

EVENT GRANDEUR

EDITED AND FORMATTED FOR ENGLISH (USA)

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DEVELOPED IN CANADA

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**This novel is dedicated to my (as of release date) baby daughter
Brooklynn Noelle Adziovski.**

**At the moment you do nothing but sleep, eat, cry, coo, grunt, laugh
and let's not forget POWER POOP all day: But are already inspiring
your daddy to be the best dad possible.**

**Here's hoping you might one day enjoy this novel of mine; however,
be sure to read it when you're older than 16.**

Love you Brooky-Pooky-Dooky-Cooky.

EVENT GRANDEUR

Chapter 1: Pre-Departure | Natters head office.

Chapter 2: Boarding.

Chapter 3: On the flight over.

Chapter 4: Landing.

Chapter 5: Pre-Grandeur Island.

Chapter 6: Grandeur Island.

Chapter 7: NEXT.

Chapter 8: Public Relations.

Chapter 9: Hello Bill.

Chapter 10: Who is this man?

Chapter 11: Another meeting.

Chapter 12: They call me... Red.

Chapter 13: John Le Paul.

Chapter 14: Time to work.

Chapter 15: Nikolaj Rachenko.

Chapter 16: A lapse in judgment?

Chapter 17: My next guest, the creator of lookatmydick.com

Chapter 18: Another piece of the puzzle.

Chapter 19: A lads' story.

Chapter 20: It became a blacked-out blur! Or so it would seem...

Chapter 21: The morning of.

Chapter 22: The Pre-Event orientation video.

Chapter 23: Bury that rage!

Chapter 24: The meerkat with fur.

Chapter 25: Keeping up with appearances.

Chapter 26: The time is nearing.

Chapter 27: Chaz-Chaz-Chaz.

Chapter 28: Moment of truth.

Chapter 29: Event Grandeur.

Chapter 30: My man, Joe.

Chapter 31: The Humanoid.

Chapter 32: A slip in frame.

Chapter 33: The Man.

Chapter 34: Another slip in frame!

Chapter 35: A vital clue?

Chapter 36: Goodness, Bill.

Chapter 37: B, to the rescue.

Chapter 38: Acceptance.

Chapter 39: Benedict Bradbury Parish the III.

Nicole's story.

Interrogation.

About the author.

Bonus: Event #29 – Rachel's story...

Bonus: Event #15 – Dalpan's story...

Acknowledgment.

Chapter 1: Pre-Departure | Natters head office.

“The Event is over once a death has taken place!” Said John (my *Editor in Chief*) as he placed both his feet on his pristine mahogany desk, avoiding his many vulgar and crass memorabilia. Had to stick his legs up ridiculously high in order to do so.

I glanced at my friend, donning a solid blue pinstripe suit, yellow tie and suave brown leather shoes. The shoes that I’d gifted him on his fiftieth birthday and upped his style drastically.

Who are you trying to impress today, John?

“The Event is over once a death has taken place,” I echoed to keep this pointless meeting of ours flowing.

“Come one, come all... I like the sell, I really do.”

“Honestly... I’m not quite sure how they’ve managed to attract all. Barring the cost to get you to the Island, you still need to pay an additional \$1000 to line up for the Event and then another \$4000 to get into the Event...”

And that was if one were even deemed ‘worthy’ for entry.

“...Let us not forget that you yourself could be the one that ends up dying. Those prices and risk alone shouldn’t be attracting all. This is quite baffling, John, quite baffling.”

“Obviously for those that think like you,” he replied, placing his arms behind his full head of grayish silver hair. “Which is no doubt a relatively small margin... Considering folks drop 10,000 big ones on a booth alone at some farce excuses for disco clubs.”

“I think it’s brilliant,” said Jill (John’s latest *Assistant*).

Turning to face this former cheerleader, as John had made mention upon ‘enlightening’ me about her, I noticed her physique. Couldn’t help it. She certainly knew how to dress for her body type. Short flowy skirt, tight black shirt and knee-high boots. She also had bleached blonde hair and was only twenty-three or so.

Why your ego, John, needs these types of women constantly surrounding you is beyond me. Then again... Who am I to talk.

“It is undoubtedly brilliant!” John hollered as he threw a rapid fist into the air. “It’s fantastic, prestigious and also a constant sellout, with near impossibility of

attaining a ticket to the Island itself. So I'd say they're doing more than fine with the management."

"Eat like royalty, drink the finest beverages known to man and party like there is no tomorrow. As there could be no tomorrow for you," I was glancing at the advert again. "I mean why are people so inconceivably intrigued by this?"

I could remember my shock when she initially told me about her interest.

