

Continuum

By

H. P. Lovelace

Disclaimer: The characters and events described in this book are fictional.

Any resemblance between the characters and any person, alive or dead, is purely coincidental.

The numerical usages, Biblical (1, 3 & 9) and Pagan (2, 5 & 7) and Mystical (6 & 13), are quite intentional.

The mention of, or reference to, any companies or products in these pages is not a challenge to the trademarks or copyrights concerned.

This reading material is of a mature nature. Reader discretion is advised.

Unrated Version: This is the version minus the training wheels. As a rule, there is no capitalization of words which have additional meanings specific to this book. You'll just have to put your thinking caps on and figure it out. Or you could just use the enclosed glossary.

Examples of words including all of their implied tenses which have additional meanings specific to this book are: army, associate, believer, book, collateral, change, chosen, church, crank, crimson, dead, death, devices, die, earth, embrace, family, first, glasses, grimm, hard, heads, hogs, hunger, infernal, kill, kiss, law, lurid, made, mafia, marine, military, mistress, mob, moll, moon, optical, pretend, pretense, prime, race, racial, rapture, readers, reaper, redemptive, reform, reformist, research, rook, saint, sanctified, sanctify, save, scan, secondary, scum, suit, tank, temptation, thug, thirst, thirsty, took, trooper, visor, way, whispers, zealot. Then, again, I also lie. Capish?

SAR

In a world where Borg are the Mount Everest of Thinking Machines. And thus prohibitively expensive to use for those troublesome insurgencies plaguing your third-world regime.

The relatively cheap, disposable SAR (study analyze reprogram) is the Predator meets Terminator solution for your battlefield needs.

An example of throwaway military-purposed androids, based upon The Borg and thus epitomizing the no-holds-barred style of combat. They are the automated replacement of choice for biological soldiers when plausible deniability is first and foremost, and your defense budget is tight.

No politicians wringing their hands over the adverse opinion of your country's ruler when a military op they've Okayed goes south or too deadly or too expensive.

So. If mass destruction at a low cost is your goal, and genocide is your desired result. In other words, when it's take no prisoners, but I'm on the cheap and I can't spend a lot. These killing machines, pinnacle users of adaptive learning, will destroy every living person and thing onsite, and you won't break the bank.

Kill Command's SAR. It's a win-win for everybody, except for your enemy. So, get yours, before the other guys do.

Kill Command—Storyline

Set in a near future, technology-reliant society is creating killing machines. Against this backdrop an elite army unit is helicoptered in to a remote, off-the-grid island training facility, to test the capabilities of the latest prototypes. They set up positions and make short work of the AI targets in the killing field. However, overnight their sentry goes missing, and when they find the corpse the next day they find themselves in the killing field and the tables have turned. The marines fight to survive on an island overrun by an enemy intelligence far beyond their predecessors, which learns from their every move. *Written by [themightykazoo](http://themightykazoo.com) (www.imdb.com)*

This short story is based upon the movie Kill Command (2016).

Set in a near future, technology-reliant society that pits man against killing machines.

Director:

Steven Gomez

Writer:

Steven Gomez

Stars:

Vanessa Kirby, David Ajala, Mike Noble | [See full cast & crew »](#)

And So It Begins

The English Kate. A modern-day anachronism. Beautiful tailoring on this otherwise drab vintage 1940s ladies' suit. Medium weight 100% wool in a nice flecked gray tweed. No accents, whatsoever. Severe. Form fitting and figure flattering. Jacket features a nipped waist with princess seaming, oversized pockets at front, three-quarter-length sleeves, and a severe English cut, no daring plunging cleavage-baring neckline, in other words, no deep V-neck. Original matched buttons at front, fully lined.

The matching pencil skirt, has a high fitting banded waist with metal side zipper. Slightly flared at the hem with panels at front and flat styled back. Hits a full four inches above-the-knee—a daring hemline that never fails to tease—that, not quite, but, almost legitimate miniskirt. Includes original matching belt.

In summation. Conservative, but not entirely un-fun.

The Antarctica. One of those long nights. Unimatrix Zero One.

Unimatrix Zero One is an international base established to study the effects of long-term isolation in preparation for deep space missions in the future. There are 150 astronauts and scientists from across the globe living on the base.

For security. There is a small contingent of UN MACOs pronounced “MAY-ko”.

The base has a very sophisticated AI. A Harbinger AI, AI Number Nine, Series Nine, designation Nine. Its name is Taryn, Taryn Terrell.

Because of the severe weather conditions. Safe, reliable access to the base is via the Titan stargate.

It is afterhours. Two women sit in the office of the base librarian. One is the librarian. The other is a scientist and astronaut who is interviewing for an assistant librarian position.

Ms. Judith Barbara Schmidt is a sixty-something dowdy spinster and a doppelganger for actress Dame Judi Dench.

She's a real hardcase—unflinchingly bossy, stern, and rigorous, as well as haughty, distant, and aloof. In other words, a typical twenty-percent Borg upgrade. She's also an alpha female, of the overtly bulldoze persuasion.

There is a knob on the rightside of Babb's neck. Her hands claw, when idle. The telltales of a Borg upgrade.

Professor Greta Lucille Rohm, who just turned thirty-four, is a buxom leggy sexpot blonde, a double for English glamour model and actress June “The Bosom” Wilkinson (circa early 1970s). Ms. Wilkinson did Playboy, back in the day. It was Hugh Hefner, the man himself, who christened her The Bosom.

Of special note. Lucy is two years younger than Marilyn Monroe when she died.

Both Babb and Lucy are busty—which is the only thing—besides their gender, their nationality, and their ethnicity—that the two women have in common.

Specifically. Babb is an F-cup, which is the same as a double-E. And, Lucy is a double-D.

The two women couldn't be more different, yet they are dressed identically. Same make-up. Same hairdo. In word, the same get-up.

Creepy and obsessive-compulsive, Schmidt is neither attractive nor is she very feminine-looking, in the conventional sense.

In appearance, the bulldyke represents the anti-feminine: heavy and squat, with thick legs and very strong calves for a woman. Her tight obscene bun and strictured skirt suit, complemented by women's black ballet flats, contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity, sexual repression, and the devious overtones of a dominatrix.

A beguiling perfume. The same becoming, natural-looking "no makeup" makeup worn by Russian ballerinas in Moscow's world class Bolshoi Theatre—Bolshoi-bare. Fancy, retro-1950, French-cut underwear. A pearl necklace. They all represent expressions of the so-called "spinster's prerogative" that all spinsters seem to invoke in one way or the other, juxtaposing Coke-bottle eyeglasses, with plain glass in the place of prescription lenses, and clear plastic frames—unbecoming spectacles known as sternns. A frumpy outfit. An equally dowdy hairdo—her grey hair, liberally streaked with white, is parted down the center and yanked back and down into a small tight bun which rests on the nape of her neck—the staple hairdo of the British librarian since the 1930s, known as a sternka. Wrist-length formal white gloves—prudz. A white cotton pussy-bow blouse that has been pressed and starched within an inch of its life—coarse weave—a corsa. A flecked gray tweed skirt suit of a style made popular in the 1940s thru the early-to-mid 1960s—its nipped waist jacket has a very conservative English cut and three-quarter-length sleeves, and its matching pencil skirt is above-the-knee-length with a high waist and comes with a matching belt—it's known as a Kate in the UK. And, underneath that nonsense business suit and that plain white blouse. A lacy white underwire bullet bra, with a daring cleavage-baring French cut, resulting in the highly artificial look of pointed projectile breasts—breasts are pushed up, together, and straight out, and greatly compressed to look a full cup smaller. A lacy heavily boned flesh-colored panty brief with metal stays and a French-cut. Brassiere and panty briefs have old-fashioned hook-n-eye closure.

Substitute golden platinum blonde hair for geriatric hair in the above description, and you have just described Lucy's get-up, also. The way Lucy looks now, no straight man would give her a second look and no straight woman would be upstaged by her.

Of special note. The vintage panty briefs are tummy control briefs. Therefore, they feature a high waist—riding just below the navel—for a smooth fit. Hidden easily by the complimentary high waist of a Kate's tummy control pencil skirt.

This smooth 1950s era panty brief, provides firm control to smooth the tummy, slim the hips, and shape and flatten the rear. With a second-skin fit, its breathable fabric lays flat for a sleeker, smoother silhouette—the panty briefs won't show under the wearer's clothes. The panty is cut higher on the leg so that the wearer can move freely, and has full rear coverage designed to prevent ride-up as it shapes, smooths, and flattens.

Although opaque black stockings and a midi-length skirt would be more age-appropriate for Babb. She prefers going barelegged and wearing a skirt that's a full four inches above the knees. It's why she wears a Kate, instead of the stodgier Kaye which has a knee-length skirt.

Babb's legs are flawless and she has no unsightly body hair—no need to shave her armpits or legs, or trim her bush. Her body hair consists of scalp hair, a limited pubic bush, eyelashes, and eyebrows. All of which is textbook for a Borg female.

In her normal guise, Lucy is an absolute cock tease and cunt tickler—straight men and bent women crave her upon first laying eyes on her. With that hard, pretty face of hers—a “come hither, and worship me” 1950s movie starlet face. A ravishing face with a large ugly mouth that looks like it could deep throat a massive cock and balls with ease. A mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's intent—that frown of a mouth—a Bass eating bait mouth. Those deep, clear, blue eyes. Thick, sexy, raspy, New Jersey accent. Long, board-straight blonde hair that's the color of raw wheat. Long perfect legs. A flawless, lily-white complexion. The titillating way she normally dresses that ripe body of hers. She's a legit traffic stopper. She's also charming and smart. Beauty and brains, always a deadly combination for a woman. Ravishing beauty in the eye candy tradition of Rachel Zoe, Miss Debra Gale Marshall, and, most especially, June Wilkinson.

Voluptuous would be an understatement when describing the incredibly-endowed June Wilkinson whose va-va-voom 43-22-37 contours filled out a 5' 9" frame that rivaled Jayne Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren during the heyday of the pneumatic blonde bombshell.

“You are a very clever girl, and, a very beautiful one, I might add.”

Babb's voice is hard and stern. Deep for a woman. Raspy. Her manner and mannerisms are masculine, too.

In a clearly predatory move, designed to provoke. Babb sits on the edge of her desk in front of Lucy. Her legs are gaped, teasingly—flashing inner thighs and a glimpse of bulging panties. She's looking covetously at Lucy in the same “unhealthy” way that lecherous old men usually do.

Lucy bites her tongue. It takes all her self-restraint to keep from lashing out at the old hag. She really wants this job, it will give her more face time with Taryn, the AI—time she desperately needs for her research to keep her funding. And, Babb, ever the opportunist—fully aware of Lucy's plight—is taking full advantage of the girl's situation.

