

# Ro Erg

By

**Robert Weinberg**

The clock in the hallway was striking eight o'clock as Ronald Rosenberg opened the door to his house. With a wan smile he nodded to himself. *On time as usual.* Slowly, he removed his coat and hat, unwound the wool scarf from his neck, and hung them up neatly in the nearby closet. By then his wife Marge's voice was drifting out of the kitchen.

"Is that you, honey?" she asked. Always the same question, night after night, month after month, year after year. Asked without thinking, without considering the foolishness of the remark. As if a burglar might answer otherwise. It was part of their daily routine. Their unchanging, uninspiring, dull, and predictable life together. "Yes, dear," he said, mentally sighing, "it's me." Once, just once, he wanted to say, "No, it's a fuckin' crook, come to steal your money and smash your skull, you dumb bitch." But he knew better. The harsh words would upset Marge, and then he'd be forced to spend the entire evening apologizing, repeating over and over again how he shouldn't make such cruel remarks. Listening to her tell him how hard she slaved keeping his life running smoothly and how he didn't appreciate her efforts. Experience had taught him to keep such errant thoughts to himself.

"Dinner will be ready in five minutes," Marge called. "It's one of your favorites, beef stew and potatoes."

Ron nodded, a resigned expression on his face. Thursday was always beef stew night. Just like Tuesday was always spaghetti and Friday was always chicken. Marge did everything strictly by routine. Organization was her life. Once she settled on a menu, she stuck to it for months at a time. The only variety in their meals was Sunday, when they went out for dinner. And even then, no matter what restaurant they visited, Marge consistently ordered the roast turkey dinner. With dressing, sweet potatoes, and salad. One glass of white wine. And apple pie for dessert.

Everything in Marge's life was planned, programmed, and perfect. She knew what she liked and how she liked it. Deviation from the norm was wrong, observing a schedule was right. Even their sex life was governed by a complicated series of rules and regulations, designed, Ron was secretly convinced, to make sure he did not receive more than a moment's worth of satisfaction from the act. More than once he had asked himself if he had married a woman or a robot.

With a shrug of his shoulders, he picked up the mail Marge had left on the lamp table in the hall. As per usual, she had sliced open all the letters but then placed them there for him to sort through. The mail was his job. Business for men, household duties for women. Marge was definitely not a feminist.

Most of the letters—advertisements, junk mail, and sincerely worded pleas asking for donations to one charity or another—went into the nearby garbage can. A short note from his brother complaining about his latest money problems Ron read twice, frowning as he did so. Chris was an inept businessman and a spendthrift. That he was in a deep financial hole was no surprise. That he also expected Ron to help him out of the jam was equally no surprise. Ron tucked the letter in his shirt pocket, vowing to call his brother after dinner.

The gas bill and electric bill followed into the same pocket. They would go on his dresser, to be paid tomorrow morning. Though Ron hated to admit it, in many ways he was just as much a creature of habit and routine as his wife.

One letter remained. He looked at it curiously. It was from a credit card company. Something about receiving a new charge card without having to do anything more than sign the enclosed application. Ron already had Visa and MasterCard and American Express. He saw no reason for another piece of plastic. Why would they even bother to ask?

Searching the front of the envelope for an explanation, he noted in annoyance that the application wasn't even addressed to him. It was for a Mr. RO ERG. His eyes narrowed as he stared at the letter. The address was right. It was his. But the name was definitely wrong. No one named RO ERG lived in this house. Then, in a sudden flash of insight, he understood.

He was RO ERG. The computer at the credit card company offices had somehow taken the front two letters of his first name and final three letters of his last name to form this new person. Quite out of character, he grinned. The name RO ERG had a certain wild, untamed ring to it. He liked it. He liked it a lot. Uncertain of exactly why, Ron Rosenberg slipped the application to Ro Erg into his pocket behind the bills.

"Dinner's ready," declared his wife, interrupting his wandering thoughts. "Come and get it while it's hot."

The form remained untouched the rest of the evening. Until, late at night, when Marge's steady, deep breathing indicated she was fast asleep. Quietly, Ron slipped out of their bed. Not that it mattered. He was the one who was a light sleeper. A million minor annoyances and worries kept him awake for hours. Marge dismissed as unimportant anything that wasn't an immediate threat. An earthquake wouldn't disturb her slumber.

