

The phantasmagorical sequel to *KILLIONAIRE*.



PSYCHOTIC DESPOTIC

SCOTT LECKIE

From The Renegade Fiction Collective

PSYCHOTIC DESPOTIC

... for that better world, just around the corner ...

Copyright © 2026 by Scott Leckie

Published November 2026

by Indies United Publishing House, LLC

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher and/or author, except as permitted by U.S. copyright law.

This book is a work of fiction. All names, places, characters, companies, events, incidents and other matters are derived from the author's imagination and used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is entirely coincidental.

Edited by Jen Marshall

Cover Art by Craig Brown

FIRST EDITION

ISBN: 978-1-64456-997-9 [Hardcover]

ISBN: 978-1-64456-998-6 [Paperback]

ISBN: 9978-1-64456-999-3 [Kindle]

ISBN: 979-8-90770-000-0 [ePub]

ISBN: 979-8-90770-001-7 [Audiobook]

Library of Congress Control Number:



INDIES UNITED PUBLISHING HOUSE, LLC

P.O. BOX 3071

QUINCY, IL 62305-3071

INDIESUNITED.NET

Though inspired by real events that happen to real people, ordered and carried out by all too real psychotic despotics, many of which I have witnessed with my own eyes, this book is purely a work of fiction. All names, places, characters, companies, events, incidents and other matters are derived from the author's imagination and used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual places or events is entirely coincidental.

The author would like to thank everyone who had a role to play in the development of this story. You are as numerous as you are universally extraordinary. My gratitude to everyone involved in this vision of a world without dictators is boundless, as it is, as well, for the very real people who inspired so many of the characters in the stories that follow.

Psychotic Despotic

The Pacifica Series
Book Two

Scott Leckie



INDIES UNITED
PUBLISHING HOUSE, LLC

Seemingly out of nowhere, it just happened. Akin to the revolutions that were impossible until they weren't, the concept of billionaireism died a quick and relatively painless death—painless for the people, brutal for the BilliBros. None of them were destined to go hungry, but forevermore, in line with the urgings of Fencie and others, none would ever have more than thirty-eight million dollars to play with because the days of unlimited wealth were over and done with, once and for all. Tax loopholes were closed, as were the tax havens. A worldwide income and wealth taxation system came into place, taxing every dollar over thirty-eight million dollars at one hundred percent. It really was as simple as that. The grotesque ways of the billionaires were finished. Their destructive habits were over. The people of the world had decided as much. For once, the people prevailed, and they had Pacifica to thank for that and so much more. Best of all, the planet was safe at last, and humanity's survival, too, looked more and more likely.

Nathan and Jason strode toward the shore, arm in arm, a sense of deep contentment washing over them as a wave of some form of bliss they'd never felt before and something they could very easily get very used to. For a split second, they felt they had won. They felt satisfied. They were ready to live out quiet lives far from cities and all the rest.

Nathan whispered, "My girls will remember this day."

"Everyone everywhere will remember this day, my friend," Jason replied.

The sense of finality, of "we did it", of accomplishment without anguish, came over them for the very first time. But then, just as that satiated feeling started to settle in, it evaporated into thin air. Jason looked deeply into Nathan's lovely eyes, and Nathan returned his gaze. Almost in unison, their minds formulated thoughts into words, and then, in a timeless moment, they jinxed each other and two voices, merged into one, said, "What do you know about dictators?"

1

His piercing, laser-like gaze cut through the air with a physical, almost tangible intensity. His victims would feel it from many meters away. It was as if they could see it and almost even touch it if they dared. Though without somatic mass, anyone subjected to it—including the olfactorily challenged—would instantaneously sense a strange odour resembling sulphur whenever He was near. His eyes were more than sufficient to achieve His desired aim. The black pupil-sourced stare felt like a diamond-tipped engraver had entered their souls, a blade-like scowl, later described by anyone unfortunate enough to be subjected to it as materially palpable, an excruciating simultaneous dual sensation of both extreme ice and extreme heat, like clear-air lightning, sending unbearable shudders through the veins of anyone He perceived to have crossed Him.

