look up, too busy snorting lines of coke laid out in front of them on a large mirror. One of them, the blondest, glances at me after five minutes, she smiles. - Do you like her? Asks the shaved guy. -They're both really cute, I say. - Yeah, and

especially they're real bitches in bed!, he says, laughing. The two girls burst out laughing, then refocus all their attention on their lines of coke. -"They're called Anais and Mistress Céline," says Stéphane. - Nice to meet you, I say, addressing the two girls who don't even turn their heads. - I'm Patrick, says the tall bald guy. - And I'm Victor, I say. After these brief introductions, we remain silent for a while. I don't really feel like talking. All this atmosphere and this crappy decor remind me too much of certain squats of bums. The kind of pseudo-bohemian and offbeat atmosphere that I abhor. The shaved guy gets up and goes into another room. I hear the sound of glass. He returns with two bottles of whiskey and some cardboard cups, which he places in front of us on a coffee table. "Help yourselves," he says. Stéphane takes a long swig of whisky straight from the bottle, he offers me the bottle, I refuse with a shake of my head. - You don't drink?, I mean, never? Asks Patrick. - No, almost never, I don't like the effect alcohol has on me... I say.

They both laugh stupidly and continue passing the bottle. I'm trying to learn a bit more about their beliefs, about their practices. My attempts all end in failure. After half an hour, they start discussing politics, then shouting "glory to Satan!" Death to the Jews! Death to the Jews! I look at them, astonished and already quite disappointed. I understand at that moment that I will never see Stéphane again, that our collaboration will end there. I don't want anything to do with his trash, with his puppets. They are nothing but pathetic caricatures, they are of no use to me. Despite their tough appearances, they will never have the courage to jump headfirst into the great darkness and destroy the too-human humanity within them. I was wrong again, I let my senses and my emotions guide me, and convince me that I had made the right choice. Too bad, I tell myself. I still have time left. Other trials to endure, other sufferings to experience, to inflict, and so many disappointments that I will have to bear like punches that will hammer

my stomach. I stayed seated with them, to listen to them, to hate them more. I became, during the hours that followed, the nice, friendly, and naive guy, the guy who has lived nothing, fascinated by their "exploits." I pretended to feel genuine admiration for them, I smiled, I laughed with those two pathetic losers. And in my mind, the idea of putting an end to these two parasites was gradually taking root. I occasionally watched the two girls sniff the leftover coke and kiss each other passionately. The blonder one, Céline, kept touching her friend's heavy and imposing breasts. Completely high, they began to rub against each other, with increasing vigor. I would have liked to fuck them, tie them up, make them experience the delightful marriage of pleasure and pain. Yet I left, leaving them to their dreams and their drunken speeches. Before the end of the day, they would have already remade the world at least a hundred times, I chuckled. I also knew, when I closed the door behind me, that they would fuck those two bitches. I draw a definitive

line on Stéphane, I delete his email, he no longer exists. In my mind, he is nothing more than a vague memory, transforming into a ghost without substance. I spent the last two days following my meeting with his friends, searching for someone who would be up to the task I want to undertake. I found no one. I had to come to terms with the possibility that on the path of darkness I would have to be alone, to sacrifice everything, for power, for him whose name is sacred. For the first time in a very long time, I found myself having doubts and feeling fear. This weakness disgusts me, I abhor it!! I must not falter. Yet the murder of that girl suddenly comes back to haunt me, out of the blue, like a boomerang I threw far away without thinking about it anymore, and which one fine day comes back to hit me violently on the head by surprise. I can no longer control my thoughts, my desires. I am sinking into a habitual despair, into fear. I already imagine myself in a year, sharing my days and nights with a stranger in a putrid cell. I try

to forget my fears, I tell myself that every man, every follower of the great darkness, is confronted with fear and doubt at some point. I just need to realize that behind every stroke of fate, there is certainly a test, a trial that I must overcome... I must no longer feel remorse, that despicable mark of the weak. I must only care about myself, and no matter the tears of a family, the pain of people who mean nothing to me. I will continue to kill, to make people suffer, because I love it, because it's one of the only things that still makes me feel alive, and brings me closer to him. Despite the fact that I wanted to end it with that big pig Claude, he keeps bombarding me with phone calls. I awakened the masochist in him, I said. He doesn't hold it against me. He forgives me, he thinks it's good! He will be an obedient and loyal animal, he promises. From now on, I will be the master and he the slave. I listen to the answering machine a good ten times. I revel in the sound of his breathless, hoarse, and lascivious voice. He knows that I despise

him, he has understood it well. He is nothing, except a useful toy, a safe on legs. I decide once again to use him. I need to experience the perverse pleasure of forcing him to commit murder, to push him to kill a woman with his own hands, in front of me. Only then will I finish him off. It will be a sort of second step on my journey into the infernal abyss of evil.

