

# DEVLIN'S DESCENT



ROGER  
DALE  
TREXLER

© 2009 Roger Dale Trexler.  
All rights reserved.

***Chapter One:  
Into the Mystic***

Devlin knew it now; the Little Man had lied. He had brought with him promises of bright, cloudless days and happiness that would be never-ending. He told Devlin with that Cheshire Cat grin of his — “never trust a man who smiles that much,” his mother had told him years ago about an acquaintance of the family, but he had not heeded her advice, and he was paying the price for that lack of good judgment — that the Green Pus was what he needed to make his life complete. That the Green Pus would take away the pain he felt inside, and Devlin desperately wanted the pain he felt in his heart gone.

So, he had listened to the Little Man. The Little Man who wore a three-piece suit that was always black, never dark blue. The Little Man who smiled like the Devil himself and laughed like the little sawed-off son of a bitch he was. The Little Man who’d gotten him addicted to the Green Pus, shoveling handfuls of the gooey concoction into Devlin’s mouth that first night he’d partaken of the illegal substance, insuring that he would have a steady client from then on. For, Devlin had read about the Green Pus — who hadn’t? — And he knew many things about it. It was a man-made concoction that had been stumbled upon accidentally in some biological warfare lab, supposedly deep below the Earth’s surface. The lab had tested the drug on monkeys and found the effects of interest. Murderous impulses raged within the creatures and, much like cock fighting in the Deep South, they had unleashed two creatures into a cage and watched the results.

They had found them satisfactory, and human testing was authorized.

Of course, it was all hearsay, but Devlin knew that the stories of human’s beating each other to death and tearing themselves apart were true. In its raw form, the Green Pus overpowered the human nervous system. In the diluted form Devlin and the rest of the addicted took, it merely induced a

sense of euphoria.

After the inevitable accident in the lab that resulted in hundreds of deaths, rumor had it the entire lab had been destroyed by the government to prevent the spread of the drug. Fortunately for The Little Man, and unfortunately for Devlin, samples of the compound had survived. And, since the chemicals that comprised the compound were practically household items, it wasn't long before the Green Pus was on the streets. Labs were set up in barns, trailers and basements, all of them pumping out the green, gooey concoction. Small plastic containers, like those some people used to bring single-serving condiments in their lunches, became the chosen method of transporting the noxious compound to the consumer. The storage container industry skyrocketed when they realized that Green Pus was their meal ticket to higher profits. The police started tracking the sale of the household chemicals necessary to produce Green Pus and, in turn, the sale of the small plastic vial containers, but they were ineffective. The Black Market had connections, and those connections would keep the Green Pus flowing as long as consumers were willing to purchase it.

Devlin knew that fact all too well, also. The day he'd met The Little Man had changed his life forever.

It had been a clear day in January, unseasonably warm. The temperature was in the mid-fifties and Devlin, feeling a touch of spring fever, had take off work early to enjoy the sun and the warmth.

He came home unannounced, wanting to surprise his wife.

Instead, he got a surprise.

She wasn't alone. There was a silver pick-up parked in the driveway (in his parking space, no less), a foreign-made 4-wheel drive. A bumper sticker that read: GAS, GRASS OR ASS, NOBODY RIDES FOR FREE was pasted on the right side of the bumper. Devlin drove around the block, his mind racing, and, as he wheeled the car back onto his street, he knew that that pick-up didn't belong to the Maytag repairman.

He parked on the street a few houses down and walked to the house. He walked around to the side window, where their bedroom was, and, then, there was no doubt whatsoever what was going on.

His wife of eight years, the woman he loved with all his heart, was sleeping with another man.

*In their bed.*

Devlin listened and, as he listened, he began to shake... at first, in fear of what he was losing. But, as he stood there, something else took hold.

He tried to reach back into his memory and recall what happened next, but he couldn't. Either the Green Pus or his emotional pain had blocked the memory. But, he knew what happened from the police report.

He had beaten his wife's lover to within an inch of his life. The man had been hospitalized for nearly a month after the incident, and he would walk with a limp for the rest of his life. *A small price to pay, Devlin thought, for stealing away the love of his life.*

Devlin had spared his wife any physical injury. Instead, he had emptied out their bank account and tried to disappear with the money. The police had picked him up two days later, though, almost three states away and still running.

They never found the money, however. Devlin had hidden it and, in the emotional confusion of the moment, forgotten where it was hidden. He could almost remember where the money was, but not quite. He knew that he would have all the Green Pus he wanted if he could remember where the money was hidden and, in time, he would.

Until then, panhandling and petty crime would keep him in Pus.