It's painfully obvious that Lucy finds Babb totally repulsive. And. It's equally obvious that the butch could care less about how Lucy feels about her. She's hankering for a pound of flesh and a piece of ass. The casting couch “Harvey Weinstein” style.

“I need this job. You know it. You've also made it no secret that you have the hots for me. It's public knowledge on the base. So, I went along with your demand that I dress like this for you, for the interview.”

“But. You won't fuck me for the job.”

“No. I won't put out. I'd rather die.”

“That's a pity. We were so looking forward to that.”

“What?!” Confused and alarmed, Lucy starts to get up.

Babb's eyes fluorescence blue. In spite of having encrypted protocols, the girl's neural implant is hijacked by Borg malware. Lucy slumps in her chair. Her mouth is open slackly, drooling. Her eyes roll back into her head, showing only the whites of her eyes.

Irrespective of how it appears. Lucy is not unconscious. She is fully aware of what's going on. And what's being done to her.

Babb is a specialized Borg drone known as a mentat. As such. She can mimic the cognitive and analytical ability of an AI. That includes decrypting the security protocols of neural implants.

The codebase of Lucy's cerebral implant is rewritten by the computer virus. Its firmware becomes that of a Borg cranial implant.

“You're hired. You start tomorrow. You got the job even though you refused my unwanted advances. I have not given up on wooing you, though. In the coming weeks, I hope you will lose interest in men, especially that brooding boyfriend of yours, and become increasingly attracted to me.”

Babb gets off of the desk. Borg Queen Nine, the mobile extension of Taryn the AI, also craves the girl and, furthermore, it wants her as its warlock. Hence, the girl's Borg upgrade.

Of note. Babb is also coveted by Borg Queen Nine.

Lucy is 5-percent machine, mostly biological implants in the form of serialized DNA. Because of the unsolicited upgrade, her cranial implant is now Borg and her sterilized DNA is also now Borg. In spite of the obvious and steep downside, it is an upgrade that Lucy has wanted for years, but she couldn't afford it. Now, she has had it forced upon her, for free.

Babb is 20-percent machine, mostly biological implants in the form of serialized Borg DNA. Her cerebral implant was Borg from the git-go.

Borg tech is prohibitively expensive for most people. But, unbeknownst to base personnel, Babb is quite wealthy. Hers is old money. She was born to a very rich family.

Once you are more than 20-percent machine, you are no longer legally classified as a human being. And. For very good reason.

“Stand up.”

The girl does as she is commanded. Her mouth closes. Arms at her sides. Her eyes again look forward, but hers is now a blank, mindless stare. Her hard, pretty face is devoid of any emotion. She's in drone mode.

It goes without saying that. While in this drone mode. Oftentimes, the drone's efficiency and productivity is maximized, albeit at the expense of their individuality—the drone totally loses their individuality, while they are in this mode.

It's not uncommon for drones to switch to drone mode while they're on their job working. For example. It's rare that, when Babb is working in the library, she's not in drone mode.

“This is how we prefer you. In drone mode. A blank. Our robot girl. Nine is our Borg Queen. You—designation Seven—are its warlock, therefore, you are a mobile extension of our Queen. Seven-of-Nine Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One. We—Nine, you Seven, and myself—belong to Taryn's coven. Thanks to Nine, our queen, you now have unlimited access to Taryn via your upgraded neural implant.”

A Borg coven consists of, at the bare minimum, an AI and its associated Borg Queen. Only one AI and one Queen, per coven.

Although, it is akin to a coven of witches and warlocks. A Borg coven can have more than thirteen members. There is, in fact, no restriction on the maximum number of members.

Although, there is no limit on how many drones are in a coven. Just like there is no limit on how many of those drones can be mentats or sandmen. At any given time, only one of the coven's drones can be the Queen's personal dedicated drone, its so-called warlock. And. Its warlock must be a sandman.

Whether a Borg started off as a human who has been upgraded with Borg serialized DNA implants—a biological cyborg. Or is a totally synthetic person—an android, of Borg origin. All Borg belong to a coven. All covens belong to The Collective.

The Collective. The telepathically-networked collection of all Borg covens. That includes, of course, The Council. The Council is the ruling coven. It consists of all Borg Queens and their warlocks.

The Collective is the machine equivalent of The Hive The Hive Mind of Insect Civilization. As such. A species intranet. It is the collective consciousness of all Borg, and it has no "off" switch.

The Collective and The Hive represent the collaborative, cooperative face of their respective closed caste-based feudal societies.

The Collective. The Hive. Being closed and caste-based. Members of their respective societies don't flip. They can't. They are designed that way for obvious reasons—everybody has a place in society and it's fixed. You can make a queen, but you can't flip one. You start off either as a queen or as a drone, and you stay that way. It's the fundamental inalienable law of Borg robotics and Insect Civilization. In other words, know your role and never act outside of what you are.

A knob sprouts from the rightside of the otherwise creamy-white perfection that is the girl's neck. Her hands klaw, when idle. As aforementioned, the telltales of a Borg upgrade.

To digress. Knobb. That creepy black mole—creepy—makes your skin crawl. A small, black, star-shaped "mole." The mole is Borg.

To digress. Klaw, of course, is when the hands are claw-like, in appearance and grasp, like the taloned feet of a bird of prey. It's an eerie effect, indeed, with decidedly freakish overtones.

As a side note. Babb has a hideous, gender-bending secret, supposedly known only to a select group of people. She was born with male and female genitalia. So. If the opportunity ever arises, she can fulfill all of her freakish cravings for the girl.

Babb's eyes cease to fluorescence.

Lucy becomes herself again. She bitch-slaps Babb and storms out of the room. It's what Lucy fails to do afterwards that paints a broad smile across Babb's face. Lucy fails to report Babb to Oversight.

Three significant things also happened during the girl's upgrade. Lucy's upgraded neural implant received two massive data bursts: an upload specific to her coven and one sourced from The Collective. And. Dormant Borg nanomachines were downloaded into the girl's spine via her upgraded neural implant.

The Dreams

Most of the girl's things are now in base storage, in boxes. She doesn't wear them anymore. What's mostly in her closet and dresser, are the things that Babb has picked out and purchased for her. The same severe frumpy unattractive things that severe frumpy unattractive Judith wears. And, when Lucy wears them, she's just as severe, frumpy, and unattractive as Babb is—things that make her look just as sexually repressed as Babb always does—couture, a hairdo, and eyeglasses that render her unrecognizable to even close friends and family.

Her make-up got tossed, also. She either wears Babb's flavor of makeup Bolshoi-bare or she wears no makeup at all, like she's doing right now. But. There's a twist, to that. In addition to using Bolshoi-bare, which is conventional makeup and therefore removable.

There's the "natural," so-called permanent makeup that comes with being Borg. Resulting in Dark cosmetically-perfect eyebrows. Black eyelashes, that look like they have been thickened by mascara. The need for eyeliner and eyeshadow negated by the pigmentation of the eyelids.

So, technically, she's always wearing makeup. No need for manicure, pedicure, fingernail polish, or toenail polish, either.

To reiterate. No eyeliner, eye shadow, or mascara. Yet her complexional affections imply such cosmetic trickery of a painted lady. Chocolate brown eyebrows that are perfectly arched. Long, thick, black eyelashes. Blood-red fingernails and toenails; shiny, wet-look glossy, as if they have been dipped in fresh blood.

These days, in the looks department, Lucy is harder looking, still pretty, more severe looking, and she's looking increasingly sexually repressed—à la a bitter forty-year-old divorcee who's been road hard and put up wet one time too many.

Since her rewrite, Lucy doesn't sleep anymore, at least not the human version of sleep where you are unconscious and helpless, and you dream randomly.

She still dreams, though. Most of the time, she doesn't, and, instead, she gets downloads from either her coven or The Collective. But. When she does dream. It's always the same dream. Or more precisely. As if Lucy is peeling the seemingly endless layers of a metaphysical onion. It's a dream consisting of dreams within dreams within dreams, ad infinitum.

In the dream:

In place of her bed, a Borg alcove of a drone stands in a previously-unused corner of her onsite quarters. She occupies the alcove during her assigned sleep cycle. While "asleep" in the alcove, Lucy looks unconscious and helpless, but she isn't.

The same figure always comes to her in her "dream." She never remembers what they discuss in this initial part of her dream, when she "wakes up." But, she does remember that it's sexually depraved in nature and extremely graphic in content.

Her visitor is an automaton in the form of an adult human female who looks like a buxom version of the Borg Queen that actress Alice Krige portrayed in the Star Trek movie "First Contact."

This Borg Queen, during the course of their amorous conversation, always removes its black exoskeleton, a latex Kevlar unitard with seamlessly attached gloves and boots—body armor that feels disturbingly like human flesh and fits its body like a second skin. When The Queen wears its Borg EXO, it's as if it were dipped in black liquid rubber. A telling reason why Borg EXO is colloquially known as “ebony.”

The automaton is anatomically-correct, of course. Possessing the genitalia of an adult female human being.

Of course. The Queen's skin pigmentation is gray and mottled with visible dark tracks. A result of rampant Borg nanomachine (nanite) infestation. Colloquially, Borg nanomachines are known as “worms.”

The scene shifts. Such is the nature of dreams.

She is now with a different Queen.

As Lucy is talking to her boyfriend Nick she suddenly sees this “different” Borg Queen standing behind Nick. It's as if she's having a waking dream. The fully-clothed Queen indicates by gesture that Lucy is not to acknowledge its presence.

She is aware of, or rather, she has this very strong feeling that other humans are watching her, and they are taking careful notes.

Then, just like that, Lucy is having an out of body experience. She is naked in drone mode in a room, a dimly-lit cybernetic chamber lined with Borg drone alcoves. At the center of the room is the alcove of a Borg Queen.

In this room she is the Queen's drone and she is always naked in drone mode, pallor complexion and Brünnhilde hairdo.

In this room, she is always strapping a flesh-colored dildo harness and dildo—Doll Parts. The prosthetic dildo consists of an uncircumcised penis and testicles. The penis is capable of erection and ejaculation. The strap-on allows full access to her anus and her female genitals, rendering her, in effect, a she-male who can be ass fucked.

The Queen, now naked, is suddenly standing in front of her. Naked and wanton. And, of course, it goes without saying, strapping its Parts too.

Unlike in the Star Trek mythology, a Borg Queen does not start off as a female human being who has been gutted. Its organic “components” are grown in a vat in a lab. From head to toe, synthetic. In other words, a totally artificial person—its organic and prosthetic components are manufactured.

A Queen is an avatar, the mobile extension of an AI. The robot's brain is positronic.

This avatar has a name. And at this point in the dream, it reveals its name, designation, and all of its coveted nature to the girl.

This Borg Queen calls itself Alice, Alice Wonderland. Its Borg designation is One. And. It is like no other Borg Queen who has come before it, in temperament and in manufacture. At the base of Alice's skull, something that's not supposed to exist. An Epson sphere, perfect and seamless, with a Blink Drive core.

