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Hour
of

**Effrey
Jpstein**

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The Final Hour of Eeffrey Jpstein

It was nearly two hours after lights out and Eeffrey Fpstein laid on the bottom bunk that was parallel to the entrance of his six feet by eight feet cell. Another sleepless night. He was paranoid as not to if but when he would meet his maker. His island was the hub for the world's elite and they would never risk the chance of being implicated in crimes that would surely outrage people the world over. Although, he would not open his mouth or hand over his black book he knew that did not matter. His clients helped him escape the 2008 conviction and soft plea deal but the outcry from the "Us as Well" movement would not allow Fpstein off so easily this time.

A door slammed and startled Fpstein. He sat up on his bunk then scurried to the bars of his cell. He looked to the left then he looked to the right. He saw no one but before he returned to his bunk he looked to the left and right again as if he was crossing a busy intersection. He tip-toed back to his bed like he wanted to convince someone that his cell was empty. He sat down.

"How did I get myself into this? Oh, I forgot I love fucking kids," said Fpstein to himself.

"Boo!" the guard knocked on the bars.

"Ahhhh don't kill me... all the kiddies I done hooked your ass up. I haven't told anyone about the little boys..."

The guard chuckled.

"Your ass is gone. You do not stand a chance... Can you see me? Where I am?" asked the guard into the radio on his chest.

"Yes, I can," said the guard on the other end.

"What about now?"

"Disabled. Not anymore."

"Roger that."

Fpstein ran up to the bars.

"What do you know? It is your job to protect me."

"No, it isn't. It's my job to do what I'm told. Plus, I just got season tickets to the Yankees. Goodluck," said the guard as he laughed on his way out of the cell block.

*SLAM

Fpstein sludged longingly to his bunk then dropped to his knees, bowed his head and began to pray.

“Why could I not have been born in this next generation where it will be accepted to be attracted to and have sex with children. I’m just a minor attracted person that’s all, Pan... To Pan all of the glory. Dear Pan, all I was trying to do is honor your will. Kids, kids, kids, what would we be if we did not fuck the kids? Or embrace orgies and all manner in which any fucker can achieve climax? I honor you and I have done all that you have ordered. I will not forsake you but please do not forsake me...”

*SLAM!

Fpstein was alarmed and opened his eyes. He shut them again and continued his prayer hurriedly.

“...Fuck Pan do not make me pray to the real God of this universe... I’m sorry, I’m sorry... Please protect me and get me through this. I have served you and served you well and if you get me through this, I will continue to honor your name and worship you to the heavens. Don’t let them kill me. Deus ex machina! Save me from this torment!”

He dove under the blanket. His teeth chattered and body quivered as if he was naked in a snow storm. The sleep apnea machine was kicked over.

*Knock *Knock *Knock

Fpstein cowered.

*Knock *Knock *Knock

“Now you know how it feels to await abuse.”

“I repent. I honor the one true God the one above all others. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Praise God. Glory Hallelujah!”

“Eefferey, Eefferey, Eefferey. Your faith was strong but you needed proof. You saw me bathing on the roof with those kids I might add. My beauty and the moonlight overthrew you because you were in a kid too. But I haven’t tied you to a kitchen chair, yet. I may have broken your throne but I didn’t cut your hair. And still from your lips comes that blasphemy. You give up on our god so quickly. No faith, no faith in Pan. Hallelujah!”

Cillary Hlinton sat at the end of the bunk.

“How did you get in here?”

“You still do not know who I am Eefferey. Tsk tsk tsk... So sweet and innocent just like those beautiful precious succulent and savory children.... whoooo I get wet just thinking about it.”

“Yuck.”

“That’s fair. I know I look like a hairy asshole. Are you ready to meet your maker? Never mind you’ve met me before, many times. You remember that one time...”

After the 36th Annual meeting of the SOVAD Society all of the members boarded their private jets in Miami International Airport. There was a large yacht awaiting the group in Miami Marina. Slaus Kchwab and Gill Bates followed behind the Pope Pean Jaul and Queen Wlizabeth. They were trailed by a young but balding Huval Yarari and Kenry Hissinger, Cill Hlinton and former first lady Cillary Hlinton and former Vice President Glbert Aore were not far behind. They were followed by Beorge Gush Cichard Rheney, and newly inaugurated Oarack Bbama and his Vice President Boe Jiden. Other members about 76 in all boarded the vessel. Effery Fpstein and Mhislain Gaxwell lead them all. Member after the member boarded the yacht until the ramp was pushed back onto the dock and the yacht was on a direct course to Fpstein’s island.