He met The Little Man at the police station. The Little Man who would become such a pivotal character in his life. The Little Man who worked for the police as a psychiatrist, determining whether a man was a threat to society. The Little Man who offered him a choice between going to the mental institution or helping him test what he called " an experimen-

tal anti-depressant”.

The Green Pus.

Patrick Devlin hadn't known it at the time, of course. He had taken the man at his word, just as he had taken his wife's word when she said she would love him, and him alone, for the rest of their days.

Both had lied.

*Everyone lies*, Devlin thought as he lay there on a rat-eaten mattress in the abandoned building he called home. *Everyone lies, and everyone pays a price for being lied to.*

He had paid a deep price. His life. He was still alive but, to the world, he might as well have been dead.

The Little Man had seen to that. The Little Man had seen to a great many things over the past six months. He had turned him into an addict, had finished the destruction that Devlin had begun, and left him to wonder why.

And all he had was a memory, now.

##

Caroline was her name. Caroline LeFevre, A vision to him. A body like Venus with arms, Bon Scott had sang before he'd choked to death on his own vomit in the back seat of a car. Caroline wasn't a supermodel, but Devlin wasn't a male swimsuit model, either. Still, there was something about Caroline that Devlin couldn't resist. He'd heard of love at first sight, but hadn't believed in it until that day, well over a decade ago now, when he had gone out to dinner with friends and spied the woman of his dreams.

He'd introduced himself nervously, and the rest was history. The day she'd betrayed his love was the worst day of his life. Until today.

##

Devlin, naked, arose slowly. The Green Pus still coiled around his mind. It was a pleasant feeling, a *comforting* feel-

ing. A secure feeling, and Devlin desperately needed that security. He felt detached from himself, as if he were really standing in the corner of the room, looking down at someone who looked just like him, only more tired and battered and spent than he had thought he could ever look. The Green Pus had many side effects, and one of them was rumored to be the ability of your spirit to leave your body, just like the out-of-body experience of someone whose heart had stopped. Devlin had always considered that to be a delusion, a fever dream brought on by the Green Pus but, at the moment, he believed it. The Green Pus could bring you closer to God.

He watched himself stir slowly, the naked girl, no more than nineteen years old but looking far older because of the Green Pus, lay on the mattress next to him. He turned and looked at her, trying desperately to remember the sex from the night before. But, no matter how hard he tried; he could not recall her straddled atop him, grinding her privates into his as they rode a Pus High. He recalled propositioning her, however. The day had been good and he'd procured several containers of Pus from his dealer, and she had looked good to him, standing on the street corner, turning tricks for Pus or money to buy it with.

He had walked up to her, shown her the little vials of Green Pus. That was all it took.

That was all it ever took.

Now, the only proof that they had had sex was the crusted remnants of his, and her, love juice in his pubic hair.

Devlin would have felt sad about that, if he had any emotions left at all. Caroline's betrayal had made him numb emotionally, and the Green Pus only compounded that lack of feeling. Looking down at the naked girl before him, he could care less if she lived or died. He didn't care that she had, mostly likely, been beautiful once, nor did he care if she had given him an STD. STD's were easily cured these days, anyway, so he didn't give it a second thought. He knew that, like himself, she was there for one thing and one thing only — Green Pus. The fact that she had spread her legs to get it

only showed that Green Pus was horribly addictive.

Devlin sat there and looked at her naked body for a time, thinking that, maybe, he ought to get all he could from her. It'd been a while since he'd had sex — even though there were other Pus whores who'd do him for the mere promise of the stuff — and he had always enjoyed the comforts of a woman.

He thought of Caroline at that moment. She hadn't been the greatest of lovers, but there had been something that he truly did love about her. He liked the way she would cuddle up in his arms after sex and they would talk about the future together.

He snickered.

*The future, he thought. What a joke it became.*

The girl stirred.

**THIS PORTION OMITTED DUE TO GRAPHIC SEXUAL CONTENT. IF YOU WANT TO READ THE UNABRIDGED VERSION OF THE STORY, PAYPAL ME \$1 FOR A UNABRIDGED 4-CHAPTER SEGMENT AT RTREXLER@SIU.EDU**

Devlin awoke. He didn't recall falling asleep, didn't recall a thing beyond the moment he ejaculated into the girl. It was darker now, though, and he realized that he had slept for hours, maybe days. He lay there in the silence and listened. He held his breath, hoping to hear her soft breathing nearby.

He heard nothing.

He reached his hand out and felt around, hoping to touch the warm comfort of her body. Something inside him needed to touch her, to feel her. Even if she was a Pus Head like him, she was a link to the humanity he had lost.