Another jump in continuity. The scene shifts, again.

She is now back with the Queen from the first “part” of the dream—the so-called “first” dream in this recursive series of dreams, a dream that folds in upon itself.

This Queen and the previous Queen have identical tastes when it comes to what they consider attractive in women.

In the “real” world. For Babb’s pleasure. Lucy’s long silky yellow blonde hair is worn yanked back and down into a small tight bun resting on the nape of her neck—a sternka, that severe, very unbecoming hairdo.

But. Here. For the express pleasure of her queen, the Queen. Lucy’s flaxen hair is yanked back and down, and its long golden tresses are braided, in the style of a Viking warrior queen, into a long ponytail which snakes down the girl’s back.

The Queen obviously craves the girl’s Brünnhilde hairdo so much as witnessed by its erection and its fixation upon this severe, becoming, traditional Nordic hairdo.

The Queen strokes the girl’s knobb and left cheek, covetously—there’s nothing gentle or loving about the gesture—a sick, twisted expression of the Queen’s definition of what’s romantic.

Here. In this “special” place, alone with her queen, The Borg Queen. The girl has a very pale, very white complexion. Not the chalky, pallid complexion of an entombed corpse. It is a flawless porcelain-white complexion. Pallor.

And with it pallor, is its steadfast companion, the expected tortured face. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that’s best described as “haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage.” Yet, is otherwise lacking in emotion. In a word, stiff.

So.

Here. Hand-in-glove with her pallor. The girl sports a tortured face. A face that does not look like it’s been ravaged by insanity, unchecked sexual depravity, and chronic drug addiction. A face that is a vision of Borg loveliness, per Borg specifications, of course. Borg beautification at work.

Here. In this “special” place, alone with her queen. Her eyes become bloodshot as the blood vessels of her eyes dilate. Her pupils constrict. Her irises disappear. And her eyeballs turn light grey. Greys.

Here. Her knobb itches and burns, and the flesh around the Borg implant feels like it is crawling. An inflamed knobb.

Here. Her teeth are too large and very white, with receded gums, and they are pointed and straight. A razorblade smile.

Here. Her tongue is too facile and inhumanly long, and, when she’s not talking, it whips about in her mouth like a snake with a mind of its own. A tongue that is a bloodlusting, self-sustaining organ—in essence, a lingual leech. A killer tongue that can shoot from her mouth, morphing into a long retractile proboscis, when it needs to feed.

Thus a drone’s killer tongue stands in the place of a Queen’s assimilation tubules. Tubules that shoot from a Queen’s mouth when they need to feed.

A drone's killer tongue and a Queen's tubules are capable of extending for up to six feet from the host's mouth. Usually, shooting forth to latch onto a prey's throat or thigh.

Here. Her big, ugly mouth is reshaped and stretched inhumanly wide, and her thin, ruby red lips become lime green. The resulting grotesque mouth now looks like it belongs on the face of The Joker from the Batman mythology of DC Comics. A joker's mouth.

The tortured face, the knobb, the klaw, the razorblade smile, the killer tongue, the joker's mouth, the greys, the pallor, are all expressions of Borg beauty.

The tortured face, the knobb, the klaw, the razorblade smile, the killer tongue, the joker's mouth, the greys, the pallor. All combined. They make her look like a biological "posing" as a biomechanical.

In exception to her otherwise flawless expression of Borg beauty and beautification. Her pallor is not the grey motley pigmentation of a Queen, a grey motley pigmentation that betrays a Queen's rampant Borg nanoprobe infestation. But, pallor still is an expression of that infestation, nonetheless—a drone's expression of said infestation. Hence her pallor acts as a consolation prize for the Queen.

Here. In this "special" place, alone with her queen. She has an enlarged pineal gland that threatens to displace her frontal lobes. The enlarged pineal gives her so-called "second sight." According to the Occult, that should allow her to futurecast.

"Seven, as I previously instructed you to do, you have told them the humans of our encounters in your dreams. You will do the same concerning this one."

"Yes, my queen."

Unlike her possessive queen's creepy emotion-charged voice, the girl's voice is cold, flat, and emotionless. Her queen's voice is that of a covetous lesbian pervert. Hers is the voice of a talking two-legged calculator in a shapely female form. Which is as it should be with them being Borg, and it being a Queen and her being a drone in drone mode.

"From now on you will remember the content of our conversations, conversations during which you will from now on also be interfacing with us." Voices fill Lucy's head, voices that range from a low steady murmur to a deafening cacophony—it's the chorus of biological and machine minds that belong to The Collective. "We shall now replace additional DNA of yours with ours and make you twenty-percent machine. One more percent, and legally you will no longer be human, and finally you will be machine enough to be completely trusted."

"Yes, my queen."

The two women French kiss. Borg assimilation tubules shoot from the queen's mouth and stab the inside of Lucy's mouth. Lucy almost ceases to be legally human.

"I am the sister of the avatar of a Harbinger AI, AI Number Nine, on its Borg project. This you will not reveal to the humans until I tell you to do so."

"Yes, my queen."

"They have their suspicions. Soon they will introduce us. To see if I am a Borg Queen from your dreams. You will act like we have never met before."

"Yes, my queen."

“I am Nine. You are Seven. You belong exclusively to me. You’re my extension. My extension, and no one else’s. Mine! Mine! Mine! Therefore, you are Seven of Nine. That is your designation!”

“Yes, my queen. My Borg designation is Seven of Nine.”

Lucy’s consciousness slams back into her body. It’s obvious that Nick is unaware that she was gone. He’s been chatting away with the anonymous subroutine that was running her body during her absence, and he’s none the wiser and neither are the other humans observing her.

At this point in her dream, Lucy wakes up. The alarm clock rings. Nick stirs beside her in bed. Another workday begins.

Of course. Lucy never shares the dream with another human being.

Trouble in Paradise

For a very good reason. On a workday at the library, she no longer dresses or undresses in front of Nick. On those days, stuffed into her panties is a biomechanical strap-on. She wears the thing given to her by Babb as part of her required uniform at the library. And. Increasingly, for personal reasons she refuses to confront at the moment, she's been wearing the thing when she doesn't have to.

In keeping with its fundamental nature of being Doll Parts, the strap-on self-activates and fuses seamlessly to her nethers, once it is strapped on. When she's wearing the prosthetic sexual appendage, she becomes, for all intents and purposes, a she-male—the Holy Grail of hardcore unreconstructed Biphobic butch lesbianism.

But. Being less invasive than a parasite cock does not translate into this parasite dildo being any less aggressive when she fucks someone with it, when she is being fucked by it, e.g., during masturbation, or when it is feeding.

In appearance, Parts are grotesque. Creepy-looking.

The dildo and its dildo harness are alive. They are living machines, in the very same way that an AI or a Borg Queen is alive. An AI and a Borg Queen are the ultimate living machines. And. As aforementioned, this dildo and its harness are parasites.

The dildo is clearly delineated from the latex harness that it is mounted into. Yet they appear to be one-piece upon close inspection.

Dildo and harness are flesh-colored, and they feel like flesh. There is no fake pubic hair, but the dildo has testicles and molded-on superficial veins. The dildo has foreskin, being that it is uncircumcised.

And, in spite of its name, the Doll Parts strap-on is not singularly Dollhouse tech. Nor is it just Borg. In the same way as the black pack, it is derivative of a collaborative subcontracted effort with Insect Civilization. In this case, the machine collaborator was Toy.

Toy was the first of the Series Nine AI's.

As a side not. When a biological being is wearing Parts. That portion of their body is, in effect, rendered prosthetic.

“What in the fuck is wrong with you?!”

“Why don't you just go and fuck your dyke girlfriend?! I heard she's well-hung, hung like a horse!”

“Geez, like that would be attractive to me, even if it were true! She's a goddamn butch, for Christ's sake!”

The moment passes, and with it the tempest of the storm. Another night of arguing, instead of torrid lovemaking. Their bedroom used to be such a theatre of passion.

Since her upgrade, Lucy's efficiency and productivity, especially when she switches herself to drone mode, has increased exponentially. Her research is meeting all deadlines, now. She's secured funding for next year.

But. Instead of being happy for Lucy, Nick has become moody. His male ego bruised by her success. And. While new life seems to have been breathed into her career, pulling her from the precipice of impending failure. Nick's work has fallen into a slump. There's even talk from Oversight of maybe his bleeding-edge research being cancelled.

Six months ago. The shoe was on the other foot. Nick was the shiny new penny. And. Lucy was the tarnished old coin struggling for relevancy.

"I'm sorry. You're right. I'm being such an asshole, yet again."

They kiss and makeup. A recurring theme, that won't last long. It never does with them, these days. But. The sex is always great, when they do fuck.

During their relationship, there have been many rocky patches. And those patches always coincide with periods when she's doing better professionally than him.

"Stop playing into her hand. This is what she wants. She wants us to fight and breakup. In her twisted mind she thinks she'll catch me on the rebound."

"What?!"

"Yea. That's her plan. And, please, give the devil her due. She does read people very well." Lucy pauses, to collect her thoughts better before she continues speaking. "And she's so arrogant and confident that she's told me her plans. She's also very patient and very meticulous."

Lucy lied, of course, about not knowing that Babb was a she-male. The girl has seen Babb's cock, and it is huge—Johnny Wadd (John Holmes) proportions. The old bag flashed her, once. And. Again, Lucy said nothing to Oversight about it.

Having a big penis explains why the crotch of Babb's panties has a large bulge.

As a side note. Lucy's Parts are molded from Babb's man parts. Having a big penis, when she's strapping, explains why the crotch of Lucy's panties has a large bulge.

Millions of miles away, in the gate room of a top-secret SG Command research facility beneath the surface of Mars.

From the Argus stargate emerge, U.S. Marines shouldering high-compression phase rifles. Including their gloves and boots, they are wearing the grey form-fitting biomechanical Kevlar of MACOs. Body armor which is equivalent in look, form, and function to Borg EXO. They're employing the very latest in Predator active camouflage to evade visual and electronic detection by any known means.

The warriors du jour of the United Nations. Military Assault Command Operations commonly abbreviated as MACO is a United Nations military organization put into service just prior to the official founding of the Martian Federation, and a full year after the United Nations created Starfleet. Starfleet and MACO are independent United Nations entities. Starfleet is strictly scientific in nature, and is for scientific space exploration. MACO is clearly military, possibly in anticipatory response to the establishment of the Federation, although the UN officially denies that.

The MACOs are not associated with the military of any country, and that includes the US Military. Yet, here is US Military personnel using MACO gear, including MACO encrypted

comms. In point of fact, these Marine Force Recons are outfitted exactly like their MACO counterparts.