He rarely used His words, His muscles, His tendons, or His physical strength. He didn't need to. His darker than night eyes were more than sufficient to achieve his gruesome objectives no matter what, on any given day, they turned out to be.

He was used to getting His way, for He always did. He knew His generals would never turn on Him. He knew His ministers would remain loyal for life. He was certain that the despondent citizens actively oppressed by His autocratic regime would never rise up in numbers sufficient to give Him the Gaddafi treatment, the method of death He feared more than all others. The way He used and abused artificial intelligence, public surveillance, internet controls, and the world's largest army of secret police ensured that everyone in His inner and outer circles would be beholden to Him—and only Him—for life.

If He doubted anyone's loyalty and subjected them to one of His

ice/fire stares, the recipient knew immediately that they would not suffer in isolation. It was a given that wives, husbands, boyfriends, girlfriends, children, mothers, fathers, and even distant friends, colleagues, associates, and neighbours would also suffer immeasurably and face a certain death preceded by the cruellest of torture techniques spread over a period of months; all designed not to extract information but simply to terrorise and provoke the maximum amount of human suffering for the innocent recipient. Loyalty to Him and only Him was all that mattered. It was the world's most simple equation: loyalty or death.

This was how GFL—or God-For-Life as He enjoyed calling himself—maintained His vice-like grip on power. The once proud and fearless revolutionary who had fought for so long against racist white rule knew the people over whom He now ruled despised Him, perhaps even more than the black majority hated the white minority rulers decades before. He knew His ways were illegal, immoral, and intentionally cruel. But to this guileless man, life was simply divisible into two experiential types: moments of fear and moments of non-fear. There were no such things as love or kindness. There was only power. No such concept as compassion. Nothing other than hatred, disgust, repulsion, and disdain for the weak. There was no reason to care about others; what possible benefit would that ever yield? There was only Him; the Man God, the Chosen One, the Head of the Snake, the Acme of the Power Pyramid, the Greatest Human To Have Ever Lived.

President Yonas de Braai—an Afrikaans name He had oddly taken for Himself in an effort to emulate the antics of the white-led racist regime during the dark days of *apartheid* in nearby Mandibaland with which He was so enamoured despite His once revolutionary ways on the side of the people—had held power for seventeen years with no end in sight. He would never relinquish His iron grip on His government, His military, His corrupt cronies, His stormtroopers, and what He liked to call *my progenies*, otherwise known as the millions of people who comprised the entire

population of the nation over which He had total control, Marleystone.

Few of the things He did to impose Himself on His nation held any real historical links to His country. De Braai would not only don leopard skins and crowns made of diamonds but so, too, would He adorn himself with tiger teeth and trinkets made from extinct or nearly extinct African wildlife. He had grown fond of caviar for breakfast, oysters for lunch, and truffles with anything for dinner—cuisine far from the nutritionally deficient food the average Marleystonean ate throughout the day. In what should have been a very wealthy country, eighty percent of the population lived in extreme poverty, with a median net worth of just 457 Inequalican dollars. One in five citizens were simply poor, managing life on accumulated wealth totalling just shy of one thousand Inequalican dollars. One percent aligned their fortunes with de Braai, enjoying the luxury of a median net worth exceeding fifty thousand Inequalican dollars.

Though almost the entire world had eradicated the phenomenon of billionaireism, de Braai himself remained one of the last remaining billionaires, personally controlling some ninety percent of the entire country's gross national product: all of it fraudulently acquired.

His *progenies* hated De Braai, and He knew it.

But, of course, He didn't care. The thought of considering the views of the masses simply never entered His demented, narcissistic mind.

He was untouchable.

He was divine.

He was a living God.

He was nothing less than the Chosen One.

He would never be forgotten.

The effects of His horrible rule would last decades after He Himself was gone.

De Braai, the burned meat bruiser. De Braai, the scorched Earth destroyer. De Braai, one of the evil ones. One of the seventy-nine

dictators in power across the world.

Seventy-nine.

He was one of the wickedest—on the long list of the wicked and worst humans on Planet Earth.

But continued on in power He did.

He was psychotic. He was despotic. And, even worse, He was invincible.

Nothing and no one could stand in the way of the Great Yonas de Braai.