

The Necromancer's Tales

Martin's Grimoire

Series the Necromancer's Tales

VOL. III



CRIPTOALFA
Criptodivisas
y Asesoría Personal

Preface

Astrology inclines, but doesn't oblige. The Cabala originally establishes that all diseases and accidents come from the "COSMOS' NEGATIVE INTELLIGENCES".

Then, the Cabalist task is to rise above these influences; this requires the initiator to disconnect from materialism which involves total uprooting selfishness.

In this third part of TOM series, we'll learn the consequences of pretending to manipulate these energies without having adequate preparation.

I insist ... the Cabala is energy. The same energy can destroy a city (an atomic bomb) and also illuminate it.

Martin is a 45 years old afro-Mexican. He's in jail, accused like many, of a crime he didn't commit. He is sentenced to life in "El Cerezo", in a lost town in Mexico.

As you see, justice is blind with rich people and punctilious with the poor. Here, if you have money and you kill, nothing happens.

Being poor, Martin was sentenced quickly and cruelly as soon as he left the hospital, after losing his left eye and with serious third degree burns' scars on both hands and back causing him an infernal pain.

At night, this torture made him sleep on his belly; he couldn't sleep on his back as he felt being pierced by millions of thin needles.

To tolerate pain, Martin took fists of Pregabalina and other drugs. He was allowed to wear a pair of black leather gloves to avoid exposing his scars to the environment and to prevent infections.

The convicts and the custodians called him "the Black Hand".

The Necromancer

Chapter 1. Old Friends

It is 6 o'clock in the morning and the prisoners are getting ready, aligning themselves with military discipline and preparing lines. All are quiet and organized. They start running from their cells to the baths to take a cold shower.

Each one carries a towel, soap and toothbrush. Discipline is submitted in all Cerezo's corners. They have several particular rules. One of it: "No walking".

It is forbidden to walk; the prisoner is allowed to move only by jogging.

Whoever dares to walk, will be beaten and submitted to several weeks of sexual torture, carried out by the Lieutenant Ortega and his proud whitexicans.

The Cerezo's director is a 52-years-old former military psychopath: Lieutenant Colonel Ortega. He is a filthy person, very corpulent and with very bad manners.

Someone totally immersed in his lower appetites, without any spiritual hint. His harsh facial features reveal the lieutenant's hard life. At his 33 years old, he had undergone a brain surgery that left him with some neurological sequels, which seems grotesques for many people.

Ortega hated to go through medical treatments. He avoided at all costs taking his pills of Phenytoin and Clonazepam. Without following a medical treatment, he suffered in many cases mini epileptic seizures.

These seizures were often witnessed by inmates.

Sometimes, he pissed in his pants.

Nobody laughed, or made any sound, nobody had the balls even to say a single word. Lieutenant Ortega could have you sadistically tortured, and then beaten to death.

Anyone who slightly dares to attempt against his honor, would suffer his psychopathic revenge.

The prisoners are taking their shower, they are all in the same room, nobody speaks, and nobody looks at the other.

All are perfectly submitted to the prison rules, which include: “no talking and no walking”.

Everyone is taking care of his own business while both eyes on the wall.

Lieutenant Ortega is a good whitexican and very proud of being white.

He sits relaxed in his office and drinks a couple of clear cold beers, just as he likes it.

He mentally prepares his tour while boasting of his excellence diplomas and his "white" complexion.

And as in the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.

We'll clarify that point, regarding the “particularity” that forms a Mexican's idiosyncratic part.

In Mexico, most light brown people feel white, and whites call each other RANCH GUEROS.

These güeros aren't really white. Their genetics may contain some white Spaniard genes who by rapping indigenous women during the

Spanish conquest led to create that color, that badly-called white, or dirty white.

In Europe, any ranch güero would be considered black. Europe is very unique, particularly Russia and Belarus. Eastern European countries aren't at all comprehensive. White is white and black is black. Strictly speaking and without nuances.

So, as I tell you my friend, things can look different under a new perspective.

If it isn't mixed in the blood, the Indian is mixed in the family name.

Lieutenant Ortega is very proud of his White skin; he admires himself in his office's full-length mirror. Also he admires his big green eyes.

Yes, green but not pure green, hypnotic green.

No.

Rather, they are a dirty, unsaturated Green, the color isn't pure. It is a combination of yellow and grayish green.

- White power! white power! – Repeated the pig while putting on his military uniform to visit his convicts.