I've been watching her for five minutes. She is searching among the crowd of passersby for the one who moved her so much on the Internet. A few days ago. She has no idea that this last appointment might be her last. In two or three hours, she will be dead. Of course, I plan to torture her, make her spill her guts and entrails, take my time on her sex, and reduce her to shreds. I already have an erection just thinking about it. I get up, feverish, hoping that the big bulge distorting my crotch will go unnoticed. I leave the café and head towards her. She still doesn't look in my direction. I'm not disappointed this time, because she matches

exactly the description she gave of herself. Blonde, 1.70m, big breasts, beautiful blue eyes, a bit chubby. No, she is perfect, for what I want to do... She finally turns her head, her blue eyes resting on the tiny yellow daisy, pinned to the lapel of my coat. Her face lights up with a huge smile: - Are you Karl? Uh... the guy from the network? I smiled: "Yes, it's me, I'm delighted to see you in person, Catherine." - Me too, she said. She interrupts herself and adds, "I was afraid they'd stand me up again," she laughs. - Me, in any case, I always keep my word, I say. - Happy to hear that!, she said, laughing again. I love her laugh, and curiously, I'm starting to feel good with her. I suggest we go have a drink somewhere. She suddenly seems suspicious. I add, laughing: "in a café, or wherever you want!" She suddenly becomes more cheerful: "Alright for me," she says. I take her to a café located 20 meters from my place. I took a few pills of some random sleeping pill, and as soon as the opportunity arises, I'll slip two or three

tablets into her drink. Then I'll take her to my place, for her last tête-à-tête with a man. We sit down, she positions herself directly across from me. I'm already thinking about the events that will follow. The bar owner approaches our table: - What will you gentlemen and lady have? He said with a big smile. - I'm going to have a coffee, and you Catherine? I ask her. - Uh... a large hot chocolate, she says. I look at her, she seems very comfortable with me, a complete stranger. I definitely think to myself, "I'll never understand women." Maybe it's because we are in a public place, surrounded by witnesses. She hands me a cigarette: - You smoke, don't you? She said. - Yes, indeed. I take the cigarette she offers me, light it, and ask her: "So Catherine, tell me a bit more about yourself!" She blushes, confused, embarrassed to have to talk about her little miserable life, her ridiculously common plans. I listen to her attentively, ready to pinpoint her weaknesses, her hopes, and turn it all against her at the right moment. wield her words like a weapon. I

must completely gain her trust, give the illusion that I am genuinely interested in her. Then above all, I must not bring up sensitive topics: sex, religion, death. All those important things that drive women away and make them want to cover their ears. We have been talking for nearly an hour already, she seems increasingly receptive, charmed. I never hesitate to question her, I empathize with her little misfortunes, I carefully get worked up about the injustices she has had to face. I learn that she is a teacher, that her parents are dead, that she is an only child. She is alone, terribly alone, I can feel this solitude seeping through her. She has just arrived from the provinces, from Toulouse, and she doesn't know anyone in the capital yet, she wants to meet people, have fun, live. I want her dead! I listen to her over and over again, and her endless verbal diarrhea seems to have no end. When she asks me to talk about myself, I can finally take a breath, recite my lines, play my part. I tell her that I am also an only child, that I no

longer have my parents, that I am a translator. I don't know what else to say. She exhausts me. I just want her to shut up!, that she goes to empty her bladder and that I can finally pour these damn sleeping pills into what's left of her chocolate. Exasperated, I think for a second about leaving her, pretending to have an urgent appointment, to leave, so I wouldn't have to endure the deluge of her words. She finally gets up, she says she's going to the bathroom. Of course, she's going to come back. This girl is a real clingy person, she's as sticky as an oil spill! I take the two sleeping pills from my pocket. I am about to pour them into his cup. But I can't, I keep my hand suspended above the table for a few seconds. I can't make up my mind. I don't know what to do anymore. I'm trying to think for a moment. It appears to me, It seems obvious to me that I don't want to kill this girl, something in her prevents me from doing so. I have to face the facts, I talked to her for almost an hour, and I know deep down that I could no longer harm her.

