

THE HOT TUB PARTY

John Boston

Eugene Wilbanks sat in the office of the lawyer who had called him two days ago. Two days ago Eugene was working swing shift at a 7-11 in town when he received a phone call that would change his life forever. It was like something out of a made-for-TV movie. Eugene was to inherit a small fortune from a recently deceased uncle he had never met and didn't even know existed. Eugene couldn't believe it. He never had more than a few hundred dollars to his name. He had been born poor, grew up poor, and figured he would die poor without much to show for it. That was up until two days ago. He thought it was a prank and called the lawyer back just to make sure. This was no prank, he was going to be rich.

"Mr. Wilbanks?" the pretty secretary asked

"That's me," he said standing up

"Mr. Shantz will see you now," she said

Eugene grabbed the briefcase containing all the necessary papers to prove his identity and headed down a hallway into Mr. Shantz's office.

"Mr. Wilbanks....please, come in," said Mr. Shantz and shook Eugene's hand.

"Did you bring the documents I asked for?" he asked

"Sure did. I actually had all of them right in my drawer. The people at the food stamp office wanted to see the same ones, so I had them ready." said Eugene

"Wonderful. I'm not going to go over the reading of the will, it's just a formality. Can I see the documents?" asked Shantz

Eugene handed them over. Shantz figured this dumb ass would be missing some of them and hadn't really planned on doing much. Then again, when there's money at stake, people can be very attentive. They were all here. State ID Card, SS card, birth certificate, power bill, proof of residency, pay stubs, and a library card with his photo on it. It was all here. This was the guy.

"Well, let's get down to it. I don't know how well you knew your uncle, our law firm had represented him for over twenty years. He had a very sizable estate, with considerable cash and stocks. We'll go piece by piece."

"Piece by piece, yes I would like that," said Eugene

"Let's start with his bank account and safety deposit box. He had two hundred thousand in cash, forty thousand in bearer bonds, one hundred and forty-six thousand in stocks, which I assume you will want to sell. A coin collection valued at over sixty thousand dollars and an art collection valued at over two million dollars....."

Eugene was lost after two hundred thousand. It was all like a dream, a big beautiful dream, except it was real. He couldn't even comprehend how much money was involved. He couldn't even count that high.

"He had a luxury condominium in the city valued at three hundred thousand dollars and a vacation home in Vail, Colorado valued at..."

"Wait.....Vail, Colorado?" said Eugene suddenly very interested.

"Yes, he took up skiing late in his life. He was actually skiing at almost eighty years old. It's quite a place, valued at over two and a half million dollars."

Eugene stood up and looked out the window.

"Vail, Colorado. I've only dreamed of going to Vail. Now, I have a house there. It's absolutely incredible."

"Yes, well. Following your late uncle's wishes, we've sold everything but the house in Vail. We're having a tough time selling it, with the housing market being in the toilet." said Shantz

"Sell it? Are you nuts? I don't want to sell it. You can sell everything but the house. I'm keeping that house."

"Eugene, the house is extremely expensive to maintain. The property taxes alone are almost twenty thousand dollars a year and the...."

"I don't care about that. It's in Vail. Do you know what is in Vail, Mr. Shantz?"

"A lot of snow and very rich people I assume?"

"Babes. Rich babes. Rich babes that love to party. That house is going to be party central. I'm going to have some awesome parties at that house. My uncle planned all of this for me, don't you see?" said Eugene staring out the window. "It's all mine? I don't have to share it with anybody?"

"No, it's all yours. Your uncle's will was very specific. Any family member in prison, rehab, or practices any religion except Christianity gets nothing. Your brother is serving his sentence at a state prison and your sister is in court-ordered rehab for the third time. Your aunt and uncle are both deceased. There are no other surviving family members. You're it, so it's all yours." said Shantz

"Do you have pictures of the house?" asked Eugene

"Yes, right here," said Shantz, giving him a manila folder. Eugene took the folder and opened it. His eyes grew bigger and bigger with each passing photo. He put the folder down on Shantz's desk.

"Mr. Shantz. I am going to continue to do what my great, wonderful uncle set out to do. I'm going to have the most awesome parties the world has ever seen."

"Well, Eugene, I don't think your uncle was very much interested in partying. I think he loved skiing and the outdoors," said Shantz

"Skiing? Who the hell cares about that? No, he knew exactly what he was doing. Don't you see Mr. Shantz? Don't you see what he was trying to do?"

"No, what was he trying to do?"

"Did you ever see the movie 'Hittin the Slopes'? Or 'Ski Bunnies' parts one two and three?"

"Ah, no Eugene, I did not."

"Hot Dog the movie? Come on, you must have seen that one?"

"I'm afraid not."

"They were all filmed in the 1980s. Back when America was awesome. Now America is just pathetic. Do you know why America has become so pathetic?"

"Unchecked corporate greed, military misadventures, piss poor leadership?"

"No. Americans simply forgot how to party. Those movies showed the world just how awesome America really is. It's all about the three B's Mr. Shantz"

"The three Bs?"

"Yeah, babes, beers, and bros. That's all a man needs. That's all any man needs. I'm going to make America remember the three Bs."

"I see. Well, it's your money, but the house is supposed to be sold to the highest buyer as soon as possible."

"NO!" said Eugene and grabbed Mr. Shantz by his shirt. "You can't sell that house. I won't let you."