He looks anxious and wants to get there fast. He's sexually excited.

Puppy, puppy, dog ... - he whispers while walking through the corridors accompanied with two other escorts. His face reveals a satisfied huge smile and an empty look.

- Puppy, puppy, puppy, puppy ... - Start whistling as if he were calling a dog - good afternoon "Black Hand". Are you ready for your English session? Doggy, doggy, doggy!

The three guards take Martin from both arms and subdue him, His resistance is in vain.

The "Black Hand" is completely submitted. He resigns and clenches his teeth until they squeak.

Lieutenant Ortega orders his guards to take Martin to the "school". It was a torture room located in the prison's east wing.

Martin walks at a heavy dead pace, more and more resigned. They reach the room. It is a dark and humid room. A lamp, a table and a couple of pine chairs.

Lieutenant Ortega orders his guards to leave him alone with Black Hand.

The guards leave the "school" and close the door with one slam.

-Martin! My favorite brown! Baby, you know what Pepe wants, -said the Lieutenant.

Martin grimaces in disgust and starts to sweat cold. He feels panic. This was the "education" that the prisoners received from Lieutenant Ortega.

Lieutenant Ortega lowers his pants' fly showing a huge erection. While Kneeling, Martin asks for mercy.

No, please, I beg you. Not again," said shaking who used to be a respectable Father.

The lieutenant ignores Martin's implorations and takes him in his arms, turns him violently against the wall and puts him on his back.

- Brown! You're slacking me off, okay? If you don't loosen me up. I'll call Pilate, Brutus and Caesar to rape you and give you a great fucking beat.

-It's your choice Brown...

- Me or your three friends - said the Lieutenant.

- Fuck you maniac! - Answers the "Black Hand" crying.

- Fuck you maniac! Go to hell! - screams Martin tearing his throat.

The three guards arrive, suddenly and without warning, startled and with maximum violence subdue Martin, first they beat his ribs again and again until he falls out of pain.

Once on the floor a guard subdues him and put him on his back.

- Now do it Boss Ortega! Rape him! - They said.

Martin cannot hear anything, he has gone deaf. While falling, he received a strong head injury that left him deaf. A terrible hum follows deafness.

A million wasps torment his eardrums, while the ruthless Lieutenant Ortega savagely strikes Martin by the anus.

The guards laugh out loud and enjoy the pathetic spectacle occurring in the room's middle and in the dim light.

Dry assaults torture Martin and the ringing in the ears was more and more acute, now the wasps have pierced the eardrum and the bleeding starts.

The bleeding turns into hemorrhage.

Martin falls unconscious in the middle of the rapping scene. He dreams being a child at his grandmother's house in Sacramento California.

That place represented better times.

His sweet grandmother was the only person who looked after him. She had raised him with a lot of love and patience.

Martin's beautiful grandmother used to say frequently to everyone:

- "Whoever has love, educates; whoever doesn't have love, doesn't educate."

Mrs. Alma had adopted him. And Martin called her grandmother. She was a kind and wealthy widow.

But when she died, the Jesuit fathers adopted him, for being a special child and knowing that he could communicate with spirits. Martin was ordained to become a priest.

Mrs. Alma's assets were seized by the government. For Martin, her house was very warm and comfortable.

Martin slowly wakes up, his vision is blurred and he finds himself on a medical examination table.

Around him, he distinguishes silhouettes of what they seem to be, little gray beings less than a meter and a half tall with huge heads and big black eyes.

The beings are exploring his intestines; they are analyzing its texture. Martin is watching as these beings show him his intestines.

Martin painfully hurting emits a terrible heartbreaking cry.

- AAAAAH! AAAAAH! Dam it! Stop touching me! - shouted Martin while a stupid medical practitioner who had just arrived at prison and with an acne-filled face, removed a Foley probe from Martin's penis.

The ignorant practitioner had forgotten to deflate the balloon before removing the probe, tearing in this way his patient's urethra.

The sheets previously white are now red. The bleeding is very intense and Martin suffers a lot.

The medical practitioner does all that he can to stop the bleeding.

He succeeds for a few moments. Martin is rushed to the old prison ambulance.

Urgently, they take him to the nearest general hospital which is more than half an hour away.

Martin needs a specialist, he urgently needs an urologist. After an eventful trip, he finally arrives and is attended by the general hospital emergency team.

The medical team does an excellent and neat job with the bloody patient. They stabilize him, dress him and prepare to give him a proper attention.