She seems so sweet, terribly touching in her foolishness. I can't! Inside my head, a scream of rage rises, I start sweating profusely, my stomach churns, an excruciating burn tears through my belly. I would so much like to, right now, regain that colossal and destructive strength, but nothing comes, except the irresistible urge to flee, defeated. I toss a ten-euro bill on the table. On a napkin, I write: "Sorry, I have to leave, it's for your own good..." I place everything under his half-empty cup, then quickly move away. I'm starting to lose my mind, only physical pain can ease my suffering now. After the coffee episode, I decided to release all my discomfort, my frustration. No matter how much I analyze the situation, I always come back to the same conclusion: I am too weak. For three consecutive evenings, I performed the same flesh rituals, a kind of self-exorcism. I inflicted cigarette burns on my genitals while masturbating. I did the same with the inside of my thighs. A violent pleasure engulfed me, I ejaculated, the orgasm had

never been so good and complete. From now on, I could do without the usual morbid scenarios of murders, rapes, and dismemberments. My spilled blood, my bruised flesh have soothed my soul. And although I know that my quest will be long, I can now undertake it with a free mind. I no longer dread fear, I am no longer alone. Deep within me, I hear once again the voice of darkness, which whispers its encouragements to me every day. It is no longer enough for me to destroy, to eliminate the other; I must admit that the ultimate offering at the end of the journey will be myself, body and soul, delivered to the purifying fire of hell, of wisdom, of madness. These past three nights have opened my eyes, I have lifted a corner of the veil, I have managed to catch a glimpse of this other reality. I understood that I will no longer make the mistake of killing under the influence of feelings, those things far too human, those blinding poisons. No, the key lies in my true will, I want to kill!, because I want to, because that is my true

desire, period! I made an appointment with Claude at his place. I entrusted him with the delicate mission of making a girl repulsive to us: "not a child," I specified. He will obey me in every way, he knows what I am capable of doing to those who betray me. Escaping death has made him quite docile. Claude got back to me, he assured me he had done what was necessary. The girl is supposed to come to his place tomorrow evening. He described her to me, she sent him a photo of herself by email, she's a 24-year-old tall brunette, very masochistic, who wants nothing more than to undergo a very hard treatment. I thought, "she won't be disappointed." He did a good job, but I have to part ways with him, they will both die, I have already planned everything down to the smallest detail. My gaze falls on my bed, on which I have lined up the essentials: latex gloves, spare clothes, a bottle of hydrochloric acid, scalpels, condoms, the switchblade. I asked him what time the girl was coming. He told me she would be at his place at 3 PM, he

suggested I come by two hours later. "That way she will already be tied up and completely out of it." - Perfect, see you tomorrow, I said. I hung up. I feel a bit of pity for him, for this solitary being who served me so well for months. Yet I burst out laughing, satisfied with the way things are turning out. A new experience, a new challenge to take on. I put on my coat, go out, and wander the streets of the neighborhood aimlessly. I wander for a long time near Rue d'Aubervilliers. I'm thinking about buying some stuff, some weed, anything. Arriving near a store that sells second-hand televisions, I notice a group of five young people. I approach them and ask if they have any gear to sell. Their faces light up with interest. One of them asks me to come with him a little further away. He asks me what I want. I tell him I want pills, Rohypnol, or a box of substitute meds, the kind of quick fix for junkies hooked on heroin. "Subu?" he asks. - Yeah, subu, and Rohypnol pills, I say. He thinks for a few seconds. His pig-like eyes look in all

directions, non-stop. The kind of ticks that dealers have, who have already been caught several times. He is careful. - Okay, it's 15 euros for the box of subu, and 2 euros for the Rohyp pill! he says. - So I'll take two boxes of subu and five Rohypnol pills, I say. - 40 euros, he says. I give him the two 20-euro bills while shaking his hand. He tells me to stay next to his friends and to take the gear in five minutes, from the trash can located further away. I see him whisper a few words in one of his friend's ear, the guy looks at me and smiles friendly. The other one slips into an old building two meters away. I wait, I ask one of the guys for a cigarette. I smoke calmly, I know he won't try to scam me. I barely have time to finish my cigarette when he comes out of the building, I see him head towards the trash can, he throws a package inside. As he comes back towards us, he gives me a discreet signal with his hand. I quickly head towards the trash can, spot the package, and slip it into a pocket of my coat. As I pass by them, I give them a wink, and in a low