Sitting in the bathroom, Ron carefully opened the envelope and studied the application within. It was exactly as he had suspected. The request was a mail-merge letter, generated by an unthinking computer program. In three different places he was referred to as "Mr. Erg." Ron found the missive unintentionally hilarious when they commended Ro Erg on his outstanding credit record. Though he prided himself on never retaining a balance on any of his charge cards, Ron had never expected his frugality would entitle an imaginary entity to a \$10,000 line of credit.

"Ten thousand bucks," he whispered aloud, the numbers suddenly dancing

through his head. That was a lot of money, a real lot of money. He closed his eyes, feeling strange. Feeling... excited. "Ten thousand bucks."

Ron was extremely cautious with his finances. After all, he had to support his wife, pay the mortgage on their house, and make the payments on their two cars. As well as save for the future. There usually wasn't much money left from his paycheck at the end of the month. Not that Marge believed in going out on the town anyway. Renting a movie on videotape was her notion of an exciting evening.

His face burning with suppressed excitement, Ron headed for the kitchen. All his life he had done what was right, what was proper. Now, for a change, he could do something crazy and no one else would know. The plastic card meant nothing. He would never use it. But just sending away for it was a small but still important act of rebellion. That was what mattered.

Grabbing a magnetic pen off the refrigerator, Ron scribbled "Ro Erg" on the signature line of the document. Quickly, before he could change his mind, he placed the acceptance card into the postage-paid envelope and put it with the rest of the mail.

"Can't do any harm," he murmured to himself as he settled back into bed. "I'm just sending it in to see if they're stupid enough to follow through with the offer. That's the reason. The only reason."

And though he continued to whisper that line until he finally drifted off into slumber, deep inside he knew all the while he was lying.

The card arrived two weeks later. It came complete with a ten-thousand-dollar credit limit and a promise of a PIN number to follow within a few days so that he could draw cash advances from ATMs. Casually, Ron tucked the charge card in his wallet and hid the page of terms beneath a stack of old bills in his files. He had never considered the possibility of a PIN number. And cash advances. Suddenly, his minor act of rebellion took on a whole new life of its own.

The identification number came three days later. Three long days, one of which made infinitely longer by his brother's monthly visit. Tall and handsome, with broad shoulders and a winning smile, Chris always made Ron extremely uncomfortable when he was around. His sibling was everything that Ron was not. Chris was wild and carefree and extremely charming. He was also as dumb as a rock and proud of it.

Chris treated money as something to be spent as quickly as possible. It was an attitude that drove Ron crazy. Though they were brothers, Ron found his brother insufferable.

Annoyingly enough, Marge thought Chris was cute and only needed some time to "mature." It was Marge who continually insisted that Ron lend Chris money—money that disappeared without a trace and never a word about repayment. His wife, Ron had concluded long ago, was an easy mark.

Fortunately, Chris always arrived in the afternoon when Ron was still at work and departed right after dinner. Taking along with him another \$100 of his brother's hard-earned cash.

"Damned bloodsucker," said Ron as his brother drove off in a much nicer car than the one Ron owned.

"Ronald," said Marge, her voice sharp. "He's your brother. Give Chris a chance. Be patient. I'm sure he'll pay you back someday."

*Sure. When hell freezes over,* thought Ron. But he knew better than to say the words aloud. That would only start them arguing. Ron hated fights. They gave Marge headaches and then they didn't have sex that night. And to Ron sex was one of the few things that made life bearable.

All was quickly forgotten the next night when Ron found the latest letter addressed to RO ERG waiting for him in the evening mail. Ripping open the envelope, he quickly scanned the enclosed letter and accompanying card. It was his Personal Identification Number and instructions for its use.

He chuckled with a combination of joy and relief. His brother's visit had been the final straw. There was a limit to how much badgering he could take. Before, RO ERG had been nothing more than a test of the credit card company's intelligence. The PIN card put a whole new spin on the game. For once Ron could outdo Chris at his own game. And he intended to do exactly that.

"Good news, honey?" asked Marge from the kitchen.

"Yes, dear," answered Ron, "very good news."

The next afternoon, he called Marge and sadly informed her that he would be late for dinner. Extra work at the office, he explained, that had to be cleared up before he could leave for home. Ron was confident his wife wouldn't suspect a thing. In the past he often had stayed late at work. There was no reason she would suspect today it wasn't the truth. She didn't.

Informing his supervisor he needed the afternoon off to visit a friend in the hospital, Ron headed straight for the nearest cash station. Nervously, he inserted the RO ERG card and punched in the correct numbers for a thousand-dollar cash advance. The entire transaction took less than a minute. Feeling slightly dazed, Ron stumbled away from the ATM with ten hundred-dollar bills crammed into his pockets.