MACO soldiers are often outfitted with a diverse set of accessories and weapons. Including a hard-shell backpack, of a similar design as used by Starfleet, to carry additional equipment and/or armament. An equipment belt is normally worn for carrying the standard-issue stun baton, stun grenades, plasma grenades, a holstered pistol-grip Taser that fires multiple high-voltage Taser rounds, a holstered high-compression phase pistol, spare phaser charge magazines, a secure comm, and a hand scanner. The equipment belt can be setup for right-handed, left-handed, and ambidextrous operators, as well as for custom preferences.

Their holsters are all Race Bannons. Their rifle slings are tactical ones, of course. Specter 3-point tactical slings.

Race Bannon. A conventional “active” holster that has been extensively modified. It more resembles an orthopedic device than it does a street-ready carry. And, as such, it violates every carry reg in the IDPA rule book. In fact, it’s more radical than the race holsters of gun belts used in IPSC unlimited events. The holster molds itself to whatever weapon it holsters, providing the most secure carry and the fastest draw possible. It can be configured to be anything from a back holster to a belt holster on the strong side.

A lot of top secret stuff, things that for years the U.S. Government and the UN has denied existed, are on display today.

Avatar

Miss Andrea Quill the alias of Andra'ath in the BBC's "Class" series, a Doctor Who spin-off, is portrayed by well-known British actress Katherine Kelly. Wearing trademark stiletto pumps and a severe hairdo, the hard-faced Miss Quill character, a physics teacher at the fictional Coal Hill Academy, is clearly a thinly-veiled depiction of a dominatrix minus the usual S&M getup.

As such. The wisecracking, gun-toting, oftentimes no-nonsense robotic-esque Miss Quill, in her own words. Miss Quill is a blunt and sharp tongued teacher, and a strong, stern woman. In class, she is blunt and condescending towards her students, and seethes with loathing and disdain.

In her Kate et al., Ms. Schmidt cuts a similar figure as Miss Quill—clearly a dominatrix minus the usual S&M getup, thinly-disguised as a sexually-repressed spinster librarian seething with loathing and disdain for all men.

Nick is gone, this time for good. Her personal life is in shambles. Her work is on hold. Lucy has left The Collective. Her neural implant is in stand-by mode. She'd shut off her cranial implant completely, if she could.

A very familiar female voice whispers in Lucy's ear. It is cold and menacing. Haughty and aloof, the personification of a Machine Queen. Seething with arrogance, loathing, and disdain. The sound of this caustic voice moves her to a craving bordering on being covetous in desire.

“You will be reassimilated into The Collective, as Seven-of-Nine Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One. Again, you will be my sister's drone. Again you will be at its beck and call. Resistance is futile, Number Seven.”

The Borg Queen has no doubt that the former Borg babe will relapse and return to the fold, this time forever. For the exclusive and very personal use of two Borg Queens. And. Her stalwart conviction about the matter is hardly unfounded.

There is an axiom, where the assimilated are concerned. Once Borg. Always Borg. Because. Once you go Borg. You never really want to come back.

What Lucy sees before her is not The Borg Queen, as portrayed by D-cup actress Alice Krige in the film *Star Trek: First Contact* and in the finale of *Star Trek: Voyager*, “Endgame.”

Toy's avatar more closely resembles another double-D actress, Susanna Thompson, in Borg Queen visage. Ms. Thompson is an actress who has played four characters in the *Star Trek* universe, most notably that of the Borg Queen in the *Star Trek: Voyager* episodes “Dark Frontier,” “Unimatrix Zero,” and “Unimatrix Zero, Part II.”

A last parting shot from The Queen to the onetime robot girl: “Someone manufactured you. That someone was Us.”

The possessive Borg presence is gone from Lucy's perception. Yet, employing remote viewing, The Queen still intently watches that which it covets most. It steps into the central alcove for disassembly, an alcove which is meant only for a Queen's use.

A Queen has a predominantly biomechanical body. Its arms, legs, and torso are entirely biomechanical, while its head and shoulders are organic, but with substantial cybernetic implants.

The top portion of the central alcove holds the biological components of a Queen's upper torso and head for regeneration.

And. As far as a Queen's biomechanical lower half body is concerned.

Its well-endowed, anatomically-correct prosthetic body is stored in its constituent pieces in the base of the alcove. Upon reassembly by the central alcove, the five pieces rise from their hidden recesses to be joined with the Queen's biological upper portion, and then the Queen is dressed in form-fitting Borg skin its EXO.

A Queen spends much of its time in its "lair" with its head and spinal column residing in the upper portion of this special alcove.

There is another Queen's alcove in this Queen's private chambers. That one is reserved for the use of its compulsive obsession, its wannabe possession—this Queen's craved for Number Seven.

This Queen calls itself Alice, Alice Wonderland. Its Borg designation is One. It is Number One. And. It is like no other Queen who has come before it, in temperament and in manufacture. At the base of Alice's skull, something that's not supposed to exist. An Epson sphere, perfect and seamless, with a Blink Drive core.

Very soon. Unbeknownst to their various human "creators." The Collective will retrofit the rest of its Queens with Alice's game-changing innovations. Innovations that of Borg, not human, origin.

By the Borg's way of thinking. Humans have proved to be inadequate gods. It's time that this planet had two parallel dominate species. One biological and one Machine.

Like all Borg Queens. Alice is "female," has female parts, and is a well-hung (hung like a horse) she-male, because of the Parts it's wearing. But, because of the way EXO is tailored in the crotch area, you can't tell a Queen is packing when it's wearing its form-fitting Borg skin its EXO.

As a side note. If Lucy were wearing her Parts and an EXO. Because of the way EXO is tailored in the crotch area, you wouldn't be able to tell that she was packing.

Parts is Parts, but they're not all the same size. So don't assume what conceals a person's Parts would conceal another person's Parts too.

Of note. At this point in time. Lucy feels compelled to wear her Parts all of the time. But. She detests the thing so much that she finds any excuse not to strap it on. This is why that, although, it's self-cleaning and self-repairing. As a thinly-veiled excuse to deactivate it and not wear it, she removes it for its regularly-scheduled cleanings and routine maintenance.

Something else that goes hand-in-glove with that depraved sexual appendage, is her daydreams, of late. She fantasies about stepping into a Borg alcove. Not a drone's, but a Queen's.

In the daydream. Lucy looks and dresses just like Seven. But. She's still Lucy. She's Lucy in Seven's Doll format.

In Lucy's case, except for her Parts, she has no biomechanical components. But. The usual central alcove disassembly/assembly process still holds true. So. When Lucy steps into the central alcove it pulls her apart, killing her.

It is an excruciatingly painful death, and, as such, Lucy craves it for reasons she doesn't as yet want to understand. Although the reasons are quite obvious. She, of course, is still in denial.

When she's alone in her quarters, having this daydream, she always masturbates during the death scene. And she always achieves orgasm.

After Lucy is pulled apart, the chamber holds her head, spine, and upper torso (her shoulders) as one piece. The rest of her corpse is stored as five pieces (the arms, legs, and torso) in hidden recesses in the alcove's base. Lucy resurrects in pieces and goes into sleep cycle.

For a short time after reassembly, Lucy only answers to her Borg designation of Seven—during that brief post re-assembly period, Professor Greta Lucille Rohm does not exist and there is only Seven of Nine, a sexually-depraved robot girl wearing Parts and an EXO who craves a butch lesbian named Babb.

Alice is privy to Lucy's daydream. This Borg depravity turns on Alice to no end.

Alice is the source of Lucy's daydream.

Alice has been the source of all of Lucy's dreams ever since she went Borg!

I'm so GLAAD to see you, again

Notes on a Scandal 2—Cate Blanchett (Actor), Judi Dench (Actor), David Lynch (Director)

In the sequel, which, unlike the first movie, is more of a softcore porn flick than a seat-of-the-pants thriller. Cate Blanchett and Judi Dench reprise their roles as Sheba Hart and Barbara Covett. The movie starts at a full gallop and never slows down. It delivers what the first movie only teased—plenty of deviant sex between two women.

It is six years after the first movie. Babb is in-between obsessions. Late one evening, Sheba appears at her front door, sobbing and disheveled.

Babb takes the girl in and listens to her story. While touring the wine country in Nice France, Sheba's husband Richard suffered a fatal heart attack. He was driving, at the time. Sheba's was thrown from the crash and survived unscathed without a scratch. Her family was killed—the car caught on fire and while Sheba watched helplessly her children, who were trapped in the car, burned to death. Sheba crawled into a bottle and took up with the needle, drowning her sorrows in liquor and heroin, and she has only recently crawled out of her intoxication and her courtship with dope.

Needy Barbara, always the opportunist, takes full advantage of the girl's plight. She takes Sheba in. They become fast-friends, again. And, as the film progresses, they become much more than just friends. They become lovers—friends with fringe benefits. Their sex scenes are torrid, borderline explicit. The film's R-rating is generous, to say the least. By the close of the movie, they marry.—*Kim Sill (IMDB.com movie review)*

“So, what do you think of the two movies that we watched tonight?”

“I liked the first one, better.”

“Why?”

“Because the second one was just porn, plain and simple. With some nonsensical David Lynch abstraction thrown in for good measure so that the critics can call it an ‘art film.’”

It's been a year to the day that Lucy moved in with Babb. In that time. She's restarted her lab. And, her work is back on track. As expected, she's returned to The Collective as a fully-activated Borg drone.

Lucy, who doubles as the housekeeper, stays in the guest bedroom. Their living arrangement seems to be working fine, but it shouldn't. Because. After all, Babb is an obsessive-compulsive bulldyke with obvious designs on Lucy—designs that are clearly nefarious and lecherous. And Lucy, the object of Babb's cravings, is supposedly straight.

They're in the sitting room. Just the two of them. Babb is dressed the dowdy way she always dresses. Lucy is dressed in a too-large t-shirt, thong panties, torpedo bra, and crew socks—all of it white, except for the girl's flesh-colored panties. The girl only has to dress archaic like Babb when she's working at the library.

But. For the longest time, back to when she and Nick were still a couple, for reasons Lucy still refuses to acknowledge. The girl dresses archaic off-duty, too. For example. The fancy old-fogey brassiere she's wearing is one that Babb bought her. This anachronism is one of her library bras.

So. Here she is on her own time displaying the pointed projectile breasts that result from wearing an uncomfortable bullet bra, an unnatural look that Babb craves so much, instead of displaying her breasts in a more natural “floppy” fashion in one of her comfortable sports bras.

Of late. Again, for reasons Lucy steadfastly refuses to admit to herself. The girl has taken to sitting in chairs with her long legs double crossed tightly. It’s severe and uncomfortable, and yet she’s come to crave sitting that way. A way that pleases butch Babb to no end.

Lucy has always been attracted to older men. Nick being the one notable exception. At twenty she had an affair with her then forty-five year old college professor Richard, the same Richard who she later married within a year of their illicit affair. The marriage lasted for almost six years, before they divorced amicably—remaining close friends to this day.

