

# **IPLAY NEW YEARS EVE PARTY**

**LOCATION: Top two floors of the Hilyard Hotel  
Overlooking Times Square**

## **Guest List:**

**Dave, DeShadow, Paragod, Snickers, BedrmiiZ  
StJoe, Gargoyle\_King, Pammie, Invite\_To\_Dance, Furby59  
NuttyJazzy, Nutty\_Medic, RuReady1, Jeans\_n\_Pearls, SharonP  
Zoie, Corinna, Sissypoo, Selena\_S, HollyKnows  
LateOne, MsLateOne, Simply\_Sweet, AintnoTellin, Jessica  
Moppett, RealNut, CocaColaGirl, LadyD, BlackRose  
BlazingRose, KronicFlirt, Salina, ERF, SudiT  
Angelheart, AngelAboveMe, TriviaQueen, Loco7, Connie  
Irish\_Eyes, Janelly, Fallon2k2, Seco, Diablo  
AJW, RagingThunder, FireDude, PreciousUnicorn, Lady\_Satin**

It was just before 6:00 p.m. on December 31, 2002 when the first guests arrived at the Hilyard Hotel's 34th floor. Iplay.net had reserved the top two floors of the hotel for their New Year's Eve party and everything had all been set. Both floors had a wall of windows over-looking Times Square where in nearly six hours the ball would drop on 2003. The top floor had a bar the length of the wall to the left from the elevator with tables adorned with party favors. Straight ahead was a bandstand where a live band called SoundItOut would be playing starting at 9:00. The entire space to the right was one enormous dance floor and a doorway leading to the stairs to the 33rd floor.

The 33rd floor was setup nearly the same way except the room was smaller. The elevator didn't open up to this room; a partition was placed down the middle. Along the back wall was a stage with a karaoke machine setup and the tables here were arranged for dinner. The wall overlooking Times Square on this floor was also made of glass so viewing the Eve Festivities would be easy for all. NuttyJazzy, Nutty\_Medic and RagingThunder were the first to arrive. Medic had secured a room on a lower floor for the night so the three were ready to party. After checking out the 33rd floor they made their way back upstairs where Dave, DeShadow, Snickers, Pammie and HollyKnows were looking things over.

After introductions and the arrival of Paragod, Sissypoo, BedrmiiZ and StJoe the group of people made their way over to the bar. Paragod, who had quit drinking after Halloween, walked downstairs to the floor below to see what kind of snacks were laid out. There were three bartenders working upstairs and Medic assured them they would all be very busy, he would personally see to it. The group of early arrivals stood around sipping their first cocktail of the evening and engaging in light conversation.

"I've been told that guests from the party reserved pretty much the entire 21st floor tonight." Dave offered.

"We have room 2114." Jazzy replied.

"Guess once they shut us down up here that we can just go down and party on the

21st floor.” BedrmiiZ laughed.

"What time they shutting us down here tonight?" Sissypoo was curious.

"We have these two floors from 6:00 until 2:00 a.m. But they tell me we can stay longer if we like since the cleaning crew won't be in until 6:00 a.m." DeShadow offered and then looked at Medic. "Unfortunately, The bar closes at 2:00."

"That's ok, I have a cooler full of beer in the room and a few 5ths just for good measure. We're staying for three nights." Medic laughed.

Paragod rejoined the group with a plate of snacks in hand. "Guess since I'm the one not drinking the food is all mine."

"I don't think so." RagingThunder disagreed. "I'm on my way down now to get some, I'm starving."

The elevator bell sounded and Zoie, Irish\_Eyes, Jeans\_n\_Pearls and SharonP stepped off. After a brief glimpse around the room the foursome joined up with the initial arrivals and got themselves drinks after they were introduced.

By the time the latest four arrivals had gotten their drinks the original group had broken up into smaller ones and was now heading in various directions. Dave, DeShadow and Paragod had moved near the elevator to greet the guests as they arrived.

BedrmiiZ, StJoe, Snickers and Sissypoo were standing at the windows looking at the crowd way down below. HollyKnows and Pammie had made their way downstairs and joined RagingThunder in raiding the snack table. Jazzy and Medic had also gone downstairs and were checking out the Karaoke song choices.

By 6:30 the crowd had increased greatly as Furby59, RuReady1, Invite\_To\_Dance, Gargoyle\_King, LadyD, Selena\_S, SudiT, CocaColaGirl, Corinna, Jessica, Moppett, LateOne and MsLateOne all had arrived. Most everyone had already gotten a drink and was scattered out amongst the two floors. Everyone was in awe of the windows and the view, even more so that the windows actually opened.

After greeting the next group of arrivals Paragod excused himself to the restroom. "Figures you guy do the drinking and I'm the one unloading liquid." He laughed as he made his way across the room to the men's room beside the bar. He had finished up and was washing his hands when a voice rang out from one of the stalls.

"Good evening, Paragod, how are you this evening?"

He jumped slightly as he could have sworn all stall doors were open when he walked past them. "I'm doing fine thanks you, yourself?" He managed after regaining control of his nervous system.

"Oh I'm doing wonderful. I have been looking forward to this day for nearly 100 years." The voice spoke.

Paragod couldn't help but laugh, "That's a long time to wait. You'll really be anxious when 2100 rolls around, huh?" He finished drying his hands and was heading towards the door.

"Just a second, Para." The voice stopped him. "I need to speak with you before you re-enter the festivities."

Para stopped and turned back towards the stall. "Who are you?"

"How rude of me not to identify myself." The mystery person apologized. "I could have sworn that I had. Give me just a second, I want to speak to you face to face."

Para heard the sound of the toilet flushing and the stall door opened. The man who exited it was someone he had not seen before.

"You must've come in when I was downstairs." Paragod told him as the man made his way to the sink and washed his hands.

"No, I came in long before anyone else had arrived."

"Must've really had to go badly to have been in here for over an hour." Para mused. "Who did you say you were again? How do you know who I am?"

The man walked over and was now face to face with him. "I am Apollyon; it's very nice to meet you. I knew who you are because I know who everyone is."

Paragod was now getting uneasy with this conversation. "What is it you needed to speak with me about?"

"You are the first of five people who will be honored tonight. You see it was mistaken that 2000 was the year of the Apocalypse. It is 2003 and you, good sir, are going to assist me in bringing it forth."

Deciding to play along with this lunatic and hoping someone would hurry up and come in so he could escape, Paragod inquired further. "Exactly how am I going to help?"

"Within every 60 minutes five new souls must be freed. I cannot shed the blood of anyone except the chosen five who will carry out these tasks. Is a pity and an inconvenience since I so enjoy carnage, but watching my minions will also give me great pleasure."

"Ok, I'm heading back to the party now. Will talk to you out there some more." Para smiled and made a movement towards the door.

Apollyon grasped Para's arm before he could walk away. "Evidently you either have not been paying attention or you do not believe me. Either way, it is time for you to join my Army."

Before Paragod could speak again the man placed his hands on either side of his head. A severe burning sensation started within his skull and traveled throughout his body. Seconds later Apollyon lowered his hands and stood in front of Paragod. "You can go join the party now. From 7:00 to 8:00 you will carry out my tasks. Be discreet so as not to cause any alarm, you now have the powers you need to complete the tasks at hand." Paragod turned and walked out of the men's room without speaking, Apollyon followed behind him.

By the time the newly departed Paragod and his newfound boss exited the men's room all of the guests had arrived. Para joined Dave and DeShadow while telepathically he was being given the name of his first victim.

"Seek out and destroy AintnoTellin, Paragod." The voice within his head spoke.

"Excuse me guys, I need to go look someone up." Paragod left the group he was talking with and made his way across the top floor.

AintnoTellin was in a hearty conversation with RealNut, Salina and MsLateOne. As Paragod joined the small crowd he was greeted with smiles all around.

"How are you ladies this evening?" Paragod addressed them.

"Doing just fine," Aint answered first. "This place is great!"

"I can't believe how nice a setup Iplay has gotten for this year." Salina agreed.

"Personally, I like the free bar." MsLateOne laughed.

"The snacks downstairs are fantastic also." Aint offered.

"If you have a second, Aint, I need to show you something." Paragod kept the most innocent face he possibly could.

“Sure, is it bigger than a baby’s arm?” Aint asked slyly.

Paragod laughed, as did the other two ladies. “Not in this lifetime, maybe in my next.”

“Excuse us”, Aint addressed the other two and exited with Paragod as he nodded to the two women as well.

Paragod led Aint to the elevator; “It’s down on the 29th floor, a surprise for Snickers later.”

“Cool, what is it?” Aint asked as the two stepped into the elevator.

As the elevator doors closed Paragod answered, “The most wonderful thing you’ll see for the rest of your life.”

Once they got off on the 29th floor, Para followed the instructions that were being given in his head. “Room # 2966 the door is unlocked.”

Para opened the door and closed it behind them as they went in. “You didn’t bring me down here to be naughty, did you Para?”

Paragod smiled; “Ok you’re on to me. Close your eyes for a second.”

Aint chuckled and went along with Para.

“Say good night Aint.” Para whispered as the sound of Aintnotellin’s neck breaking echoed through the room.

“Very good, Paragod.” Apollyon’s voice rang out. “Leave her, I will devour the body. You will receive the next name at 7:15.”

Paragod dutifully exited the room and went back up to join the party. No one noticed that he had left with company and arrived alone. He assumed that this was Apollyon’s doing.

He made his way back down to the 33rd floor and began filling himself with snacks while chatting with LadyD, BlackRose, KronickFlirt, Salina and BlazingRose.

“You’re nickname is Diablo?” Apollyon asked the man in front of him.

“Yes it is.” Diablo replied. “Who are you?”

“Apollyon does that name mean anything to you?”

“No, should it?” Diablo replied irritated.

“I’m going to assume that you think diablo stands for devil?”

“Yes it does, it’s devil in Spanish.”

Apollyon smiled. “You know anything at all about the devil?”

“I know enough.” Diablo responded.

“And they had a king over them, which is angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon.”

Apollyon smiled again. “Those words at all familiar to you?”

“No, is that from a play or something?” Diablo inquired.

“Sort of, it’s from the Book of Revelations, chapter 9, and verse 11.”

“So you are a religious man, then.”

“You didn’t hear a word I said when I quoted that Scripture did you?” Apollyon had a look of utter disbelief on his face. “Let’s try a different one for you, shall we? ‘It was decided that certain men were evil at heart; these men walked the Earth and derived pleasure from the misfortunes of others. These men would henceforth be known as, diablo, evil who walks the earth with no true power other than a darkened heart.’”

“Is that from the Bible also?”

“No, that is from ancient Incan text, it is where the word diablo originated. Diablo means an evil-spirited man. The Spanish language picked it up as their word for Devil.”

“That’s what I told you.” Diablo was now bored with this conversation.