They have partially stopped the bleeding and urgently take Martin to the operating room.

He needs an emergency surgery to stop the bleeding.

Martin falls asleep under the anesthesia's effects.

His soul is temporarily disconnected from his body. The mind is now independent of the brain.

Martin is having a near death experience. He suffers an autoscopic view of reality. Time doesn't seem to exist.

Martin can see each one of the doctors present in the room. He can notice that he possesses a transparent spiritual body, very difficult to describe.

As in the physical world there is nothing like it.

Martin experiences a lack of movement's sensation; he can feel neither cold nor heat.

But on the other hand, in the spiritual body the sight and hearing's senses are stronger and more perfect than in physical life.

His vision had become much sharper and his mind couldn't understand how he could "see so far".

In this spiritual situation, the hearing process can only be described as a hearing analogy. It seems as if Martin is capturing the thoughts of the persons who surrounded him.

Martin can see his own body lying, dead while floating above it. The experience was so tangible, so scary and real.

Now, he was in the antechamber to the spiritual world, the poor soul went to another room in the hospital. There he found Alexander:

- Teacher! Please, don't die! Please, don't die! - whispers Alexander while bitterly and silently cries.

Glowing light's beings appear around Martin. One of them takes him by the hand and guides him. They were like supernatural figures, "luminous beings".

The brightest being that held his hand led him to a dark room, approached him in an intimidating way and asked him:

- Do you know where you are? - Martin answered affirmatively, the being asked him again.

- What is your answer? - Upon hearing this, it was as if Martin understood everything he had stored in his brain; He knew everything, every detail from his birthday until that moment, he remembered it in fraction of a second.

Martin knew absolutely everything.

- It's not your time yet! Wake up! - Exclaims the being to Martin, giving him a light pat on his back.

Suddenly Martin opens his right eye and shows recovery. He has returned from coma.

He firstly sees a smiling and moved Alexander standing next to him.

-Do you remember me? I'm Alexander. My friend, what have they done to you? Look at you; you look like shit ... - spoke his faithful friend while receiving him with a warm look.

Don't worry; I'll get you out of here. - He whispers in his ear making sure that the nurse doesn't hear a single word.

At night, a stretcher-bearer will come for you, which I generously paid to help us.

He has precise instructions to take you to the emergency room where a nurse will be waiting for you, to whom I generously paid to help us.

She will cover you with new sheets and pretend preparing you to surgery.

After preparing you, they will take you to the hospital's back exit where I'll be in my truck waiting for you.

And then I'll take you to my house.

Teacher Martin, Don't say a single word, I beg you. Wait for me and for the signs that I have given you.

The day passed normally. The afternoon shift was about to switch with the night shift guards.

A convalescent Martin realizes that outside his room a tall young man paced from one side to another, looking to get his attention.

It was the third time that the young man passes; Black Hand notices that he is dressed as a stretcher-bearer. That was the first Alexander's sign.

Now Martin knows that they weren't just words and he feels the freedom running in his chest.

There is hope ... – He thought.

Definitely Martin was ready to lose his life in the attempt rather to return to that damn prison.

He swears never to see his rapist again. Black Hand bravely proposes.

Martin raises his channeled right arm and makes a victory gesture with his fingers to the stretcher-bearer who answers his sign with a wink.

The plan is carried out; Martin relaxes and begins to meditate.

That night, Martin saw wonders.

The stretcher-bearer enters the convalescent Martin's room, smiles, approaches him and discreetly says:

- Everything will be fine, don't ask any questions and when I pinch your arm you accompany the nurse who will give us a wheelchair, do you understand?

Martin nodded without saying a word.

He felt his freedom very close in an unexpected twist of fate.

This night, God's hand was in everything and above everything, the stretcher-bearer walks Martin in a stretcher through the hospital, passing long corridors and elevators while Martin strongly held the stretcher's bars to reduce anxiety, while closing his eye and meditating.

He tried to distance his vicissitudes with Master Azazial's teachings.

Suddenly he felt a strong pinch that brought him back to the action's world.

In a quick glance, Black Hand manages to identify the friendly nurse who offers them the wheelchair.

The patient passes from the stretcher to the wheelchair and nobody saw anything. The doctors pass by, all stuck in their routines and nobody pays attention neither to Martin, nor to the stretcher-bearer, and they merge between the medical staff and the patients.

The young nurse manages to get Martin out of the hospital's back door.

A black BMW van was waiting outside.

