

Predator & Prey

(Excerpt)

By

Fred Wiehe

Copyright © 2012 Fred Wiehe
All Rights Reserved.

Available in Slices of Flesh

He woke in complete darkness, choking on his own vomit.

Reflexively, his head jerked forward, he hacked the disgorged matter up, and spat most of it out. He gagged and almost threw up again, the overpowering stench permeating the already stifling air. But somehow he held it down.

Still, chunky rivers of hot lava trickled from his nose and mouth. The rivers ran down his chin and dripped to his bare chest. From there, he could feel them making their way to his abdomen. Then down to his exposed loins.

Panic strangled his thoughts. He was naked. Why?

And his arms were being ripped from their sockets; he stood but not on his own power. Leather straps bit into his wrists, stretched his arms over his head, and kept him upright. Only the tips of his toes touched the floor.

He swung his head from side to side in hope of seeing something ... anything. But the darkness engulfed him. There was nothing to see.

And he paid dearly for the sin of movement, for that slight exertion woke tiny demons with hammers in his head. They pounded against the

inside of his skull, pulverizing his already fragmented wits to dust.

He screamed. Choked on it. Barely made a sound.

His heart banged in his chest. Terror bubbled in his stomach, spewing forth in an eruption of his insides. More rivulets of hot lava flowed down his naked body.

He hacked and gagged, breath racing through his war-torn throat. But somehow he managed to croak, “Dear Lord, help me.”

A buzz in his ears answered that prayer. The darkness around him now seemed to shimmer like blacktop in the hot sun.

He spat out the last remnants of vomit. “Lord, help me.”

The buzzing turned to garbled whispers. The shimmering darkness separated into formless shadows.

He raised his head to the heavens. “Lord, hear my prayer,” he croaked louder, “save me from this hell.”

Although still incomprehensible, the whispers now seemed to taunt him. The formless shadows took almost human shape.

He wasn't alone.

Read the rest of the story in Slices of Flesh

Copyright © 2012 Fred Wiehe
All Rights Reserved.

Visit Fred at

<http://www.fredwiehe.com>