



DEWLOGIC

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RECOIL

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RECOIL

Pride applauds a lady on a draught, and flesh grows an apparition undefined. Dentition denuded is hardly the aftermath of itself. It is a raking imagined a rainmaker, rancorous in RAM, ramshackle built like a rainbow's raincoat. Pulling the dual, the deranged wide load counts three, points to four faces, lessening upward pretending pyramid, riding on a wayward timelessness, an aberration baseless in operation. Doubly abortifacient, it abounds out of nothing to meet absence in excess.

A crackrope, a wag, throws a drawer into a draughthouse, waits around for a drawback.

Debbie Smith smiled a lot, and a lot about her smile was a forced illusion on a silent rampage. She was sure she was judged as there was so much of her to see. And in social interaction she ached for the invisibility of her fatness. She referred to herself as "borderline chunky." And a friend had once told her there wasn't a borderline for fatness; there was always a base line for it. Chunky, she was advised, was past the baseline.

But she had been certain of it; she was borderline chunky. Pretty in the face, she reckoned, she was hardly unnoticeable in social environments. And in the beginning with the ceaseless attention she had gotten around the office, she could hardly consider herself a passing fancy. She was also certain she wasn't merely part of the rank and file around the office. She was

vivacious and with a smile readily on her face, friendly.

She had fallen into one bed after another and the other, and could never catch up to the reality of her promiscuous escapades even when they touched her ears. She could barely wake up in the moment; she was dating and sleeping with Dave, one of her bosses.

She worked at KLEK, a chemical company as a secretary where most of her superiors were chemical engineers and male. And when she got transferred within the company to work for a female boss in the marketing department, she believed it was jealousy on the part of her old boss over a new affair.

To her surprise she had made good friends with her new boss. And when her female boss eventually divulged the real reason for her transfer, she had refused to believe it. She hadn't been passed around on a bet, looked over for promotion twice because she was deemed unfit. She could never have been perceived as an office slut. It was absolutely impossible that the perception of her as an office slut could have contributed to the lack of advancement in her career. She wasn't having public sexual relationships with the men; she was having intimate and private relationships with them. It didn't bode well for her that the nature and degree of her intimacy with these men should spill out. It couldn't bode well for her bosses for their intimacy to spill out into the public sphere either.

Unthinkable. Unbelievable. Unbecoming.

Sitting in the large office of her boss Tilley Pointer, she found it difficult to yet face the mere possibility that Dave could be using her to enrich a dirty office plot to bed the fat girl and tell of the experience.

Debbie stood and paced as Tilley readjusted her seating position behind the large desk.

“I’ve never seen you pace. It feels like you’re exercising, which you refuse to do because it makes you admit you’re fat,” Tilley said.

Debbie stopped pacing and faced Tilley again. “If I were ever fat you are fatter and I don’t see you exercising either.”

Tilley raised her eyebrows. “What’s with the back to me attack? At least I admit I’m fat, you’re yet borderline chunky. And while I do not exercise, and I know no yo-yo can help me, I won’t mind starving to death; I diet.”

Debbie exhaled but remained silent.

Tilley broke the silence. “I think you should dump Dave. Dump him wickedly. Dump him harshly. Dump him now. It’s your only chance at pride, at redemption.”

And Debbie stared at Tilley as if Tilley was crazy. “Why ever would I do something like that; the relationship is going good.”

Tilley closed her eyes, slowly before she exhaled. “The song and dance is all a pretext. He’s not romancing you. He can’t if he tried. He made a bet to sleep with you, dump you and talk about it.

Think about it Debbie...has your relationship with any and all of them ever ended on a good note?"

Debbie hesitated briefly, thinking. "They were always working, always busy, in the end they hardly had time. And relationships grow tiring after a while. It is sometimes to be expected."

Tilley raised an eyebrow. "Affectations are also sometimes to be expected. That's why women are mostly careful about men's intentions. I'm telling you it was all about self-important sex shows. It means nothing."

"And I have the very same right as a female to enjoy sex as much as they do," Debbie argued.

Tilley shook her head. "No. I'm not talking about your freedom to sleep around as a woman. Or that to embrace feminism. Can't you see the terrible patterns? You're doing these things at work! Unthinkable! So unthinkable in fact, I walked into a terrible conversation about you as I entered Meeting Room Hour A to retrieve a video camera I used for my marketing session and the boys were there. I made the decision to leave the camera there. And now I have no choice but to show you."