“Ok, let me put this to you in relative terms. The word for the one true devil in Spanish is ‘Satan’ look it up yourself. Diablo is nothing more than a wannabe devil.”

Diablo started to walk away but was suddenly stopped in his tracks as a voice echoed through his mind. “You are a mean spirited person I admire that. Unfortunately I just don’t like you. Follow me.”

Apollyon proceeded toward the elevator with Diablo following along. As he entered room 2966 Diablo looked down at the body of AintnoTellin. “Don’t mind the mess, I’ll clean it up when you are tucked away.”

Apollyon opened the door to the room’s closet. “Step inside.” Diablo did as he was told. “We can’t have you making any noise; I have big plans tonight.” Apollyon placed his hand over Diablo’s mouth and seconds later removed it. Where his mouth once was there was now nothing but skin. No longer an opening to breath, eat or more importantly scream in agony.

“When I shut this door a liquid will begin to fill the closet, slowly. You on Earth refer to this liquid as acid, where I come from it’s a refreshment. Slowly your clothes will singe from your body, then your skin and then your internal organs. In all this process will take just about 288 minutes. This will render you as deceased at precisely 11:59, because quite frankly, when I take over this world, I don’t want you in it.” Apollyon took great pleasure in the terror on the man’s face as he closed the door behind him. He left the closet and made quick work of AintnoTellin, within minutes he was back upstairs.

Paragod was still eating snacks and socializing when the voice went through his head once again. “It is 7:15; Paragod your next victim is...”

(To be continued in part 2)

## PART 2

...LateOne. Please ensure he is taken care of by 25 after, so that I may feast on his body and send you your next name.”

Paragod listened intently to the voice in his head, never missing a beat with his eating. LateOne was a mere 10 feet from where he was. It was not nothing more than a matter of figuring out how to get him away from the crowd. He made his way over to LateOne who was chatting with TriviaQueen and FireDude.

“Hi folks, enjoying yourselves?” He greeted.

“Very much so thanks.” TriviaQueen smiled and gave Paragod a hug.

“Nice shindig they put on this year, Para.” LateOne smiled.

“As long as the drinks keep flowing, this party is all I need.” FireDude laughed.

“I’m looking forward to the countdown in the Square.” LateOne added.

“Yes, it is definitely a site to see. Hundreds of thousands of people freezing their butts off down below us while we sit here and watch in comfort from a window.”

Paragod joked.

“If you folks will excuse me, I need another drink.” FireDude walked away from the group.

“LateOne is there any chance I can convince you to help me carry something up from my room?” Paragod inquired.

“Sure, my pleasure Paragod.”

“Thanks bud, TQ we’ll be back in just a couple minutes. Enjoy the festivities.”

Paragod smiled and the two men excused themselves from TQ and walked up the stairway to the top floor.

“How heavy is this thing?” LateOne asked as they entered the elevator.

“Bout 175 pounds or so, but it’ll seem a lot lighter than that.” Paragod spoke with a distant voice as they stepped off on the 29th floor.

“I thought everyone had rooms on the 21st floor?”

“I have one there also, we stored some things for the party in a small room up here though.”

Paragod turned the knob on room 2966 and walked inside. LateOne followed him in and the door shut behind them. “Damn, it’s not here anymore.” Paragod sounded concerned.

“Is it possible someone already carried it upstairs?”

“No, chances are the boss ate the last one that was here. But that is ok, you are here so you can take its place.”

“What are you talking about?”

Paragod moved face to face with LateOne. “Your dead body lying here on the floor.” He spoke silently.

LateOne had no idea how to react to this statement, he was trying to find the humor in Paragod’s eyes but it was not there to be found. “Are you ok?”

“I’m fine thanks. It’s you I’m worried about.”

“I’m feeling...” Before LateOne could finish this statement Paragod’s hand was pressing down on his throat. Para squeezed harder and harder until the trachea popped in his hands and LateOne fell to the floor. Paragod stepped over the body and left the room. “Once again ladies and gentlemen, Elvis has left the building!” He chimed.

Paragod stepped off the elevator back on the 34th floor and smiled at Apollyon who was engaged in light conversation with Connie. He glanced up at the clock, “22 after, damn I’m good, gives me eight minutes to eat.” He made his way through the crowd back down to the 33rd floor to the food table.

“It’s amazing how people seem to be afraid of their deepest desires.” Apollyon spoke to Connie. “Most of the time they only need bring those desires to the front of their minds to accomplish them.”

“You really think so?” Connie asked surprised.

“Certainly, the main reason a person’s fantasies and desires never actually occur is they don’t allow them too.”

“So you think if I acted on mine they would work out?”

Apollyon smiled, “oh, most definitely. I must excuse myself for now, I’m sure I’ll be talking to you soon. Maybe I can even help you accomplish those objectives of yours.”

Connie smiled sheepishly. “That’d be nice. It was a pleasure talking to you.”

“The pleasure was all mine.” Apollyon smiled and entered the elevator.

Connie scoured the room with her eyes and found just the person she wanted to talk to. “Perhaps tonight could be the night.” She thought to herself as she moved towards the man she had secretly admired for a long time.

“Good evening everyone.” She smiled as she approached the group of people standing beside one of the windows.

Dave, DeShadow, Snickers, AJW, ERF, StJoe, BedrmiiZ, Fallon992k2, Seco and CocaColaGirl all turned to greet the new arrival to their group.

“Hi Connie.” ERF spoke first. “How are you this evening?”

“I’m doing well thanks, how are all of you?”

“Doing great. Just admiring the view of Times Square.” Fallon992k2 offered.

After simple greetings from most of the group they resumed conversation with Connie’s eyes fixed on her prey.

“Seco you didn’t bring you cow to this one did you?” BedrmiiZ laughed. “I heard tonight’s menu consisted of poultry and seafood, would be nice to add some beef to it.”

Seco laughed. “No cow, sorry. You’ll just have to settle for what’s already on the menu.”

“That’s no fun actually, what I want isn’t on the menu tonight.” Connie spoke blankly.

“Some things we just couldn’t seem to afford, Connie.” Dave responded. “We did the best we could, but can’t please everyone.”

“Oh what I want won’t cost anything.”

“Guess that’s a matter of interpretation.” Came a whisper from within the group.

“Good luck in getting your hunger satisfied, Connie.” DeShadow smiled.

“I have a feeling that won’t be a problem.” Connie responded.

After a few more minutes of conversation and jokes the group quietly began to dissipate, slowly moving away along the windows in smaller groups of two.

Apollyon had just finished with LateOne’s remains when he realized it was now 7:30. He spoke to Paragod telepathically. “It is now 7:30 you have served me well thus

far. Your next victim is Irish\_Eyes. Once again be sure to leave me five minutes to do my work after you have accomplished your task.”

Paragod started walking towards the stairway. He did not see Irish\_Eyes on this floor so he was assuming she was on the 34th floor. Besides, karaoke had just begun down here and Angelheart singing “Any Man of Mine” was starting to hurt his ears.

He passed the karaoke group heading down and met Irish on the stairway. “Can I talk to you upstairs for a minute?” He asked her.

She nodded and turned around to follow him back up to the 34th floor. “What’s up?” She asked once the two had cleared from the crowd that was heading down to watch Angelheart’s non-Grammy winning performance.

“I was wondering if you could go down to our supplies’ room and bring up the box marked ‘Drawing prizes’ for me? I would go myself but I have to take care of some things in the setup room and Dave wants to put out the prizes up here while everyone is down enjoying the karaoke.”

“I’d be happy to.” Irish smiled. “What room is it?”

“2966. You won’t need a key it’s unlocked. I really appreciate this.”

“Happy to help.” Irish walked over to the elevators as Paragod slowly walked in the direction of the setup room. Once he heard the elevator door close he quickly made his way over and pressed the down button.

Irish\_Eyes stepped off the elevator and began down the hallway in the direction of the room. Behind her she heard the elevator bell sound out but paid no attention to who was getting off the elevator as she entered room 2966.

The door closed automatically behind her as she walked into the main area of the room. There was nothing to be found it appeared as an unused room. She walked over to the closet and was about to open the door when Paragod came in.

“Is this the right room?” Irish\_Eyes asked puzzled.

“It certainly is, although things seem to be disappearing from here as quicker than I can leave it. I wouldn’t open that door if I were you.” Para nodded towards the closet.

“Where is the box you needed? I thought you had other things to do?”

“I remembered I had something more pressing to take care of down here actually.” Paragod moved closer to Irish\_Eyes. “How badly did you really want to see 2003?”

Irish was taken off-guard by this comment. “Are you suggesting we be in this room when midnight comes around? If so I have to decline, I’m a happily married woman.”

“You misunderstood me, I don’t intend to be in this room. However I think a piece of you will be here for eternity.”

Irish\_Eyes realized at that point that Paragod had one hand behind his back. “What do you have in your hand?” She asked, ignoring his last comment.

“I thought you’d never ask.” Para smiled. Quickly he revealed a wooden club approximately 18” in length. Before Irish could say another word he raised it in the air and brought it crashing down upon her skull. She fell to the floor in a heap, the blow was so forceful Para could see fragments of bone mixed with gray matter.

Paragod exited the room leaving behind the murder weapon as well as his third victim. “I wonder if they have the song “Losing My Mind” on that karaoke machine.” He pondered as he made his way back to the 34th floor. Exiting the elevator into a very

scantly populated room it was a hard decision for him to come to at this point. To go downstairs and subject his ears to whomever may be filling the room with off-key tones or just grab a soft drink and stair out at the New York night. He opted for the latter of the two choices.

Back on the 33rd floor people were laughing hysterically at Gargoyle\_King's attempt at singing. As he concluded his rendition of Kid Rock's "Forever" he announced to the crowd, "that was without a doubt the most embarrassing sober four minutes of my life. The following ladies please come to the stage BedrmiiZ, Furby59, NuttyJazzy and RuReady1. If I have to humiliate myself like this, you do too. Also I was told to announce that whoever stole the bartender's blender pitcher, if they return it immediately he won't cut them off for the rest of the evening."

The crowd burst into simultaneous laughter as Pammie made her way up the stairs with something tucked under her jacket. Through a lot of coaxing the four ladies took the stage to sing. As they began performing their selection, "R.E.S.P.E.C.T.". Apollyon quietly made his way back up the stairs and into the elevator.

"Damn what a mess." Apollyon remarked as he entered the room. "I like it, bout time he showed some spunk." Apollyon quickly went through his disposal process and exited the room. As he stepped back on the elevator it was 7:45.

"Paragod, you will only have to kill four for me. A fifth is cooking at this moment that will suffice for the last of this hour. Your last victim is FireDude."

Paragod turned from the window and glanced over at the bar. Apollyon had just crossed the floor and was now standing by the bar. Beside him was FireDude who had just gotten his drink and was starting back across the room.

"FireDude, I have a favor to ask of you my friend." Paragod began. "I have four cases of beer stored in a room on the 29th floor, can you help me move them down to the 21st floor and put them on ice for the after-party?"