voice, I say, "Thanks, man, see you next time." Arriving home, I unfold the paper bag. Inside, I find the two boxes, which represent 14 pills, and the five Rohypnol tablets. Perfect! I say to myself. I will slip them into Claude's glass tomorrow night. I want him to be drugged, unable to defend himself, making my task all the easier. Of course, for the cops who will find the two bodies, it will look just like an S&M session that went wrong, the kind of thing they've seen dozens of times before. An evening between perverts that goes wrong... I went back out. I hung around a bit near Pigalle. It was already night. It had rained, I felt free, full of energy, confident in my power, on the hunt. I decided at the last minute on a gothic bar full of kids and show-off pretty boys. The "Kata Bar," Rue Fontaine. There was a crowd, the bar was packed to the brim. Despite everything, I managed to squeeze myself up to the bar. I ordered a beer, I started drinking it without real pleasure, without desire. What I actually desired, however, were those

stunning girls, completely dressed in black. I remembered myself from a long time ago. I felt a certain nostalgia watching them parade, remake the world, strike carefully studied poses: "How good it is to be 18, to be surrounded by friends, to be beautiful, to believe oneself immortal," I thought. Most of these kids came from bourgeois families; they could afford to look down on others and believe themselves superior. Yet they were nothing more than caricatures, they were sheep, black ones for sure, but sheep nonetheless. They were like all the others, filled with baseness, with prejudices, their pseudo-satanism hardly scared anyone except for the old ladies in the 16th arrondissement, and even then! "Bunch of filthy little wimps," I thought. All this so-called "dark," artificial, rotten atmosphere was starting to get on my nerves. My attitude, laden with contempt, must have been quite evident, as some of the girls were looking at me strangely. I was a stranger, an outsider in their world, an unwanted visitor. One of them, however, a

stunning blonde with azure blue eyes, kept casting flirtatious glances at me. I turned my head, disdainful, pretending not to be interested. I let my gaze wander over the walls of the bar, pretending to admire the decor of the place. After finishing my beer, I thought a little "warm-up" before the evening at Claude's would be welcome. The craving for blood was slowly starting to take over me, to fill my thoughts, to transform the people around me into pros.

I listened patiently to the conversations around me, focusing on the few snippets of sentences I could grasp. I patiently listened to the conversations around me, focusing on the few snippets of sentences I could catch. Firmly determined to bury the 20 cm blade I had in my pocket in someone's belly. I let chance guide me, placing the right victim in my path. I had come to make this decision when she came to sit next to me at the counter, the stunning blonde who had flirted with me many times before: - Are you new here? I've never seen you here before, she said. - I've already been here

twice, some time ago, I said. She took a sip of the beer she had brought with her, all while not taking her eyes off me. I wanted to take her right away, to lead her to the basement. I pulled myself together, I decided to wait for the right moment. "I find you very cute," she said. - Thank you, and as for you, you are really very beautiful, I said, to flatter her as much as possible. She smiled at me. I noticed she smelled of alcohol, and by the way she held herself and slurred her words lazily, I understood she was already a bit drunk. I thought, "perfect." - What kind of music do you listen to? she asked. - Black metal, classical, blues, I said. She seemed delighted and got closer and closer to me. I could smell her scent, that mix of stale tobacco, alcohol, and cheap perfume. I looked her straight in the eyes and suggested, "Do you want to go for a little walk?" She only thought for a second before shaking her lovely empty head and replying, "Okay, handsome!" The bartender was busy with a group of customers, I

tossed a 10-euro bill on the counter, and went outside. I waited for her in front of the bar for a good ten minutes. I was starting to believe she wouldn't come anymore, that she must have been in the bathroom, curled up around a toilet bowl, throwing up her guts. And then she joined me. I had sat on the hood of a parked car. She made a stupid face and said, "You're sitting on my damn car!" I didn't respond, I put an arm around her waist, and we started walking towards Place de Clichy. I had the distinct impression that the fresh and humid air was starting to sober her up a bit. She seemed less dazed, less stupid. I wasn't sure I could control myself for much longer. I had to manage to lure her into that building further away. I knew the entrance code, and I had been there several times when I was dating a girl who lived there. She started talking about herself, I wasn't listening, I just nodded. I still wanted to know her name, she told me to be named Valentine. I told her that I found it beautiful. Then she launched into a stupid tirade against that