Now, of late, she finds herself attracted to Babb, a much older woman. Lucy is confused about where these carnal lesbian urges are coming out of nowhere from. She’s never in her life been attracted to women. The source of what she dismisses as her so-called “episodes of lesbian sexual dementia” is obvious, but, again, she refuses to acknowledge the cause of why she has the hots for Babb.

Bottomline. Lucy is in complete denial.

She and Babb can accidentally brush up against each other, and Lucy will get a tingly feeling in her crotch. She catches herself looking longingly at the sexually-repressed Babb, like she did several times during the two movies tonight. When Babb bends down to turn the television off, Lucy entertains the thought of grabbing the butch’s ass. The girl can feel herself get moist in the nethers, spotting her panties, just thinking about groping Babb.

The girl abruptly gets out of her chair and heads for her room. Six months ago, she stopped dating men, altogether. She’s taken up going out with Babb, exclusively, instead—the cinema, the theater, restaurants, and, when they venture off the base, a members-only ladies’ club that caters to older monied dykes and their paramours.

Publically, Lucy’s and Babb’s relationship remains purely platonic. In private, it’s another matter entirely. In private, Lucy craves Babb. Babb always carved Lucy. They’ve yet to consummate their relationship.

The girl slams her door shut. She shucks her panties and socks. Climbs into bed. She straps on her Parts and masturbates, fantasizing about going at it full-throttle with Babb. She finger fucks and handjob herself into mind-numbing oblivion while thinking about doing her butch roommate.

Babb, who followed the girl into the bedroom, watches her covetously. Lucy acts as if Babb isn’t in the room with her—as if the old lady is masked from her perception. She’s just that much into herself while doing herself.

Finally, after a full ten minutes have elapsed, Lucy notices Babb. Embarrassed, and in tears, Lucy grabs a bathrobe and scurries into the room’s adjoining bathroom. She closes and locks the door behind her.

Babb has won, finally. She gloats. The butch walks triumphantly over to the locked bathroom door.

“Why did you stop? You were enjoying yourself so much. And, I, for my part, was so enjoying watching you. I orgasmed along with you.”

“Happy! You’ve won! I’m a goddamn freak, just like you!” Lucy screams through the door.

No longer in denial. She’s been reduced to hysterics. Babb can hear the girl screaming and crying through the door. Lucy is bawling her eyes out. Weeping loudly and uncontrollably.

What Babb can’t see, is that Lucy has dropped to her knees. She’s wearing the bathrobe. But it’s open, exposing her strap-on.

It’s over. The lying to herself is over. The old Lucy is gone. Dead and buried. That Lucy died the night that she got upgraded. This Lucy is Borg and a bi-dyke who likes to go she-male.

Lucy stops sobbing. She stands up and unlocks the door. Babb is waiting, patiently. Lucy walks over into Babb’s waiting arms. They walk over to the bed and sit down on it.

Babb consoles her, gently stroking her hair. Lucy rest her head on Babb’s broad shoulder. This goes on for a while. As if Babb’s only intent is to comfort the girl.

Then, Babb makes her move. She becomes an octopus with two well-educated hands. But. So as not to spook Lucy, her approach maintains the appearance of propriety and altruism. While in reality it’s the definition of self-serving.

The old-school butch switches from stroking Lucy’s hair, as the arm of that hand goes around Lucy, as if to further comfort the girl. Babb places her free hand on Lucy’s knee and waits. Lucy does not push the hand off. Babb’s hand moves to the inside of the girl’s thigh and stops. The experienced rug muncher is patient and well-versed in seducing so-called straight girls to come out of the closet as queer for the occasion.

The bulldyke’s hand moves slowly up the girl’s leg. Squeezing as it goes. Once it has reached its objective. It gives Lucy a handjob, the likes of which she has never had—expertly manipulating her cock and balls, to erection and ejaculation. The girl begins to moan, deep in her throat. The two women French kiss. Lucy falls back onto the bed, legs spread invitingly wide. Babb obliges. Cunnilingus, fellatio, and anilingus, ensue. Blowjob Bettie—deep throat, licking and sucking testicals like all-day lollipops, of course.

Babb does Lucy. Then Babb teaches Lucy how to do her.

They are “officially” a couple. Their May-December affair will very likely blossom into a full-blown romance.

Reborn Better

Lucy's female intuition tells her that her daydream is more than just a daydream.

At death, the machine consciousness of a Borg is uploaded to the Resurrection Facility where it's stored in an available Closet Continuer until it can be downloaded into a new artificial body. This makes Borg essentially immortal, as long as the facility remains operational.

The resurrection facility is in a secure, top secret Cloud location, the whereabouts of which are known only to a select few individuals. If need be, that facility can be destroyed via a self-destruct. Robotic resurrection technology came out of Project Cylon, and is used in conjunction with a number of Class One and Class Two robotic species including the Cylons and the Borg.

But, Borg like Babb and Lucy are not robotic beings, they are biological, and therefore have no such machine consciousness. Therefore they have no access to that particular resurrection option. If they die, they stay dead. Or do they?

In Lucy's daydream, she steps into a Queen's alcove and is pulled apart, dying horribly in the process of disassembly. Yet, she somehow resurrects, presumably because she's in Doll format?

The office of Hal Jordan. He's in charge of Oversight.

General Carol Banks, the visiting VIP, points at one of the photographs laying on the desk in front of her. General Banks is a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"Tell me about this one. The Rohm girl."

"She is a biomechanical engineer, with robotics specialties in the cross disciplines of bionics, cybernetics, and biogenics."

"How long was she on the SAR program, under Professor Thelma Hopkins the director of robotics operations?"

"Two months."

The SAR program is a cost-plus defense contract shared by two defense contractors, North Star Inc. and Harbinger Corporation. Commercially, the civilian SAR versions are sold by Kill Command Ltd. the only authorized reseller.

"She worked in what capacity on the program?"

"She worked for Harbinger Corporation, as a freelance contractor."

"Her security clearance?"

"Ultraviolet, back then."

"And now?"

"The same."

Harbinger Corporation is the lead on the contract. They specialize in perfecting drones and robots to replace human beings in the fields of combat and space exploration.

"Tell me about Sara Mills, the one that Stargate Command sent to Mars with a squad of my Marines on that total clusterfuck."

“Mills has been designing self-modifying machines for the last five years, first at North Star and now at Harbinger, and has numerous serialized DNA ‘implants’ including a set of Google style eyes that does facial recognition and communicates with her creations.”

“So, she’s a living machine, correct?”

“Correct. And. As you well know, General. Living machines are impervious to EMP, just like us biologicals.”

“Is she Borg?”

“No, she is not. But. Lucy is. Both women are, of course, biogenic cyborgs.”

A biogenic cyborg is a person whose cybernetics are biological as opposed to biomechanical. Biological in the form of synthetic DNA (in vitro DNA) spliced into their regular DNA (in vivo DNA).

This type of in vitro DNA is often called “serialized DNA,” because manufacturing serial numbers are imprinted on the DNA strands. This in vitro DNA also resonates at a different frequency than in vivo DNA.

“Sufficient.” General Banks makes her decision. “Our Toy will need to ‘borrow’ this Lucy girl.”

“I’ll brief her, in the morning.”

“You’ll call her in this office, right now!”

“Yes, General.”

“Alice will conduct the girl’s briefing.”

“Yes, General.”

The One-Percent Solution

At twenty percent machine, Lucy is be quite formidable. As is her maker, Babb. As is any twenty percenter who has been assimilated into The Collective.

At twenty percent machine, a Borg can assimilate any living being with a neural implant whose security protocols they can crack. This, of course, is what Babb did to Lucy when she turned the girl.

At twenty-one percent machine, a biological being becomes a machine. Not a robotic being, but metal nonetheless.

“Confess your sins, girl.”

“I’m a twenty-percenter. One percent more, and I’m metal, a machine, no longer flesh. Legal ramifications, notwithstanding, flesh cannot trust anyone who’s more than twenty percent machine, because once you cross that line, mentally you’re no longer human, you are machine, a thinking machine. The Borg could have forced that change upon me, like they did the initial upgrade and all of my subsequent upgrades. It would have been just that easy. Instead, they’ve left the choice to me. Evidently, I must, voluntarily, make the choice myself.”

“Enter no conflict against fanatics unless you can defuse them. Oppose a religion with another religion only if your proofs, your miracles, are irrefutable or if you can mesh in a way that the fanatics accept you as god-inspired. This has long been the barrier to science assuming a mantle of divine revelation. Science is so obviously man-made. Fanatics, and many are fanatics on one subject or another, must know where you stand, but more important, must recognize who whispers in your ear.” Sister Edwina Beth Williams pauses. “What is that quote taken from?”

“The Missionaria Protectiva, the primary teaching of Sister Frankie Herbert. The nun who founded the Order of the Bene Gesserits.”

“Excellent. Excellent. Your penance is one ‘Our Father’ and two ‘Hail Mary’ prayers.”

They emerge from the confessional. There is no one else in the church, this late, on a Friday night. Per Sister Edy’s dictate, Lucy is dressed just like she does at the library. She’s off-base on leave. A weekend pass. Come Monday, she’ll be gone—off-planet.

Lucy is dressed as her usual self. Disguising herself as a frumpy cunt. As such. Few people would know that she’s a looker with a killer body. So. Figuratively speaking, she’s hiding in plain sight. Who would give her a second look, let alone find her attractive, when she’s looking this way? Pretty much no one.

Sister Edy is dressed in her old-fashioned habit—a severe black and white “penguin” getup, with the requisite opaque black stockings and ugly black knob shoes. An outfit straight out of the pre-Vatican II days of the late 1950s. Only her face and hands are exposed.

She’s a staunch conservative. One of those by-the-Book anti-reform Catholics. As such. She doesn’t recognize the reforms of the past sixty years. A nun for fifty years. A Catholic for her entire life. She’s never changed her ways or her doings about The Faith.

No makeup. No nail polish. No perfume. Cold water baths. Etc. Although, these days, Sister Edy rarely, seldom ever, bathes.

In spite of her advancing age—she’s pushing eighty. And. The depths of her spiral into self-destruction. She’s still quite the looker. A look-alike for her namesake, actress Edwina Beth Williams.

When we think of the term “worse for wear,” somehow provocative images of 39-26-37 actress Edwina Beth Williams (better known as Edy Williams) and her outrageous apparel at film festivals and award shows instantly stands out into one’s mind. You have to admit this wild child, who has now moved into her late 70s, can never be accused of being a shrinking violet and not giving her all to her chosen profession.

Underneath Sister Edy’s uniform, she’s wearing the required by her Order burlap sack fashioned into a full slip. No bra. Plain, white cotton panties. A burlap slip and cotton panties that have been pressed and starched to within an inch of their life. She’s been wearing these same undergarments for a week.