FireDude didn't hesitate in his answer he was looking forward to the after party very much. "Certainly, lead the way!" He responded.

"Damn, this was easy." Paragod muttered to himself.

The two men entered the elevator, FireDude quickly finishing off his fifth mixed drink of the night. "Guess I need to slow down a bit, huh? It's not even 8:00 yet and I'm already working on a solid buzz."

As they stepped off the elevator and moved down the hallway Paragod responded, "drink all you can while you can."

"Sounds like a plan to me." FireDude laughed.

The two men entered the room and made their way over to the closet door. "The beer is in here, let me take your glass for you."

FireDude handed Para the glass without any second thought. Paragod broke the glass across the door of the closet and in the same motion with his arm sliced FireDude's throat. FireDude's eyes widened, within a matter of seconds he had gone from pleasantly inebriated to bleeding profusely from his neck. He tried to speak, but could barely manage a gurgle. He dropped down to his knees holding his throat and looking up at Paragod with his eyes glazing over.

"Ok, you're as good dead anyway. Enjoy your last seconds." Paragod chimed as he stepped past the dying man and exited the room.

Back on the 33rd floor Apollyon was watching Snickers and Pammie performing

“Shameless” via karaoke.

“Eenie Meenie Minie Moe, which of you now must go?” He chirped to himself.

“Such a hard decision as both of you would do excellently for me.”

He smiled as he made up his mind on his next minion.

## PART THREE

Snickers and Pammie were just finishing up the last chorus of their song when Snickers felt a surge of electricity shoot through her body. First it was a tingling, followed by a flash of extreme heat, followed then by feeling totally fine. Several people noticed her shudder but it all happened so quickly that no one gave it a second thought. Snickers addressed the audience who was engaged in a mix of laughter and applause.

“Everyone is gonna love this next one. Dave, DeShadow, Paragod, AJW and StJoe are now going to perform for you. Pammie and I have chosen their song for them and it’s all programmed in waiting.”

“Everyone give these guys a big hand henceforth to be known as the old version of N’Sync as they perform the song, “Dirty Pop”. Pammie added.

Paragod and AJW were the first to arrive at the stage, Para figuring, “hell I’m dead, what’s a little humiliation added on top of that”. Begrudgingly the rest of the men stepped up on the stage ready for their nightly dosage of degradation. The five men picked up their respective microphones and looked at the screens in front of them. None having any idea what the words to this song were. As they all looked at each other to determine who was going to be the first to embarrass themselves. It was Paragod who stepped up, “Dirty Pop...” Before he had even finished the first sentence everyone in the room was engaged in uproarish laughter.

Snickers stood back by the stairway watching the men make fools of themselves and unwinding from her performance. She and Pammie were waiting until the performance was over before they went upstairs to get another drink. Apollyon made his way past them and up the stairs unnoticed by them both. When the song was over and, Pammie and Snicks were able to stop laughing, they made their way up the stairs towards the bar.

Snickers made her way to the restroom first while Pammie eyed the bartender’s newly filled blender pitcher. As Snickers was washing her hands she was startled to see a man standing behind her in the mirror.

“What are you doing in here?” she asked incredulously.

“So quick and concise, instead of asking who I am, you ask what I’m doing in here.” Apollyon smiled. “I’ll take that as you knowing somewhere inside who I am.”

“I don’t know who you are. I just know that you are standing in the ladies room.”

“Am I?”

“Yes you are. See, here’s how it works I am a woman and I use the ladies room. You are a man, so you are supposed to use the men’s room.”

Snickers, take a look over there and tell me what you see.” Apollyon pointed to his right.

Snickers looked in that direction to see a line of urinals along the wall. Instantly her face turned red. “I’m sorry. I could’ve sworn I came into the ladies room. I’ll be leaving now.”

“But you did go into the ladies room. Why are you embarrassed?”

“Since when do they put urinals in the ladies room?”

“What urinals?”

Snickers looked back towards the wall where there were urinals just seconds before now was nothing more than a blank wall. “Ok, I’ve only had two drinks and I

know they weren't that strong." Snickers leaned back against the counter. "Suddenly I'm not feeling so well."

"Well, that is normal considering that you are dead." Apollyon responded.

Snickers looked up at the man, puzzled. "What?"

"You're dead. Did you not feel yourself get electrocuted when you were on stage singing?"

"How can I be dead when I am standing here talking to you?"

"Considering I have been dead for thousands of years it's a pretty easy thing to be doing."

"Ok, this conversation is too extreme for me. I'm going to get a drink and join the party."

"Snickers, if you don't believe me, feel your pulse."

Snickers placed her hand on her wrist and felt nothing and then on her neck and also felt nothing. "Doesn't mean I'm dead, just means I can't find my pulse." She quipped.

"Ok, you are going to be tough to convince through conventional methods so let's just cut to the chase." Apollyon transformed from a man into a form of his true self before Snickers eyes. She wanted badly to run out the door but for some reason her feet felt nailed to the floor. "Listen to me carefully." Apollyon began in a hideously deep and scratchy voice. "You are now my minion, you will do as I say. It is now 8:02 p.m., which means we are behind schedule. Four people are currently on the 29th floor, two are engaging in sexual acts in room 2966 and two in room 2968. You will go down to the 29th floor and kill the male in 2966 as well as the female who will be coming out of room 2968. Once both people are dead leave their bodies in room 2966 I will dispose of them. Nod if you understand me."

Snickers nodded and Apollyon continued. "I can see that I no longer have to explain the, who I am, part. Your task is simple, between now and 9:00 p.m. you will kill five people for me. The names will come to your mind via my voice, if at all possible you are to get these people to go to room 2966."

As soon as he finished talking, Apollyon vanished. Snickers turned to leave the rest room just as Pammie was coming in to check on her.

"I thought you fell in woman!" Pammie quipped. "Here I got your drink for you."

"Can you take it on down to the table for me? I have to go down to my room for a minute." Snicks smiled.

"Sure can, hurry back though you don't want to miss out on that wonderful singing going on." The two women laughed together as Pammie headed for the stairway and Snickers stepped onto the elevator. She pushed the button for the 29<sup>th</sup> floor and watched the doors go closed. She didn't feel dead, felt very much alive actually. But at the same time she knew without any doubt that indeed what Apollyon had told her was the truth. She was about to kill two people and had no problem with it at all.

Apollyon loved playing puppeteer, at this very minute a woman was on her way to the elevators on the 29<sup>th</sup> floor. She and the man she had just been with in room 2966 had amazingly decided to leave the room and re-enter the crowd at different times. In room 2968, two people were now getting dressed and would soon decide on the same plan of action. Although he had no role in their decision to go to those rooms and

perform the acts they had just completed, he now controlled the timing while sitting 4 floors up watching Corinna, Jessica and Moppett singing “Bring Me Two Pina Coladas”.

Snickers stepped off the elevator and said hi to the woman approaching. She recognized her face but couldn't recall being introduced so she didn't chance guessing wrong. The woman smiled and greeted her with a “Hello Snickers” and then she entered the elevator. Snickers knew that a smile like that could only be caused by one thing and chuckled as she neared room 2966. Just as she reached the door it opened and she grinned widely when she saw who her first victim was going to be.

“Snicks! What are you doing here?” Gargoyle\_King was taken by surprise.

“Better question would be what were you doing down here and with whom.”

Snicks laughed. “Was that woman I just saw getting on the elevator in here with you?”

“I have no idea what you are talking about ma'am.” GK responded innocently. “You feeling ok? Your eyes look a little red.”

“I'm fine brat. You may want to get that ‘cat that just ate the canary’ look off your face before you rejoin the party though” Snicks offered. “Can I take a look in there? I haven't seen the rooms on the upper floors yet.”

“Sure come on in, but you are mistaken, I didn't just eat a bird.” GK smiled and turned to walk back into the room. Before he knew what hit him his body was lying lifeless face down on the floor.

“Told you I would get you back for killing me off at Morose Mansion.” Snicks muttered. She had just closed the door to the room when she heard someone leave the room next door. She opened the door just a bit and when she heard the elevator ding she walked into the hallway and stood beside room 2968. Within a matter of seconds the door opened up and victim number two stepped out.

“Well, looks like someone got what they wanted.” Snickers spoke up.

Connie jumped startled at the sound of Snickers voice. “Yes, I certainly did.” She beamed.

“It's nice to have a New Year's wish come true, isn't it?”

Connie couldn't hold back her smile, “very nice. If you'll excuse me, I'm going back up to the party.” She started to walk past Snickers.

“You know, I always wondered something.” Snickers continued.

Connie stopped and was now face to face with Snicks. “What's that?”

“If your head was turned 180 degrees if you could still talk.”

Connie had a look of confusion on her face. “Guess that's one of those life mysteries we'll never know the answers to.” She began to turn and walk away.

“Not really, I'm just dying to find out the answer to this one.” Snickers grabbed Connie's head and spun it around to where it was facing backwards. “Ok, maybe you are the one dying to find out.”

Snickers could feel that the woman was lifeless in her hands as she backed into room 2966 dragging Connie behind her. As the door to the room closed she jerked one last time on Connie's head and pulled it off the woman's body. The body dropped in a heap on the floor in front of her as she stood holding the severed head. Nonchalantly she tossed the head across the room went into the restroom, washed up and left the room.

When she rejoined the festivities on the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor it was 8:06 p.m. Apollyon went up the stairway as soon as Snickers sat down. He had to quickly clean up the room for the 8:15 victim.

## PART FOUR

Apollyon stood looking at the headless corpse in amazement. “Who knew snicks had that much violence in here.” He thought aloud. “May have to keep her around when I take over.” Apollyon had just finished cleaning up when he realized that people were now heading to the 34<sup>th</sup> floor for dinner. He began visualizing who was where; dinner was a wrench in his plans he hadn’t counted on. It was time to change his course of action. “Snickers, currently in the women’s restroom are two people, go in and kill them both for me. Try to make it clean and I will dispose of the bodies once I get up there.”

Snickers heard the voice in her head and started for the restroom. As she neared the entrance she saw a third person go inside. She would just kill them all if she had to, after all she was brought on to kill five people anyway. As she entered one left, “I hope the other two will suffice”, she thought to herself.

Standing at the mirror was Salina. “Hi Snickers.” She smiled. “Terrific party isn’t it?”

“Yes it is, very nice party.” Snickers responded. “Did you get to do karaoke?”

Salina laughed. “No, it wasn’t something I wanted to try. Some of the people were pretty good and all were hilarious. Watching Dave, DeShadow and Paragod dancing to N’Sync was a riot. The guy who sang Old Time Rock and Roll cracked me up also. I forgot who that was.”

“It was Fallon992k2.” A voice came from inside of the stalls. “He sounded like a cross between a dog caught in a bear trap and a hyena.” All three women laughed.