Alexander was smoking a marijuana cigarette in the pilot's seat. He was very nervous, but his face looked calm.

The young nurse, in cold blood, opens the van's door and helps Martin to get in the vehicle.

And she closes the door.

Now they're heading to Alexander's house, formerly Boss Luna's house, Alexander's father who was tragically murdered 10 years ago.

Neither Alexander nor Martin spoke a word.

The tension is obvious and Alexander turns on the stereo.

A macabre Burzum song brightens the already tense scene.

For the first time in more than a decade Martin has a moment of peace. Alexander offers him a cigar.

Now everything will be better for Martin...

He relaxes after the first breath.

He decides to enjoy the moment and takes a nap while reaching Alexander's house.

Chapter2. The Grimoire

After driving for an hour, Alexander and Martin arrive home.

It is approximately 3 o'clock in the morning and Alexander invites Martin to sit down in the living room. He sits in an elegant Victorian armchair and doubtfully observes around. An envy feeling briefly seizes Martin that he lets go in a whisper.

- I need to know what happened exactly that night. I want to know who killed my family. Did you? - asks Alexander to Martin while sitting in his white couch.

Martin stares.

Martin proudly responds Alexander.

- It was you ... it was you who stole my grimoire. It was you who stole the Solomon's Clavicles from my room. It was you who stole my grimoire and misused the wisdom hidden inside.

You are aware of what happened that night Alexander.

Who visited you? An entity ... Do you remember? - Martin's voice turns serious, almost spectral - Or have you forgotten?

Putrid worm and grub, Filthy water's drop!

It was you who in incredulity woke up Asmodeo...

Alexander returns the book to Martin.

It had been more than ten years since the last time Martin held the grimoire in his hands. Martin's face lights up and anxiously opens the book.

Just at the end, he calmly begins to read:

"Roboam, my son, as among all the sciences, there are no more natural and more useful than those of the celestial movements' knowledge, I believed that, when I die, I must leave you an inheritance more precious than all the riches I've enjoyed. And, in order to understand how I've achieved such a high degree, I must tell you that the God's angel appears to me on a day when contemplating the power of that supreme being, I said to myself: How admirable and amazing are the God's works.

Suddenly, at the bottom of a path lined with thick trees, I perceived a light in a burning star's form, which loudly told me: Solomon, Solomon, don't be surprised at all about what I will tell you. God has set his eyes on you, and wishes to satisfy your curiosity, giving you the most pleasant knowledge, and I command you to ask for what you wish.

After having recovered from my near-fainting, I answered the angel that all that I desire after the Lord's will is the wisdom's gift; and by the great God's goodness I obtained, in addition, the pleasure of all earthly treasures and the knowledge of all the nature's mysteries...

By that way my son, I possess all the virtues and wealth that now you see me enjoy; and, if you pay a little attention to what I will tell you, and if you carefully observe and keep the precepts that I will give you, I guarantee that the God's graces will be familiar to you, and the celestial and earthly creatures will be obedient and they will be subject to you by using the Cabalistic science's force and virtue, which I call Great Science or "Great Magic." Which is different from the diabolic science and that means it doesn't operate at all through the unclean spirits' force, but it does operate by the natural causes' power and the pure angels that govern them. Of which I will give you the names ordered, and their specific exercises and uses, to which

they are assigned with their names, stamps and characters; It gathers particularly the days during which it preside, so that you can carry out everything I promise you in my testament.

It's necessary that you be careful and be attentive to the achievement that you wish to undertake, and that all your works are directed solely and exclusively to the honor of who has given me the knowledge and the strength to dominate, not only about earthly things, but also about the celestial ones, which means about the angels of whom I can dispose at my will and obtain from them very considerable services with all that suits me.

First of all I must make sure that you know that God, having done all things obedient to him, and not totally satisfied, has wanted to take his works to the most perfect degree and that by doing a work which involves both the divine and the earthly. Looking to it in other aspect he involves The man whose body is coarse and earthly and the spiritual and heavenly soul, to which he has subjected all the earth and its habitants, and has given the means by which, with art, he can return familiar to the angels, who are destined, some to regulate the stars' movement, others to live within the elements, and others, in short, to lead and help the celestial and earthly creatures, which he called men ...

Cursed who in vain would take the Name of God and cursed who badly uses the Sciences and the goods with which He has enriched us...

Martin interrupts his reading, addresses Alexander with authority and exclaims:

- It is a great pleasure for the spirits to render service to man, as long as he doesn't abuse their goodness. Alexander, have you abused the kindness of any spirit?