"Hey, I'm intrigued... The experience sounds so regal," gasped Jill.

"For \$5000? Plus whatever it costs to actually get the ticket to the Island... Let's also not forget the chance that you could end up dying," I queried as I stared at her directly.

"I mean, I don't see the problem..." She fluffed her hair.

"You wouldn't want to use the \$5000 and the additional money on say... Payments for a new car or a home deposit or college education and Et cetera, Et cetera?"

Such a 'responsible' old chap you are.

"Well, all I'll say to that is YOLO (You only live once). You know."

"That's right YOLO," added John in an attempt to desperately show that he was still with the younger generations' times.

Slapping the advert, I turned to face John fully, "this is such simple marketing though... Yet from what I'm hearing there are people taking out loans, mortgaging their properties, selling their assets and Hell! Even prostituting themselves just to try and experience the Event."

John simply chuckled.

"And how prestigious could it really be? It happens once a week. Every Saturday. John... I honestly don't see a story here," I played him. It was a tactic he always fell for which in turn ended up with me having anything I required, including full investigative resources, at my disposal.

"You don't... See... A story?" He cried in overdone agony, taking his feet off the table and springing up a little. "Just like you didn't see a story at *Club Metro*?"

"O-M-G! *Club Metro* is the BOMB! The exclusivity is crazy. But hold on... What happened at *Club Metro*?" Jill was curious.

"Oh nothing much. Just turned out to be another award-winning piece of Mr. Writer over here. Involving a HUGE scandal. No big," rolling his eyes in an exaggerated manner, John made sure that I'd seen him.

“What happened? Tell me. TELL ME,” she bounced up and down and I noticed her bust within the tight black shirt. I caught John’s eye and like a hungry frat boy he gave me that grin of his.

Really John.

“I’ll let you fill her in good sir!” He retorted, rubbing his desk where his feet were. “After all... It was your piece.”

Looks like this unnecessary meeting is about to go into overtime.

“In a very quick version,” I began, still looking over the advert. “I went to *Club Metro* to interview Cristian Armaducci.”

“Ohhhh,” squealed Jill as she adjusted her skirt to reveal it was an *Armaducci* itself. “I love, LOVE his clothes and his shoes are to die for!”

“Honey... Don’t be interrupting the man!” John cut in and thumped the desk for added ‘irritated’ effect.

“I’m so sorry. I have a tendency of doing that. Really, I am sorry. Please continue,” she stated quickly and rather wide eyed and I got the impression that she felt she had made a penitent mistake due to the interruption.

Poor woman. John and I did not care one bit. It was all a game to him and part of his bravado; which up until a while ago, I admittedly did used to enjoy.

“It was a typical interview. Like you’d expect with a high-profile persona...” I noticed “**Dickhead!**” written subtly across John’s carpet. Crassly, “**Mr. Asshole**” had been written on mine in the same cursive.

“...The scotch was endless. *The Dom* was flowing. The stories Cristian shared were truly remarkable. When we finished the interview, we decided to enjoy the night to the fullest. Explore what *Club Metro* had on offer.”

Changing my tone, I now focused on Jill, “this left our booth unattended. The ‘PERFECT TIME’ for a member of security to swoop in and strike. Or so they thought...”

John began to laugh. He always enjoyed the way I recollected.

“...As I returned to the booth, I saw a guard pouring powder into our drinks. I rushed over startling them, which caused them to spill their supply of Rohypnol all over the table.”

Jill gasped in horror, “Rohypnol... Roofies... O-M-G! That’s crazy.”

“Yes. It is. You see Jill, security ran their own prolific scams. They tracked the high rollers, particularly those with valuables and gave them ‘free drinks’ and other luxuries or incentives.”

“That’s nice of them.”

“They’re all laced with the aforementioned Roofies...”

“Ohhhh yes, right. Silly me.”

She caught my eye mid eye roll and I noticed her give me a sly smile.

“They’d tried this tactic on Cristian and me earlier that night. We, however, turned them away as the beverage wasn’t to Cristian’s liking. When that attempt of theirs would fail, their next course of action was to then try slip Roofies into drinks the guests already had; doing so when said drinks had been left unattended. Luckily, I noticed the heinous exploit!”

My declaration seemed to have startled her, so I turned down the volume, “otherwise we might have been. Well... You know.”

“Eee,” she moaned as she bounced once more and let off another sly smile.

“Eee indeed.”

John was eyeing her, hungrily.

John you fool. Jill isn't the floozy she's leading you on to believe. She is playing you man! Just like that last 'assistant' of yours. Fuck, Jill is probably well on her way in attaining a Master of Laws. Or worse... A 'spy' for our biggest rival, The Confabs Agency! But whatever... Your problem, John, not mine.