"Eugene, please take your hands off me," said Shantz

"Sorry, but that house is mine. I need that house. Why would he sell it, when he knows I need it for my master plan?"

"We only do what uncle wanted. Of course, since you are the only heir to his fortune, I'm sure we could work something out."

"Yes, work it out. I'll do whatever it takes. I must have that house. I must. It's going to be my dream party house. People will come from all over to attend my parties. Do you know what the biggest hot tub in the world is, Mr. Shantz?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"The last time I checked it was in some place called Dubai. I don't even know where the hell that is. I've got to have a bigger one, Mr. Shantz. I've got to have the biggest hot tub in the world."

"Well, the money is yours, to spend as you see fit," said Shantz

"So, can I have some of the money right away? I've got to quit my job at the store. I've got a lot of planning to do. I don't have any time to be making Slurpees."

"Yes, I can give you a cashier's check for about forty thousand today. The rest will come in the next few weeks. We have a lot of forms and paperwork to fill out for the IRS."

"Excellent. Well, if you can just give me that check, I'll be on my way," said Eugene headed towards the door.

"Eugene, we are going to need you to fill out some paperwork and sign it. Everything has to be official."

"Oh, of course. Let's start signing," said Eugene

It took almost an hour for the papers to be signed. Eugene was handed a cashier's check for forty-two thousand dollars. He stood up and just stared at the check for a few minutes before leaving. Mr. Shantz strongly advised him to hire a financial planner and recommended several. Eugene would hear nothing of it.

"Wait, you want me to spend my hard-earned money on somebody to help me spend my money? That doesn't sound like a wise investment to me."

"Eugene, you are going to have to pay a lot of new taxes on your money. Taxes you've probably never heard of like the estate tax and capital gains tax. If you don't pay them, you can get in trouble with the IRS. They can seize your bank accounts and prevent you from spending your money." said Mr. Shantz

"Right....the IRS. Well, I'll cross that bridge when I get to it. In the meantime, I've got to get that hot tub going. It's not gonna build itself. Thank you Mr. Shantz for everything. I'll be sure and send you an invitation to my first hot tub party. Toodles!" he said and walked out the door

Shantz just stared at the door for a minute and shook his head. He walked over to this secretary's desk and put his head in his arms.

"Jesus, that guy was an idiot," she said

"If he has any of that money left in two years, the IRS will take what's left. I know his uncle wanted the money to stay in the family, but good lord, why him?" he asked

Eugene wasted no time in putting his plan into action. He took the cashier's check to his bank and cashed it in. The bank manager told him there would be a two-day wait until he could get the money. Eugene went nuts.

"I'm sorry, I thought this was a bank," he said to the branch manager

"It is sir, we simply don't have that much cash on hand," she said

"Well, you people have lost a customer, a very rich customer. I'll just take my business elsewhere from now on," he said and stormed out of the bank.

"Eugene, where the hell have you been? You were supposed to be here over an hour ago." said his manager, Miles

"Miles, I'm going to have to hand in my resignation, effective immediately. I've got a lot of planning to do and I don't have time for any more of your fuckery."

"What are you talking about?" asked Miles

"Miles, I am a very rich man and I am on a mission. I've got to unfuck America."

"You've got to do what?" he asked

"Miles, I know you and I have had our differences over the years, but I'm going to be the bigger man here and give you a standing offer to be at my first party in Vail. That's in Colorado."

"So you're quitting," he asked

"That's right, I'm done. Sorry about the two weeks notice, but as I said, I'm on a mission here."

"Okay. Well, I guess I'll see you later then." Miles said and rolled his eyes

Eugene walked out of the store with his head held high. He had quit in fashion. He had quit his way. Of course, he wasn't going to give some idiot like Miles an invitation, but Miles didn't know that. He needed cool people at his parties, not idiots that were going to scare the girls away.

The next few weeks came fast and furious for Eugene. He had so much to do and so little time to do it in. Fortunately, his uncle had croaked at just the right time. Autumn would be upon him soon and he had to have the house and hot tub ready for the skiing season. He had finally gotten his money from the bank. He had also gotten another check for over two hundred thousand dollars from Shantz's office. He first got himself a decent set of wheels, even though he had no driver's license. Not that he needed one, he had been driving without it for years. He bought a Range Rover with low miles. Nice, but not too nice. He needed something with four-wheel drive that was good in the snow. He figured he'd have to be driving his guests back to their mansions

and didn't want to get stuck. He bought a new wardrobe with a lot of fancy sweaters for the cold. He got two hookers and decided to keep them around for a few days until he got bored with them and sent them on their way. He packed up everything he owned, which was not very much, and headed out to Colorado.

The house was everything he had hoped it would be. It sat on three acres with a privacy fence. He could see that the two houses next to him were both for sale, so that meant no obnoxious neighbors for the time being. He had plenty of room to build his hot tub and deck. The house did have a small Jacuzzi and a heated pool. They were fine for now, but at some point, they'd have to be upgraded. The house itself was huge. Five bedrooms and three baths. What the hell his single eighty-year-old uncle needed a house this big for, he'd never know unless his uncle had the same idea he did. Eugene knew he had the same idea, he was just too old to make it happen. Understandable, of course. He had probably been setting this up for years. He sat down and said a little prayer of thanks for his dead uncle. He owed the man that much.