dead and dusty institution called the church. It was her enemy, the poor fool believed that the danger came from there. I didn't contradict her, even when she tried to impress me with her low-level Satanism. I told her she was just a child playing with matches in front of the fires of hell. She started raising her voice. I tried weakly to calm her down, then I realized we had arrived in front of the building in question. And then my smile faded. I took his head in my hands and violently slammed his skull against the building's door. The impact produced a dull sound that echoed around. I caught his body before his head hit the ground again. In a few seconds, I hoisted him onto my back, entered the building's front door code, and rushed with my heavy load towards the open door that leads to the basement. I turned on the light. I placed it on the dusty floor. I carefully examined the spot where the cables hung, tied all around a gas pipe. I took them to tie his hands and feet with. Then I shoved a dirty rag that was lying on the ground into her mouth. She

started moving her head. I took out my switchblade, then I slowly leaned over her. I thought back to the last words she had said to me, to the condescending, arrogant little bitch she was. I brought my mouth close to her right ear and whispered, "I am the devil, I am the devil..." She opened her eyes wide with terror, panicked, she tried to get up, to struggle. She quickly realized that she would never be able to free herself, I can tie a knot after all! I watched her laughing, making stupid efforts to speak: "um, um." She kept fidgeting. At one point, exhausted, she started to cry, her mascara running down to her chin, she looked like a poor wreck, like a clown, which is what she really was. A smell of urine filled the room. I understood that she had wet herself, a large stain was starting to spread between her legs. I pointed it out to her jokingly: "Oh, what a dirty little girl! I'm going to have to punish you!" I quickly crouched down on her, raised the knife high above my head, ready to strike, aiming for the throat of that miserable bitch. She closed

her eyes, her body was shaking so violently that I thought she was having an epileptic seizure. Then a smell of shit suddenly assaulted my nostrils. I smiled: "it's emptying," I thought. I paused my action, burst out laughing, and left as quickly as possible, satisfied to have taught that little brat a lesson. From now on, I was free, more dangerous than ever.

I am getting ready to go to Claude's. It is 3 PM. I hope the girl hasn't canceled. I'm not nervous. I want a woman, sex, suffering, and carnage. I have to wait, be patient, savor those moments before the murder. This morning I masturbated five times, while sliding the blade of a scalpel across my chest. I pressed harder as I felt the ejaculation, the orgasm coming. I found myself around 11 o'clock, with clumps of bloody hair stuck to my chest and an inverted pentagram carved into my flesh. I bled profusely, I indulged myself. I can no longer imagine any sexual act without the spice that is hemoglobin. Moisture, sperm,

and blood, for the alchemy to be fulfilled. I'm taking a bit of codeine again, I have 12 pills left in a box. I swallow them all at once, out of habit. That will be enough to give me energy, to face those beggars, those walking corpses outside. I get dressed. I take some spare clothes, stuff them into a backpack with my hunting knife. I put the two pairs of latex gloves, the five Rohypnol tablets, and my switchblade in the pockets of my leather coat. I already feel a strong sense of exhilaration, I find myself pacing back and forth before leaving. I try to mentally prepare myself for what is to come, for this second act towards my slow descent into the abyss. I'm trying to focus on what I shouldn't do, not touch, anticipate any potential problems.

I think back to the last calls I made to Claude. He contacted me several times at home. As for me, I only called him from public phone booths. I hope I have nothing to fear on that front. Anyway, if the staging of their deaths is perfect, I have nothing to

worry about. It will be another Sado-Maso evening that has gone wrong: Claude tortures the girl, overcome with remorse he commits suicide by swallowing five powerful sleeping pills, after turning on the gas! The police will never consider another lead as long as I erase all my traces. Period. the case will be closed in less than two days. I laugh out loud, it seems obvious to me that I will never be caught, only fools are.

And even if I were to become a suspect, I would prefer to end it a thousand times, yes! Suicide, anything as long as I am not judged by those people I hate. I will not let "the good people" condemn me, I who do not recognize their human laws...