“You see... *Club Metro* security would like to make it seem that their victims were far too intoxicated and therefore needed to be escorted out of the club. They would take their victims out back to an area with no surveillance and once there they would rob them of everything they had. Rings! Watches! Wallets! Cash! Phones! Even their shoes if deemed valuable.”

“Savages.”

“Undeniably; and the brilliance of it, Jill, was that they would dress up someone from their team to match the victims’ clothing.”

“Why?”

“In case they were ever inspected. On their camera system the dressed-up member was indistinguishable and appeared to be the victim themselves. Rather uncannily actually. To further the brilliance of their schema they would have the team member stumble out to a per-arranged taxi.”

“Why?”

“Well when viewed on their camera system, it looked like the victim themselves were the ones stumbling out to the taxi upon leaving the club.”

“Ohhhh.”

Yet another seductive type of squeal. Damn John. You're going to be putty in her hands.

"The taxi driver of course is also in on the scam. They would drop the team member off at an unscrupulous part of town, swearing up and down that is where the 'victim' requested to be dropped off; in case they too were ever audited."

John was now looking intently at Jill's backside and was on the verge of a full-blown drool.

I shook my head and continued, "the security team would then dump the actual victim in the same part of town a little later on in the night with none the wiser. The victim would wake up in the morning robbed, badly hungover and thinking they'd brought this on themselves."

Was truly a brilliant schema if you were to ponder.

"Oh my. Were there many victims?" She bounced again, no doubt noticing John's hypnosis.

"Surprisingly, quite a few," I made my way mere feet from her and blocked off John's view. "Not enough, however, to be brought to attention as they weren't just doing it at *Club Metro*... They switched between clubs throughout downtown."

"And you cracked this open?"

"That I did."

"Wow... You're like a *Super Detective* or something," she bit her lip and placed a hand on my arm, giving it a light squeeze.

Easy there, Jill.

"HERE!" John interrupted, throwing the article (which Jill managed to catch) to draw her attention back to him. "Hey. Good catch. Anyhow, after you pick up my lunch enjoy the read. Like I said... Mr. Writer over here won an award for it."

"Thank you, sir. I will be back with your lunch at 12:30pm."

Jill began to exit the office and close the door behind her. She gave me a final smile and a slight nod before doing so.

"Now you!" Began John, appearing to be stern which I now rolled my eyes to, making sure he had seen the over exaggeration. "Don't you be fucking her or anything, you here! No matter how good her ass looks in that skirt she's got on."

She will most probably be fucking you John... And not in the way you think.

"Come now," I shrugged. "You know I DO NOT shit where I eat."

A rule I followed strictly and whole heartily.

Ever since...

Stop!

Focus!

“Then why did I have to fire my last two assistants?” He asked, breaking my thought.

“You really want to go there?”

And that pretty large check you wrote to keep one of them silent!

“We shall skip it. Anyhow, back to this Island.”

“Grandeur Island,” I intoned in whit.

“Grandeur Island. What were you saying before? You heard people were selling their assets, prostituting themselves, to name a couple?”

“Weirdly enough, that is correct.”

“Then how lucky are you!?” John grabbed a stress ball and squeezed away. “Not only do you NOT have to prostitute yourself, we even got you a first-class ticket!”

“Business class.”

“My ‘apologies’, Mr. Asshole. Business class,” he gave me the finger. “Not to mention you’ll be staying in their so-called finest suites.”

“Joy!”

“You should feel ‘Joy’. As always, we will be providing you with the big bucks to cover all the entry fees and footing any other expenses you make or incur. I mean how have you not got it made?”

Like I said... Joy.

“And before you start... Don’t get ME started on all the blowjob offers I’ve been receiving from everyone. When I say everyone, I mean everyone! Female staff. Male staff. Mothers. Fathers. FUCK ME even grandmothers...”

He threw me the stress ball and began to imitate a blowjob.

“...They all wanted to be considered for this Event. Not to mention we actually managing to secure a ticket for you which from what I’m being told is fucking hard to do. It took some intern being on the computer for four whole weeks. Four whole weeks to get you a ticket to Grandeur Island. Literally non stop on the computer is what I’ve been told...”

I would notice her constantly glued to her laptop or tablet during this enigma that is Grandeur Island.

Did she too go non stop like the said intern...

Stop!

Focus!

“...Little fucker is asking for a wage increase or a full-time position for this so-called deed,” he scoffed and thumped the desk. “Anyhow... You’re the one with a ‘*Willy Wonka golden ticket*’.”