There was still a lot of work to do. The bar was a joke and was going to have to be seriously upgraded if he was to put his plan in motion. He was also going to need more refrigerators and a bigger kitchen. His parties could go on for days. People were going to get hungry. They would need to be fed.

He had the power and utilities turned back on. He made sure the snowplow was working. He was going to sell his uncle's skiing equipment but decided to hold off for right now. At some point, he was probably going to have to learn how to ski. After all, he is in Vail. He ordered a pizza and sat down in his new home. The house was fully furnished, so it wouldn't look ridiculous at the time of the party. Shantz's office had just sent him three cashier's checks by courier for nearly half a million dollars. He still had another hundred thousand coming to him. First thing's first. He had to get that hot tub built. He found a company in Vail that specializes in outdoor construction and plumbing and gave them a call. They were exactly what he needed. They built pools and spas. He told them exactly what he wanted. They told him that zoning requirements prohibited his monster hot tub, but they could build a very, very big hot tub on the property. They would even get all the necessary permits for the installation. Eugene had come to the realization that even though he was now rich, he still had to live under their rules and do things their way. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but he had to make compromises if his plan was going to work. He couldn't believe he actually had to pay the city of Vail money to build something on the property he owned. Ridiculous. Still, there was no getting around it. Two contractors came out to the house the next day and started planning. He gave them a deposit of fifty thousand dollars. They would begin work in two days. He had so much to do and so little time to do it in.

The construction company planner and Eugene spent the next two days going over plans. They decided simply to use the extra space inside the pool room for the hot tub. They already had the building permits done, something that amazed Eugene. He was worried that the city would delay it. It was all a matter of knowing the right people. The hot tub itself could hold 10 people. Certainly not the largest in the world, but the largest Eugene could afford. It would have 70 jets and four separate pumps. It would be on a separate breaker from the rest of the house. Once everything was signed and in place, the crew began to tear up the concrete pad around the swimming pool. He also had another company come to the house and upgrade his sound system and entertainment room. He could control almost everything in the house, right from his

smartphone. He also upgraded the security system in the house. If he was going to do this, he was going to do it right. The bill for everything came to over ninety thousand dollars, including the permits. Even though Eugene was rich by Eugene's standards, he still had to be careful with his money. He had already gone through almost a hundred and thirty thousand dollars and still hadn't even thrown his first party. The work took about two weeks to complete. It was a long two weeks. He couldn't really do much while the crew was working. On the very last day, he shook hands with the foreman and wrote him the last check. He went over everything with him as to the operation and maintenance of the pool and hot tub. Once the foreman left, he sat in the hot tub for almost an hour and drank a beer.

It was all his. His dream was about to become a reality. He almost felt like crying. He had never been so happy in his life. It wasn't just the money. Any other idiot would have just wasted it on stocks and bonds and done nothing to make the world a better place. He had a clipboard and pen beside him and decided to write down some thoughts and ideas for his first party. He was trying to get a celebrity to attend his first pool party, but so far, none of them had responded. He was getting hungry and decided to head into town and get some dinner. He dried off and picked out his best suit for dinner. He was over forty years old and had never owned a suit before. Now he had five of them, all tailor-made to his frame. Maybe he would call the escort service when he got back. He hopped in the Range Rover and headed into downtown Vail for some much-needed R&R.

After being turned away at three restaurants due to his lack of a reservation, he found a pub on the south end of town. It was a bar and restaurant. He was sitting at the bar, drinking a beer and eating some onion rings when two very attractive ladies sat down across from him. They were close, but not too close. Just close enough for him to notice them. He smiled at them and ate his dinner. It wasn't more than five minutes before one of them had sat down next to him and was talking his ear off. Their names were Melissa and Courtney. They were students at the University of Colorado but had to leave due to lack of funds. They were both unemployed and in dire need of funds.

Eugene was inexperienced, but not that inexperienced. He bought both girls drinks and dinner and talked to them for over an hour. They were both smart and knowledgeable. Courtney was pre-med and she was pre-law. Eugene just sat there and tried not to show his excitement. When dinner was over, he offered to take the girls back to his place for the evening.

"Be a lot cheaper than staying at a motel," he added.

He could see the girls were hesitant at first, but a few photos of his pool and hot tub won them over. They had the honor of being the first girls to use his hot tub. They loaded into his SUV and were at his place ten minutes later.

He knew not to come on too strong. He had also taken precautions. A hooker had stolen his wallet once and he was determined not to have it happen again. He gave the girls a tour of his house and gave them a bedroom with sheets. He showed them his new bar. He figured he would screw them both, but he was more interested in their opinions of his setup. What did he need to make his house the party capital of Colorado? He figured they were much more involved in the party scene than he was and were both younger.

He had given the girls a few shots and they were all in his tub when Melissa took her top off in the hot tub. Her tits were picture-perfect. Courtney took off her tops and bottoms. Eugene took off his shorts. A few minutes later, they were all in his hot tub, drunk and making out.

"Eugene? I hate to ask, but do you have any coke?" asked Courtney

Eugene had bought a ton of coke, meth, pot, and ecstasy from his two druggie neighbors before he moved out.

"Help yourself. It's in the bottom drawer in the wet bar," he said still very busy with Melissa

She left the tub and came back a few minutes later with a pile of coke on a tray with a razor blade. Eugene had never touched the stuff. The girls however snorted it like it was candy.