I'm leaving. Not a single tremor, not a drop of sweat, despite the terrible urge that is already there. I decide to walk to Claude's place. I think once again about all the details, "murder, murder, cleaning up the evidence, flooding the floors with hydrochloric acid, bleach..." I watch the crowd attentively.

All these beings returning from their miserable slave work. They live, carefree, in a languorous lethargy, as long as the state gives them what they have always demanded; bread, games, sex. Habit coexists with mediocrity, illusion with blindness. I look at their sad faces, their scowls, they scare me. I am afraid of their "good intentions," their dreams, these abortions and these murders that I sense are being prepared when I look into their eyes. If they knew the truth, they would become mad, free, inhuman, ready to storm the kingdom of God. They would commit the ultimate sin, having knowledge. I tell myself all this as I move towards my goal, free from any remorse, from any form of conscience, and not even the wonderful gaze of this child, which rests on me for a moment, makes me regret for a single instant what I intend to do. I arrive at her door. I look at myself for a long moment in the mirror fixed in the hallway. I look serene, peaceful. My lips do not tremble

when I whisper, "I have come to kill!" I ring the bell and wait. He opens the door for me with a smile and quickly asks me to come in. He extends his hand to me, I shake it with a deep feeling of revulsion mixed with pity. His excitement is evident, his fear too, judging by the sweat dripping down his forehead."She is somewhere around," I think. My determination wavers for a few seconds in the face of this being who has always done everything to please me. Despite his stupidity, his dullness, he truly makes me feel pity. I follow him to the living room, lit by an intense red light—he wanted to create a more sexual atmosphere, I think. Before my eyes, she is there! It's a marvelous sight that unfolds before me, this stunning brunette, completely naked, firmly tied to the four iron rings nailed to the wall in front of us. I approach her, I notice that he barely beat her. Her body bears only a few marks of blows on her legs and breasts. Her skin is red, irritated in places "from the blows of a whip," I think. Her round and firm breasts, her very pale skin that gives

her the appearance of a marble statue. My eyes linger on her slender legs, delicately tapered. She is beautiful, very beautiful. I can't see her face very well because her head has fallen onto her chest and her long hair hides parts of her the face. I gently grasped her chin and tilted her head upwards to better admire her sleeping beauty. I am astonished that a girl as beautiful and classy as her could agree to indulge in the embraces and games of a coarse and vulgar man like Claude. I don't understand. I caress the girl's hairy and curly sex. I insert two fingers into her warm intimacy. I bring my fingers to my mouth, I taste it, it has a good flavor. I am already intoxicated by the sweet scent of her sex, her female odor. Claude still hasn't uttered a single word. He is waiting for my orders. I am slowly beginning to feel overwhelmed by the brutal desire to see his guts, to hear his screams of pain, to feel his heart beating until it bursts. - Did you drug her, or knock her out? I ask him. - Uh... drugged, three sleeping pills in her glass of wine, he says,

laughing. - Good job, I say to flatter him. He smiled stupidly, proud of himself. "What a piece of trash," I think. I ask him where the girl's things are. He points to a pile of clothes and a handbag placed on a chair. I examine the inside of the girl's bag, the pockets of her clothes, I don't find anything strange. I start to feel uncomfortable, I have been waiting for this moment for two days, and I really don't know what to do anymore. I'm trying to buy some time so that Claude doesn't notice my discomfort. I find myself facing her, I don't even dare to make a move. I'm afraid to wake her up, to feel her tearful gaze fall on me in a horrible interrogation. I am sweating, she is too beautiful to die like this, I don't know anymore!, I fall to my knees, I want this weakness to leave me. Claude looks at me strangely. He has sensed my discomfort. He may perceive the inner struggle that is agitating me. The idea comes to me that I should stay alone with her. - NO!! I scream. All this weakness, this filthy pity must not prevent me from

continuing my work.

I shake my head violently like a madman, hoping to chase away these thoughts, these voices, this childish voice that keeps torturing me. Claude approaches me, he looks at me, worried, he asks me "if I'm okay?" Still on my knees, I stare at him. I feel a tremendous energy again, a torrent of hatred and destruction flowing through my veins. - I'm fine, I'm very fine now... I get up, I start taking off my clothes: - Take off your clothes, I say. For a few seconds, he seems surprised. Then he obediently complied. After two minutes, we find ourselves naked. He seems horrified by the mutilated flesh on my chest. As for me, I can't help but look at his body deformed by fat, his tiny sex that disgusts me. I can feel him getting more and more tense, anxious, it amuses me. He always avoids looking me straight in the eyes, he probably senses the formidable energy that is once again taking possession of me. I go to my coat, take out the two pairs of latex gloves. I offer him a

pair.