Debbie was sullen, cautious. "You have video that proves Dave is deceiving me?"

Tilley held her eyes. "Yes. I have a video that proves Dave is deceiving you."

Debbie exhaled. And slowly took her seat. "Well. Let's see it."

Tilley hesitated. “First they talk geek. They’re geeky fools, so if you don’t understand what they mean, do ask me. Second and most importantly, I must warn you that I will destroy the tape immediately after you see it. You will help me do this?”

“I will,” Debbie promised.

Tilley pressed a button and they were both silent.

When chastity withdraws constraint, it bellows below, scattered in offerings it can never preconceive. Decussating without incepting cognition, it triggers hollowed encroachments, the displeasure with low impatience, flouncing flop houses beating as recognition. A delirament in delivering inception, and diminishing in the very confirmation of itself; it has no return.

Debbie made a gasping sound when the screen came alight. She had slept with four of them in a room of six. And for a first time she asked herself how it could have happened.

The atmosphere was bountiful with delight; men at work, having all the time and privilege to socialize at work as they are bosses. They quite easily and willingly tell themselves what to do at work.

And when Tilley walked into the very large and luxurious meeting room, they were clearly using the room for a social gathering of some sort.

Chad was speaking. "... and borderline chunky my ass. She's the portly dame with the thickest set of brains. I just can't get through them. There's a lot of nothing there!"

Dave spoke. "She's out of her mind quite clearly. She's like a shrew and at the same time elephantine. And I have to ask for the human. I mean, where's the human?"

Tom spoke. "And there are so many stages of metamorphosis, always pretending overly feminine, never being a self. She's a dog, a horse, a mouse, an elephant of course. And if she isn't those things while she can never stand any ground calling herself anything, she owns them. I mean what the freak in hell is she transversing on, transversing as, transversing with? What a useless thwart?"

Dave nodded. "A useless thwart indeed! And then she grows the audacity to call herself sugar-cone. And I'm like wait...if you're a sugar babe, then I must be a pilot."

"That was when I decided to leave the camera in for their session," Tilley told Debbie as she saw herself exiting meeting room Hour A. "And I must warn you. It doesn't get better."

Thoroughly engrossed with the scene before her, Debbie's reaction was unflinching.

Tom spoke. "What are the odds you can get a good sugar babe out of a fat slut? What are the odds of that?"

Dave laughed. “Horrible odds. I mean she can barely touch the ground as nothing. She cannot touch the top all the same. She drips fat covered in Nylon while tracing her steps as a carbohydrate. The odd starts with a brain she doesn’t have. And one a babe must have.”

Richard spoke. “Whatever could be the chance you get a head or a tail when you flip a coin?”

William spoke. “Now one hundred percent, I say that fifty percent is a damned slut.”

Dave nodded slightly. “Now I could agree with that if that wouldn’t be an answer intellectually deprived people will give. We should know differently because we’re not stupid idiots.”

Tom nodded. “No we’re not. We just don’t profess to have science degrees, sit around the bar after work and every weekend and get drunk, we’ve got brains. And our brain is what makes us humans.”

Dave smiled. “Indeed we do. We need sample space, and especially because she’s fat we need it. She can’t go around being some empty useless space vessel claiming she’s this and that. We need a sample space that will say she’s got a head, a sample space that says she’s human.”

William spoke. “This should be done in a way that the possibilities of being a woman can fit with the certainty of being a sugar babe and a human all the same.”

Tom nodded. “Indeed. And the sample space to ensure she is human and woman would throw a

dice twice. One head comes up in the NW, so the entirety comes up slut, not-woman, not human. No head comes up in the SW, absolutely not a woman there, absolutely no possibility of a human there. One head comes up in the SE reducing the possibility again to a fifty percent existence and ensuring that there is no woman there, certainly none with a head, so no human there. In the NE, the head comes in twice ensuring that there is one hundred percent chance no matter what you throw you get a woman with a head. This never gives two men or a gay couple; it gives an absolute possibility of 1, of a human, in this case absolutely a woman no matter what you throw. That's what the sample space ensuring woman gives. And because this is so, there cannot be a human in the NW or the SE or the SW. You cannot have an existence on a chance. The only place you can find a human and a woman is in the NE.”