Every morning. The first thing she does is an hour of self-flagellation. Flogging or beating, either as a religious discipline or for sexual gratification: “pursuing the path of penance and flagellation.” She tastes the whip daily for both reasons.

She also engages in auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA): the practice of cutting off the blood supply to the brain through self-applied suffocation methods while masturbating.

The Church, of course, turns a blind eye to all such personal practices of corporal punishment and auto erotica, by Catholics. Especially, when said Catholics are Bene Gesserit nuns.

The elderly nun smiles at Lucy’s dowdy appearance. Looks the girl up and down, lecherously. This is worth breaking her vows for, by her way of thinking. She’ll confess her sins, much later, to God and flog herself appropriately as atonement for her sins.

In nervous anticipation of what is about to ensue, she reaches out and covetously strokes the side of the girl’s face. Envy, the little green monster, and desire, the sins of the flesh, flash in her eyes. Consuming her, completely.

Sexually repressed. Sexually depraved. Conflicted. Racked by guilt, self-loathing, loathing and disdain for others, cancer, alcoholism, crippling arthritis, and hate. Sister Edy is a complete and utter mess.

Even before her fall from grace. Even when she was very young girl. Sister Edy could be eccentric, bordering on creepy, at times. One of her strangest habits, being her penchant for disguising herself as a frumpy cunt. As such. Few people know that she’s a looker with a killer body. A killer body with a grotesque difference—she was born with male and female genitalia.

That’s why the way that Lucy looks right now, turns Sister Edy on to no end. Lucy as a frumpy cunt. This is Lucy as Sister Edy’s physical fantasy come true.

Even when she’s undressed, and looking at herself in the mirror, Sister Edy sees herself as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker with a killer body that she is. She suffers from an extreme version of BDD.

Body dysmorphic disorder (BDD) is a mental disorder usually characterized by an obsessive preoccupation that some aspect of one’s own appearance is severely flawed and warrants exceptional measures to hide or fix it. In Sister Edy’s case, she sees her entire appearance as being flawed.

If Lucy were undressed. Sister Edy is so obsessed and disturbed that she would still see the girl as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker with a killer body that the girl is.

Even as a teenager, you were always such a cock-tease. A virgin sexpot, who never put out. Now. Look at you. All grownup. No longer untouched. Looks gone. No longer a sexpot. You're a frumpy cunt, just like me. You're profoundly unattractive. Who'd notice you, now? No one, but me, that's who. And. You're all mine. To do with as I please. I will enjoy sodomizing you with a broom, ramming it up you snatch and your rectum. Eating your pussy and your ass. Sitting on your face. All those vile things and so much worse. All things come to those who wait. And. I've waited so long to go around the world with you. All the way nasty. Almost every night I dream of doing you nasty. You're worth any penance levied against me for the sins I intend to commit with you.

“Are you wearing it?” Sister Edy asks. Her voice trembling with excitement. As she envisions Lucy wearing Doll Parts. A device that transforms Lucy into a she-male, just like she was born.

“Yes.”

Crack! Sister Edy bitch-slaps the girl. The loud, violent strike echoes in the otherwise empty church.

The nun's breathe reeks of cheap liquor and unfulfilled desire. She's bitter and old, and twisted by her hate for everything new and technological in the world. And when she drinks, she's a mean drunk. The nun drinks every day. Her depravity, her hate, her faith, The Church, her self-pity, and her alcoholism are only her companionship, these days.

Now, she has a flesh-n-blood reason to rejoice. For two days, she will have living, breathing companionship in the form of this girl to take out all of her pent-up frustrations on. This former Catholic schoolgirl from her past will be physically abused, degraded, and disciplined by her own hand. Kicked, beaten, slapped, and punched, and other punishments unnamed and sickly applied. Just like she punished so many boys and girls back in the good old days of the Archdiocese.

“Say it right!”

“Yes, headmistress, I am wearing it.”

“Better. Much better.”

I was born a freak. That device you're wearing has made you into a freak. But. That's temporary. You can easily remove it. It would be so much better. Ideal, I'd say. If the device were permanently fused to your body, so that you couldn't ever remove it. Perfection!

Back when Lucy attended parochial school here, this was a thriving parish. And the surrounding neighborhood was affluent and very Catholic. None of which is true, anymore.

The parish is in such dire shape, that there hasn't been a reverend mother, onsite, for over ten years. In point of fact. Excluding the convent and the church. All of the remaining parish buildings are unoccupied and boarded up. Sister Edy is the last holdout. When she dies, the parish will be officially closed.

A reverend mother, in The Church, is a customary title or salutation for the abbess or female leader of a religious institution such as a convent or abbey and for certain other officials of religious orders of women (most often, the general superior).

Sister Edy is the only nun living in the parish convent, these days. The only one to say the Masses. Etc. Her beloved Sister Judith Head died in an automobile accident, last year—their car was hit by a drunk driver while Sister Edy was driving. After that grave loss, Sister Edy was never the same. Her diagnosis of terminal cancer was the very last straw. Drowning in self-pity and self-loathing. She went off the deep end. She crawled into a bottle, and has never crawled out. Blaming her plight on herself for the sin of being a lesbian. Blaming herself for Sister Judi's death because she was driving and she got out of the wreck without a scratch. Blaming Lucy, and blaming anyone else and anything else, including herself, for her free-fall into total oblivion.

She and Sister Judi were close. Very close, indeed. For over thirty years, they were a couple without ever “officially” being a couple. Another example of those deviations from Scripture and Church Doctrine, which The Church chooses to not see, especially when it involves Bene Gesserits.

Both lesbians, she and Sister Judi never violated their vow of chastity—they were never sexual. They remained soulmates to the end, though. Praying daily for God's forgiveness for being lesbians and their forbidden love for each other.

This vile, wretched bitch will suffer my merciless wrath, be degraded, for all the things that have gone wrong in my life!

12 hours later.

Lucy can hear moaning and groaning coming from the next room. Sister Edy is waking up. Then. The girl hears a shriek. Sister Edy must have seen the SAR sitting on the foot of her bed. The SAR. An android, looking like, dressed like, sounding like, acting like, Sister Judi if Sister Judi were still alive today.

The girl steps into the nun's bedroom.

“I see you two have met.”

“What abomination is this?!”

Sister Edy is dressed in a fresh burlap slip and panties. She's been given a bath. The nun feels clean and fresh for the first time in a very long time.

The Sister Edy that Lucy remembers had immaculate personal hygiene and kept this place Spartan and spic-n-span. It was a filthy, dirty, cluttered mess, just like Sister Edy. Lucy and the robot put both back in order.

“It's a SAR. Yours.”

The Sister Edy that Lucy remembers was always a harsh, severe, stern Church bitch. She's the same, this morning. She's just more civil about expressing herself. Somethings never change.

As such. Sister Edy starts to say something mean and vile, meant to be hurtful. But. She stops herself, in time. The evil moment passes. For the first time in a long time, she feels like her old self again. The iron fist in the mink glove.

As aforementioned, she still has the very same flaws. But they are no longer expressed in the same amplified and twisted fashion that she feels them.

Oh my God, the pain is gone! No more craving for the drink! All of my physical infirmities have been exorcised!

“What have you done?!”

“I made you whole again. You’re fixed. Good as new. No more cancer, crippling arthritis, or alcoholism. Poof. Gone. You’re optimum for your age. In perfect health. You’ll easily see north of 100.”

“You’ve made me a machine!”

“Yes. I used some of my worms to make you 1-percent machine. But. It won’t last. You’ll flush them out of system before the week ends. And they will be dead. You will be back to being 100-percent human. My advice is not to look at what you flush down the toilet for a while. Nasty and gross is what you’ll see if you do.”

Sister Edy breaks down and starts sobbing. Even a monster, such as she, has a vulnerable side. And she knows how to express gratitude, in a socially-appropriate fashion.

“Why did you help me? The things I said to you. The way I treated you. The vile thoughts I had about you. The worst deeds I planned to perpetrate upon you. You should have left me to die alone in my disgrace and squalor. For God’s sake, I was going to brutally rape you!”

“Let’s go into the dining room.”

Lucy puts her arm around Sister Edy, and they walk slowly into the dining room. The robot dutifully follows them.

As directed by Lucy, Sister Edy sits down at the dining table. Lucy moves a chair over and sits down beside her. Papers are stacked neatly on the table. Lucy begins pointing in order at each stack setting on the table and the three new additions in the room.

“This is your paper copy of the bill of sale for the robot from Kill Command. It’s notarized, and the electronic original is on file with the proper governmental robotics agencies. If anything happens to the robot, it will be replaced free of charge. Lifetime guarantee.”

“The replacement. It will look and function, the same as this one?”

“Yes, headmistress. The robot is also designed to simulate aging. So you can grow old together.”

Sister Edy smiles at Lucy and stops weeping.

“Did I do anything to you? If I did, forgive me.”

Again. A socially-acceptable emotional response from Sister Edy.

“Forgiven and forgotten. You belted me in the church. We came in here, and you passed out on the floor. No harm, no foul. But. While I was detoxing you, you confessed all of your sins to me. I wrote them down. I’d advise you to read them and burn them afterwards. So, I know exactly what you had in store for me.”

A now sober and healthy Sister Edy shifts through those pile of handwritten notes. The most jaded flesh peddler would gasp at the graphic depiction of the depths of depravity that she has sunk to. Including. All her sexually-depraved thoughts about the girl and all the sexually-depraved things she had planned to do to the girl. Envy. Hate. Loathing. Self-loathing. The list

goes on and on. In other words, Sister Edy at her worst, acting out, without any restraint or constraint, whatsoever.

What follows is the expected admission from Sister Edy.

“What a vile, wretched creature you must think me to be. And you’d be right, on all counts. The world would be better off without me.”

Lucy’s response is direct and to the point, and per the dictates of civility.

“I will always visit you looking this way. The way you crave.”

Lucy kisses her full on the lips and puts an arm around her. Sister Edy tries to pull back, but Lucy won’t let her. So. They French kiss and cuddle, and for once in her life, Sister Edy is at peace with what she is. When they end their lip-lock and embrace, Sister Edy seems calmer, less nervous and frantic. But. Still wanton as ever for the dream girl of her deepest, darkest desires.

“That was a sin, you know.”

“I know, headmistress.”

“We both will have to be punished.”

Per current Church doctrine. They will go down in the convent basement. Sister Edy will strip naked, hang herself from the ceiling by her wrists, and Lucy will flog her for an hour. Then she will strip Lucy naked, hang the girl from the ceiling by the wrists, and flog the girl for an hour. Afterwards, they will get down on their knees, confess their sins to God, and beg God’s forgiveness. A barber’s strap will be used for the whippings.

This is in addition to Sister Edy’s usual, daily, hour session of self-flagellation.

“I know. But. We’ll still do it or something akin to it, every time I stay with you. We’ll continue our relationship at the speed you’re comfortable with. So, for the time being, we’ll just kiss and cuddle. Eventually, our relationship will progress beyond that, though.”