“What did you order for dinner?” Snickers asked. “I just couldn’t resist ordering the lobster.”

“I ordered the lobster as well” Salina responded. “Although passing up the Chicken Cordon Bleu was a difficult choice, I love that entrée.”

The stall door opened as Salina was speaking. “I ordered the chicken,” RagingThunder announced. “I can’t wait to dig in.”

Snickers was hoping no one else would come in, she knew that time was a factor and she had to hurry up and get this over with. “Maybe I’ll eat your orders as well as mine, I’m famished tonight.” She gibed.

She moved directly behind the women who were standing side by side at the mirror. RagingThunder was facing the mirror and Salina was facing Snicks. “I’m starving, when I heard what was going to be on the menu tonight I made sure I didn’t eat anything after breakfast this morning.” Salina responded.

“I’d have to be dead to pass up a lobster meal.” RagingThunder joked.

Snickers smiled at this last remark. “That’s an acceptable alternative.”

RagingThunder turned to face Snickers after that last comment; she wasn’t quite sure how to take that one. “What’s that mean?”

“Well let’s just say that I don’t think either of you will be making it to dinner tonight.” Before either woman could say anything Snickers smacked their heads together rendering both unconscious. “Damn it, didn’t kill em”, she groaned. She leaned down over the two women and snapped both of their necks.

As she was heading out of the restroom Apollyon was entering. “You improvised well, Snickers. This wasn’t the two that were originally in here, but they will both do nicely. For future reference in order to kill two people by banging their skulls together

you need to grab them at the neck and not at the top of their heads. The neck causes a whipping motion and will ultimately create a greater force to the blow.”

Snickers’ was very appreciative of the information. “I only have one left to kill?”

“You sound almost disappointed. Yes only one more for you to take care of for me. I will get with you sometime near 8:45, enjoy your dinner.”

Snickers left the restroom and took her seat at the table. The seating had been assigned while everyone was downstairs. She had been seated for dinner with DeShadow, Pammie, CocaColaGirl, HollyKnows and FireDude. She knew in her mind that FireDude was not going to be attending dinner. “FireDude is one of those who elected to have dinner later. He and several others went down to Times Square to join in the festivities.” She reassured everyone.

“How many people went?” DeShadow asked.

“I’m not sure exactly, eight or nine I think.”

“I wish I’d known they were going, I would’ve went down for awhile also.” CocaColaGirl responded.

“Looks like it would be a blast down there if it weren’t so damn cold.” Pammie offered. “Can’t imagine freezing my ass off down there when I can see it all from up here.”

“Not sure it’s that cold outside, Pammie.” DeShadow laughed.

As everyone busted out laughing Pammie threw a dinner roll and hit DeShadow in the nose. “I’m going to get you for that one.”

“I don’t think you could do anything worse to him than putting him on stage singing N’Sync.” HollyKnows added.

“That was BAD”, CocaColaGirl laughed. “I haven’t laughed that hard in years.”

“Yeah well, you haven’t had your turn up there yet, so I wouldn’t laugh too much if I were you.” DeShadow quipped.

At the next table over Dave heard the laughter. “Why do I have the feeling they are laughing about that karaoke performance?” He was seated with Furby59, RuReady1, Sissypoo, Simply\_Sweet and ERF.

“I think people will be laughing about that one for years to come.” Simply\_Sweet agreed chuckling.

“Hey now, it wasn’t that bad.” Dave tried weakly to defend his performance with no success.

“It was terrible, but it was the funniest thing I think I’ve ever seen.” RuReady1 offered.

“You two, BedrmiiZ and Jazzy were pretty amusing singing ‘respect’, also.” Sissypoo laughed.

“Hey, we did a very nice job of that.” Furby59 also was not convincing in defending her performance.

“You did a very nice job of butchering it anyway.” ERF laughed.

“Let’s hear a couple “sock it to ME’s” you two.” Dave busted out laughing.

“Just for that I think you can schedule all of the tournaments for the next few months.” Furby59 joked.

“You can also do my clad work while you’re at it.” RuReady1 agreed.

“Ok, ok, I know when I’m outnumbered.” Dave threw his arms up in surrender.

“By the way what exactly is ‘Dirty Pop’, Dave?” Simply\_Sweet asked as she broke out in uncontrollable laughter again.

Table three was one of two tables that had originally been set to seat seven people. Paragod knew that AintnoTellin was not going to be attending dinner and had made prior arrangements with the staff to remove the setting. The table now had himself, PreciousUnicorn, Angelheart, Invite\_To\_Dance, Zoie and SharonP.

“Been awhile since I have had lobster.” Paragod spoke up to the rest at the table. “Down where I’m from we have crawdads and pretend they are lobster.”

“I’ve had crawdads before, but couldn’t eat very many I drank all the water they had at the restaurant. Those things were spicy as hell.” SharonP laughed.

“What’s a crawdad?” PreciousUnicorn asked.

“It’s a very small fish, pretty much the only place I know of you can get them at a restaurant is southern United States.” Angelheart answered.

“That’s because we down south don’t like to share our valuable secrets with the rest of the country.” Paragod smiled.

“So it tastes like lobster?” Zoie inquired.

“No they taste terrible, but they look sorta like miniature lobsters.” SharonP laughed.

“HEY! They do not taste terrible when fixed right.” Paragod defended the food from his region. “Give me your address before you leave and I’ll send you some that are fixed the way they should be.”

“Can you send me some also?” Invite\_To\_Dance asked. “I’d be curious to see what these things are.”

“I can do that, although I’m not sure what shipping regulations are for exporting food to Europe.”

“More like the penalty for poisoning Europe.” Angelheart joked.

“Just for that, I’m going to have the waiter take away your chicken and bring you a heaping plate of crawdads.” Para smiled slyly.

“They put those things in front of me and I’m going downstairs to the snack table.”

“I like spicy foods.” PreciousUnicorn offered. “Although your spices over here vary greatly from what we have in Italy.”

“Everything in the US varies greatly from what anyone has anywhere.” Zoie laughed.

“Look on the bright side Precious, nearly everything they have over here food-wise originated in some form or another from our side of the ocean.” Invite\_To\_Dance consoled.

“Europe could have done us a big favor and kept haggis over there.” Zoie responded. Everyone laughed in agreement with this one.

Over at table four were BedrmiiZ, StJoe, Corinna, Jessica, Moppett and an empty seat that was supposed to be Gargoyle\_King’s. Paragod had informed BedrmiiZ prior to dinner that GK had gone down to the Square festivities with some other people.

StJoe was assuring BedrmiiZ that her performance of ‘Respect’ was indeed terrific. This would have been much more believable if he weren’t laughing

uncontrollably while doing so.

BedrmiiZ had a semi-serious look on her face. “Honey, we may have been less than perfect, but you certainly are no Justin Timberlake.”

“Thank God for small favors.” Joe laughed. “I wouldn’t want to be Justin Timberlake.”

“So you wouldn’t want to be in your early twenties, rich beyond comprehension and banging Britney Spears?” Corinna laughed.

Joe hesitated for just a second too long before responding. “No, no way, completely happy with who I am and whom I’m with.” He answered.

“He’s a terrific liar, isn’t it?” BedrmiiZ asked.

“Any man who would say they wouldn’t want what those kids have is lying, if you ask me.” Moppett agreed.

“I keep wondering when these boy-band fads are going to fade away myself.” Jessica offered.

“As long as teenage girls exist on the planet probably.” Corinna chimed in.

“When I was younger, I can remember people asking just how long The Beatles fad was going to last.” StJoe added.

“Honey, when you were younger you can remember people asking how long the Charleston fad was going to last.” BedrmiiZ corrected, still owing him one for insulting her singing.

Everyone at the table cracked up as Joe decided now would be a good time to focus on eating and less on conversation.

“Awww, poor Joe has to be alone at the table with four women.” Jessica laughed.

“You’ll have to kick GK’s butt for stranding you like this, Joe.” Moppett agreed.

“He’s probably downstairs in a motel room getting laid.” Corinna joked, “Paragod is just covering for him.”

“I wouldn’t be a bit surprised.” Jessica agreed.

Joe sat smiling, damn glad that they were harassing GK instead of him. “Smartest move you ever made was missing this meal, GK.” Joe thought as he continued eating and listening to the nonstop girl-talk.

Table five had also been originally equipped for seven people, but one chair and setting had been removed when the staff was alerted that Connie would not be attending dinner. The six that remained were AJW, LadyD, BlazingRose, BlackRose, KronicFlirt and AngelAboveMe.

“I can’t believe how nice this place is.” BlazingRose spoke up.

“I know I was amazed when I looked out the windows. It’s a beautiful motel.” AngelAboveMe agreed.

“I still say Iplay should have paid to fly us all to Paris.” AJW laughed.

“That would have been nice.” LadyD agreed laughing. “While they were at it they could’ve flown us to Australia for a couple days also.”

“Personally a nude beach in the Bahamas would’ve been sufficient for me.” KronicFlirt smiled.

“The problem with that though, Flirt, is that as soon as you took off your clothes all of the women would have been laughing too hard to enjoy their tanning.” BlackRose laughed.

“Ouch! I’m damn glad I suggested Paris.” AJ grinned.

Flirt reached behind BlackRose who was sitting next to him and snapped her bra-strap.

“You know you are a brat.” BlackRose laughed.

“Now children, play nice at the dinner table.” LadyD spoke up.

Simultaneously Flirt, BlackRose and BlazingRose all responded, “But, MOM”.

AngelAboveMe motioned for the server who came over to the table. “Could we get bibs and booster seats for these three?” She joked. “If not, could I have some more wine please?”

Everyone at the table laughed at Angel. “Never a dull moment when I play has a party.” AJW offered. “I can’t wait to see you and CocaColaGirl do karaoke after dinner.”

Angel coughed, “not exactly something to look forward to, that’s why I need more wine.”

Seated at table six were NuttyJazzy, Nutty\_Medic, RealNut, Jeans\_n\_Pearls, Lady\_Satin and Apollyon. Apollyon had removed the place setting that had originally said “RagingThunder” on it and had taken the seat himself.

“When are you guys going to get up there and sing?” Jeans\_n\_Pearls asked Jazzy and Medic.

“Actually you and I are going to get up and sing.” Jazzy told her. “Medic is chickening out.

“You think I’m going to get up there and sing?” Jeans asked incredulously.

“Sure you are, you have a great voice, especially when you’re drunk.” Medic laughed. “What about you guys, any of you going to perform tonight?”

“I’m thinking if I get enough alcohol in my system I probably will.” Lady\_Satin responded.

“Get enough alcohol in my system I’ll do just about anything.” RealNut joked. “Come to think of it, doesn’t take much alcohol for me to do most things.”

“I just don’t want to get up there alone.” Lady\_Satin responded laughing. “Maybe you and I can pick something out to do together.”

