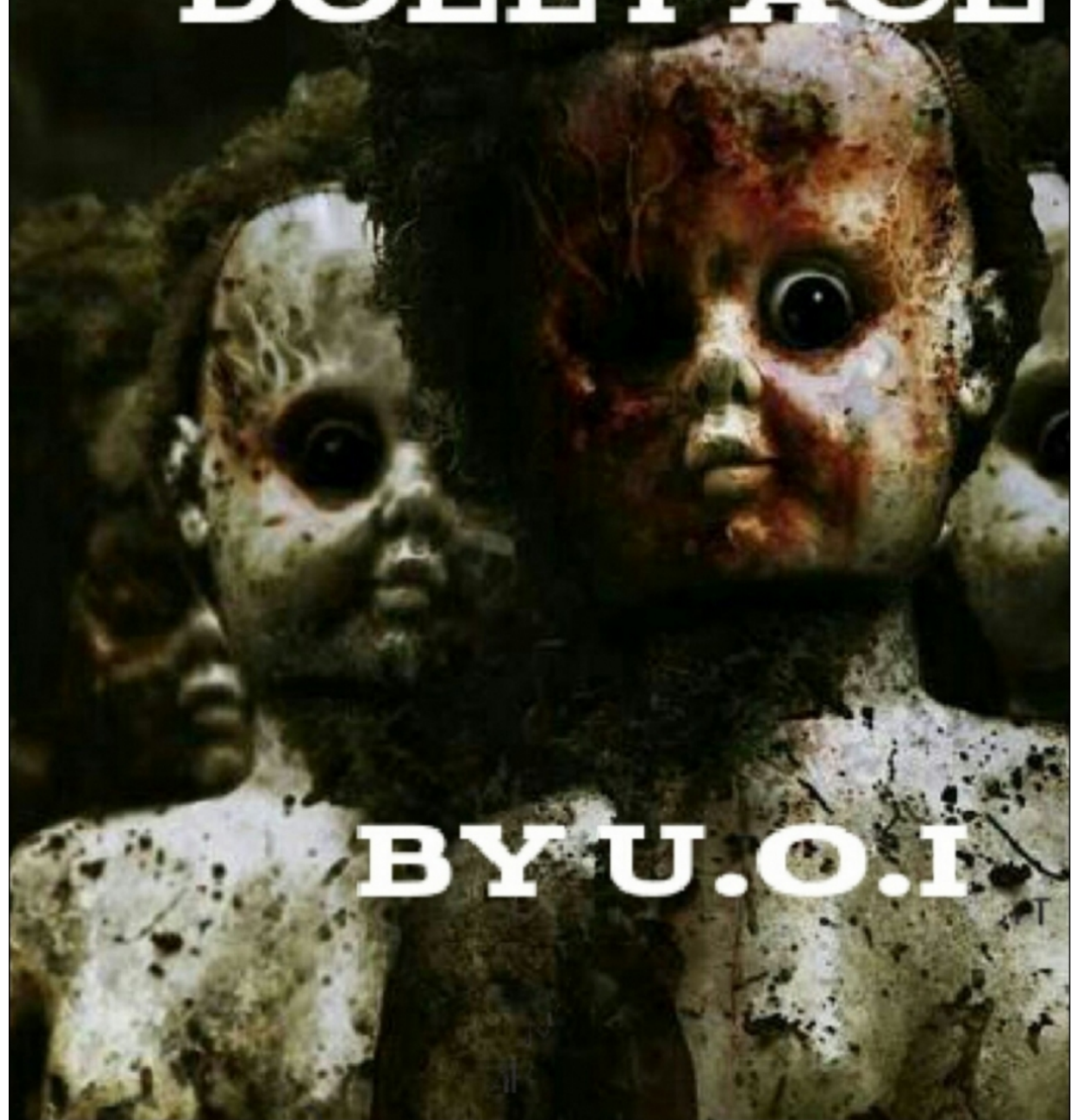


IMMORTAL SEED DOLL FACE

BY U.O.I

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immortal seed

dollface

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Prologue

Four lads not yet old enough to wear their own beards tried to pull the wool over the good eye of the night club's door supervisor, brandishing fake plastic identity cards. The fact that he lost one eye in childish games when he was five didn't make him anyone's fool. The bouncers friends made him play patient while they took on role of doctor. In a scuffle for a plastic stethoscope, the make believe doctors sent him crashing into a can of inverted pencils. His right eye was impaled on impact with the pointy end of the pencils. The boys responsible got off with a mere reprimand while the injured party got to see the world through a very

skewed one eye. ' You little runts aren't getting your skinny arses in my club, go on boger off to your mums', the barrel chested, coloured door supervisor ranted at the underaged pranksters.

