

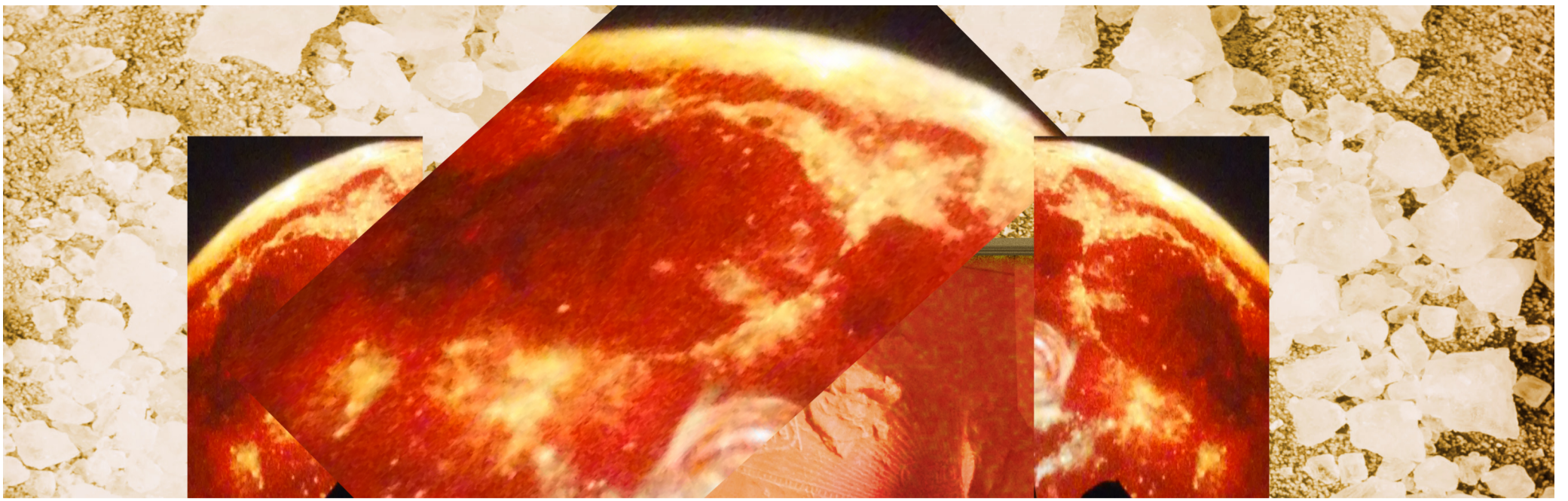
chapter forty six

T hird watched gleefully as the Elohs pounced on the hapless men who forgot the soldiers they were when faced with a ferocious female enemy.

First and Second Head looked on in horror as man after man was ripped apart by the daemonic deities assigned to the front of the Purification House of Pe-ra.

The two Leaders cowered in the far corners of their sedans, unable to look away from the carnage as those assigned to them continued to wildly press through the gates only to be slaughtered.

Third grinned and pushed both feet out of her cage. They got splattered as she dangled them evocatively in the air before standing up all the way. White chalk her exposed toes had been dipped in caught wind every time Third wiggled them.



Linen strips snaked up mile-long legs until they disappeared under the jagged hem of Third's re-adjusted whitewashed habit that, though hooded like those of First and Second, had been slashed down to below her navel, exposing cleavage that would have been prized even within the Purification complex.

She shifted and gold chains that were cloaked along the center slash of the habit spilled out as she gingerly balanced herself in an aggressively indifferent stance within her cage, smiling as if the bloodcurdling screams of the men were familiar music to her ears, listening a few octaves above it for what her disparaged feminine instinct told her was afoot just beneath the surface.

"The Kouros!" screamed Second Head over the wails of his own men and the violently erotic chanting of the swarming Elohs as they tore them limb from limb in his face. Every droplet of blood spilled by weaponry dried upon contact with the air, creating clouds of bronze dust the courtyard was already full of. The Eloh with the Mohawk angrily set her sights on Second Head as he attempted to screech orders.

"Filthy!" the Elohs howled around her. She leapt up in the air, lunging through the brawling crowd towards him on the other side of the Purification gate. At the moment Mohawk's naked, hennaed, bloodied and bejeweled feet left the ground towards Second, the coiled Trinidadian twanged Eloh locked onto First and dove underneath her into the fray towards him.

The Buddha-like Trini's skin gleamed as she berated every man she ripped her way through, raking her hands up into the coils of her cropped hair between punches thrown. Everything was coated with the blood of the fallen except for the bump of hair just above her crown as she screamed belligerently. "You're Filthy! How dare you -How dare you?! You think that you won't have to pay! All of you will pay!"

"I said Push through!!" First Head screamed from the sidelines. "Get the Kouros!"

The bones in Third's gorgeously structured face gleamed in the red light as she stood, bemused by the melee. French braids were twisted down each side of her head and left to hang loose past her bosom in wild waves that rustled as she stepped all the way down onto the Holy ground.

Securely planted, she murmured one word so softly that even Glyph had to lean out of the shadows of the cage towards her to discern whether or not it had actually been spoken.

"Come."

Excerpt from chapter forty six of EXIST, book FIVE of grievechronic by AngelBrynnar.
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