William spoke. “But the sample space is also to ensure she's a sugar babe and not some fat ass. Then how true can this be when we try to find out if she's a sugar-babe? Has she got sugar? It is impossible for instance to have the breakdown of sugar without having any sugar which clearly has to be the case for everyone except the Northeasterner. Having sugar, is having the ability to produce and retain it. Sugar is what the high babe in the NE must have and own. No doubt, you can never process something you don't have. You can't break it down either.”

Dave spoke. “In simple terms, she needs to be able to return a KREB cycle and never be a part of it in process. In other words, you have to be a 1 and a 10 and you have to be it on the very same higher plane. There’s no way around it. Any degree of fakeness when it comes to the KREB cycle is an absolute degree of nothing, any digression is an absolute nil equation. Anything and everything outside is fat, not carbohydrate at all. Nothing else will do.”

William spoke. “Not some low end dark dungeon claiming to be up, not a lowly high lie. Not a one and a six. Not a sixteen, not any number which has to lie over and over to retain itself, never the breakdown of carbon and water, never the million string of nothing nor the billion lengths of crap, but a real human, a real babe.”

Dave spoke. “So we have to figure it out from the initiating facts. The four carbons ensuring the four end stand adds to the two carbon absolute woman to make a six carbon. And thus, this makes the six carbons a procedural aspect, never a human being. And then there is the procedural 6-5 to 5-4 oxidation of carbon, in the second and third stage, and the eventual fourth stage which rearranges to come back to the initiating four carbons. And the NE two absolute woman is never a part of the downward moving process, which ensures she keeps her head at all times.”

William spoke. “When you ask for a babe, they all raise their hands, but why ever would you raise

your hand when you're not even there to raise it? I mean, it could all be a useless senseless waste of time as she keeps her head at all times. We have to find out where the fat asses are. And coincidentally, carbon has that atomic mass of 12.011, which certainly knocks Helium and Neon off its path. Both with oxidation states 0, going on nothing. And with their differential atomic masses 16.177, the sugar babe knocks them the freak out towards the SE 00 as fakes. They've got nothing. And neither of them oxidates. Our sugar babe tops the fat two's any and every day."

Dave spoke. "That certainly dumb up all scientists' perception of the possibility of the carbon Helium, Neon progression. There is no such progression at all."

William spoke. "Oh yes. Scientists are very dumb to have envisioned that progression clearly. Too stupid indeed. There is no such thing."

Dave spoke "And this tells of all probability states as well. And by this I mean the chances of all lottery nothing pathway of headless no sugar-having babes. It tells it all. The absolutely impossible probability states will be there. First we must find what can be associated with the sugar babe so we can find what cannot. We need to find the absolutely possible probability states. This must have condition so it's absolutely possible. And the condition must be given that 1 pre-exists all possibility states. That makes the reality states 11 in the NE and the one which absolutely post

exists pretentiously is at 16.177, which gives the absolute possible probability states in the NE 7X7 for the sugar babe as 49 or if in the tens 70X70 which is 4900. This is also a one hundred probability. The probability state absolutely belong to the babe with the head. She must own all her lottery possibilities because she has a head, no doubt about it. This brings her possibility states to a total of 28 for all four possibility points and this at the toss of a coin gives 37×10^{-10} . The absolute lottery position is that times two for a stand in NE which is 74×10^{-10} . The sugar babe owns 1×10^{-10} at all times, 1×10^{-10} , an absolute straight line.”

William exhaled. “However can you beat that?”

Dave shook his head. “You absolutely can’t beat that. That’s a true sugar babe.”

The poesy without pluck, un-breaded, bloodied cold or warm, its hearts drowned in water, must en-soul its existence in luck. His lungs without air, his lights without life; what blood may bleed? And the sinister spins skaddle in skedaddle prompts to sink the loathed, imagining his life all the way with and against time.

Dave Hunter and Debbie Smith had just engaged in sexual intercourse. And something about the nature of the sexual intercourse told Dave something was wrong. He didn’t bother to ask. Instead, he used the silence to think of a way to get rid of her presence in his home, a way to get

out of the necessity of cordiality, of engaging her after sexual intercourse.