"God, this shit makes me horny," said Melissa

"Eugene, why don't you show me your bedroom again," said Melissa

The two of them left Courtney in the hot tub to watch TV and snort coke. They weren't even to his bedroom before they were going at it. They had sex for nearly half an hour. Eugene was proud of himself. He might be older than the girls, but he certainly wasn't old, not by a long shot. The two of them did a few more shots and ate some pizza in the fridge. Eugene told her all about his plans to make his house into party central here in Vail. Melissa seemed more interested in watching Championship Poker on his huge TV.

He figured he'd better go and check on the other slut in the pool room, make sure she wasn't trying to steal anything. He left Melissa to her pizza and headed downstairs into the pool room.

He had just turned the corner and was in the pool room when he saw her body sprawled out on the floor. He froze. What in the hell had just happened? He rolled her over and could see blood coming out of her nose. He ran over to the coke tray and saw that it was empty. That dumb slut had snorted almost half a pound of cocaine! He tried to feel her pulse. He couldn't find one. He put his hand on her naked chest, trying to feel a heartbeat. It was no use. The girl was dead.

"Oh shit. This is not good," he said and began pacing around the girl's dead body, hoping some magical way out of all this would make its appearance. There just wasn't one. He was screwed. This dumb slut had just screwed up everything. He first had to deal with Melissa. There was no telling how she was going to react. He couldn't risk calling the police, not with all this coke around. True, he hadn't actually killed her, not that a little detail like that would matter to the cops. They just wanted somebody to blame this on and why not blame it on old Eugene. He had to get rid of the body, but first, he had to deal with the other one upstairs. In Eugene's head, there was only one possible way out of all this. It was gruesome. It was horrible, but there was no other way. He simply could not let these two derail his plans. The end would have to justify the means. He looked around the pool room for a weapon he could use. He saw a small shovel over in the corner that the construction crew must have left behind. He thought of simply whacking her with it, but that would leave blood and he knew from watching his TV shows that the cops always test for bloodstains. No, this would have to be clean and quiet. He went into the breaker room and saw two large plastic bags on the floor. This was perfect. He tried to collect himself in

preparation for what he had to do. He grabbed one of the bags and put the other one in his pocket. The bags were pretty thick. They should do the trick. He snuck up the stairs and into the kitchen where Melissa was sitting. She was still watching the TV and eating pizza. Eugene took a deep breath and ran up behind her. He threw the bag over her head and squeezed the life out of her. Melissa was far too drunk and high to put up much of a fight. It took only a minute or so, then her lifeless body collapsed on the floor. He held it over her mouth for another few seconds and then released it. He could not believe what he had just done. Eugene Wilbanks was now a murderer. He now had the bigger problem of what in the hell was he going to do with the bodies? He lifted Melissa onto his shoulders and carried her downstairs to the pool room. He placed her corpse next to Courtney's. He stood over the two bodies for a minute to survey the damage. One wrong move at a moment like this and he was done. He figured the cops would be stopping by soon to inquire about the missing girls. He looked around the pool room and then it hit him. There was an adjacent room to the pool room. It housed the pumps and filters for the pool and hot tub. It had recently been excavated to make room for the new hot tub pump. He knew he was taking a big risk by keeping their bodies in the house, but at least this way, no one would find their bodies until he could find a more permanent solution. He started digging. It took him over three hours to make a hole deep enough to completely hide the bodies. His pool room was a mess. There was dirt everywhere. He dumped their bodies in the hole and started filling it back up, which took another hour. It was now nearly 1 AM. He knew he had to come up with a believable story for the police. He would simply tell them that he dropped the girls off back at the pub and never saw them again. Simple as that. There wouldn't be any way to prove he was lying. He grabbed the girl's cell phones and hopped into his SUV and headed back into town. He knew there were cameras everywhere, so he drove around to the back of the pub and waited for a minute before heading back out. He drove across the street to the gas station and filled up his SUV, making sure he was caught on the cameras at the gas station. He headed back to his house. He was exhausted. It was now 2 AM. He needed to get some sleep and deal with this disaster in the morning. He was back home and in bed fifteen minutes later. He was asleep a few minutes after that.

A few days went by and nothing from the police. Every time a car drove by his street, he waited in dread to see if it was a police car. He slept and ate very little. A week went by and still nothing. He checked the local newspapers for any info about the girls, but there was nothing. He did see a quick two-minute news story about the missing girls, but the news story said they were last seen in Boulder, which was hours away. He figured the bar was packed and the girls there for such a short time that no one was really going to remember them. By the end of the first week, he was starting to feel better about the whole thing. He watched a TV program about the Revolutionary War. He marveled at the courage of men like George Washington and Paul Revere. They were on a mission as well. A mission to make the most awesome country in the world. A country that would show all others just how to party. He, much like them, was on the same mission. It hadn't been easy for Washington and it wouldn't be easy for him. He hated what he had done, but he knew it was necessary. Only great men like George Washington would understand.

The next week Eugene got busy on his first mega pool party. It was still warm for this time of year. He made up hundreds of flyers about the party and posted them all over town. He called a local radio station and asked them how much it would cost to advertise his pool party on the air. They told him they were booked for another two weeks. He stormed into the station manager's

office and asked how much it would cost for constant bombardment over the airwaves. After a long and heated discussion with the station manager, they agreed on ten thousand dollars. Eugene wrote him a check and left the radio station.

"Eugene Wilbanks is a man that gets things done!" he told the staff before storming out.