Alexander doesn't say a word.

- The one who exchanges good for evil and without knowing why, misfortune and poverty will never leave his home. – answers Alexander.

- I invested a lot of money to release you, so you can face me and tell me the truth. My father never forgot about me. Can you see this?

Alexander holds in his hand what appears to be a black USB.

Black Hand observes the object, which at first sight finds irrelevant.

- In this USB he saved more than 150 bitcoins. My father, mercy on his soul, left me another 10 similar to this one. With the power that I have in my hand I have released you from prison.

Thanks to my father. For doing that you owe me the truth.

Martin observes, and then answers:

- In this book we'll find the answer. Do you want to ask your father about the truth?

Chapter3. The cup game

The room is fraught with tension; Alexander feels a huge curiosity and accepts to ask.

Martín explains:

"Baba Sasha" recommended me that each time I played the cup game; preferably, I should do it with a partner.

The cup game is a popular game among some modern sorcerers, in Eastern Europe the gypsies use it a lot, as well as the "art of asking the mirror", and both are sciences that are currently used a lot.

However, this tradition dates back to times before ancient and glorious Babylon.

The cup game is an oracle, Solomon's Clavicles in one of its chapters details the literal instructions to play it.

It also details the way to make a medallion to invoke ASMODEO, the Demons' king.

If you are looking for an entity that knows everything and is easy to contact, it is undoubtedly him.

Let us play the cup game and ask Asmodeo for the truth.

In all that time, Martin and Alexander wasn't alone in the room. Lieutenant Ortega was hiding behind a half-open door after stealthily followed the pair without being noticed.

Ortega has listened carefully to the whole story. He thinks they're both crazy and his story is crap. However, he couldn't stop thinking about the Bitcoin that Alexander holds in his hand's palm.

Ortega's hands sweat profusely, anxiety kills him and his gun is totally wet. He's afraid to make a mistake.

Now his brain is working on a thousand plans of how to kill the outlaws' couple and keep the Bitcoin. He knows that he has a few minutes to act. Kill them and take the money.

Martin and Alexander take a seat at the table.

The former Father Martin makes an alphabet with cut-outs of paper's sheets and places them in a circle on the table's center. Also, he writes in one of the clippings the word "YES" and in the other the word "NO", to facilitate the communication.

In the circle's middle, Martin places a glass cup and carefully puts it upside down.

Then Alexander takes the book and a chalk. Draw the Asmodeo symbol under the table.

In the table's center they light a long white candle.

The ceremony is about to start.

Ortega watches stunned, more and more terrified. What his eyes saw was a violent blasphemy of his Catholic beliefs.

Ortega points at Alexander with the gun... instinctively pulls the trigger, but retracts.

He restrains his instinct and doesn't cock the weapon. He waits, very aware of the macabre spectacle that he's about to witness...

Martin in a solemn attitude invites Alexander to take a seat and starts the ceremony.

Alexander reads the lines that must be read and pronounces the spells that must be made.

Seeing that, Ortega was sure that both were totally crazy.

However, the Bitcoin looks delicious, now he knows where this young millionaire hides his money.

Martin lights the candle and places his hands on the glass, without touching it.

Martin makes circles with his fingers on the glass' edges.

Intensely Concentrated on the glass, asks:

- Is there someone here besides Alexander and me...?

An uncomfortable moment fills in the room.

The three present people are visibly nervous.

- Is there anyone here other than Alex and me?

He asks again, this time with an authority tone.

Martin's fingers feel strange vibrations emanating from the cup.

The cup starts to move slowly on its own from one side to the other. Alexander and Ortega, the two lieutenants, are scared off.

Martin looks at Alexander and with gestures asks to proceed.

Alexander hesitantly nods with his head before Lieutenant Ortega's astonished look.

- Is there someone here then Alexander and me?

The cup moves slowly. First from right to left then from top to bottom, drawing a cross and answering "YES".

– Do you want to play with us? - Asks Martin with Renewed authority.

The cup stops again at the word "YES".

Ortega is stupefied, he cannot believe his eyes.

He keeps pointing at Alexander, he feels demonically tempted, to shoot him, in the midst of young lieutenant's eyes, arrests the Black Hand, take the Bitcoin and end this madness.

- *What's your name?*

Martin repeats the same question, this time with more force and authority.

An icy wind is present in the room; the 3 present gentlemen feel it, they feel the icy wind even in the depths of their marrows.