“I have an early meeting tomorrow,” Dave said.

Her back to him, Debbie felt the muscles of her stomach tightening. She closed her eyes slowly, and turned around opening her eyes widely, forcing a light smile. “When?”

“First thing in the morning,” he replied simply.

“I would never want to keep you waiting,” she replied.

He hesitated, wondering if she was going to insist on staying over at his place. “I mean that I will like to have some rest.”

“Of course, as usual,” She replied. “Which brings me to it; there’s something I have been meaning to talk to you about.”

Surprised, momentarily, as she knew how things played out in their relationship, he studied her. “Really?”

She forced another smile, and approached the bedroom door. “You should come out and hear it.”

Curious, Dave followed her.

She sat in the dining room and motioned for him to sit down.

“You’re cooking?”

She held his eyes. “We can manage an empty dining room.”

“What’s important on an empty stomach then?” Dave asked.

Debbie hesitated briefly. “I don’t think this relationship is working out.”

Dave narrowed his eyes, studying her. “What does that mean?”

She shrugged. “It’s you. It’s me. We’re not working out. This relationship cannot continue.”

He studied her, holding a frown, before he suddenly smiled, stood and walked out of the room.

She followed.

And found him holding his front door open.

She knew exactly what he meant by the move but overwhelmed by her personal hurt played dumb in the moment. “You won’t talk about it?” she asked.

He shrugged. “There’s nothing to talk about. It doesn’t matter if I broke up with you or you broke up with me, as it doesn’t matter if Chad did or Matt did or William did. You’re a slut, an easy lay. Now, are you going to get the hell out of my house or do I have to take you out?”

Her revenge breakup hadn’t given any satisfaction, she thought as she exited quietly. And as she bit her lips and descended the stairs, she remembered; there was the early meeting he had indicated.

A macron is macroscopic, original in conception. The ordinate orchard to life, it is never a prayer, never ordinary and always as tall as “I.” Neither pride nor prestidigitation, it is the personal

paradigm inalienable. When bridged, the macron pulls a trigger.

Debbie waited for Tilley's car to turn into the parking lot of the main building at work the next morning before she got out of hers. She walked into the tall building through the backend of the eastern front chatting Tilley up. She went in without any security check.

She made a sigh of relief when at 10:00 am she found the door to Hour A meeting room opened. She locked it behind her. And made her way as fast as she could to the eastern end of the room where the all too familiar face, William, was seated.

"What's this bitch doing here?" she heard Dave say.

"Security!" she heard someone call.

"Slut, get out!" she heard some voice she couldn't recognize say.

As she made her way walking the southern end to the eastern end, she dipped her hand in her pocket and retrieved the Glock pistol amidst the tens of bullets she had put in her pocket earlier that morning after a sleepless night. And once she got to the eastern end, she turned William's revolving chair around.

"What the hell do you—?" William started.

The gun held against his mouth stopped him short.

Debbie pressed it forcefully against his mouth.

He opened his mouth slowly.

Debbie inserted the muzzle of the Glock into his mouth.

Chad, at the head of the table in the western end, stood. “What the hell do you want bitch? You’re so fired!”

Debbie drew her head backward, as though shocked by his statement. “Get up!” she ordered William.

William stood, the gun held steadily in his mouth.

Debbie kicked the revolving chair aside. “Lie with your back against the table so I can see that son of a bitch.”

William obeyed.

“What did you say to me?” she asked Chad as she motioned William to move his whole body onto the table.

Chad’s tone was subtler this time. “I asked you what you wanted.”

Debbie got on her heels immediately, bending down in calculating swiftness and held a clear view under the table. She prayed then she made the aim as she would under normal circumstance. There were legs everywhere. She aimed straight. And stood.

She knew she got the shot when Chad expectantly dropped onto the floor screaming “Oh my God she shot me! Freaking bitch shot me!”

She exhaled. “If you don’t shut up I’ll shoot you again.”

His screams dwindled to painful moans.

She stared from one man to another to another. She knew without a doubt she had their attention. “How about that for stage one?”

She counted heads. There were twenty of them in the room, all men. With the gun she motioned William to a stand. He met the tip of the gun again and swallowed it. “Now, this is how stage two is going to go. If any of you move a muscle, I’ll scatter his brains all over this table. And then yours, one after the other and the other.”

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