If anything the two sluts had reminded him that he needed to be ready for anything. Prepare for the unexpected. He ordered a stun gun online and had it shipped to his house. It put out nearly 75,000 volts. He had two previous drug convictions for possession, which barred him from buying a gun. He tested the stun gun on himself one night. It definitely worked. He had never experienced pain like that in his life. Just one second and he was on the ground. He just had to get close enough to use it. He kept it on him at all times. There was no telling when he might need it.

He was beginning to get some interest in his party. With the ten thousand dollars he had given the radio station, it bought four hours of on-air live with a radio DJ. He had purchased a dozen kegs and about four thousand dollars worth of booze, soda, and bottled water. He was now getting a dozen or so calls a day about the party. He had already set a date, he was now committed.

He was still expecting the police to show up at any time. A man rang his doorbell one afternoon. Eugene could see he was certainly no cop. He had a ponytail. He rang the doorbell again. Eugene pressed the talk switch on the intercom in the pool room.

"Can I help you?"

"My name is Mike Pavelski. My sister is Courtney Pavelski. She's been missing for over two weeks. I'd like to talk to you if I may."

Eugene's heart sank. Nothing was easy from this point on. He knew he had to talk to the man. He obviously knew she was here. Denying it wouldn't help. He walked up the stairs and opened the front door, making sure he had his stun gun in his pocket. He opened the door and held his breath.

"Is your name Eugene?" asked Mike

"Yes."

"Do you know where my sister is?"

"I didn't know she was missing," said Eugene nervously

"That's not what I asked you," he said angrily

"Yes, she and her friend were here. We had some fun and then I dropped them off back at the bar in town. You say she's missing?"

"We haven't heard from her in over two weeks. Nothing. The last text we got from her was that she was going to some rich dork's house named Eugene. He had just put in a new hot tub and they were going to try it out. Town records show you're the only one who applied for a building permit to put in a hot tub in the last year, so I know she was here."

"Yes, she was here, but I took her and Melissa back to town. I never saw them after that," said Eugene

He could tell by the look on Mike's face that Mike did not believe him. This kid was going to be trouble. Eugene had to get him in the house.

"Look, Mike. The girl she was with, Melissa. She got a text that night. I saw her write something down on a paper in the kitchen. Maybe I still have it. Would you like to come in?" asked Eugene

Mike said nothing and entered the house. Eugene closed the door behind him. He walked into the kitchen and had his stun gun ready in the pocket of his robe.

"It might be in here somewhere. Look on top of the table over there, it was on a yellow post-it pad."

Mike slowly walked around the corner and over to the table. He picked up a few things and then put them down.

"Eugene?" he asked turning around

"Yes?"

"Did you kill my sister?" Mike asked

"What? No, I did not kill your sister. I told you I dropped her off back in town. Look, Mike, I don't really know how to break this to you, but your sister was a hooker. Her line of work can be very dangerous."

"She was no angel, that's for sure, but that didn't give you the right to kill her."

"What the hell makes you think I killed her?"

"My sister texted every minute of her life. One day she sent out over four hundred texts, in a single day. I never saw her without her phone. The last text she ever sent, she said she was with you. She never sent another text after that. Kind of looks like you're the last one to see her alive."

"Mike, she was so stoned when I dropped her off, I don't think she could even type on her phone. Keep looking, I think it's in here somewhere."

Eugene knew what he had to do. He got closer to Mike and then pulled out a piece of paper from the trash.

"Here, it's right here." Eugene said and walked over to him.

As soon as Mike had the paper in his hands, Eugene pulled out his stun gun and pressed it against Mike's neck as hard as he could. He squeezed the trigger and the full 75000 volts dropped Mike in a few seconds. He lay motionless on the ground unable to move. Eugene grabbed a large steak knife from the kitchen table and stood over Mike.

"Mikey, I'm sorry about all this, but I've got a big party to throw here and I can't have you fucking things up for me, now can I?" said Eugene

He plunged the knife into Mike's chest. Mike tried to fight back, but he was dead before the third stab. When it was over, Eugene stood up and looked at the horrible mess on his kitchen floor. It looked like a scene straight out of a horror movie.

"Sorry kid. I wish it didn't have to end this way," said Eugene

He got a tarp out of his shed and rolled it onto the kitchen floor. He lifted Mike's dead body onto it and wrapped it up. He carried it downstairs to the pool room to bury with the others. He figured he had first to clean up the butcher shop in the kitchen. He had purchased a few mops and buckets, figuring his guests would at some point get sick and puke. He also had several different kinds of cleaners and bleach. He wasn't sure if Luminol would work once the blood had been exposed to bleach, so he cleaned up with a spray can and mop first, then poured bleach all over the kitchen floor. He let it sit for a few minutes, then cleaned it up. Fortunately, the bleach didn't stain the floor. After an hour of intense cleaning and scrubbing, the kitchen looked as if nothing had happened.

"Jesus, it is just incredible what a man has to through to throw a simple pool party these days," he said to himself

Eugene went back downstairs and looked at Mike's dead body and the pool room. He went over to the corner and started digging. It wasn't until he turned Mike's body over that he saw the gun in his pocket. It was a little six-shooter pistol. Eugene hadn't felt it through the tarp. He grabbed it and popped open the cylinder. It was fully loaded with six shots. Clearly, Mike wasn't taking any chances.