This feeling is accompanied by an immense sense of reverence and fear.

There are people who are brave while being ignorant, and when they start to think, that is when they begin to fear.

These three people were, three ignorant, each by his way.

All three thought they were wise.

There is no worse awkwardness.

- *Vanity of vanities, everything is vanity...*

An afterlife voice is heard throughout the room.

The cup begins to move again, this time by itself and without any question.

It makes several erratic movements and Martin tries to take control of the situation, but he cannot.

The cup moves more and more violently and makes frenetically sudden circular movements.

The tension has reached an indescribable point.

Alexander's body is suddenly lifted off the floor and ruthlessly whipped to the roof. He painfully takes his hands to his chest, feels that some of his lower ribs was broken; specifically the last three.

Alexander can see clearly and closely Asmodeo's horrifying face.

Neither Martin nor Ortega can see this inter-dimensional being. Asmodeo is totally invisible to both of them.

Alexander is the only visual witness of that dark and demonic presence.

- *Dou again?*

Asmodeo speaks with a guttural voice.

Alexander doesn't believe what his eyes see. His pupils are totally contracted and his heart beats fast.

He was looking for the truth and the truth found him.

Face to face...

Now he's convinced that he wasn't crazy and that Asmodeo is real. This situation goes beyond his worst nightmares.

The devil places his hands abruptly on Alexander's injured chest and begins to attack him with rapid and tremendous chest compressions. He violently and relentlessly attacks over and over again.

The two astonished witnesses contemplate a horrendous spectacle.

Asmodeo is outside Black Hand and Ortega's visual range.

Both witnesses watch in astonishment as Alexander's chest expands and rears in fury again and again...

It looks like a psychopathic muscular gorilla giving CPR to his victim.

Alexander can barely breathe.

It is incredibly painful to breathe...

The violent chest compressions continued until Alexander inevitably throws up.

Liters of dark blood with vomit fall on the table. Martin was all stained.

All that surrounded the cup game was stained and smelly.

Ortega feels the cold in his wet pants. Feels very cold, never in his life had been so scared.

He had seen with his own eyes a brutal murder without seeing the murderer...

Questioning his sanity and with his urine-stained pants, retakes what remains of his dignity and shoots three times in the air.

Alexander's body is suddenly dropped from the neck on the table. The stage is a gore disaster. It was a surreal, tragic and sad image.

Blood is everywhere, pieces of a shattered table and the naked man's body, with his head turned upside down.

Emotionally fractured Martin is on the floor and in a fetal position, crying, waiting for his turn to die.

He resigned to have an equally violent death at Asmodeo's hands.

Martin hears that someone is hammering a gun. He looks towards the metallic sound and sees with astonishment Ortega pointing at him.

Ortega has been an eyewitness to that afterlife scene.

- Hey, little brown, take the Bitcoin and let's get out of here. We will split the money, I cover you and you cover me, I'll set you free. Just take the USB out of his pocket and throw it to me.

Stop crying asshole - adds Ortega - and throw me the USB!

Lieutenant Ortega was too afraid to get close to the bared man's body.

Ortega Insists to the point that manages to convince Martin to look in Alexander's pants.

Black Hand finds the USB and grapes it strongly. A Bitcoin fortune was in his hands.

He throws the USB near Ortega who picks it up with joy and satisfaction.

Then he points at Martin.

- What did you say, little brown? "Already chingue no?" "No wey", it isn't that easy you fool. You've just committed another homicide.

And I've came late to the crime scene.

I've arrived late to avoid another tragedy.

But I've arrived on time to stop a psychopath.

Ortega Kills Martin with one shot.

A bullet has accurately pierced half of his forehead.

Both inert bodies lie in the room. This happens to all, a spectral silence...

Ortega pulls out his radio, tries hard to remain calm, his mind is in the Bitcoin fortune that he holds in his hand.

Ortega was a technology's ignorant, but he had heard something about Bitcoin on television and knew that it was valuable.

He didn't know exactly what it was, but he knew that it was something very valuable and it was the answer to his desire to enjoy an early retirement.

Greed overcame fear and finally he communicates with the nearest patrol:

- Carlos 020. Here Ortega 020... Blue team, there is a code 42 in the colony Astilleros, the street is Jardines de la Paz number 101...

Boys, I need an ambulance ... something very serious has happened here; unfortunately I got there too late...

Final Chapter

Three weeks passed since the tragic outcome that ended with Father Martin and Lieutenant Alexander violent death.