"A thousand smackers," he muttered to himself, walking down the street. "All mine, just by pushing some buttons!"

It was then that he had his first revelation about modern life. Society no longer cared about your background. People moved from one location to another so often that no one had real roots in their community. Relatives, schools, old friends, meant nothing. You were no longer defined by your past. Instead, the only thing that really

mattered was the name of your credit cards. Those little pieces of plastic provided you with all the history you needed.

Dozens of people at work and in his neighborhood knew him as Ron Rosenberg. But the bank teller processing his charge receipt, the credit card employee handling his account, the postal worker sorting the mail, they knew him as Ro Erg. He was no longer merely one person. He was two separate entities sharing the same body—Ron Rosenberg and Ro Erg.

Shaken by his new grasp of reality, Ron tried to focus his thoughts on more immediate concerns. He had to consider what to do with the cash. If he brought the money home, Marge was sure to discover it. And thus learn about Ro Erg.

Ron couldn't let that happen. Ro Erg was his secret. And he meant to keep it that way. Anxiously, he hailed a cab. He needed a drink. But not in this neighborhood, close to his office where someone he knew might spot him.

"Take me to the airport," he commanded the cabdriver, his voice shaking slightly. "There's a bar up there. I forget the name. You know the one I mean. It's a quiet place. Where a guy can get a drink and be alone with his thoughts."

"Sure, buddy," said the cabbie with a laugh. "I know the place. Max's joint. Right?"

"Right," said Ron, settling back in the seat. "That's the one."

Max's place was The Red Garter and it was a dump. Dimly lit, with a dozen wooden booths hugging the far wall, its only saving grace was that it lacked a jukebox. Except for an old man whispering to a much younger woman at the end of the bar, there were no other customers. It was exactly the type of place Ron wanted.

"Scotch, on the rocks," he told the lone bartender. "Make it a double."

Without thinking, Ron paid for the drink with a crumpled hundred pulled out of his pocket. The bartender stared at the bill for a moment, then with a loud cough and a shrug of his shoulders made change. It was as if he was trying to attract someone's attention to the money.

Lost in his thoughts about the meaning of identity, Ron hardly noticed when, a few minutes later, the old man at the end of the bar half fell off his chair and staggered out of the tavern, muttering obscenities the whole time under his breath. Nor did he give much thought to the man's female companion. Until she sat down in the chair next to him.

"Buy a girl a drink?" she asked in a soft voice.

"Sure," he said with a shrug. The scotch had made him somewhat dizzy and a little light-headed. "Whatever you want."

"Gin," said the woman to the bartender. "Straight up."

"Another scotch for me," said Ron, gesturing to the cash still on the bar. "Take it out of there."

"My name's Ginger," said the woman, sipping her drink. "What's yours?"

Suspiciously, Ron turned and stared at the woman. There was little question as to her profession. Ginger was dressed in a tight red dress that left nothing to the imagination. She wore black fishnet stockings and a pair of high-heeled black boots. The edge of her dress had ridden up to nearly the top of her thighs, but she made no effort to pull it down.

Her face was fairly attractive, though too much lipstick, blush, and eyeliner made her look cheap. And nothing could hide the hardness in her eyes.

Ron Rosenberg would have told her to stop bothering him. He was a married man and had no time for hookers. Ron never took chances, especially with women like Ginger. But it wasn't Ron who answered.

"I'm Ro," he said hesitantly. "Ro Erg."

"Glad to meet you, Ro," Ginger giggled, trying to sound seductive but not succeeding. She accepted his name without question. "You look lonely. Need somebody to talk to?"

"I'm trying to..." began Ron, then paused, his words catching in his throat. Holding her drink in her right hand, Ginger had casually reached over with her left and placed it directly on his thigh. Smiling, she winked and gently squeezed her fingers.

Ron Rosenberg would have been panic-stricken. Aggressive women frightened him. But Ginger's hand wasn't resting on Ron's leg. Desperately, he clung to that thought. To the hooker he was Ro, not Ron. Ro Erg.

"My, my," she murmured a few seconds later as her wandering fingers encountered his growing erection, "you are a big one. How about if we retire to one of the booths in the back. We can *enjoy our conversation* without interruption back there."

Licking his lips, Ro nodded. He knew he was acting crazy, but he didn't care. Besides, no one would ever know. This wasn't happening to Ron Rosenberg. He was Ro Erg.