It took a few hours for Eugene to make a hole, dump Mike's body in it, then cover it back up. He spent another hour cleaning up the pool room, then showering. He made sure he removed every article of clothing and put it in a bag. He threw it into his SUV and headed into town. He threw the bag in a dumpster behind the grocery store. He went in and picked up some food for dinner. He was back home and cooking in less than an hour. His cell phone rang while he was eating. It was the office manager at the radio station.

"Good news, Eugene. I got Jenny Rose and her friends to crash your pool party. All they want is five thousand."

"Who the hell is Jenny Rose?" he asked

"Some hot idiot with her own reality TV show. She'll be in town on vacation the same week as the party. Eugene, this is huge. If Jenny is going to be there, so will the rest of the town."

'Alright then, sign her up. Tell her to wear something cheap and sleazy.'

"I don't think that will be a problem." said the manager

Eugene hung up the phone. He was tired. Murdering and butchering other people was hard work. Time for a little shut-eye.

The next few days went well for Eugene. His first party was beginning to come together. He spoke with Jenny on the phone. She said two hours of her time was going to cost him five thousand. He agreed. She said she would make sure his party was a big deal. The radio station would be broadcasting from the party live. He was already getting calls from interested people. One guy said he was going to bring his entire fraternity to the party. The problem was no party can be considered successful without girls. He had to have a good mix of boys and girls. Jenny and her entourage would only number about ten. He was going to need many, many more ladies than that. He called a few sororities and promised them big bucks if they showed. He figured they were good for about twenty or thirty. He was planning on a few thousand people showing up at his house for the party. Nothing was going to ruin his reputation faster than his parties turning into a sausage fest. Throwing a rager was expensive. Good times did not come cheap these days.

He also had the little matter of the three dead bodies in his house that would have to be dealt with prior to the big day, which was less than a week away. He had already formed a response to Mike's disappearance. He had searched and searched the area around his house, but he could find no trace of the car Mike had used to get to his house. He figured that he had taken a cab or something to his house, which was both good and bad. All it would take would be one cabbie to remember him and where he took him and Eugene was screwed. He knew he had to do something with the bodies, but he had no idea what.

Three days before the party he had another unexpected snafu appear. Somebody claiming to be a private detective showed up at his front door. Eugene knew if he didn't answer, it would only make things worse. Eugene invited him into the house. Unlike Mr. Mike, this guy would be no pushover. Eugene figured he was ex-military or ex-something or other. He was very professional but very determined. He said his name was Paul Milbury. He was a self-employed private detective.

"I'm sure by now, you've heard of the disappearance of Courtney Pavelski and Melissa Johnson?"

"Not until her crazy brother showed up and accused me of killing them," said Eugene

"So then he was here?" asked Paul

"Yes, he was here. We spoke for about ten minutes. I told him I dropped the girls back off at the bar where I picked them up. He didn't believe me, so he searched the entire house. I even let him look everywhere. When he saw they weren't here, he left."

Paul looked at Eugene. He could see the guy clearly didn't believe him.

"Well, that's a bit of a problem Eugene. See, Mike never did return to his motel room. He texted his father and told him he was going to check out a lead. That was the last his family heard from them. I got this address from a piece of paper in his motel room. Mike would have made a pretty good detective."

"Yeah, well like I said. He left here when he saw the girls weren't here. I haven't seen him since."

"So you say Eugene. The problem is people have a nasty habit of disappearing in your house and never being heard from again. I mean by your own words, you were the last person to have seen these people alive, correct?"

"Look, I've cooperated with you and answered all your questions. Now, if you don't leave, I'm going to have to call the police."

"Eugene, I think the last thing in the world you want is the cops here, am I right?"

"I want you to leave."

"Eugene, I'm not a cop. I'm not going to arrest you, though I can't say at some point you won't be arrested, but it won't be by me. Local cops know they were hookers and both had warrants for their arrest, so it's not a big concern for them. I just need to know what happened. Look, I know you killed the kid. I figure you wouldn't have killed the kid unless you killed the girls also, I mean why would you? I was hired by the family to know what happened, that's all. I know you have a big party coming up in a few days. You don't want cops sniffing around here when you're trying to party, now do you?" he asked

"No," Eugene said solemnly

"You can't have a party from a jail cell now can you?" he said putting a hand on Eugene's shoulder.

Eugene sat down on his sofa. He knew he was done. There was only one way out of this and it wasn't going to be pretty.

"Come on, I'll show you what happened. You're not wearing a wire are you?" he asked

"No," Paul said, lifting his shirt and exposing his waistline. "Like I told you, I'm not a cop. I know they're a pain in the ass. I don't deal with them unless I have to."

Eugene led him downstairs and into the pool room. He explained everything to the detective. Where it happened, how he did it, and where the bodies were. Paul stood in front of the pool room and looked at the dirt. He shook his head and walked back over to Eugene.

"Eugene, why didn't you just drop the girl off at the hospital. She could still have been alive? It would have been their problem then?"

"I don't know. I guess I just panicked. Look, Paul, all my life, all I have ever wanted to do is to throw an awesome party. Is that so wrong?"

"Of course not."

"See, all these people I killed. I had to kill them, otherwise, they would have stopped me from having my party. I hope you understand. I didn't want to kill them. It's not like I take some kind of sick pleasure in it. I'm the party guy, not the killing guy."