RealNut nodded agreement with this option, “always better to have company when you are making an ass out of yourself.” She thought to herself.

“How about you?” Jazzy asked Apollyon, who had barely smiled through the entire dinner conversation.

“I intend to perform around midnight actually.” Apollyon offered. “I look forward to watching all of you on stage though.” He added as an afterthought.

Within the minds of everyone else at the table the thought “this guys is odd” echoed. None of them knowing that the man seated at their table was The Devil himself.

“I can’t wait to hit the dance floor.” Janelly spoke at table seven. “I hear the band that’s playing tonight is terrific.” She was addressing one of the tables in the room with just four persons seated. LateOne and Irish\_Eyes had apparently gone down to Times Square along with a group of others.

“I’m looking forward to the band also.” MsLateOne agreed. “It’s been awhile since I have actually been somewhere to dance in public.”

“I’m sure one of you ladies will honor me with a dance, right?” Seco asked.

“Only if you beg.” SudiT laughed. “Then we may think about it anyway.”

“Actually the begging is nice, but how much are you going to pay me?” Janelly asked. “Can’t spend begging you know.”

“Sheesh now I have to beg and pay for a dance, what next?” Seco moaned jokingly.

“Well, diamonds are always a nice addition.” MsLateOne added in with a huge smile.

“Oh yeah, definitely, diamonds would encourage me to dance with you once.” SudiT chimed.

“Ok, so, first I have to beg, then give up my ATM card after I have shelled out money for diamonds. I think I’ll just do karaoke the only thing it will cost me is my self-esteem.” Seco decided as everyone at the table cracked up laughing.

Seated at the last table were Selena\_S, TriviaQueen, Loco7 and Fallon992k2. Salina and Diablo had apparently gone partying, or at least that’s what they were told anyway.

“I wish I had known about the people going down to the Square, that sounds like a blast. It looks like Mardi Gras down there.” Selena\_S spoke cheerily.

“I agree it does look like a lot of fun down there. Loco7 and I are planning on going down there after dinner.” TriviaQueen agreed. “You are welcome to join us if you like.”

“More the merrier.” Loco7 agreed smiling. “We’re going to ask around before we go to see if anyone else wants to go down there. How about you Fallon?”

“I think I’m going to stay up here where it’s warm and get hammered.” Fallon laughed. “From the moment the words, “free bar” first appeared before me until now I have been looking forward to getting soused.”

“But you can take a drink down with you.” Selena\_S encouraged.

“Yeah, but up here if I pass out I land on carpet and don’t freeze to death.” Fallon chimed, as everyone broke out into laughter.

Apollyon was taking in all of the thoughts around the room as he looked at the clock high up on the wall. “It is 8:42, Snickers.” He transported his thoughts. “In the next minute BlackRose is going to go into the elevator to get something from her room. Go along and kill her at the 29<sup>th</sup> floor instead.”

Snickers tuned out the conversation at the table as Apollyon’s voice rang through her mind. She excused herself and started toward the elevator. She watched with a smile as BlackRose stood and started in the same direction directly in front of her. Blackrose pushed the down arrow button and turned towards Snickers. “Are you leaving the party?” She asked.

“Temporarily, I just have to do a quick task down a few floors and then I’ll be back up.” Snickers responded as the bell dinged and the elevator doors opened.

The two women stepped inside and BlackRose pushed the ‘21’ button, she then pressed ‘29’ for Snickers after asking her what floor she was getting off on. “Are you going out for awhile?” Snickers asked, making polite conversation before she killed this woman.

“No, I’m just going down to my room to get something.” BlackRose answered. As the elevator doors opened on the 29<sup>th</sup> floor Snickers threw her arm around BlackRose’s neck and began dragging her down the hallway, choking her as she went.

BlackRose struggled and tried to yell for help, but it was doing her no good. The chokehold was too strong and no matter how much she tried to free herself she wasn’t succeeding. By the time they had reached room 2966 BlackRose was nearly unconscious. As she dragged Rose inside the room she lost her grip from around her neck. Rose’s body hit the floor with a thump, looking up at Snickers through glazed eyes. Snickers thrust her hand down and her fingers went into the eye-sockets. Snickers used this grip to finish dragging the now dead body into the room.

After washing up, Snickers returned to the 34<sup>th</sup> and retook her seat at the dinner table for dessert. She had completed her tasks well and was now going to sit back and anxiously await midnight.

Apollyon glanced around the room as he saw Snickers take her seat. She had done her job and he needed to quickly pick out his next minion. Someone had to die at 9:00 and the clock was ticking.

## PART FIVE

Apollyon began to look around at the crowd in the main room. No one had left their table and all were enjoying themselves immensely. The band had taken the stage and were preparing to begin the 9:00 hour was close and he not only needed a minion, he needed another body as well. He saw someone at table four about to take a drink of water and decided this was his next minion.

Moppett took an unusually large drink of water; she had no idea why and consciously didn't even realize it. But no sooner had she put the glass back on the table her body suddenly felt strange. A sensation went through her rapidly and she felt as though her heart was about to explode. Just when she was about to cry out for help it stopped. No more pain, no more tingling, no feeling of any kind. It was a minute later when she heard a voice inside her head telling her to go down to the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor. She excused herself from the table and made her way down the stairs to the now empty 33<sup>rd</sup> floor.

Apollyon stepped out from behind the wall beside the stairway and addressed his new minion. It was now 8:56 and he was going to have to act quickly. "Hello Moppett." He smiled.

"Hi." Moppett was caught slightly off-guard. "I'm sorry I don't recognize you, what's your name?"

"For the purposes of this party, my name is Apollyon. But you may call me Satan is you like."

"I think I'll stick to Apollo or whatever you said first."

"That would be Apollyon, from The Book of Revelations in the Bible."

"Interesting." Moppett had now forgotten why she came down here and was certainly ready to go back upstairs. "It was nice meeting you, but I'm going to go rejoin the rest." She turned slightly towards the stairway but stopped when Apollyon's voice rang through her head.

"You will stay right here. You are now my minion from now until 10:00 p.m. you will perform five acts for me. Most of these you will do in my room on the 29<sup>th</sup> floor room 666. In less than 2 minutes someone is going to come down those stairs and you are going to kill them. You will then go back upstairs as I dispose of the body. You will be rewarded for your tasks when I take over the earth at midnight. Do you understand?"

Moppett didn't question a word she was told. It was as if through some sort of trance she just accepted it all as real. "Yes, I understand."

"Very good." Apollyon smiled. "Your victim is nearing the stairway, do not disappoint me." Apollyon stepped back into the shadows and watched Moppett prepare to kill her first victim.

Angelheart had reached the top step to go down to the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor when she saw Moppett standing below. "Hi, could..." She stopped as the woman turned and walked away from her. "Gee thanks for your help, I'll get it myself." She continued down the stairs and there was Moppett standing two feet away from the bottom one. "You ok? You're not looking so good."

"I'm looking a hell of a lot better than you will be in just a second." Moppett replied and then quickly snapped Angelheart's neck like it was a mere twig. She glanced

over at Apollyon who nodded his approval and she then climbed back up the stairway to rejoin her table. Having only a vague idea that she had just killed someone.

Apollyon devoured the body cleanly and quickly. Things were getting off-schedule and he was not happy about it. With all the control he had, killing someone in this open area was still risky. Once he was done he went back up the stairs and also joined his table. Through his power of transferring his thoughts he addressed Moppett once again. "You did very well. In approximately eight minutes two people will get on the elevator. Follow them down to the 21<sup>st</sup> floor and when the first one gets back on to come back up, stop them at the 29<sup>th</sup> and leave their body in room 2966." As he was speaking telepathically to Moppett the conversation around him had been continual and non-stop. He glared at the people at his table and then walked over to the bar. "Bloody Mary please, the bloodier and spicier the better." He instructed the bartender.

The band began playing as the lights dimmed. Everyone's attention was focused on the stage no one was dancing yet though. After all does anyone ever dance to the first song? They weren't even done with their third song when some of the crowd began back down to the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor for karaoke. It was time to divide and conquer Apollyon observed as he watched AngelAboveMe and Simply\_Sweet step into the elevator. The door had no sooner closed as Moppett was standing there pushing the button to go down.

"Great band, huh?" Lady\_Satin asked Apollyon. She had been standing beside him at the bar for several minutes without him noticing.

Apollyon turned to look at her, wondering how she managed to sneak up on him. "I guess compared to the singers downstairs they aren't too bad." He answered with a smile.

"Would you like to dance?" Lady\_Satin asked hesitantly.

Apollyon turned his head toward the dance floor at the people attempting to dance. They look like a group of people suffering from spasms to him. "Sure, I can't possibly do any worse than the rest of the people."

As Apollyon and Lady\_Satin were taking the dance floor, Moppett was holding the elevator at the 21<sup>st</sup> floor waiting for her 2<sup>nd</sup> victim. She only had to wait for a minute before AngelAboveMe stepped back on. "Hi, you are Moppett right?" She smiled.

"Yes I am, you are Angel." Moppett smiled back as the elevators went closed. "How appropriate a nick you have."

"Well I don't know about that, but I like it." AngelAboveMe laughed.

"Can you come down to room 2966 with me for a second? I have a few things I'd like to take upstairs with me and could use some help carrying them."

Angel happily agreed and the two women made their way down the corridor and into room 2966. The door had no sooner gone shut as Moppett ripped Angel's arm completely off and began beating her over the head with it. After just a minute, Angel's body lie bloody and dead on the motel room floor. Moppett smiled, "always wondered whether you could actually rip someone's arm off and beat em to death with it. I guess you can." She went into the bathroom to get cleaned up and realized she was going to need a change of clothes.

She went back to the elevator and pushed the down arrow. When the doors swung open there stood Loco7. His eyes grew wide as he looked at the blood-covered clothing, "are you all right?" He asked with obvious concern.

Moppett stepped into the elevator and placed her hands around Loco7's throat as

the elevator doors closed behind them. Loco7 fought back as hard as he could, but it was to no avail, by the time the elevator reached the 21<sup>st</sup> floor he was lifeless in her hands. She drug him by the throat to her room, 2104 and left him lying on the floor as she quickly washed up and changed clothes.

As she opened the door to her room to rejoin the party Apollyon was standing in the hall. "As much as I appreciate your eagerness, how bout we stick to the plan from now on? I mean beating someone to death with their own arm? You are one vicious woman." Apollyon entered the room as Moppett took a step backward. "Rejoin the party, I'll tend to this and the clean up of 2966."

Moppett didn't hesitate; she quickly went out of the room and back up to the 34<sup>th</sup> floor. The band was playing a horrid rendition of "Play That Funky Music" as she stepped off the elevator. It was an easy decision to just grab a drink and head back down to the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor, at least those people didn't claim to be singers."