Leaving a five for the bartender, Ro scooped up the rest of the money and followed Ginger to the farthest booth. She gestured him in, so their backs were to the bar. "Nobody can see a thing from here," she whispered, sliding in next to him. "We're completely alone."

"But—but," protested Ron, a measure of sanity emerging from his befuddled brain, "the two of us are right out in the open. The bartender could come back here at any time."

"Harry?" laughed Ginger. "He knows what's going on. And he'll get his cut."

Giving him no time to protest further, Ginger swiftly reached out with both hands for his clothing. In seconds, she unbuckled Ron's pants and zipped down his fly. He groaned in excitement as she reached into his trousers and pulled out his already erect cock.

"Nice," she cooed, shifting slightly on the seat. The motion sent her dress riding up over her hips. Not surprisingly, she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

"Blow job costs fifty," she said matter-of-factly, her fingers expertly massaging his rock-hard organ. "If you want to fuck, it's a hundred. One twenty-five for both."

"This can't be real," said Ron, shaking his head in amazement. "It can't be."

"Wanna bet, sweetie?" said Ginger. Swiftly, she bent over and lightly placed her lips around the tip of his cock. Gently she sucked on the head. Once, twice, three times she flicked her tongue. She looked up at him and grinned. "This is sex. This is real. How much are you gonna pay?"

It was then, bedazzled from the whiskey and sex, that Ron experienced his second revelation. Money was all that mattered. Ginger didn't care if his name was Ron or Ro or mud. She was a tramp, looking to make a quick buck satisfying a John's lust. His name, personality, history, meant nothing to her. Married or single, rich or poor, saint or sinner, Ginger didn't mind. All that mattered was money. A piece of plastic gave Ro Erg identity. Money gave him power. Those were the basic truths, the only truths that mattered, of modern life.

Ron Rosenberg would have been too consumed by guilt, worried that somehow, someday, Marge would discover this encounter, to continue. But it hadn't been Ron who withdrew the thousand in cash. The money wasn't his. It belonged to Ro Erg. Ginger hadn't been talking to Ron. She had asked Ro. And Ro answered.

"I'll take it all," he declared, his voice thick with lust. He dug a wad of bills out of his pocket and handed Ginger a hundred and two twenties. "Make it last a long time," he said, "and you can keep the change."

Satisfied he had made the right choice, Ro Erg settled back on the bench and let Ginger take over.

Ron Rosenberg, the practical, cautious planner, secured a safety deposit box and mailing address at a nearby rental depot. A hundred-dollar bill paid for the box and a place to receive mail. The cash remaining from Ro Erg's advance went into the box, along with a wallet containing the credit card. It was a lot safer here than at home, where it might be discovered by his wife.

After his encounter with Ginger, Ron knew there was no turning back. He was now a man with two identities—Ron Rosenberg and Ro Erg. Ron managed the important details while Ro enjoyed the results. It was a very satisfactory arrangement.

The new address for Ro proved important. Good news traveled fast in the credit card industry. A few months after activating his first charge card, Ro Erg received applications for two more. Again, each of them had ten-thousand-dollar limits, PIN numbers, and only required a signature for instant acceptance. He mailed in the documents for both.

Meanwhile, Ro learned the amazing truth about the power of plastic. Using the credit card as proof of his identity, he was able to obtain a charge card from a major department store. Using the two pieces of plastic, he was then able to get a new library card. With that and a mailing address, he was able to open a bank account. More chain store cards followed, as did further additions to his new identity. Day by day Ro Erg became more and more real. By year's end, Mr. Erg had a dozen charge cards and nearly \$50,000 in credit.

Always careful with money, Ron made sure that Ro never strayed too far into debt. He juggled money and cash advances from one account to another. He borrowed cash from one card to pay the minimum due on the second. Then used his line of credit from his third card to pay off the minimum debt on the second. He owed all of the companies something, but he made sure that he didn't owe any of them too much. Whenever there was a shortage of funds, he slipped some cash from Ron Rosenberg's paycheck into Ro's cash accounts to help balance the books. It was an elaborate pyramid scheme, but one that Ron knew he could operate for years as long as his alter ego didn't spend too lavishly or run up any major charges.

In the meantime, Ro Erg emerged more and more as a full-fledged personality. He was Ron's wild side, his suppressed side, the part of him that urgently desired to drink deeply of life's pleasures without regard to right or wrong. It was the segment of his character that had been repressed and contained by his overbearing wife. But Marge Rosenberg meant nothing to Ro Erg.