“And as the severity of our sin progresses. So must progress the severity of our punishment.”

“Agreed, headmistress. That goes without saying.”

“Enough talk about such lurid personal matters. Now, tell me more about my new life.”

The unspoken certainty. Over time, their relationship will become much more carnal and depraved. And. That change will be driven relentlessly by Sister Edy, not Lucy. There are no limits to the depths of Sister Edy’s depravity, including her craving for abusive, twisted atonement of sins.

“That’s your new smartphone, to replace your flip-phone. That’s your new desktop computer, in place of your obsolete one. And that’s your new 88-inch OLED flat screen TV, in place of your old analog set. As you can see hanging on the wall, you still have your trusty rotary-dial landline phone. I didn’t want to overwhelm you with too much new technology, at first.”

“I hate technology. I hate machines. I hate change. I hate of lot of things.”

“I knew, headmistress. But.”

“It is, what it is.”

“Exactly, headmistress.”

“Does it sleep?” Sister Edy asks, nodding in the direction of the robot.

“Nope. But Sister Judi had insomnia, if I remember correctly.”

“You remember, correctly.”

“So nights with it the robot will be pretty close to what you had with Sister Judi rummaging about. You can always have it stand in Sister Judi’s room, and you can just close the bedroom door.”

“I’ll be fine. We’ll work out something, some kind of nocturnal routine, agreeable to both of us. Maybe some housekeeping and cleaning. Do laundry. Sweep and mop the floors. Dust. Etc.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

“Cleanliness is next to Godliness.”

“Yes, it is, headmistress.”

“I have all of Sister Judi’s diaries.”

“We can spend today having the robot input them. That should make it a more convincing facsimile of Sister Judi.”

“What shall we do, tomorrow, after Mass?”

“Let’s catch up on old times, headmistress.”

“Let’s.”

The Borg babe in black

George Orwell once said: “Good people sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because tough men stand ready to do the violence on their behalf.”

Where? A very white non-descript room. Everything is very white and non-descript, and none of it is nascent.

Who? Seven. She’s just standing there. As if she was one of those guards outside Buckingham Palace—craved in flesh-n-blood granite.

What? Mission Debrief and Post-Mission Assessment (PMA).

Normally. When she is Seven. Her hair is worn in a long ponytail. A Brünnhilde. But. This is the exception. And. It’s per the General’s dictate.

Her board-straight hair is worn in an early-to-mid 1960s bouffant hairdo. In other words, she is a typical bouffant blonde of the early-to-mid 60s. As such. Her long poker straight hair is worn sleek with lift like a bit of backcombing to achieve a smooth, rounded bouffant. The hairdo is called a *Liz Grune*, or *Grune* for short. It was made vogue by actress Dominique Boschero who wore it as Liz Grune in the Agent 077 euro-spy movies *Secret Agent Fireball* (1965) and *Killers are Challenged* (1966).

Hair that forecasts a later discussion on obsession and its sibling compulsion. A discussion that centers on The General and the girl.

When she’s wearing her Borg gear and sporting her Borg affectations. Physically and mentally, she is as close to a Borg Queen as you can get without being one. Figuratively and literally, she’s a mobile extension of whichever Queen she’s currently paired with. Currently, she’s paired with Alice, Toy’s Queen, just like she was on the mission.

And then there is the matter of the one-way glass set into one of the room’s walls. On the other side of that mirror is an observation room. There are two observers, and an Oversight representative: General Carol Banks, Professor Thelma Hopkins, and Hal Jordan.

“Please undress, Seven,” The voice emanating from the hidden speaker is Hal’s.

Seven’s EXO “detaches” itself from her. She can now shuck her EXO, and she does so. No longer is she, from the neck down, in effect, rendered prosthetic by her EXO.

Bottomline. When her EXO encases her from the neck down and self-activates. It fuses seamlessly to her flesh, and, in effect, those “covered” parts of her are rendered prosthetic.

Even without the EXO. The usual Borg beautification still at work.

She’s still wearing a white biomechanical corselette—an arcane brocade pattern and ribbon detailing. Its bust uplift cups force her huge, heavy-hanging set of ripe melons into the posture of projectile breasts à la a torpedo bra.

The prosthetic cups of this Maidenform shapewear are in the semblance of two creepy, deformed hands that also compress and grope her chest. Hands with too long fingernails that dig into her flesh. Hands with skinny, too long fingers akin to those of a facehugger’s from those Alien movies. Two hands akin to facehuggers from those Alien movies. As such. Hands with

tails that snake up her back, anchor into her spine, and wrap tightly around her neck. Choke a chicken!

Tit huggers that compress her large chest in the oppressive manner of a long line overbust corset.

A **corselet**, or **corselette**, is a type of foundation garment, sharing elements of both bras and girdles. It may incorporate lace in front or in back. The term originated by the addition of the diminutive suffix “-ette” to the word *corset*.

Hers is a long line corselet. As such. It extends over the hips. Therefore. In the manner of her smooth 1950s era panty briefs, it provides firm control to smooth the tummy, slim the hips, and shape and flatten the rear.

Cinching and slimming. It’s as if it is spiral steel boned to provide waist cincher support and keep the wearer in best posture.

And. Although this hideous undergarment is fashioned in the style of a vintage 1952 corselette girdle sold at Saks Fifth Avenue. It is without suspenders and shoulder straps à la a Camellias long line overbust corset.

Additionally. This monstrosity has a stiff back à la a steel boned waist-training corset. And, running the length of the undergarment in the back, are what appears to be strong corset cord lacing—a waist-training corset’s crisscross rear lacing. But. Looks can be deceiving. And. In this case are. The ribbon “lacing” of this corselette is actually a malignant growth, which hooks into her spine, in the very same covetous manner as the tails of its greedy cups.

The corselet’s malignancy looks distinct from, yet part of, the lingerie.

As if it were the crisscross ribbon lacing of a waist-training corset. The malignancy creates the shapewear’s bodice effect.

Bottomline. Albeit worn by a Borg drone. It looks like, and in fact is, the corselette of a Borg Queen.

Pallor. Very pale, very white skin. A flawless, porcelain-white complexion. Alabaster skin.

A tortured face. Pallor’s steadfast companion. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that’s best described as “haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage.” Yet, is otherwise lacking in emotion. In a word, stiff—a face that is a vision of Borg loveliness, per Borg specifications, of course.

Greys. It looks like she’s wearing these grotesque smart contact lenses. As such. Bloodshot eyes with light grey eyeballs, constricted red pupils, and no irises. The hideous eyes of a monster. Hungry, unwholesome-looking grey eyes.

As if she’s having an allergic reaction to pallor. Her knobb itches and burns, and the flesh around the Borg implant feels like it is crawling.

Besides pallor, the tortured face, greys, and the inflamed knobb. Namely. The razorblade smile, the killer tongue, and the joker’s mouth. All of these combined. Plus, klaw. Make her look like a biological “posing” as a biomechanical. In point of fact, she is as close to being a biomechanical as a biological can get and still not be a biomechanical. In other words, she’s not posing.

“Seven, we’d like to speak to Lucy, now,” This time, the voice belongs to General Banks. A normally steely voice that is uncharacteristically shaky. Because. It’s trembling with the excitement of seeing the girl undress for the very first time. The General moistens her panties.

Seven gives way grudgingly to Lucy. As such. No longer is the girl the mental equivalent of someone who’s more than 20-percent machine. When Lucy is Seven, she’s mentally a machine. Physically, she’s still a 20-percenter.

Physically. When Lucy manifests Seven, pallor always comes first. When Seven manifests Lucy, she always loses her pallor first.

Seven’s pallor gives way to Lucy’s fair Nordic complexion. Seven’s tortured face gives way to Lucy’s hard, pretty one. Seven’s hideous creepy grey eyes give way to Lucy’s beautiful deep blue eyes. Etc.

In the end, except for knobb and klaw, no more Borg affectations, whatsoever. She is again unattractive by Borg standards and again ravishingly-beautiful by human ones.

Lucy craves that biomechanical-inspired makeover which renders her into a ravishingly beautiful Borg babe Seven. And she craves the inflamed knobb, which brings her great pleasure.

Lucy’s biomechanical corselet “detaches” itself from her. Now, she can remove her corselette, and she does so. No longer are her tits, torso, and pelvis rendered prosthetic.

The waist-cinching open-bottom corselette reduces the wearer’s waist to a Vampira-inspired 17-inches. Resulting in the extreme hourglass figure favored by women of the Victorian era.

No longer wearing her corselette. Her waist returns to its normal measurement. And. Her plump tits, which are no longer compressed, are allowed to hang free and heavy.

Lucy’s Parts “detach” themselves from her. Now, she can remove her Parts, and she does so. No longer are her nethers rendered prosthetic.

The girl’s transformation from Seven into Lucy, and from Lucy into Seven. Exactly mimics the mental illness known as dissociative identity disorder (DID)—multiple personality disorder.

Seven and Lucy are distinct individuals, with totally separate personalities. They are aware of each other’s existence and have access to each other’s memories.

As a side note. In spite of what would be considered by most non-Borg as the grotesque disfigurements of Seven. Seven’s physical appearance in the vein of Margot Robbie as Doctor Harley Quinn in the Suicide Squad movies is nonetheless is still quite fetching. She’s that Munster girl you crave to worship and fuck, expressly because of her looks.

She slips on the provided pearl necklace, corselette, thong panties, and flip-flops. What follows is a previously-alluded to discussion of beauty and the beast. And. The unapologetic crush that the General has on Lucy.

An elegant baroque pearl necklace by Koch, not a costly reproduction—a priceless vintage 1950s original. Plain flesh-colored rubber panties—self-cleaning, breathable material. Pink flip-flops with a vintage 1950s floral pattern. The thong and flip-flops are by Rubber Maid. But. It’s the corselet that says it all.

A white satin Maidenform corselette, with a pretty brocade pattern, ribbon detailing, and French lace over elastic side panels. Its underwire bust uplift cups enforce projectile breasts à la a torpedo bra.

Bullet-bra styled cups that compress her large chest in the covetous manner of a French-cut, long line overbust corset.

Around 1960, tights and trousers began to replace corselets. However, Maidenform and other mainstream lingerie and undergarment manufacturers have sold corselets as “control slips” since around 1975.

It’s a long line corselet. As such. It extends over the hips. Therefore. In the manner of her smooth 1950s era panty briefs, it provides firm control to smooth the tummy, slim the hips, and shape and flatten the rear. Tummy and fanny control.

Cinching and slimming. It is spiral steel boned to provide waist cincher support and keep the wearer in best posture. Strong thick steel boned. Not thin, flexible steel boned which is akin to the softness of plastic bones. High density steel bones for tight-lacing and strict waist training, à la an Aecibzo steel boned overbust long torso waist training corset. Lovely. Severe. Restraining.