*Humanity*, he thought. *Who the Hell is human anymore?*

And, that thought made him think of Caroline. Caroline, his wife, who had, in what seemed the blink of an eye, turned his world upside down. Made him spiral into a deep, dark depression that had led him to the streets of the city, and, in turn, to the Little Man.

Caroline, the woman he had loved. Caroline, the woman who had betrayed that love.

He hated her.

And, yet, he loved her.

He wondered where she was these days, if she was happy. Part of him wanted that for her. Part of him wanted nothing but good things for her because he still loved her.

The other part hoped she would burn in Hell.

It was a moral dilemma, even if he felt like he no longer had morals.

The Green Pus stole that away from him as well.

All he wanted now was more Pus.

He reached out, still searching for the girl. She was his temporary link with the outside world. He didn't care if she lived or died, but she made him feel slightly more human.

He didn't find the girl, however. While he slept, she had left. Part of him wished she would have killed him in his sleep. He would be out of his misery. He knew that she had rifled through his clothes, looking for money or the other vial of Green Pus. She had found what she wanted, and left un-

scathed. Once again, she had traded her body for the green concoction that defined both of their lives.

He felt around for her, but she wasn't there.

Instead, his hand touched on something familiar. Something that, even in the almost complete darkness, his senses registered. He supposed that, ultimately, it was the familiarity of the little plastic container, now empty, that defined what his life had become. He was a shamble of a man, a wreckage spewed upon the shores of life. Something that no one wanted or cared for.

He could live with that, too, he supposed.

As long as he had the Green Pus.

He felt around for the additional containers that he had secluded under the mattress, but did not find them. The girl had taken them. He had taken what he wanted from her; she had taken what she wanted from him. It was a fair trade, he supposed. An exchange of commodities and services. There was a certain honesty in it. Unlike his relationship with Caroline, he knew what to expect from the girl. There was no love between them; just an exchange of liquids. He laughed at that, and the sound of his voice echoed through the darkness. It almost sounded as if the darkness was laughing back at him, and he didn't blame it. There was plenty of reason to laugh.

For a time, he lay there in the darkness, staring up at the ceiling. He couldn't see it, but he knew that it was there, just out of sight.

He put the empty container of Green Pus to his lips. He stuck his tongue into the container, licking it clean, like a lover performing oral sex. The salty acidity of Green Pus tingled his tongue and he sank his tongue in deeper. His tongue touched the bottom of the container, and he was rewarded with almost a teaspoon of the precious concoction. The girl had been an amateur. A true addict would have consumed every drop.

*She'll learn, he thought. She'll learn.*

He concentrated on the ceiling. He knew that there was a light bulb up there. A light bulb that hadn't burned in months,

maybe years.

"Show me the way," he whispered.

And the light began to glow.

It didn't burn brightly, but it *did* burn. Devlin had seen the experiments of The Little Man. He had heard the screams of men and women and children whom The Little Man had given multiple full-strength doses of Green Pus to. He hadn't seen the physical transformations that were rumored to occur with repeated dosages of the undiluted narcotic. Nor had he been witness to the psychic, telekinetic, and uncategorized abilities that his experiments had proven.

But, he knew they were true.

He had been given three full-strength dosages of the substance before his escape, and he knew that all the rumors were true.

The light bulb proved it.

He concentrated harder and the bulb glowed a little brighter. It threw shadows into every corner of the room and, with the advent of sight came his other senses. The room smelled of shit, sex and sweat. He looked about him and saw dozens of little plastic containers, now empty and spent, littering the floor. Weeks worth of Green Pus, sold for a fiver per container.

And she had taken his last one.

Devlin lay back on the floor and relaxed his mind. Slowly, the light bulb dimmed, then extinguished. He lay there and thought, *what would have happened if I hadn't escaped The Little Man?* Part of him wanted the security of a readily available supply of Green Pus. But, he knew, The Little Man had an agenda of his own, and a healthy supply of addicts had succumbed to his research and never been seen again.

The Little Man had promised him a life of ease and euphoria.

He had promised Devlin that he would help him forget Caroline, help him create a new, better life.

The Little Man had lied.

Like everyone else in Devlin's life, he had promised him

the universe, but delivered only pain.

All he needed was a couple more undiluted doses of Green Pus. Maybe only one, he thought. He wasn't sure. He wasn't sure of much on life, hadn't been in quite some time. But, there was one thing he knew for certain —The Little Man was a liar. He was a liar and a murderer and a bastard.

For that, Devlin would make The Little Man suffer.... if it was the last thing he did, he would take his revenge on the Little Man.

And anyone else who got in his way.

God help them all.