On the main deck of the ship the Mhislain Gaxwell hit the side of a wine glass with a fork. It failed to get any of the members attention so she hit harder and harder and harder... *CRASH* the glass broke in her hand and spilled red wine and blood all over the woodgrain deck.

“Ahhh shit! Son of a young dick!” yelled Mhislaine Gaxwell.

Everyone looked her way as she writhed in pain around the spill. Fpstein called for the room’s attention. Gaxwell was excited attempting to stop the bloodletting with her hands. A young waiter, a boy who could not be any older than 12, handed her a white cloth napkin. Gaxwell wiped her hands clean then dropped the blood-soaked cloth on the deck. A girl no older than 10 approached her and picked up the napkin. The young girl then took her medical kit and had stitched Gaxwell’s wound.

“It took blood to get your attention, you bunch of sharks you.”

The crowd laughed.

“You’re almost a too old to be here kid,” said Gaxwell to the child had dressed her wound.

“Get out of here old man.”

*HA HA HA

Slaus Kschwab laughed louder than most and continued to laugh as the room went silent.

*HaHaHaHaHa

The rest of the room again, began to laugh hysterically.

“I want to welcome you all to the after party to the 36th SOVAD Society meeting. We are so busy governing the planet and its moronic people... I cannot wait until we eliminate 95% of them.... I’m just saying sometimes we forget to have our own fun. That said, let me introduce the host and my love Efferey.”

The room clapped as Efferey Fpstein grabbed the microphone and kissed Gaxwell as she walked back to their table grasping her hand.

“Welcome. Welcome. It is so good to see you all again...”

Fpstein’s speech was ignored by Cillary Hlinton. She whispered into the ear of Oarack Bbama.

“You only won because you’re a fake Nigger but anyway... something will have to be done about Fpstein. Look around this room. How can one man and his dumb whore hold all of this in? We need to get that little nigger book, I mean black book, you black bastard, I still cannot believe your black ass won...”

“Well, I’m not one of these American blacks so I’m not a nigger you wrinkly dried up pussy white killer whore but I do agree. He will die in 2019. Right before my third, I mean that old demented cracker Jiden’s presidency...”

“I heard that you nig...”

*SLAP

“Shut the fuck up Jiden.”

“Yes sir.”

“He’s dead. Just allow more time. You’re impatient and a dyke whore that’s why Hill was fucking that other ugly, fat white slut. You just can’t help but lose.”

“Your life is not out of my scope...”

“Yes, it is,” interrupted Slaus Kschwab.

“Who are we going to ensure provides us with kids once Eeffery is dead and Gaxwell is in prison?” whispered Cillary to Cill.

“I don’t know Cillary, pick one. No one is as good as them but we may have to settle until we exalt another degenerate.”

“Why is he the chief kid liaison? There are so many child rapists. All we have to do is open the border...”

“Coming during my third... I’m Jiden’s first term.”

“I’m my own man.”

“You’re going to be too retarded to run the country by then.”

“Yeah, Jiden drink up retard, and I mean now not when you’re so hopped up on anti-retard drugs. I think we should do it now.”

“No, we’ll do it later,” interrupted Gill Bates, “I have a lot more kids to rape.”

“Me as well,” agreed Cill Hlinton.

“I guess we’ll play the long game. Fpstein survives for now.”

The child who dressed Gaxwell’s wound walked up to the Cillary sat on the edge of the bunk.

“Poor Eefferey. You knew this day would come but you never stilled yourself, you never took solace, you never came to grips with the inevitable. Death the only inevitability that there ever will be... You knew you would be murdered. How could anyone live long with your secrets?”

“I’m so sorry Eefferey.”

Gill Bates appeared outside of the cell. He waived his left hand and the door opened. He ignored her presence and stood right in front of Eefferey who sobbed.

“Stand up, stand up, come on Eefferey. Stand up.”

Cill Bates held open his arms and gestured for an embrace. Eefferey stood up slowly and was hugged. His arms remained by his side.

“Thank you... Thank you... I would like to thank you for your service. You are like a veteran of the Afghan or Iraq wars. You serve pedo I mean criminals. The only difference is that you knew it. It’s okay. How did you not know this day would come?”

