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This is part of a Three-Book Series!

81 Minute Books Presents

Iconics Volume 3

Preview

Written by Ron Knight

Part 1

Future Icon: “A person who will become widely known and change the world.”

Iconics: “A secret society that protects future icons.”

It’s not understood how the Iconics started, or who funds their secret society. In fact, not many people in this world know they exist.

Here’s what we do know...

The Iconics protect people who will someday change the world.

No one knows which person the Iconics are protecting...not even the person being guarded.

There are many stories about the Iconics.

Revealed in this book are the hidden files...

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Based on true events...

The names of have been changed to protect their identity.

June 18th, 1978

Bath, Ohio

Brian had originally planned to expose the Iconics. (Deep down he still had a hidden desire to do so.) However, things changed a few years ago when Brian abandoned Jess and headed for Cleveland.

He rented a room at a cheap motel, took a shower then dressed. Suddenly the door smashed off the hinges and four men dressed in black with ski masks beat Brian within an inch of his life using baseball bats as their weapon of choice.

When Brian woke in the hospital, a man was at his bedside. He was thin with thick glasses and short hair which was uncommon to see. Also, it was difficult to know his age. He was either in his thirties or possibly forties.

“Hello, Brian.” The man paused, adjusting his glasses and leaning forward. “That was quite a spill you took down the stairs of the hotel.”

Brian attempted to swallow, but his mouth and throat were dry to the point that he almost began choking.

“As luck would have it, then you were mugged.” The man shook his head. “Tough night.”

Brian reached for a glass of water, then pulled back as a shock of pain ignited in his shoulder.

“Here,” the man said, reaching for the glass. “Let me get that for you.” He handed Brian the glass and waited patiently as Brian took several sips. Then the man retrieved the glass and returned it to the hospital tray.

Brian spoke for the first time. “Who are you?”

The man smiled. “I’m the person assigned to get you in line.”

Brian: “Iconics?”

“Of course. Who else would be here right now?” He paused, once again adjusting his glasses. “My name is Ricky. You’ll be pleased to know that all of your hospital bills have been paid and you’ll be released very soon.”

Brian looked around the room. “Yes, I feel pleased.” His swollen eyes fell on Ricky. “Can I call you Rick?”

“No.”

Brian formed a grin. “Okay Ricky. You didn’t kill me. What now?”

Ricky placed his cold hand on Brian’s arm. “It’s difficult to kill an Iconic and get a replacement. We would like to give you every chance to reconsider how important you are to Jeffrey Dahmer. He’s a man that must live.”

Brian locked his gaze on Ricky. “Is that what the Specialist told you?”

Ricky squeezed Brian’s bruised arm. “Don’t get your head mixed up in things that aren’t important. You need to focus on Jeffrey.”

Brian attempted to pull his arm free but didn’t have the strength. “Groovy. I’ll get back to work.”

Ricky smiled and released his hand. “Perfect.”

Brian reluctantly asked the next question. “What about Jess? Is she okay?”

Ricky: “Jess and Steve are getting along just fine. You need not worry about her, nor try to contact her ever again. She understands her destiny and doesn’t need you clogging her brain with nonsense.”

Brian understood exactly what was going on. He either gets back to protecting Jeffrey Dahmer and leaves Jess alone, or the men with baseball bats will return and finish the job.

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Brian kept his word and returned to Bath, Ohio. Jeffrey’s parents had divorced, and his mother won custody. However, since Jeffrey was eighteen he could do whatever he wanted.

His mother moved to Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. As for Dad, he moved to a nearby hotel and shackled up with some woman he’d been seeing during the marriage.

Secretly Jeffrey had been staying at the family home. Brian watched as Jeffrey went on a three-week drinking binge.

When Jeffrey climbed into his car and backed out of the driveway, it was a gorgeous afternoon with a vivid blue sky and a nice breeze to cut some of the heat away.

While driving a white 76' Cadillac Coupe DeVille, Brian kept his eyes on Jeffrey. Brian had no idea what Jeffrey was doing. Jeffrey's eyes wandered to every person he passed, every house and even stray dogs running down the street.

As Jeffrey made his way down a two-lane highway, he pulled over to speak with a hitchhiker.

Brian passed by, watching as the hitchhiker entered the car. Hopefully Jeffrey wasn't about to be gutted with a knife by the hitchhiker and then his car was stolen.

A side dirt road was the perfect spot for Brian to turn around, face the two-lane highway and wait for Jeffrey. Sure enough Jeffrey passed by a few seconds later with the hitchhiker in the passenger's seat.

Brian pressed his foot down on the gas, kicked a spray of dirt up from the rear wheels and spun to the highway. Jeffrey had been driving faster, appearing to be headed home.

A mist of rain fell as Jeffrey pulled into his parent's driveway. Brian slowed down, waited until Jeffrey and the hitchhiker entered the house then sped down the road and parked inside his garage across the street.

In quick fashion Brian ran to Jeffrey's house and looked inside the side window.

Over the next hour Brian learned the hitchhiker's name was Steven. He and Jeffrey each drank six beers, then headed to the bedroom and had sex.

Brian had always wondered if Jeffrey was gay. He never dated anyone in high school, but then again, Jeffrey was an endless riddle.

When Jeffrey and Steven appeared in the living room there was a long awkward silence.

Steven finally said, "I'd better get going."

"No stay," Jeffrey pleaded. "You can spend the night."

Steven: "Nah. I'm ready to go."

"Just...wait here for a second." Jeffrey hurried out of the living room.

Brian remained at the window, keeping an eye on Steven. He was gazing at the front door as if considering making a quick leave. Brian figured that this Steven guy wasn't a threat in any way to Jeffrey, but he kept watch on him just in case.

Steven plopped down on the recliner, scratched his head with frustration then slide on his shoes.

Jeffrey returned to the living room with a ten-pound dumbbell in his hand. Jeffrey approached Steven from behind, raised the dumbbell and swung, connecting on the back of Steven's skull.

Brian stumbled back in shock. "What the..." He eased forward, gazing into the window, not knowing what to do. Should he help Steven? Was that part of the Iconics plan?

Steven's body slid off the chair to the floor. Jeffrey stepped around the recliner and swung down, hitting Steven on the forehead.

Jeffrey then kneeled over the body.

Steven was still breathing.

Brian watched as Jeffrey gripped the dumbbell with both hands, positioned it over Steven's neck then forced the bar down until Steven's life had been sucked away.

Brian froze, eyes wide as silver dollars.

Jeffrey quickly slid off his clothes, remained on his knees, then rubbed his body on Steven's corpse.

A hand was placed on Brian's shoulder. He spun around while swinging his fist at the same time.

Jess ducked as Brian's fist flew over her head. Jess grabbed him by the shoulders, "Brian...it's me."

A bead of sweat drizzled down Brian's face. His eyes remained wide and lifeless.

Jess looked inside the window, seeing a naked Jeffrey Dahmer kneeling over a dead body. She pulled Brian by the hand and led him across the street.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this book.

This 81 Minute Book series is available at the Middle Room Haunted Store.

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