At night, lying in bed awake, the two halves of his personality, Ron and Ro, would engage in long, meaningful debates. Mostly, these arguments centered on what to do next. Ron, careful and cautious, wanted to maintain life the way it was. Ro, wild and headstrong, hated Marge and the stability she represented. He wanted to make a complete break with the past. But Ron wouldn't let him. And, though Ro presented powerful grounds for change, Ron refused to let his darker side take control.

As the weeks stretched into months, the conflict between the two conflicting sides of his personality grew more intense. Ro Erg no longer seemed satisfied with being merely the untamed element of Ron's personality. He wanted to be in charge. Day after day Ro struggled to take control of their shared body.

A cheap apartment paid for in cash on a month-to-month basis served as their hideaway. It was here that Ro brought the hookers he picked up on the streets or in bars. Ginger was just the first of a long string of whores who provided him with sexual gratification. The one night a week that he had to work late stretched into two and sometimes even three. Marge never complained. If anything, she almost seemed pleased by his devotion to his work. Which should have made Ron suspicious. But it never did. He just could not imagine his plain, ordinary wife was any more than what he believed. It took a hooker to open his eyes.

"Wearing a wedding ring, I see," remarked Candy, a bleached blonde with huge breasts and a talented tongue, late one night as she collected her hundred bucks from



Ro. "What's wrong, sweetie? Don't get enough from the wifey?"

"She's a cold, stupid bitch," said Ro. "Fucking for five minutes is a major effort for her."

"Maybe," said Candy with a nasty laugh. "But you should keep an eye on her. Lots of times, things ain't what you think. You positive she don't got a stud of her own on the side? It ain't unusual for straying husbands to find out their wives been doing the same. Plenty of my Johns' wives get their lovin' from the milkman."

"We don't get our milk delivered," replied Ron indignantly. Then his eyes narrowed as a sudden thought struck him and raced through his mind. Trembling with rage, his fingers clenched into fists. The truth hit him like a hammer between the eyes.

"But," growled Ro Erg, "there is my fuckin' brother." Blood rushed to his face, turning his features bright crimson. Candy, licking her lips nervously, stepped back.

"Gotta leave, honey," she gasped and, grabbing her purse, fled the room. Ro hardly noticed.

"My lazy son of a bitch brother," snarled Ro. "Not enough for him to rip off my hard-earned money. He has to fuck my wife on the side."

Slowly, Ro shook his head from side to side in disbelief. Marge had ruined Ron's life for years with her control fetish. That she had been screwing his brother at the same time was beyond belief. But instinctively he knew the truth. The cold, unyielding truth. It was enough to drive a man insane.

"They'll learn," he swore, his voice thick with anger. "They'll find out soon enough you don't mess with Ro Erg."

Two days later, as Ron ate breakfast, Marge informed him that Chris would be stopping by for dinner. He nodded, smiling gently as if recalling some secret joke.

"I'll be home around seven," he promised as he dutifully kissed his wife on the cheek good-bye. "Have a good day."

"I'm sure I will," she replied cheerfully, the tone of her voice confirming his most sickening suspicions.

Ron Rosenberg left his house, burning with repressed fury. However, it was Ro Erg—cold, calm, collected—who stopped at the bar on the north side of town to pick up the black market .45 automatic he had ordered the other night.

"Fully loaded and ready for use," drawled the bartender, a big, bushy-bearded man named Jackson, as he handed over the weapon to Ro along with a box of shells. "You know how to use it?"

"I was in the army for two years," said Ro, checking the gun carefully. "I know how to use it just fine."

Then, as if seeking to deflect suspicion, he added, "I work in a dangerous

neighborhood. There's been a lot of muggings lately. I don't intend to be worked over by some crackhead."

"Sure," said Jackson, the tone of his voice indicating he didn't care how Ro planned to use the automatic. "Stay cool."

"Thanks," said Ro, "I plan to."

He spent the rest of the morning and the early part of the afternoon drifting from one bar to another. A drink here, a drink there, staying calm, letting the anger simmer deep in his belly. Only occasionally did a spark of Ron Rosenberg emerge into his consciousness, asking the inevitable question. "Are you sure about this? Are you really convinced we're doing the right thing?"

"I'm positive," said Ro.