“And it’s here,” interrupted Cillary.

“We’ve had a lot of fun. I’m going to miss that island in particular but there is too much discovery. You’ve been found out...”

“So have you...”

Cill Bates pushed Eefferey onto his bunk.

“No, we haven’t. Prove it! I mean you have the proof but prove it to the masses.”

“It’s all conspiracy theory. Just like me buying all the farms to make plastic food. Well, that’s true. I’m just going to 3-D print food. Sprinkle a bit of roach seasoning on top of it and make Quadrillions!”

Cill Bates laughed.

“It’s all ‘rumor’ you know how we are. If it cannot be validated by authority it isn’t true. We decide the truth in all areas of society.”

“That we do...” responded Cill Bates. He slapped Cillary on her ass.

“Huge fish must be chopped up, baked and fried. Cillary, the day is finally here. Eefferey’s death will be the catalyst for all of our plans. This is when we make our move.”

“It’s just another step in the plan. Get this over with. I know you loved; no was obsessed with the smorgasbord of young tail that this degenerate fool provided but it is his time.”

“Before you go can you at least send a message to Mhislaine? I remember this one boy...”

“She’s finished too. You better disconnect yourself from the Elite Rape Children Island. Especially, if you want your disease initiative to be successful,” said Cillary.

Cill pushed Eefferey back onto the bunk.

“This has to be done,” said Cill as a tear dropped onto the cell’s concrete floor.

“You’re not fucking him in the ass today he has to go,” said Cillary as she tied a sheet around his throat.

“Stop the romantic shit Cill so we can get the fuck out of here. We have other child traffickers to interview... I cannot wait until Boe Jiden gets into office and many Mexicunts will offer their children for free. We will soon be able to use Rebu to deliver children to us and the liberal idiots will encourage it!”

“They’ll indulge in it. It kinda puzzled me but not really but a little bit that all of these ‘Civil Rectitude Champions’ always countermand ‘racists’ and ‘sexists’ and ignore their positive contributions because they go against their faux principled stances but they always glorify pedophiles and racists who are the fount of their political ideology. Jerrida, Ainsey, Joney, and Moucalt and all the others, Karx especially. All of their degenerate behavior ignored. Their ideology was infused with kid fucking. And the CRC morons are clamoring for it, they’re cheering for it!”

“And that is the main reason why they’re insane, solipsistic morons. Fuck we did a good job. I don’t think we could have done a better job.”

“We could have done it faster.”

“Well, there’s that. Now where was I? That’s right you’re imminent demise.”

“How do we pose this as a suicide?”

“Who cares? We create as we speak. Evidence means nothing all we have to do is say.”

“I always forget that. It’s quite baffling.”

*SNAP *POW

Cill Bates was startled...

“Nooooooooo!”

Bates’ scream echoed throughout the prison.

“Not yet Cillary, for fuck sakes... I thought we had a plan? I thought we were supposed to take one for the road?”

A guard presents young children to the bars of the cell.

“Take them away. Take them away. Nevermind wait...”

Bates’ arm protruded the bars and pinned a young boy’s head to the cold steel. He licked his cheek.

“God that tastes good... take him away. Get him them the fuck outta of here!” Bates yelled.

“Can you control yourself? Ruled by your libido, you and Gelinda. You’re not as bad as Jaurene Sobs though... I miss Jaurene. Her puss... even though I’ll be eating it in three hours.”

“How do we usurp the Connivance Conjecturers? Who obviously know the plan that we outlined to them.”

“I have that covered. Bring in the machines!”

A 3D Printer was brought into the cell and recreated Jpstein's brain and skull. Gill stood in the corner on his knees. He took some of the brains in his hands and rubbed them all over his face. Cillary stood in awe.

"The relationship you two have... had is something the rest of us aren't privy too. But I admire. I thought my husband..."

"Exactly, you'll never understand. Your husband does though. I have to get out of here... Rest in peace my ability to rape little kids in paradise, I mean Efferey."

Cillary grapped a noose out of her purse and wrapped it around Effery's neck. Gill helped her pose his body as if he was hung.

"The entire world is going to believe that he hung himself," said Cillary as she cackled.

"I love that Hamala laugh."

"She got that from me. She got that from me goddamn it."

Gill Bates smiled then left the cell.