Now, we can distinguish a very thin Lieutenant Ortega who in 3 weeks has lost more than 30 kilos; also he looks older with an exhausted, neglected appearance. He hasn't cut his fingernails and has an unpleasant rotten smell.

His conscience is killing him. He wasn't the same person since that night. Afraid to sleep as Asmodeo always appears in his nightmares, tormenting him, whipping him or raping him to death.

He also experiments horrible nightmares of deformed dwarfs.

Little hooded devils that dance around his bed. It was a recurring nightmare that repeated all nights.

His soul knew that his death sentence was signed.

His soul sensed that what he was seeing is an advance, of what awaited him in the hereafter.

Ortega stink death, everyone notices and looks at him with displeasure, nobody really cares about him.

Ortega was a despicable pig that everyone detests.

For the rest of normal people, everything has returned to routine.

The routine remains intact in the Mexican prison and now; Martín's cell is occupied by a new prisoner.

Nobody misses him.

Lieutenant Ortega has contacted an expert systems' engineer who he knew, to unlock the USB and access the Bitcoin.

Ortega made an appointment to meet him tonight in his office at prison.

He fantasized about his millions and his new life as a bitllionaire. While suffering from a very acute and continuous stomach ache.

Ortega has no fucking idea of what a Bitcoin is and is about to receive a disappointing surprise.

He takes a fistful of Omeprazole with vodka's drink that he always kept hidden as medicine in his desk's drawer.

Ortega feels shit, physically and mentally speaking.

He looks like a moving corpse, as if someone was feeding on his vital energy, his soul, something was literally sucking him from inside.

In front of his office, someone knocks on the door and a polite Richard Goodman shows up.

Goodman was a young systems' engineer and an old friend.

Goodman, a successful Jewish, was the required one to collect Ortega's fortune.

You would be glad to pay him for his knowledge.

- Good evening, Pepe. Forgive me for the 5 minutes late. It's raining and there was a traffic jam - said Richard while entering.

Avoiding all formalism and going exactly to the point, Ortega takes Alexander's USB out of his bag, still stained with blood.

Richard Goodman takes it and analyzes it. Doesn't give any importance to the blood on the object and give his first impression to the attentive and anxious lieutenant:

- *Excellent. Pepe it's a Treasure Wallet. Did you know that? This can have a lot of money. Now I understand your stress, and it is stained with blood.*

Motherfucker! Who have you killed? It isn't my business.

I'll charge you 40% for switching this Bitcoin to real money.

– You're a thief! - Lieutenant José Ortega angrily exclaims. But it seems fair to me - he adds while coughing and suffering more and more from his stomach ache.

Both shake hands closing the deal.

Richard Goodman was disgusted to shake his hand and hides his discomfort.

- And now, what's next? - asks anxiously the battered Lieutenant Ortega.

- Your password - answers the experienced engineer.

- *Password? - Asks Ortega surprised. Which fucking password? What are you talking about?*

- I need your password to access the money, without the password it is impossible. This isn't a common and current USB ignorant policeman - argued Goodman.

Lieutenant Ortega is smart enough to know that his wickedness and time had been in vain.

- Look Richard, the password, I have it. Today is Friday, Sunday after church; I will pass by your house with the password and with an extra bonus for the inconvenience. What do you say? Will you help me? - asked an increasingly pale Ortega.

- Sunday will be fine Pepe, and it will cost you an extra 5%. My time is expensive. I'll wait for you after 12 - ended Richard Goodman while leaving the office.

Ortega feels dizzy; his ears are buzzing with a headache, his eyes begin to see lights. His legs are highly edematized; his color is red with purple, looks like he suffered serious circulation problems.

He could barely walk.

Ortega moves with painful gait. He cannot hide the aspect of all the aggressive attack has left on his general state.

He gets into his car and drive home, and then makes a deviation; instead of going home he goes to the Virgin of Soledad's temple.

He wants to meet right away the father in charge.

Ortega is convinced that someone had put a curse on him.

He is convinced that someone was feeding on his vital energy.

A parasitic entity is consuming him alive and the unpleasant Ortega fears for his soul, but greed is greater than God's fear.

He is convinced that there is a supernatural entity in Alexander's house.

Without any doubt, a diabolic entity lived in the 101 of *Jardines de la Paz*.

Also without any doubt in that house he would find the Treasure Wallet famous password. Or at least that was what he hoped.