Apollyon opened the door to room 2966 and looked at the aftermath of the carnage that had taken place. "It's a damn good thing I brought strong cleaning agents with me or my hotel room bill would be a bitch." He took to removing all traces of foul play and once he was done looked in on Diablo. The skin had now been burned off about 50% of the man's body and his eyes were wild with pain and fear. "You're coming along nicely" Apollyon smiled as he closed the door.

Seco was belting out, "Blue Moon" in the karaoke lounge part of the party. The crowd was considerably smaller than it had originally been and for this he was extremely thankful. It didn't stop the laughter though it was just as loud with the smaller group than it had been when everyone was down here. As he finished his song he looked around the crowd, everyone had agreed to play "tag". Whoever finished singing picked the next performers, he pointed at Jeans\_n\_Pearls to come up and sing next.

Moppett sat watching the performances with Jessica and Corinna, but was more focused on her mind and the next order from Apollyon. It was 9:24 when that next order finally came. "Currently in room 2126 is your next victim. Make your way down there and kill them in their room. Make it quick and as painful as you like, but do it cleaner than the last one." She stood up and walked up the stairs without saying anything to anyone.

CocaColaGirl was changing clothes and was not happy about having to do so. Someone had spilt red wine on her pants and she had to leave the dance because of them. She finished changing and opened the door to leave her room, she barely had a chance to see her assailant before a towel was placed over her head blocking her eyes. She tried to remove it, but before she could lift it at all a sharp metallic object entered her left ear and exited through her right. Searing pain shot through her body just before she collapsed in a heap.

Moppett turned and left the room quickly, feeling no remorse at all just satisfaction for a job well done. She was stepping off the elevator on the 34<sup>th</sup> floor as Apollyon was stepping on. He gave her a reassuring smile as she exited and he entered. She went to the bar and ordered a double before heading back to the karaoke party.

SharonP had just finished singing "If I could turn back time" as Moppett returned to the party. SharonP saw the new arrival and pointed her out to perform next. Moppett placed her drink at her table and stepped up onto the stage. She looked through the list of songs trying to find just the right tune. She smiled as she punched in her selection,

“American Pie”. Everyone listened intently as she sung, not much laughter occurred, most everyone joined in, in fact. When she had finished she pointed out Jessica to perform next and took her seat thinking how appropriate everyone in the room saying, “this’ll be the day that I die” really was.

Dave had watched the crowd dwindle down considerably he had also observed one man in particular step on and off the elevator frequently. He moved from the 34<sup>th</sup> floor down to the 33<sup>rd</sup> and did a head count. There were 16 people down on this floor and 12 on the 34<sup>th</sup> floor. Some had left the party for specific reasons that he didn’t want to have knowledge of, Paragod had been gone for 30 minutes now and was supposedly just going to get something from his room. He neared the elevator and saw Apollyon climbing on to it. “Excuse me, can I talk to you for a second?”

Apollyon looked at the man and the woman following along behind him. “Certainly, I’m heading down to the 29<sup>th</sup> floor you are welcome to accompany me if you like.” He smiled.

“That’ll be fine.” Dave responded and stepped into the elevator. As he turned around he noticed that Moppett had also stepped in. He decided to wait until the two men were alone to find out just who this person was.

As the elevator doors opened on the 29<sup>th</sup> floor Dave followed Apollyon off the elevator and watched as the doors went closed. “Who are you?” Dave began.

“I’m Apollyon.”

“I don’t recall ever seeing that name on Iplay. Do you use another nickname there?”

Apollyon opened the door to room 2966 and Dave followed him in, what he hadn’t noticed was Moppett had re-opened the elevator doors and had followed the two men into the room.

“I have never been to Iplay.” Apollyon responded. “But Moppett has, I think she has a complaint to file.”

“You with Moppett then?” Dave was more curious than before.

“You could say that. She’s about to kill you and I’m going to watch.” Apollyon quipped.

Before Dave could say anything else his throat was being crushed, by a hand that came from behind him. He barely had time to struggle before the hand closed tightly and took his life.

“You have performed well, now go and rejoin the party. We are just over two hours away from the real festivities.” Apollyon smiled at Moppett who smiled back and left the room. Within minutes Apollyon was exiting the room and climbing back on the lift to the 34<sup>th</sup> floor. He was now ahead of schedule and had every intention of staying that way.

## PART SIX

Apollyon looked at the clock as he stepped out of the elevator on the 34<sup>th</sup> floor, 9:47, he was finally running ahead instead of behind. He sat down looking at the people dancing and wondering just who was going to be his next minion. Suddenly the band started playing a song he was very familiar with, he stood up and started making his way toward the stage, with a wave of his hand the lead-singer's microphone went dead and the one now in his hand was activated. The intro was over just as he reached the stage; he began singing as he shoved the lead singer off the stage. "The devil went up to New York, he was looking for some souls to steal. He was never in a bind, even though on time he decided to make a deal...". Everyone stopped and looked at the stage, this man sounded identical to Charlie Daniels, he sounded so good that the band didn't even skip a beat as he shoved their singer off the stage. As he continued to sing he picked out his minion standing by herself on the back of the dance floor. He continued his singing changing the words as he went, "Johnny bowed his head because he knew that he'd been beat, the next thing he knew his head was on the ground at the devil's feet. The devil said, you can try me once but you never get to try again, I only tell you once you son of a bitch I'm the best that's ever been..."

As Apollyon finished his song he stepped off the stage to a rousing applause. He so loved correcting the way that song should go, the applause meant nothing. He made his way across the floor to Sissyboo who was still standing alone. "Hi." He began with a smile "my name is Apollyon."

Sissyboo returned the smile, "I am Sissyboo, and you sung that very well."

"Thank you. I have a proposition for you, Sissyboo. Actually it's more like an offer you can't refuse. How would you like to be a real life Devil Minion?"

"But I'm too much of an angel to be the devil's minion." Sissyboo said with a sly grin.

"Yeah and the deceased Popes are residing in my realm." Apollyon quipped. "I tell you what, touch the back of my hand." Apollyon held his hand out.

"Why? Is this some sort of trick?"

"Go ahead, amuse me."

Sissyboo touched the back of the man's hand and suddenly felt as if she were sitting inside a furnace. "Wow, how did you do that?"

"Had you been pure, you would have felt nothing. But since you are not, you are now dead."

"How can I be dead if I am still standing here talking to you?"

Apollyon filled her in on whom he was and what she was going to be doing for the next hour. It took a little bit longer than he had hoped to convince her without trickery, but by 3 minutes till 10:00 she was fully under his power.

"Your first victim will be Invite\_To\_Dance. That is he sitting at that table to your right. You must convince him to go down to room 2966 with you, leave his and all bodies there if possible." Apollyon turned and went to the bar. "Snickers suggested I try a Shirley Temple, you know how to make those?" He asked the bartender.

Sissyboo approached Invite\_To\_Dance and easily coerced him into accompanying her to the 29<sup>th</sup> floor. As soon as the door closed behind them she placed her hands on either side of his head and began to push inward. Blood began to come out

from his ears and through her fingers within moments and she felt a pop as his skull collapsed. She dropped his body to the floor and cleaned up to rejoin the party.

Apollyon had taken up a position beside the door, newcomers were just arriving and he greeted them as they stepped off the elevator. “Hi, I’m Apollyon, I am Dave’s cousin welcome to the party.” He smiled at the latecomers as they entered. Before Sissypoo returned to the 34<sup>th</sup> floor BuyMeaRose, Bed\_Room\_Eyes\_, \_KAT\_ and xoxo\_Gracie\_xoxo arrived, Paragod rejoined the party also fresh from his soiree in his motel room below.

As Sissypoo stepped off the elevator Apollyon stepped in. He knew she had served him well and he was feeling more anxious as each victim drew him closer to # 26 and midnight. He arrived in the room and chuckled that ‘Lil Miss Innocent’ just smashed a man’s skull. “Amazing what these people are capable of.” He muttered as he cleaned up.

“There are two people getting on the elevator after attending the festivities below. They will be going to room 2139 to leave their coats, when they step out, kill them and leave their bodies inside the room.” He telepathically instructed Sissypoo.

Corinna and Jessica had a wonderful time amongst the crowd below but it was way too cold to stay out there any longer. As the women stepped off the elevator onto the 21<sup>st</sup> floor they removed their coats and walked down the hall to room 2139. Quickly they placed their coats in the room and opened the door to exit. As Corinna opened the door she received a crushing blow to the head that threw her backwards into Jessica, both women fell to the floor. Jessica stood up just in time to be greeted just as her friend had only the force of the strike she took lifted her off the floor and sent her head into a large mirror. Both were rendered unconscious and both would eventually die from the wounds inflicted if left alone. Sissypoo was on a timeline though and added broken necks to the list of injuries the women had already sustained. As she was leaving the room Apollyon was arriving at the door, she held it open for him as she exited and he entered.

Sissypoo returned to the elevator and pressed the up arrow button. She had murdered three people but it was all feeling like a dream. Before her elevator arrived she heard the other whisk past and watched the lights above the door count downward. She didn’t know for sure but had a feeling some more people had left the party to return to the street festivities. She climbed into the elevator and rejoined the dance party on the 34<sup>th</sup> floor, while she was gone Jezebel, Sharon2001 GordPlaysHere and Yoni had joined the party.

Down on the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor Pammie had retaken the stage and was showing definite signs of being inebriated as she sang “Margaritaville”. The party here had become livelier as a 2<sup>nd</sup> bar had been set up on this floor so people no longer had to go up the stairs. Pammie finished up her song and pointed to Bed\_Room\_Eyes\_ who was making her 1<sup>st</sup> trip to the stage. Sissypoo sat down as BRE began singing “I Don’t Want to Miss a Thing” and loved the irony of it all. Amazing how some songs were appropriate in life, she could almost guarantee BRE she wouldn’t miss anything.

Apollyon had ridden the elevator back to the 34<sup>th</sup> floor with two more new arrivals, Baylee and Jamie. The more the merrier he thought as he had smiled and greeted the two women with the same line he had greeted the previous new arrivals. He stepped off the elevator and was bumped into hard by Fallon992k2. Fallon excused himself and then noticed that the man was now wearing his drink. As Fallon apologized,

Apollyon was fuming his voice rang out in Sissypoo's head, "GET UP HERE TO THE ELEVATOR NOW!"

Sissypoo quickly came up the steps just in time to see Apollyon pick Fallon up by his neck and toss him into the elevator. She brushed past Apollyon and into the elevator with Fallon and the doors closed behind them. "Tear him apart." Apollyon's voice echoed through her head. As the lift doors opened at the 29<sup>th</sup> floor she grabbed the unconscious victim and drug him to room 2966. She went into the bathroom with the ice bucket and filled it with cold water. She brought Fallon back to consciousness and then began breaking his limbs one by one. Before she had given the final blow of removing his heart from his chest, she had broken 22 of his bones. Apollyon was standing over them both when Fallon's death became finalized.

