

# OVER MY HEAD:



**A.H.  
Scott**

*"Over My Head: Haywire" – A.H. Scott*

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## *Book Description*

*Regret does not eradicate the past....*

*In life, sometimes a queen of hearts doesn't hold all the aces.*

*The lies which we tell ourselves can construct a spine to the weak and a reflection in the mirror that masks a reality which we never wish to speak.*

*Circumstances for Angela Chase change in a wave of catastrophic events. Can a wayward wife stay afloat? Or, will she drown in being "Over My Head"? This is "Over My Head: Haywire", the third book in A.H. Scott's four part "Over My Head" saga.*

*A wife. A husband. A lover.*

*Devotion came in a single kiss.*

*Sex. Money. Power. Lies. Obsession. Murder.*

*No one gets out of this life without paying a price.*

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Excerpt –

Iris Mendoza held door with right hand, while banging it with his left in a screaming match at eager Espo and apprehensive Angela. Music rolled through those headphones in a rapturous rhythm, as a single shot was fired from behind him in the distance of ten to eleven feet. In a sort of samurai motion, the bullets' power scalpeled Iris' right ear completely off. As it did so, those silver headphones dangled by its wire to this wounded male's right thigh.

Melody shearing through that hallway's silence concluded on that final line of "Ramble On's" chorus, as that auditory canal was left barren. Angela had been an empress of several sexual fantasies. But, no being could have envisioned what was underway within the Eight Ball this night.

Speedy motion of this male's body caused a simultaneous action of pounding on that wooden door and trying to turn around to face this purveyor of pain. Another shot was fired into the base of Mendoza's tattooed neck on the right side.

Once pristine fabric of white had a crimson waterfall drifting down his back. Chinese symbols were suddenly concealed beneath a rickshaw of devastation's dirt road.

Right base of neck received a blistering flash of hot lead, as a soulful singer mused about a tale that can't be told, lightly rumbled from a lifeless pair of headphones on Iris Mendoza's hip.

Cornered in that hallway, a third pellet of pain found its target in Mendoza's back. This time, the puncturing of his right kidney caused a reflexive motion of bolting forward and pushing that closed door open.

Mendoza's back burned with fierce pain near his right kidney, as a string of words before that song's third chorus spun amongst that mystical midst of Mordor. Fair maiden of mirth lay beyond a closed office door. Dangling earphones of metal and black foam began smacking against wooden door four times, as his body began convulsing.

Actuation of Iris' flesh resulted in the person on that door's opposite side to be knocked backwards. Being with that unfortunate moniker in this midnight hour of despair was Angela Chase.

From that wooden door's movement, Angela's body bounced backwards against the arm of a metal bar stool a few feet behind her. Moaning, as she banged her left shoulder blade onto steel object, Angela was in a state of discomfort and dismay over what else could happen to this fragile female that night.

Flinging that right arm backward to catch her fall, Angela's hand hit right armrest of that metal chair and her head hit it's seat. With chipped fingernails from making a scraping against the door, she also had a previously bruised, right forearm after Espo had grabbed her tightly.

With his body slumped against that door, Iris pulled himself into the office. Crawling inside an illuminated office, Iris Mendoza clawed onto Angela Chase's bare legs. Muscular arms and hands used those limbs as a human anchor for gaining some entree further into this location. As he did so, she tried to squirm away from a bloodied Iris. Too bad that his body's weight was so overpowering for this tired woman.

Tale of mythical mammal, "Moby Dick" began to swirl from that music player, a solo of soaring proportion accelerated towards a volcanic conclusion. Jungle rumbling of a tiger or lion filled that air with an African, tribal beat.

Angie wiggled furiously away from him, as she tried to use the bar stool for leverage. Being too weak, Chase was left in a state of shock and oncoming unconsciousness. Any fight that this woman did have left expired as quickly as Iris Mendoza at her bare feet. She became soundless on that carpet.

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