His plan was to pay a \$ 100 to convince the priest to make an exorcism to the house.

While the priest realizes the exorcism, Ortega will have the opportunity to look for the password.

That was Ortega's plan.

After driving for half an hour, Ortega parks in front of the Virgin of Soledad's temple.

He gets out of the car, slamming the door and running to the temples' doors.

- Father, Father please open the door. It's an emergency! - Lieutenant Ortega shouted as a desperate condemned man.

The septuagenarian bald head's father peeks out of the window, bewildered of the time and the form. He invites Ortega to pass.

Looking at the patrol's lights the priest without any doubt imagines that something serious has happened recently.

The father is surprised to see Ortega in such deplorable conditions. The lieutenant got into the temple with dozens of flies flying around him.

Now his face looks more grotesque, as if little by little he was rotting alive.

The smell that he gives off, as well as his appearance, was more offensive and unpleasant.

The priest cannot hide his astonishment and disgust.

- Son, what happened to you? - asks amazed.

- Father, they made me a spell, they cursed me. Someone put a curse on me. I need you to come with me and realize two exorcisms, one for me and another one to the house – Ortega desperately answered.

The septuagenarian father is startled, very frightened and refuses. He regrets letting this man in.

He doesn't seem at all a cop, doesn't have a badge or a uniform.

He looks more like a zombie with a rotten pizza face.

Ortega takes out his gun, points it at the father, cocks it and threatens to shoot him, if he denies coming with him and doing what he orders.

The father has no choice and gets into the patrol.

Both are on their way to 101 of Jardines de la Paz.

On their way Ortega puts 100 dollars in the frightened father's hand.

The Father notices that Ortega's hands and face looked as they belong to someone of his own age.

On their way to Alexander's house Ortega was turning old very fast. Not only that, he also had strange sores that suddenly appeared all over his face.

His right hand was especially fragile, the index and middle fingers were pulverized when making a sudden speeds' change.

Both passengers let out a terrifying scream.

At last they arrive at 101 of Jardines de la Paz. The house looks abandoned. It was surrounded by a "Do not pass" yellow security line.

The cadaverous Lieutenant Ortega and the father get out of the car towards the house's door.

Ortega using his other hand takes the keys out of his pocket and opens the door, careful not to pulverize his other fingers.

The father prays “Our Father...” with an appalled voice.

Ortega orders the Father to pray and to expel the demon that lives inside the house.

The father doesn’t believe what his eyes see.

As he managed, the Christ’s soldier takes his crucifix and his bible.

He bravely walks into the house’s corners, praying specific psalms and making cross’ signs in all directions.

Asmodeo observes very entertained and from the roof he smiles with pure wickedness.

The Father’s enchantments are useless and the metal cross that he holds begins to melt like butter before his astonished gaze.

Without further ado, this causes him a tachycardia and a terrible chest pain.

The pain radiates from the chest to the jaw and he feels like an electric shock went through his brain.

The old father is dying slowly suffering a heart attack under this strong impression.

All this action was occurring in front of Ortega's eyes. Who doesn’t believe what he sees, and also doesn’t ask for clemency.

God has blinded his heart; Ortega has no merit for repentance.

He desperately searches for the password in the entire house.

Frustrated for having failed as nothing came out as he planned, and now he is alone in this house, rotting alive.

His body was turned grotesque; his face looked like a beaten pizza.

Ortega screams of pain and keeps searching in every drawer, in every corner.

He desperately searches without finding anything.

He climbs the stairs, tears the mattresses, looks among the books, but finds nothing...

All his wickedness has been in vain, poor Ortega who was rotting alive.

Ortega's body turns into a grotesque humanoid mass that can barely stand upright.

Suddenly, Asmodeo appears in front of him, Ortega looked like a disfigured monster.

His body was as if it had been submerged in acid. He had a humanoid form and looked like a bloody mass without eyes.

Asmodeo opens his mouth so wide fracturing his jaw bones.

The demon opens its mouth even more and devoured the half of Ortega's body.

Asmodeo is ecstatic and slowly swallows the Ortega's body while his legs shake violently.

It's Sunday morning. It's still early to wake up and start the day.

Richard Goodman was still sleeping at home dreaming peacefully. He rests in a righteous tranquility, submerged in a delicious deep sleep.

A light's being appears in his dreams and sweetly whispers into his ear:

The password is: TOM

Goodman wakes up drenched in sweat and jumps out of bed.

In his hand, was the Treasure Wallet covered with blood...

The End

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