"You did well, Sissypoo, thank you." Apollyon spoke to her. Sissypoo nodded without saying a word and left the room. She could tell he was pacified but still angered. She returned to the beguilement on the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor as karaoke continued. It was barely ½ past 10 and she had already killed four people, still in her mind it was all a dream. She relaxed once again and listened to LadyD and Jamie singing "OOPS I did it again", amazingly they sounded even younger than Britney Spears.

The faces had changed when Apollyon returned to the 34<sup>th</sup> floor. BedrmiiZ, Furby59, NuttyJazzy and Nutty\_Medic had all gone down to Times Square and TriviaQueen, Loco7, RealNut and ERF had returned from the street. Apollyon made his way to the bar to get another Bloody Mary he had taken a sip of the Shirley Temple and decided he was going to inflict serious pain on Snickers before this was all over.

As he walked across the floor he took in everyone's face, his next victim was fresh in his mind, he knew they would be going to the restroom in just over five minutes. He made his way down to the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor and joined Sissypoo at her table. KronicFlirt was singing, "Stand by your man", if nothing else it was truly hilarious. On the talent scale however he would have to receive a "2".

"There is a person going to the ladies room now, they are your last victim. Just leave the body in there and I will take care of it." Apollyon addressed Sissypoo. She dutifully stood up and made her way to the ladies room.

As Lady\_Satin opened the stall door she got the surprise of her life, or at least the last surprise of her life. Sissypoo was standing directly in front of the stall and startled her so badly she tripped backwards and hit her head on the porcelain toilet. Sissypoo stood there looking in amazement, this woman was dead and she didn't even touch her. She went to the mirror and fixed her hair before leaving the woman's body lying on the cold restroom floor.

Apollyon was laughing as he made his way across the floor towards the rest rooms. He couldn't believe that this latest victim had basically taken her own life. He cleaned up the mess quickly and left the ladies room without anyone noticing. Currently SoundItOut was performing "Wonderful Tonight" as the now drunk women were actually dancing with more of the men. "One to go gentlemen, if you intend to get lucky you better do it quickly." Apollyon muttered aloud before going back down and joining Sissypoo's table on the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor.

## PART SEVEN

StJoe had just finished singing “New York New York”, in honor of the greatest baseball team ever the New York Yankees, when he felt a pain in his chest. It struck hard and quick and was gone just as fast. He blew it off since he felt fine now and pointed to MsLateOne to perform next. He stepped off the stage and went to the bar to get a beer. As he turned around Apollyon was there to greet him. “Hiya Joe, how’s the ole ticker feeling?”

“It’s feeling just fine thanks.”

“Are you sure? You might want to check, because it seems to me it’s no longer beating.”

“Yeah, ok whatever you say friend. Get yourself another drink.” Joe walked past Apollyon and sat down. Unfortunately Apollyon joined him at the table.

“What would it take for me to convince you that I am the devil and you are now my minion?”

“Oh, I don’t know how about you freeze everyone in the room.”

“Done” Apollyon said.

StJoe looked around the room and everything had come to a stop. MsLateOne had frozen mid sentence in her song, “Can’t Fight the Moonlight”. “Ok, how’d you do that?” StJoe asked.

“You said that’s what it would take to convince you of who I am and that you are dead.” Apollyon responded. “Quite frankly I’m getting tired of going through the whole routine, you people take too long to grasp the concept.”

“So I am dead, you are the devil and I am your minion?”

“Damn you catch on quick. But since I know you are still not completely convinced how about I just place a terribly loud screech through your head until you get the point.” Apollyon restarted everyone in their movements and watched as StJoe placed his hands over his ears with a look of pain on his face. Within seconds StJoe mouthed the words ‘I’m convinced’. Apollyon stopped the painful screeching and filled Joe’s head with his voice. He explained what he expected of StJoe and how much time he had to accomplish these objectives. He then pointed to MsLateOne on the stage and said, “Kill her 1<sup>st</sup>, I don’t want to take a chance that she tries to sing again after I take over.”

StJoe nodded as MsLateOne was finishing her song and pointing to ERF to come up and sing next. MsLateOne left the stage and walked up the stairs to the 34<sup>th</sup> floor, StJoe followed behind her ready to fulfill his first task. Without so much as a blink he followed her into the ladies room and no sooner had she saw him behind her in the mirror he placed his hand over her mouth and nose. Her face began to turn blue as she fought but was unable to free StJoe’s hands from her face. A minute later she was dead in his hands her face a deep purple color.

StJoe dropped her onto the floor and walked out of the ladies room. He went from the restroom to the bar and ordered a double bourbon with a beer chaser. He watched as Apollyon walked into the ladies room and quickly down the bourbon. He carried his beer down the stairs to the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor and sat down at his table. His body felt numb and he did not like it at all.

Apollyon had a bad feeling about StJoe, something wasn’t as certain as it was with the previous four minions. He was happy to see that the first task was carried out

without fail, but something just didn't seem right. He would keep an eye on him from this point on, it was 11:05 and he would not let a minion spoil his chances of taking over. He pulled up a seat near the bar on the 34<sup>th</sup> floor and observed SoundItOut butchering yet another song.

StJoe had relaxed a bit now, he had watched HollyKnows perform a Loretta Lynn song that he could not remember and watched DeShadow embarrass himself yet again by singing "On the Road Again". Everything had seemed nothing more than a hallucination when Apollyon's voice rang through his head. "In room 2142 is a person who is changing clothes. She is your next victim."

StJoe stood up slowly and climbed the stairs lifeless with his head hung low. He watched a man step off the elevator and figured that was the lucky one who was going to actually survive after fornication. He stepped onto the elevator and went down to the 21<sup>st</sup> floor; he arrived at room 2142 and knocked on the door. "Who is it?" A woman's voice sprang out.

"The person who is here to kill you." Joe answered. He heard the woman laughing from within the room as she neared the door.

Pammie opened the door when she recognized Joe's voice. "You are hilarious." She said smiling. StJoe shook his head, "women! You tell them the truth and they don't believe you." He said disgustedly. He reached out and grabbed her throat; "I'm here to kill you, just like I said." He pushed her back into the room and closed the door behind them. Pammie struggled very little before StJoe snapped her neck. "Beddy would not be happy about this one." He said as he dropped her to the floor and left the room.

He walked like a zombie to the elevator and passed Apollyon as he stepped on without even looking at him. He had a feeling of remorse buried within him, as much as he tried to rationalize that he had no control over his actions, it was still bothering him. Once on the 34<sup>th</sup> floor he ordered another double bourbon and a beer, maybe if he drank enough he would have no feeling at all. As he walked across the floor toward the stairway he noticed it was 11:22 p.m. He stopped and sat down at a table by the dance floor. "Within ten minutes I'll have to kill someone else so I may as well just sit up here." He said to himself.

Apollyon leaned over Pammie's body and finished taking care of the cleanup. Once he stepped off the elevator to the 34<sup>th</sup> floor he saw StJoe brooding at a table nearby. "Things are about to get a lot worse for you." Apollyon thought.

"Your next victim is on the 24<sup>th</sup> floor exploring the hotel. I will escort you down in the elevator, this one will need to be cleaned up quickly." Apollyon instructed StJoe.

"Good, I live for you company." Joe spoke aloud to no one in particular. He walked over to the elevator and pushed the "24" button as Apollyon joined him. The two men stepped off the elevator on the 24<sup>th</sup> floor and Joe looked at Apollyon. "Which way boss?" He asked. Apollyon pointed to the left and stood back while StJoe approached Jeans\_n\_Pearls.

"Hi Jeans." StJoe smiled. Before she could speak back to him he struck her hard upward at the base of her nose. Her body flew back 20 feet and landed dead on the floor. "Sorry about that." StJoe said as he turned and went back to the lift.

Apollyon went over and quickly disposed of Jeans\_n\_Pearls remains. It was now 11:38 and the fun was just about to start. He went back up the elevator and joined StJoe at his table, "hi there Joe. Is there something wrong? You don't seem happy."

“Fuck you.” StJoe replied. “I don’t care who you are and what you can do, why did you choose me?”

“Always have to have one who is unwilling, Joe. It wouldn’t be any fun if they were all easy to manage.”

The two men sat without speaking for the next six minutes. “You will need to kill off two for me now, StJoe.” Apollyon finally spoke. “Then your task will be complete and you can just sit back and drink your beer.”

“Fine, who?” StJoe asked.

“NuttyJazzy and BedrmiiZ are your final two victims.”

StJoe looked at Apollyon with a deep-seeded hatred. “What if I choose not to do it?”

“I can assure you both women will die anyway and they will suffer greatly for your effrontery.”

Joe nodded his understanding.

“They are dead either way, Joe. It’s up to you how painless their demise will be. They will be on the 21<sup>st</sup> floor have fun.”

StJoe stood slowly and walked towards the elevator, as he was waiting for the door to open he saw people opening windows to look out over Times Square. In a blink and without thinking he ran to the open windows and threw himself out. He had thought this was the noble thing to do until Apollyon’s voice came through his head. “Have a nice fall, StJoe directly below you NuttyJazzy and BedrmiiZ are heading for the door of the hotel. Thank you for your service.”

BedrmiiZ glanced up briefly before she cushioned StJoe’s fall slightly. He landed right on top of the two women, at precisely 11:45 24 people had met their doom. In 14 minutes Diablo’s fate would be sealed and seconds later he would spill the blood of one final victim. People were in disarray and were heading for the elevators, by the time they got to them, there were no longer elevators there only a solid wall. The crowd shifted towards the emergency exits, those too were now gone. Everyone was now trapped on the top floor even the stairway to the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor was now sealed.

Apollyon looked at the panicked crowd with contempt. He sat down at one of the tables and propped his feet up awaiting 11:59. People barely noticed him in their disarray, most had gone to the windows and started screaming out into the night. It blended in well with the 90% of the crowd below that had no idea a man had just fallen. Counting his remaining four minions all 33 people were now trapped on the 34<sup>th</sup> floor. He watched Paragod, Snickers, Sissypoo and Moppett acting just as the rest of the people. He chuckled at this site, they knew it was coming and still were terrified. He glanced at the clock it was now 11:53. “Seven minutes and this world is mine.” He spoke to himself, wondering now whether or not it was even worth having.

As much as he was enjoying the panic party, as soon as he felt Diablo’s life force terminate he walked over to AJW and plunged his hand into the man’s chest. Before AJW actually died he was able to watch the man take a bite out of his still beating heart. Most everyone witnessed this act and was now even more wild-eyed. Apollyon casually finished eating the man’s heart and then the rest of him. At the stroke of midnight, he lost his human form and took his true shape. Everyone screamed in fear, including his four minions even they could not have envisioned the site that was now before them. Apollyon let out a loud roar as he looked at the remaining party guests who were all

cowering in a corner. He inhaled deeply and blew out a flame so intense it reduced the entire crowd into ashes.