Like scared sewer rats the four teens hurriedly dispersed. They cursed at the guard when they were at a safe distance and out of his reach. 'We're getting low on the good stuff', one of the teenage boys donning a red Nike face cap remarked as he rolled a joint. Half high, half awake, the boys saw two glowing fiery orbs approaching. The light appeared to be nested in eyesockets but the face remained shrouded by darkness. Something in their brains was affected by the entity causing the less than somber junkies to slip out of conciousness. As they lay unconscious on the concrete floor, the light from the orbs dimmed allowing the creature to melt away into the shade of darkness.

oldwounds

Papers stained with wine covered the face of a marble table. A broken down wreck of a man with myriads of sweat crisscrossing a slightly aging face, sinks into the comfort of an old leather sofa. An awkward silence filled the air, followed by the gritting of toffee coloured teeth as Mr lark tries to digest each letter in the well drafted memento from a philandering wife. 'Mama always said she would bleed me dry, it's a damn pity I never took the time to listen', the broken man murmured to himself. A tall slender frame in the corner emerged from the shadows of a poorly lighted room. She was neither his crotch nor his poison, just a listening ear for a cocktail of bile from a bitter man. 'Detective inspector lark your special attention is required sir. There's been an unpleasant development at st Johns road', the tall lady intimated. The words seemed to slide out of her lips in a rather eloquent, affluent English accent. Her gaze seemed

fixed on the half opened window. You could see the fire and zeal of a new recruit burning ever so brightly in her hazel eyes. 'The half pint constable come to tell me what to do', he muttered as he grudgingly obliged to her request. You could literally smell the stench of unease between the two comrades. It was like sweaty armpits and a lady. She didn't like the stench but couldn't stay away from the man with the armpit.

It was a long drive to st johns road. DI Lark's eyes stayed fixed on his old Rolex watch. He was forever tapping the face of the old trinket, hoping it would respond to his brand of CPR. Finally they made their way through the hustle and bustle of London's narrow but busy roads. At the end of a tiny ally way was a lifeless body surrounded by paramedics and first aiders. The badly bruised man in his late thirties had just been pronounced dead. It was now an official police murder investigation. The forensic team soon swooped in like vultures on a fresh carcass, hoping to find any helpful pieces to the jigsaw puzzle. Constable Matthews was quick to notice the murder weapons lined up in a corner: four blood stained steel bats. She pointed them out to her superior officer. 'Its like we've got easy pickings today inspector lark sir. Guess who ever hired the imbecilic quartet that wielded the murder weapons just wants to be caught', Matthews commented. 'From my neck of the woods half pint, it certainly looks like the puppet master behind this assault is very thorough and confident that we won't find a shred of evidence to tie them to a very dead john doe over there. They like any great illusionist, wanted to misdirect our attention and fool us into believing it was an assault gone wrong', the experienced inspector Lark elaborated to his attentive audience.

Drenched officers punished by a merciless downpour of rain, made a hasty exit after sealing up the crime scene with the

usual black and yellow tape. A little girl in a white Chinese masquerade mask on her tricycle, watches the detectives vanish out of sight as sirens blare. A balding man in his forties sprints towards the child from the adjacent side of the road. 'Fifi!, you know better than to be out at this time, mum will definitely not be impressed by such behavior', he growled rather angrily. He plucked her from the bike and carried her in one arm while the bike rested in the grasp of the other hand.

Through a slightly blurry window you could see cupid's little fingers at work. A well groomed middle aged man practices the art of flirting with a stranger he'd had his eye on since the start of summer. He had finally worked up some courage as the words weighed heavily on his tongue like an anchor. The ship did indeed, find it difficult to sail as he was no master of seduction, in fact he had never been on a proper date with a proper lady before. As he pretended to struggle with his menu choice, the object of his desire approached ever so gracefully. The waitress uniform looked like she was born to be in it as it highlighted a symmetry of such proportions that it would make a saint's mouth water. Every one liked Cindy Valentine but no one had a big enough heart to look her in the eye and say a simple hello until now. Opportunity presented itself when he noticed she was missing an earring. 'You're incomplete today miss, care to ask me why?', said her drooling admirer in a calm collected manner. Cindy's face lit up like a thousand fireflies on a dark night. She gave a mischievous smile and asked him: 'why?'. 'Jewelry are a lady's ornament, they simply amplify your natural beauty exponentially my darling', the entranced admirer teased. 'That's three pounds for the glass of white wine and for those kind words, I believe you owe me some wining and dining', the flattered waitress hinted.

Through the footpaths and clusters of old buildings, past the