Paul put his hand on Eugene's shoulder. "I understand man. No, really, I do. I know how hard it is to be so close to living your dream and then some little thing comes up and ruins it all. I know where you're coming from. It's not easy. You made a mistake, that's all. You panicked. You didn't want to kill these people, you had to. The courts will have to see that. Hell, I can see that."

"Thank you, Paul. It really means a lot to me to hear you say that, which is why I hope you can forgive me for what I have to do."

"What's that?" he asked

Eugene pulled out the little six-shot pistol that Mike was carrying and shot Paul right through the head. He stood over Paul's dead body and threw his hands up in the air.

"If our government gave out a Medal of Honor for just dealing with bullshit, I would get it. Come on Mr. Paul, time to take a dirt nap," said Eugene and hauled his body over to the pump house.

The problem was Eugene had killed so many people, he was running out of room. He had to dig so deep, he was hitting some kind of hard rock. He couldn't go any deeper. By now, Eugene was getting smart. The first thing he did was go outside and park Paul's car in his garage and close the door. He hoped no one had heard the shot. It was a chance he would have to take. He went back downstairs and started burying Paul's body in the dirt. Eugene had to dig underneath the foundation to fit Paul's body in the grave. He checked his body for phones and electronic devices. He found his phone. He also found a 9mm handgun in a holster. It seemed like everyone carried a gun on them these days. It took Eugene hours to bury Paul's body. When it was over, he took a shower and gathered up Paul's belongings. He put them in Paul's rental car and drove it back to town. He parked it in a supermarket parking lot and caught a cab back to a gas station a few miles from his house. On the way from the gas station to his house, he took a few calls from people wanting to know about his party. He wasn't in any mood to take their calls, but he had to be a good host. As far as he could tell, the locals were ready to party. He called the radio station just to confirm the details. In two days, his life dream would become a reality. He would be the coolest guy in Vail by a long shot.

He got back to his house and turned on the TV. There was nothing about any of the missing people in the news. That private detective was going to be a problem. He almost wanted to dig up his body just to be able to shoot him again. He grabbed a beer out of the fridge. He decided to go down to the hot tub and relax for the big day which was only two days away. He was in the hot tub for only a few minutes when he noticed that the jets just didn't seem to be working right. He turned off the pump and motor and saw some water leaking out of the pump room. The ground in the pump room had turned to mud. He was almost sinking in it. It had to be a broken pipe somewhere. He turned off the main water supply for that side of the house and called the foreman's cell phone. The foreman made sure the water was turned off. He had no idea what was

wrong, but he couldn't come out until tomorrow morning as he and the company owner were both in Denver. Eugene just about lost it. He hadn't paid them all this money just to have something like this derail his plans. Finding somebody who knew what they were doing was getting to be nearly impossible. The foreman apologized and said he would be out first thing in the morning. Eugene hung up and sat down on the steps. Now he had to dig up all those bodies and store them somewhere. The ground was soft, he just about pulled the first three out of the dirt. The stink from the rotting corpses nearly made him vomit. He dragged them all outside and stacked them like firewood. He then realized that the foreman might have to go outside to check a connection or something, so he moved the bodies behind his shed.

Eugene was nearly exhausted. It had been a long day. He went back inside and finished his beer and watched some TV. The countdown was on. It was only two days away.

The next morning the foreman showed up and fixed the coupler on the water line that had come undone. Eugene was not happy and he sensed the foreman knew this as well, which is why he didn't even charge him for the service call. Eugene thought about shooting him as well for giving him such a scare but decided against it. He would need him in the future if he had any more little hiccups. The liquor distributor dropped off the booze at 11 AM. The catering company stopped by just to confirm the details for the party. Eugene spent the rest of the morning making a big sign that he hung in front of his house. It read:

BIG ASS PARTY HERE

ON SATURDAY. TONS OF FREE BOOZE AND HOT BABES. YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS IT!

He put the sign in front of his house. He had even bought stencils and spray paint. He wanted it to look professional. This was going to be the biggest, baddest party this crap hole town had ever seen.

Some tweeny bopper from the radio station stopped by and confirmed the details for the DJ. Everything was in place. Eugene did find it strange that no local cops had shown up at his place to investigate any of these disappearances. Sure enough Saturday morning two local detectives from the Vail PD came knocking on his front door. Eugene couldn't believe it.

"You've got to be freaking kidding me. After all this. I've come so close."

He mumbled to himself

He threw on his bathrobe with very deep pockets and put Milbury's 9mm in one of the pockets. He didn't even know if it was loaded, but he made sure the safety was off.

He opened the door. He saw a man and woman, well dressed standing on his front steps. One of them flashed a badge. He figured if they were here to arrest him, they would have brought back up, not just two.

"Hi? Eugene Wilbanks?" asked Detective Welch

"Yes?" he replied

"I'm Detective Welch. This is Detective Megan Rice. We'd like to talk to you if we could." said Welch

"Sure, come on in," he said

They went into his living room area and he sat down while they stood over him.

"I assume you know what this is about." said

"Look, I told that damn private eye, I don't know what happened to those girls. I dropped them off in town. That was the last I saw of them, okay? I really don't like being harassed.

The two cops looked at each other, then looked back at Eugene.

"I'm sorry Eugene. I don't understand, what private eye?" asked Welch

"That Paul Dilbury or Wilbury, or whatever his name was. Accused me of all kinds of horrible things. I was going to call you guys to complain about him, but I think he got the picture. I haven't seen him in a few days."

