

QUESTIONS

They asked me in yesterday. I told them to leave him in his cell until I got there. I arrived thirty minutes ago.

I told them they would have to leave the office while I did the interrogation. When they call me they have already exhausted the last threads of conventional questioning. Generally if someone is around to witness my techniques, or listen to it, they don't react well.

After they'd left, I walked into the interrogation room. He was sat there, looked perfectly normal, quite calm. Quite normal in one of my clients.

I sat opposite him, placing my bag between my feet, and looking him in the eye.

"So, what's your pleasure?" I asked him. I smiled gently.

"Another questioner. Look, you can't ask me anything they haven't already asked me." He locked eyes with me, trying to intimidate me, it amused me greatly. "Bugger off, I'll do the time, and you won't get her location from me."

I smiled at him. "I'm not like them, I've made specific studies. Do you know I've spent several years in my speciality?" I looked toward the bag, "How much do you really think you can take? Of course, don't tell me, you're harder than that, you've done time, spent time in the gangs, the kidnapping gig was rolling in some credits wasn't it? You've been in the street wars before, taken hits? look of those scars you must have taken, ooh, a 12 mike mike through the shoulder?" He nodded, pleased with himself, the thrill of shrugging off the questioning of the local shivers had given him a nice adrenaline charge, it would make my methods all the quicker.

I reached down to my bag, and looked up. He was clenching his fist, and beginning to extend his middle finger. I locked eyes with him, and he didn't realise I had his hand in my grip until I had it pinned flat on the table between us. A moment later the drill bit began to chew into the tip of the finger he had intended to display to me. His cries were muffled by my free hand, and his eyes bulged out of his head with the stifled scream. I leant towards him and whispered into his ear, "Any idea how long I can keep you alive while I take them off, joint by joint? Kickstart can keep you going for days while I take you apart, piece by piece, finger by finger." The drill had jammed in the polycarbonate table between us, pinning his finger to the table, he whimpered with feeling when I gave it a yank trying to free the mechanism.

His eyes dulled, and when I pulled the drill bit from the table, and extracted it from his finger, he bowed his head and cradled his hand. He was in the presence of his superior, he recognised his place as lower in the food chain than I. I now have power over this man, this wretch, this pathetic little loser. Now he will tell me what I want to know.

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The shivers tell me he's given up the location of a missing girl, kidnapped for a ransom. they bandaged his hand for him, and he cried like a child when he told them.

Ultimate power over another being

is the total and complete commitment to inflicting as much pain and torment on them as you possibly can, and making sure that they know how far you are prepared to go. If they want to go the whole way however, you must have the absolute conviction to do whatever you need to take your power over someone.

Absolute conviction results in absolute power. Absolute power grants me the man inside, his soul, his will, and his every experience.

A power exchange like that can affect a man, in this case he sobbed his story to the shivers, and gave up the location of the girl he and his friends has kidnapped. She was dead when they found her of course, but at least her family could have her remains back. You see, he exerted his absolute power over her, in attempt to exert absolute power over her parents, who just happen to hold high SCLs at Karma.

Did hold I should say, this kind of security breach usually ends up with severe penalties.

Anything but absolute power is not power at all. Sometimes you have leverage, but leverage can bend the wrong members, affect the wrong supports. Leverage can bring the building down, but it might not bring the right results. Knowing this is the key to my pleasure, to my movement through the chain.

I am a predator, I consume the souls of the men I exert power over. I have consumed a generation. if you meet me, you have been chosen to become part of our master's great plan, you are not a victim, you are part of the bigger picture, part of the divine universe in which we live.

I live, I feed, I consume. I move through the waters, the streets of Mort, as a Shark, patrolling the depths of our society, which is unclean, and becoming more polluted as time progresses. It is upon each of us to exert our position on the world, to trim off the dead flesh walking the streets, and to become what our master knows we are capable of becoming.

I have become.