-Why the gloves?

He asks. I suspected he would ask a stupid question. I don't bother to answer him, instead I ask him: - Do you want to spend the rest of your days in prison?

No... Alright, I see!! He said. His stupidity exasperates me. I wonder now if I'm not going to kill him right away. I decide to wait for the next events. - Does the girl have your number? I ask. - No, I contacted him online from an internet café, then I called him with a prepaid phone bought with my fake ID, he said. - Did you pay in cash? I ask. - Yes, with tickets, he says. - Okay, and for your address?, I ask. - I went to get the girl from a café, he says. - Well, we are calm, I say. I'm trying to convince myself of that, in any case. I'm not sure about anything with him. He may have made a fatal mistake: "too late," I think. I ask Claude to go get a lighter, just to revive our splendid guest. While he searches

through his things, I start to gag the girl with tape. Before wrapping her mouth with the tape, I insert a ball of newspaper into her mouth. I caress her skin for a long time, which she very sweet and fragrant. I watch her, and suddenly I have the strange sensation that she is not unconscious, that she is pretending it. I pinch one of her nipples hard, stretch it, knead it, nothing. She seems completely anesthetized, which annoys me a bit. Claude comes back holding a lighter, he hands it to me. - What are you going to do?, he asks. He is all excited, he can't wait for it to start. He won't stop circling around her. The sight of her taut and twitching sex makes me uncomfortable. I order her to be quiet and stop moving. I light the lighter, I bring it closer to the girl's pubic hair. A few hairs timidly begin to burn, then the entire area ignites in two seconds. A acrid smoke rises in the room, the air quickly becomes saturated with the smell of burnt hair. She stirs, opens her eyelids, and screams. But the only sounds we hear are "hummm,

hummm." She stops struggling upon seeing herself so well tied up, at the mercy of two formidable torturers. Her blue eyes stream with tears, her eyelids are swollen. Her face takes on a reddish hue second after second. She no longer has anything of the sleeping goddess from the beginning.

She disgusts me. I approach her, I firmly grasp her face with my hands. I force her to gaze into my eyes, so that she can see the abyssal depths that my soul harbors, this bottomless pit and this void. She widens her eyes in terror, her body shakes with tremors, she turns her head and starts to cry again. "We are going to subject you to countless tortures, rape you in every hole, and maybe, if we are in a good mood, kill you," I announce to her in a loud voice. I look at Claude, who seems to be in a sort of trance. I give him a slap on the back of the head. He looks at me surprised before saying, "I'm scared, we shouldn't do this!" - What?? I say. He gently moves away from me. He is afraid. He is really starting to tire me out, his attitude, his presence. I ask him

if he would kindly leave me alone with her. Head down, avoiding my gaze, he said in a fearful voice: - I'll get dressed and go for a walk, an hour okay? I know he will crack, turn me in to the police at the first opportunity. The moment he turns his back on me and bends down to pick up his pants, I quickly throw myself at him. I violently slam his face against the ground. Then I wrap my left arm around his neck, with my other hand I tighten the grip as hard as possible around his throat. He tries to get rid of the powerful vise that grips him, without success. My arms hurt, I watch the veins in my forearms tighten like cables ready to snap. The sweat runs down my face, seeps into my stinging eyes. I grip even tighter, at the very limit of my strength. He lifts his head, his hands trying to untie this fatal knot. His face has turned crimson, his bloodshot eyes seem ready to burst like champagne corks. I decide to give him the final blow. I brace my right leg against his spine, putting all my body weight on it, and it cracks! His hands scrape

the carpet around him, hoping to find an object, a grip, something that could save his life. He finally lets out a horrible animal growl, just as I hear the sinister crack of the bones in his neck. His head falls limply to the ground. I remain lying on his back, drenched in my own sweat, and in the urine he couldn't hold back. I catch my breath, I free myself from on top of him. I sit down and contemplate the hideous sight of his purplish face, his twisted lips flooded with a whitish drool. His eyes have almost burst from their sockets, and are dotted with hundreds of bloody spots. My morbid fascination keeps me staring at him for long minutes. I don't even think about the girl anymore. I turn my head to see her; she's no longer there!!! I barely have time to notice her escape when a violent blow to the back of my head throws me to the ground. My field of vision is covered with a myriad of bright white dots. The last thing I see is the face of the girl leaning over me, smiling maliciously. I sink into a black abyss... I regained consciousness, slowly. My skull