“THIS WORLD IS MINE!” He bellowed in a voice that rang out for miles. The joyous party quieted down quickly in Times Square. They had just finished up Auld Lang Syne and were now nearly completely silent after hearing the thunderous voice ring out over them.

## **PART 8 THE FINAL CHAPTER**

### **"AND HE GATHERED THEM TOGETHER TO THE PLACE THAT IS CALLED ON HEBREW 'ARMAGEDDON'" (Revelations 16:16)**

Apollyon spread enormous wings as a dragon, he burst through the glass of the 34<sup>th</sup> floor and took a position on a rooftop high above Times Square. He drew in a deep breath and with it all electricity went off around the world. Darkness and shadows covered the land as hellhounds arose from beneath the earth's surface and began feasting on human flesh. Hungrily they devoured the taste they had been raised to crave the Day of Atonement had arrived as a new power took its place upon a throne of blood awaiting the final battle.

A huge wall 100 feet high surrounded the area commonly known as New York City, but henceforth to be known as Armageddon. By the light of only the moon and the stars terrified people ran for shelter or cowered in corners. Those who had laid eyes upon The Beast were now completely without sight and panic gripped their bodies. Darkness would forever be their punishment for having taken in a magnitude far greater than the human eye was ever made to do. Through it all Apollyon sat, perched on high, smiling from within and waiting.

Those who had once been dead and had baneful souls had now been given new life and arose from their doleful graves to breathe life anew and battle for the supremacy of diablerie. Weaknesses within the earth's surfaces gave way and the earth shifted sending what once were prosperous lands into the depths of the ocean. Innocent lives had now been thrust into purgatory blended with spirits that were too flagitious to ever walk the earth. Still Apollyon sat on his dais waiting for the battle to commence. He looked as the skies opened up and began to rain down sackcloth and ashes upon the Earth. The Heaven's above had been disturbed, awakened from millennia of peaceful reign. Both sides knew the time had come.

A cleansing had now begun it was time to choose the armies that would represent each side and to eliminate by choice the innocent pawns that would play no part. The skies above Armageddon open up and from within the clouds a white horse appeared. It's rider held a bow and he was given a crown and he rode out as a conqueror bent on conquest. People below were now being separated into two classes; those that were to battle for righteousness felt tranquillity within them. The remaining chosen soldiers felt their hearts harden, morality slipped from within them and they were now ready to decimate those who would stand in the path of Apollyon. Their new ruler sat high above, allowing his adversary to do His bidding and choose his Armies.

Apollyon watch as the rider did his work, not interfering as at this point both sides had a common goal, to cleanse the earth and prepare it for a rebirth. He knew the night was just beginning within a matter of hours the final battle would commence and he was confident victory would be his. Those that were slain throughout the world were either consumed by the beasts that had arisen in the darkness or they were quickly swallowed by the earth and sent to immediate graves. Little mercy was given, only to those true souls that had never strayed from the path of righteousness. They were not without suffering however, as they watched those around them being annihilated.

The white horse with its conquering rider withdrew from the earth and ascended back into the Heavens. Apollyon watched unconcerned with the actions of his opponent, his army was forming beneath him. They gathered at the base of the building, which had now become his throne, paying homage to their Lord of Darkness and anxious to shed the blood of all whom would defy him.

As a new wave of wretched creatures was brought forth from the depths to further the ablation of the Earth, the clouds once again opened up. A second horse appeared high above its coat was fiery red and its rider was given power to take peace from the earth and to make men slay each other. He carried with him a large sword the he wielded high above him. The chaos on the earth was now ever increasing as brother turned on brother and father turned on son. Through it all, Apollyon continued to sit high above letting all who could make out his enormous shape know, without doubt, the Earth was his now to rule or to lose.

In countries far from the final battle arena fires now raged, consuming all in its path without mercy. Where once there was blissful slumber, there was now breathless sleep. Not a life was unchanged and not a soul was spared the initial chaos as the dawn of Apollyon arose. The sun shined nowhere now upon the earth, it's entire surface engulfed in obscurity. The second horseman traveled swiftly bringing with him conflict and vengeance.

The seas began to boil as the temperatures beneath the Earth's surface began to rise. Apollyon cast his eyes to the east over-looking the vast expanse of water he smiled as the steam arose. He was taking pleasure in the beginning stages of his new reign but he new soon his armies would do battle, led by the 25 souls his minions had taken merely hours before.

Time was passing quickly now, what was once a minute was now a second, what was once a day was now merely an hour. Apollyon's Army grew into massive numbers, just beyond his sight another army of equal strength was building. Although they did not feel it he could smell their fear it was an aroma he savored and one that he would ultimately use against them.

The fiery horse now rose into the sky and its rider cast an eye of contempt upon Apollyon. Although both were accomplishing the same objective their motivations were complete opposite. Apollyon looked up at the horseman with a broad smile, he knew that the horseman had waited for this day just as he had. As much as it was his day, it was also the day the riders were to be released to perform their Earthly tasks. Tasks that had been etched long before and were inevitable.

The darkness that had once engulfed the surface below was now dimly lit by the glow of far off fires. It was the most beautiful dawn Apollyon had ever witnessed, it was his dawn and he reveled in it. Below him on the rooftop lie 25 carrions awaiting life to be restored. Things were taking shape nicely, his world was being created around him and his soldiers were awaiting their victory.

From high above the clouds parted once again and a third horse emerged. The third horse was pitch black but brilliantly visible, its eyes were glowing a dazzling onyx, from its nostrils emitted puffs of smoke. Its rider was holding a pair of scales in his hand a voice was heard saying, "A quart of wheat for a day's wages, and do not damage the oil and the wine!" At an earth-shattering pace it flew down from the Heavens just above the fire lit Earth below.

Apollyon watched dazzled by the creature's radiating black glow. "Do your bidding horseman and return quickly. I am growing impatient." He spoke upon the sky. Slowly the 25 elected leaders of his Army began to come to life NuttyJazzy, Jeans\_n\_Pearls, Corinna and LateOne. Sat up and looked first at their new ruler and then around them at what used to be New York City. All were feeling disoriented but they also knew what their purpose was, they were just four of 25 generals in Apollyon's Army.

One by one his generals awakened Irish\_Eyes, Fallon992k2, RagingThunder, FireDude, Lady\_Satin and AJW now joined the first four looking out over the city and down at the army they were going to lead into battle. Apollyon watched over his avant-garde pleased to see the amazement in their dull eyes. The time was drawing near and his anxiety increased with every passing minute.

Apollyon watched as the 3rd horse made its way back into the Heavens and disappeared into the black clouds that now covered the earth. His ears then focused on the endless screams of suffering that was filling the air worldwide. The suffrage of the people was bringing him great pleasure, in the northern portion of Armageddon he unleashed more hellhounds. His pets had been craving the taste of mortal blood for eternity and he was not going to deny them their pleasure.

Back down on the rooftop below him Salina, Angelheart, AngelAboveMe, Loco7, Cammie, MsLateOne, AintnoTellin, Jessica, CocaColaGirl and BlackRose had joined the other nine in watching over the unfolding events below. Their army was bowed down in worship to the ruler on high as well as the generals that would lead them on this great day. Within the minutes the last of Apollyon's leadership force had arisen Dave, BedrmiiZ, Gargoyle\_King, Pammie and Invite\_To\_Dance stood side-by-side looking up at the sky.

The fourth and last horse was pale in color, upon it's back was Death. This rider was given power over a fourth of the earth to kill by sword, famine and plague, and by the wild beasts. Apollyon took no notice of this last horse, it was now time to prepare his army for battle.

"Today is the dawning of a new age the time for me to rule the earth has arrived." His voice boomed. "To the west an army has gathered to they equal you in number and in strength. What they do not have is leadership, blindly they will charge into battle against you. Just below me is your advantage, these 25 are your leaders on the field of battle. Some will not survive, in fact most will not, but it will be their unity and valiant effort that will be the deciding factor. I send you out now, not to your death, but to your greatest victory. Once we have conquered our adversary the Earth will be ours." Apollyon paused briefly. "Seize the day and you will be rewarded, fail and you will be punished for an eternity."

As he closed out his address to his army he spread his massive wings and flew to the middle ground, the place where the battle would soon take place. "It is now my day Jehovah, the day you lose what you have created. The day that has been promised me since the dawn of time." Apollyon spoke to the air. He saw no one, but was well aware that his voice was indeed being heard.

Back at the Hilyard Hotel in room 2141 Simply\_Sweet sat in darkness, listening to a voice that she did not question. It had been talking to her for hours filling her in on what she needed to do and how she needed to do it. She was assured that what she

was going to see when she left the Hotel was total devastation and not the same world she had come to know. Her being alive had been pre-destined long ago and she alone could decide the outcome of the battle everyone knew was destined to happen.

She left the hotel and fought back the tears as she saw what had become of New York City while she remained sealed away. Quietly and unnoticed she made her way to the west where she would join, organize and lead Jehovah's Army. It took very little time it seemed to arrive at the massive crowd. She spoke to them assuring them that they would indeed emerge victorious and giving them the encouragement they needed to stand tall during battle. When she finished speaking to them, she turned and started east to the pre-destined battleground, once referred to as Central Park.

Apollyon saw both armies approaching, his generals leading the way for his mighty force and no one appearing to be leading his foes. It wasn't until the last minute that he saw a lone individual emerge in front of the opposing armies. Apollyon watched this distinctive being with wide eyes, there were no known leaders of that army. He had killed any and all possibilities at the Hilyard Hotel, yet there it was a definitive presence. It was too late to do anything now the rules were simple, there was to be no direct intervention between the rulers and any attempt to do so would result in inevitable defeat.

The armies approached one another with looks of determination on their faces. The fate of the world rested in the hands of both and they were completely prepared for the challenge. As the two armies met, Gargoyle\_King immediately annihilated Simply\_Sweet as all around them bodies intertwined in battle. As her life was extinguished the power that resided within her leapt into every other person in Jehovah's Army, giving them the strength of ten men.

Apollyon watched in disbelief, as his army was slowly defeated. The progress was a painful one for him, as he knew there no longer was a chance. Thousands of years of waiting for supremacy and it had lasted for merely a day. As Simply\_Sweet died on the field of battle he recognized her as the one who had left the party ill. It had slipped his mind when Fallon992k2 had bumped into him, angering him. She was the one who was to die, but he was blinded by rage and had made a fatal error. All of his generals had fallen and his army were as lambs at a slaughter without them. As the last of his mighty army fell, the darkness lifted from above and Jehovah's voice spoke unto him. "You were given the chance I had promised, you have failed. To maintain the balance necessary in our universe I am allowing you to return to Hades. Unless the world falls into complete disorder on it's own after rebuilding, you will never walk upon the surface again." Apollyon had no choice the slightest argument would result in his own destruction, he rose high into the air and then flew straight down towards the earth. As his body made contact it disappeared somewhere into the core below.

**THE END**