At two, after finishing a roast beef sandwich and plate of french fries, he drove home. Not unexpectedly, he spotted his brother's car parked in the driveway. Drawing in a deep breath, he left his own auto a block away and walked back to the house.

The front door was locked. Carefully, Ro turned his key, trying to make as little sound as possible. He needn't have worried. The hallway and living room were deserted. But he had no trouble pinpointing his brother's location. Chris's cries of pleasure, emanating from the bedroom, rocked the whole house.

Coldly, Ro pulled out his gun and checked it over one last time. Deep in his mind, Ron sobbed uncontrollably. Ro ignored the voice. There was no pity in him. Ron had let Marge ruin his life. Ro was not going to let her do the same to him.

Satisfied the automatic was ready, he silently tiptoed down the hall to the bedroom. The door was half closed, giving Ro full view of the room without revealing him to the pair inside. Even expecting the worst, he felt sick with anger as he gazed on the scene within.

Chris was naked sitting on the edge of the bed. His face was raised to the ceiling, eyes clenched tightly together. "Yes, yes, yes," he was screaming passionately, his hands wrapped around Marge's head. His fingers were curled in her hair, urging her on. His legs were spread wide open.

Crouched on her hands and knees in front of Chris was Marge. Also nude, she was busily sucking on her brother-in-law's engorged cock. Her whole body shook with the bobbing movement of her head as she forced more and more of his swollen organ into her mouth. Her ass, facing Ro, swayed to and fro wildly with her every motion.

Ro's head throbbed with incredible pain. It felt as if his skull was about to explode. Throughout her marriage Marge had continually refused to perform oral sex on Ron. More than once she had expressed her absolute and total revulsion of the act. And here she was, sucking on Chris's cock with an all-consuming mania.

Furious, Ro's gaze fastened on the full-length mirror on the closet door directly across from Marge. Every few seconds she glanced at it, caught sight of her swiftly

moving head, and then, as if excited by watching herself in action, redoubled her efforts. The dual image of Marge and her reflection both giving his brother a blow job wiped any possibility of mercy from Ro's thoughts.

"I'm close!" howled Chris, thrusting his groin forward so that the entire length of his organ disappeared into Marge's mouth. "Now, now, *now!*"

Chris screamed in wordless ecstasy. His fingers clenched Marge's head in place, holding her immobile as his body shook with the force of his climax. "I'm cuming, I'm cuming," he shrieked as Marge's eyes widened in sudden shock as his cock exploded in her mouth. Half moaning, half gagging, she struggled to swallow his ejaculation.

Enveloped in lust, neither of them noticed Ro step quietly into the room. Chris, his eyes clenched shut, giggled in pleasure as Marge continued to suck passionately on his now spent cock. His first indication of trouble was when Ro pressed the cold steel of the gun barrel against his forehead. Chris's eyes widened in panic, but before he could open his mouth to beg forgiveness, Ro pulled the trigger.

The roar of the automatic filled the bedroom. Chris's head exploded like a ripe pumpkin hit with an ax. Fired from point-blank range, the powerful .45 removed most of his skull and forehead. Blood, brains, and gore erupted across his body and Marge's, soaking the bedsheets and the carpet like bright red paint.

Marge, her eyes still glazed and bewildered, looked up at Ro. Mouth still sticky with cum, she screamed. But there was no one there to help her.

"Please, Ron," she cried. "Forgive me! Please!"

"Sorry, Marge, but you got the wrong man," declared Ro, pointing the automatic between her eyes and squeezing the trigger. He fired three times in succession, until there wasn't enough left of her face to be called a face.

Ro smiled. He felt good, real good. They deserved to die. Justice had been served. Now it was time for him to leave, before the police arrived.

He checked the room carefully. There was nothing here to connect him to the murders. Marge was Ron's wife, not his. Likewise, Chris was a total stranger. Ro Erg was in the clear. He had no motive for murder. No one had witnessed his crime.

It was then that he spotted Ron's face in the full-length mirror. Stared deep into Ron's eyes and saw the fear lurking within. Watched as Ron glanced down at the two crumpled bodies on the floor and shuddered in revulsion. That's when Ro understood that he no longer could trust Ron. As long as he was around, Ro would never be safe. There was only one thing to do.

Slowly, methodically, Ro raised the gun he still clenched in his fist. Lifted it inch by inch, as Ron's face twisted in horror as he comprehended what Ro planned. But there was nothing Ron could do to stop him. With a nod of satisfaction Ro pressed the bloody nozzle of the gun to Ron's forehead. And pulled the trigger.