still buzzes with an acute and unbearable pain. I can no longer move my limbs, they don't seem to be tied up. No. It's much worse; I am paralyzed from head to toe!! An atrocious panic seizes me, I try to scream as loud as possible, but no sound comes out of my mouth, except for the terrible howl that echoes in my head: "I am dead!" I think, it's all over. - No, you are not dead, not yet... That voice?? Where does it come from?? I feel like I hear it inside me, it makes its way through and settles in. I try to see what's happening in the room, but I can't. My eyes remain desperately fixed, and I can't turn my head. I am as stiff as a statue. My body has become a prison, I have the horrible feeling of having been buried alive. My eyes well up with tears, they slowly flow down to my throat. I try to focus on this voice, this presence. I call out to him with all my strength, his presence is now vital for me to keep my sanity. I want to hear it again: "Don't leave me alone, please!" I need to hold on to something. The minutes that pass feel like

hours.

Suddenly, I hear a laugh, which seems to come from afar, it echoes. Transfixed with horror, I realize what this parody of laughter has of the inhuman. And that the thing that is at its origin has certainly never experienced joy. No, this laughter is a weapon made to freeze with horror those who are unfortunate enough to hear it! I think back to Claude, to his murder, which will be my ticket to prison, or hell. I hate myself for my stupidity, my cowardice. I just destroyed my life, even though I hadn't even reached the goal yet.

What goal? I think, all of this now seems pointless, futile. I laid my head on the block and this so despised human society will take pleasure in carrying out the final sentence. Everything is lost, I think. - Maybe not! The voice, I hear it again, my inner joy explodes in a fireworks display. I'm not dreaming. There is someone else around me, maybe the girl? But if it's her, the one I destined for a terrible death, why would she save me?? I am lost... My tears

start to flow again. I pray that death does not take too long to come. I try to close my eyes. I can't. My muscles, my nerves, nothing obeys me anymore. I find myself alone with myself, myself, mind and conscience. This body is no longer of any use to me, might as well leave. Escape from this organic prison, which I know is ravaged by cancer. I think back to all those years lived, the time for introspection is here.

From now on, I have all the time to reflect, I will have all my time, there they will drag me. When I hear the sound of that door being kicked in, when the Cerberus in blue will find me, I will know that all is lost, that hope does not exist.

In my mind, new ideas gradually settle in, a strange knowledge, I now know the truth! It appears to me starkly, horrifically. I become aware of the imposture that has been, for a whole part of my life. I thought I was part of an "elite." I only dreamed. I have adhered to the same lies that have chained

men since the dawn of time. From now on, I no longer perceive things with these coarse and imperfect senses, which are the rigged and defective instruments of any human envelope. I know, I know the truth! I let this knowledge penetrate me slowly. We are all cursed. Men have been seeking wisdom and union with their gods since the beginning of their world. They adhere to a tyrannical cosmic order, which blinds them through the illusion of the senses and the soul. We navigate at random, blind and deaf since our birth. We have embarked on a ship without a pilot or instruments, and we believe that one day we will reach the river of eternal life and plunge the chalice of life into it.

But we will always find ourselves filling the Grail cup with eternal life, in the brackish and putrid waters of death. Such will forever be our curse. Cursed we are all cursed, we still and always apply the same precepts of servility, obedience, slavery, in the face of a deaf god. A god still seeking

its purpose in creation, and we humans are its mirrors. Cursed, all cursed. I know it, and only those who have taken the left path will be saved from the horrible dissolution, from the great carnage of souls... I finally feel good, I am immersed in total fulfillment, these words, this knowledge liberate me. I feel myself leaving, slowly detaching from my carcass, from this body so despised. I see her!, bathed in a formidable aura of intense red. She whom I wanted to destroy, she is waiting for me. Her smile no longer has anything evil about it; it becomes an invitation, to another life, to the abyss, to Pandemonium, to hell. I now know that I will have to suffer, and entrust my soul to the surgeons of Hades, to extract this tumor, this light that is God!!

He will be DEAD in me...

END