"Okay....well that's not why we're here Eugene."

Eugene looked confused. "It isn't? Then why are you here?"

"Eugene, you were convicted of felony possession with intent to distribute in your home state. You plead guilty to a felony, remember?"

"Yeah, so what?"

"Well, Eugene. All convicted felons have to register with the local police department. It's Colorado state law."

"Oh. I'm sorry, I didn't realize I had to. I'd been living in my town for so long, it never occurred to me to register. I mean it was so long ago, I just forgot. I'll drive down to the police station first thing in the morning and register."

"Eugene, I'm afraid it's not that simple. You broke a law, we have to take you into custody. I'm sure if you just explain what happened to the judge, she'll release you within a few days, but we do have to take you downtown." said Detective Rice

"What? Now? Are you guys nuts, I've got a few hundred people about to show up here. I can't leave now. Look, I promise, I'll go downtown tomorrow and do whatever it is they ask me to. I'm not going to run or anything, this is my house, I live here." said Eugene getting hysterical

"Look, Eugene, we don't make the laws, we only enforce them. Our town has an unofficial policy of running all names on building permits and applications through NCIS. We actually got a major drug dealer one time on his building permit, so they made it an official town bylaw.

When we ran yours, we got a hit. A warrant was put out for your arrest. it's an active warrant, Eugene, we just can't ignore it."

"Just because I followed your stupid laws and did what I was supposed to, I have to go to jail. That's ridiculous! Taking out a building permit does not give you guys the authority to run a background check on me. Building something on your own property is not a crime."

"I'm sorry Eugene, we have to place you under arrest," said Welch moving closer to him

"This is the reason America is so fucked up! Because of dickheads like you and your town officials. Enough is enough!"

Eugene pulled out his 9mm and shot Welch in the face. Rice had her gun out in seconds and fired back hitting him in the arm. She dove behind the couch. Eugene fell backward and collapsed on a loveseat. He sprayed the couch with bullets until his gun was empty. He froze for a minute, then reached over to Welch's body and grabbed the gun out of his holster. Detective Rice popped up from behind the couch and fired more shots, striking Eugene in his elbow. He fired back and hit her in her chest, sending her flying back across the living room table. He could see she was wearing some kind of bulletproof vest. He got closer and fired a shot, hitting her in the face. She dropped onto the floor, spraying blood everywhere. She was still alive. She fired again, blowing off two of Eugene's fingers. He dropped the gun and grabbed it with his other hand. He fired another shot right through her head, killing her.

The entire ordeal was over in about twenty seconds. Eugene had been shot a few times. Fortunately for him, the chick couldn't shoot worth a shit, otherwise he'd be dead. He was hurt badly. He put another round in the female officer just for good measure, then stumbled over to the bar and took a swig out of one of the whiskey bottles.

"Un-fuck-ing believable!" he murmured to himself.

He looked around the room. It looked like a war zone. There were bullet holes and blood everywhere. It was a disaster. He hoped his guests would be so drunk, they wouldn't even care. He wondered just what a man like George Washington would do in a situation like this.

He was bleeding from his left arm. He could barely move it, without a blinding bolt of pain shooting through his body. The fingers on his left arm were missing, dripping blood everywhere. It took every ounce of strength he had in him to move all the bodies downstairs and into the pool room. He dropped Rice's body into the pool, then dropped Welch's body into the hot tub. He didn't have the strength to go on. He stumbled back outside and put the three bodies in a wheelbarrow in the hopes of just sticking them in the pump house and locking the door. He could hear noises outside. He looked out the window and could see a small crowd forming on his front lawn. He got on the PA system and told everybody to come inside, using the door around the back where the pool house was. Just as he was about to load the bodies into the pump house, he collapsed and the pile of corpses fell on top of him. He couldn't do it anymore. More than anything else in the whole world, he just wanted to have his party. Once everyone saw how awesome it was, nobody would get upset about all the corpses and people he had to kill in order to make it happen. This was his time. It was his time to shine.

The crowd of people walked into the pool house. Eugene grabbed his bottle of whiskey, with his blood-soaked hand and stood on the diving board. He had bought a microphone just for this very occasion.

The crowd was huge, they all stopped dead in their tracks when they saw the carnage in front of them. A few of the girls screamed. Most of the party-goers just stood in horror as the reality of what they were witnessing took hold.

"WELCOME TO MY PARTY. I AM EUGENE WILBANKS, YOUR HOST. LET'S TURN ON THE MUSIC AND GET THIS PARTY STARTED!" he shouted into the microphone. He took out his cell phone which was covered in his own blood and using the remote app, turned on the music.

"COME ON.....DANCE YOU FUCKERS! DANCE! SHOW THE WORLD YOU KNOW HOW TO PARTY!" he screamed before collapsing on the floor from blood loss.

"Jesus Christ." said one of the crowd.

"Somebody call 911." said another member of the crowd

Several of the people stood over Eugene who was so weak, he couldn't move.

"Dude, what the hell happened here?" said a horrified girl taking pictures with her phone. He recognized her face. It was Jenny Rose. Now she would have something to talk about on her reality TV show.

"Don't worry about them.....they were party poopers.....fuckin party poopers," said Eugene before passing out. He had done it. He had thrown the most memorable pool party the city of Vail, Colorado had ever seen.....ever.