“Gee thanks,” I threw the ball back to him. “That is if I even manage to get into the actual Event.”

“Come on. Look at you. You’re prime for this. There is no way and I repeat, NO WAY, that YOU wouldn’t be allowed entry to this Event. They’ll take one look, take the money required and wave you on through.”

Look at me? I shifted, so I could see myself in Johns’ rustic full-length mahogany mirror that he was anal in making sure matched his desk. Having just turned forty-one, standing six feet tall with darker side brown hair and matching eyes, I was built larger than the average athlete, though not as buff as a competing bodybuilder. My robust frame showed nicely through my off-white V-Neck T-Shirt and accentuated a youthful demeanor.

Finally, the dark navy jeans, loose fitting silk scarf (more so for protection. You’d be surprised with how many ways one could smother an attack with a scarf) and brown cap toe shoes served to finish my stylish look. Oh yes, I appealed to one’s eyes, if I were to pay compliment to myself. Women, men and whomever they proclaimed to be got drawn to me like your cliché’ moth to a flame. In fact, they made it painfully obvious of their attraction.

But was this enough though? Enough to enter what was being pegged as the most epic Event in all of existence...

“So I have two days before you ship me out?” I shuffled back to face my friend. “Two days to try organize and find people to interview... The Owner and Event organizer of the Island is obviously a given. Attaining this interaction will be my NUMBER ONE priority...”

For other reasons.

“...Unfortunately, I have yet to see or hear anything about them or anyone having a way to contact them.”

“That well hidden?” He threw back the ball.

“That they are. I want to get Rocco looking into seeing what he can find.”

Rocco was a wizard in finding out information about individuals; particularly with those who didn’t want anything to be known about them. He was one that fell

within full investigative means and resources. There was simply none better than Rocco. He did, however, come at a moderately hefty price.

“Rocco is expensive,” John was dismayed.

“The expense is required. And don’t you worry John... I will guarantee you an award-winning piece,” I promptly added for his reassurance.

“Fine... Do it. Get Rocco.”

I had actually already paid Rocco myself to see what he could find. The fact that I could now reimburse was an added bonus.

“I was also thinking of trying to organize an interview with the *Chief of Security* as it will be fascinating to know how they keep an Event like this in check. Will also throw in the head of *Public Relations* as it will be interesting to know how they managed to get the word out about everything on a global scale. You think you can swing these connections for me, BIG GUY... Being such a high-profile figure yourself?”

You do love to be buttered up John.

“Consider it done,” he waved and continued to squeeze the ball, no doubt still pondering over Jill.

“I’ll also speak with any other workers or hosts that seem interesting, any possible celebrities I might encounter and any Tom, Dick and Harry that fit the bill. Yadda-Yadda-Yadda. Do you concur?”

“Sonny...”

What are you my grandfather? I’m only 10 years younger than you.

“...You’ve brought me great story after great story after great story. I trust you. Correction... The entire magazine and everyone here at *Natters* trusts you. Not to mention your writing pieces helped build *Natters* into the powerhouse we are today. DON’T YOU BE QUOTING ME ON THIS and no... You ain’t getting an even higher pay raise.”

I gave him another of the eye rolls.

“Now... Some obviously are going to be scorned and probably spit in your protein shake when you’re not looking. But deep down, for some it might be really deep down, they know you’re the right man for this job and they’ll be over their scorn pretty quickly.”

You’re darn right I’m the man for the job... The ONLY man for the job! Especially with the mission I will be carrying out.

“I’m blushing,” I feathered my hand to animate.

“So do what you always do. Kill!...”

Interesting choice of word there John. Poetic actually.

“...Now get out of my office and be sure to shut the door nice and tight when you leave. My new hot and sexy wife is about to video call me and will probably give me a strip tease or something.”

“Is that why your credit card is always maxed... How much does she charge per minute?” I jested.

“Out! You!” He tossed the ball at me, which I dodged causing it to bounce around his office.

I did not close his door upon exiting, instead ignored his cusses and roars as I checked my *Armaducci* watch for when there might be an upcoming happy hour.

My sudden thirst for a drink had made me need to get out of *Natters* and real fast.

A minimal of three shots as he said ‘not to mention’ three times throughout the meeting, would be consumed. It was surprisingly low this time round as John usually said the ‘famous’ aforementioned in the near tens. I came to the internal agreement that I’d make the shots a super strength liquor for this twisted drinking game of mine (that I’d only recently began to undertake).

Unfortunately... Getting super drunk was the only way I could sleep soundly, without those dreams.

The only way, ever since...

Stop that!