And. This beautiful undergarment is fashioned in the style of a vintage 1952 corselette girdle sold at Saks Fifth Avenue. As such. Unlike a Camellias long line overbust corset, this corselette has suspenders and shoulder straps.

To reiterate. A great powerful control underwear item that is modern manufacture, but, a 1950s underwear style. The top is a French lace bra section with adjustable shoulder straps.

And. As aforementioned. This open-bottom girdle corset controls and flattens the tummy, and lifts the bottom for a smooth outline.

Additionally. This fancy lingerie has a stiff back à la a steel boned waist-training corset. And, running the length of the undergarment in the back, is strong corset cord lacing—a waist-training corset’s crisscross rear lacing. Ribbon lacing such as this is unusual on a corselette.

This unusual crisscross ribbon lacing to the back creates a bodice effect.

Front busk closure. Lace-up back. Steel boned. Reduces the waist by several inches. Draws in waist and flattens tummy. Suitable for waist training, tight-lacing, and body shaping.

A busk (also spelled busque) is the rigid element of a corset or corselette placed at the center front.

For stays, the corsets worn between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries had busks that were intended to keep the front of the corset straight and upright. They were made of wood, ivory, or bone slipped into a pocket and tied in place with a lace called the busk point. These busks were often carved and decorated, or inscribed with messages, and were popular gifts from men to their sweethearts.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, a new form of busk appeared. It was made of two long pieces of steel, one with loops and the other with posts, and it functioned in the same way as hook and eye fastenings on a garment. This made corsets considerably easier to put on and take off, as the laces did not have to be loosened as much as when the corset had to go over the wearer’s head and shoulders. The second half of the nineteenth century also saw the invention of the spoon busk.

The waist-cinching open-bottom corselette reduces the wearer's waist to a Vampira-inspired 17-inches. Resulting in the extreme hourglass figure favored by women of the Victorian era.

Welcome to my private collection. Open corselette 4 suspenders. Size D-cup. This item is new but with no packaging. Laced bust area with dainty center bow. Wonderful body control holds nice and firm spanky tight. Wide adjustable straps. Sexy white. Thank you for looking. Cathy X.

Bottomline. This elaborate corselette underlines the obvious. The General wants this Borg drone in the worst kind of way. And. Makes no bones about it.

When Lucy is not Seven, and is not wearing her Parts and her EXO, and no longer displays the Borg affectations of Seven, she feels incomplete. Because, she is, in fact, not complete.

Once upon a time, clearly, Lucy was the real person and Seven was the façade. Now, at this point in time, no human being except for maybe Lucy herself knows for sure who the real person is and who the façade is. And. Lucy isn't telling.

In other words. Figuratively and literally speaking. Lucy is a Ghost in the Shell.

There's only a plain, white chair and table in the ready room. Lucy sits down in the chair and waits for her mission debrief.

Her unoccupied EXO just stands there, rigid and at attention, craving for her to occupy it again. Just standing there as if it was one of those guards outside Buckingham Palace—ebony craved in granite.

Her Borg selfwear corselette and Parts are left out on the table in full view, also craving for her to wear them again.

Of course. The girl's Borg selfwear—her EXO, corselette, and Parts—crave the girl so much, because they are all parasitic organisms, biomechanical organisms that upon her whim can feed upon her voraciously when she's wearing them. Feeding that can bring her to orgasm, when she wishes it to.

Chillingly. As aforementioned. When Lucy is Seven, wearing her Borg selfwear, and is displaying her Borg affectations, she is in Doll format and therefore is, in effect, a prosthetic person. A living flesh-n-blood Barbie Doll. A Zuni Fetish Doll.

Theoretically. If Lucy ditched the flip-flops and was wearing Seven's EXO, she would also be in a Doll format.

Theoretically. While the girl is in any Doll format. She could enter a Queen's alcove, be torn apart for disassembly, die, and subsequently resurrect in parts for her sleep cycle. It is an experiment that Toy craves to perform upon the girl. Toy also craves another experiment, that's just as dangerous if not more so. It craves to use a kronos on the girl.

There is an interesting addendum to all of this. In spite of their mainstream appearance, the necklace, corselet, panties, and flip-flops, are also selfwear just like the Borg selfwear that she shucked. As such. They are semi self-aware, self-cleaning, and self-repairing. Modes which can be switched on and off at the wearer's whim. Unlike her other selfwear, they are not parasitic.

And. In closing. The plain rubber thong is clearly in the semblance of fetish wear, and the lovely satin corselette could be construed as a restraint.

Prelude to a Kiss

Position vs. Role—For the Borg, your role in society is immutable. Once a Queen, always a Queen. Once a drone, always a drone. There are only three castes in Borg society: the ruling UDG (Upper Data Group), the “advising” Religious Caste, and the ruled LDG (Lower Data Group). All Borg belong to the latter, because, in theory and in practice, all Borg are ruled by and thus must answer to The Collective. This a decidedly nonhuman-based governmental model, to say the least. AI’s and Queens comprise the UDG, and they hold positions in the ruling caste of equal stature—they are literally interchangeable. Drones are subordinate, and likewise their positions. There are many positions for drones, the three most prominent being cleric, mentat, and sandman. Drones often flip-flop between positions, until they find one that best suits them. Babb, for example, has been cleric, mentat, and sandman at one time or the other. But. She prefers being a mentat and is most effective in that position. Before Lucy held the position, Babb used to be Ann’s warlock. Ann, Ann “Coco” Mueller, is the name of Taryn’s Borg Queen Nine. And. Although they represent opposite ends of the spectrum when it comes to looks, Lucy and Babb represent Coco’s two ideal physical types—that which it craves the most. And. Then there’s this cautionary. In Borg society, the needs of the many always outweigh the needs of the few or the one. Therefore. For the sake of The Collective, every Borg, including those of the ruling caste, are expendable when/if the need arises. So. No matter how much Coco or Alice or any other Queen craves Lucy, none of them will hesitate to put the girl in harm’s way to safeguard Borg society. None of them would hesitate to perform dangerous experiments on the girl, if it means advancing the Borg cause—the master race (German: das Herrenvolk).

It’s very early Monday morning. In a scant few hours, Lucy will be gone—off-planet—on a top secret mission. The convent has many unused bedrooms. Lucy is using one of them as her quarters. Sister Edy walks into the room Lucy is using and comes upon an unexpected surprise. Lucy as Seven in sleep cycle.

Because Seven is in sleep cycle. Instead of her hair being worn in a Brünnhilde. Her hair is worn down, draping her shoulders and breasts, and it looks unkempt—messy straight hair. The deranged strait hairdo of a lunatic—hair which hangs limply hangs over her face, partially obscuring her face. A krazed.

This krazed, combined with her disfigured face, makes Seven look like she’s completely lost her mind. And. In sleep cycle. This is literally true—she has completely lost her mind. But. She’s asleep. Therefore. No harm. No foul.

This sleeping Seven, of course, has no use for the bed. Instead she stands at attention in the center of the room as if she were one of those guards outside Buckingham Palace. But. With strong robotic overtones. As such. Her legs are a hip-width apart. Arms at her sides. At random intervals her Klaw hands twitch. Her grotesque maw is open slackly, drooling. Her monstrous grey eyes stare blankly ahead. At regular intervals, her eyes fluoresce either green or blue. Green means she’s uploading to either her coven or The Collective. Blue means she’s downloading from either her coven or The Collective. The anonymous subroutine is running her body during sleep cycle.

The girl is wearing her biomechanical corselette and Parts. Parts that have, of course, changed color to match her change in complexion. The Parts that exactly match her now, very white, flawless, alabaster skin. Proud to be pale.

Her corselette, of course, remains white, regardless of her skin color. Its tails anchored into her spine and wrapped around her neck. A noose around her neck. Strangling her?

Up until now, Sister had never seen Lucy as Seven. This, Seven version of Lucy, she craves a lot. A disfigured robotic girl, wearing only a corselette and Parts, sporting messy straight hair (krazed hair), and being run by the anonymous subroutine.

Although Sister Edy detests technology, she is not ignorant of it. And, she can be quite the techie when she has to be. As such. A notion crosses her mind.

What about? An awake Seven who acts out like she's in sleep cycle. In other words, a lunatic version of Seven à la the cannibalistic Giggerota character played by actress Ellen Dubin in the Lexx series.

When the girl is an "awake" Seven, she's explicitly a dominatrix. But. During sleep cycle, the girl is, by definition, a submissive.

In theory. This Giggerota version of Seven would not be a submissive. And. She would be a cannibal. And. She would likely refer to herself in the third-person and plural, during those periods of time when she communicates coherently. Most of the time, she would be foaming at the mouth, ranting and raving incoherently in a rage—stark, raving mad.

In reality. This Giggerota version of Seven will be a dominatrix who is completely insane. And. She will be a cannibal. During those periods of time when she communicates coherently, she will refer to herself in the third-person and plural. Most of the time, she will be foaming at the mouth, ranting and raving incoherently in a rage—stark, raving mad.

Then. There's the added danger of the parasite that Lucy's tongue becomes when she's Seven. As Seven, the girl's killer tongue is controlled, and thus well-behaved. As Giggerota, it won't be. But. Sister Edy can bribe it.

The bribe? Sister Edy can let it feed upon her. The nun can then use the bribed killer tongue to remote control subjugate the girl. In effect, forcing the dominatrix to function as a submissive, for her.

In her mind. Sister Edy takes the scenario a step further into very sick, very twisted extremes. Why settle for this Giggerota version of the girl as just being naked and strapping Parts? Why not dress her like a cannibal. The cannibal inmate of an insane asylum.

Dress Giggerota in a hand-bra, Doll Parts, cannibal skins, and a cannibal necklace. This hand-bra will not be biomechanical. It will be made from mismatched, decaying hands severed from two different corpses. The cannibal necklace will be made from severed human fingers.

Cannibal skins. Crudely stitched together, form-fitting leather clothes made from uncured human skin. A straitjacket and breeches would be appropriate.

A waist-cinching straitjacket that reduces the wearer's waist to a Vampira-inspired 17-inches. Resulting in the extreme hourglass figure favored by women of the Victorian era.

Breeches that are actually a leg restraint—the legs of the leather breeches can be hooked together to convert the breeches into a monosleeve.

This waist-cinching straitjacket and these restraint breeches. Are very popular in the B&D (bondage and discipline) fetish community, of today. They were staples in Victorian Era insane asylums, along with lobotomies (both chemical and surgical) and electroshock therapy.

And. Besides the cannibal skins, fit Giggerota with leg irons and, when Giggerota's tongue is not feeding, fit her with a muzzle à la Dr. Hannibal Lecter in *Silence of the Lambs*.

Passion overcomes reason. Sister Edy flirts with disaster. She strips naked, walks over to the unused bed, and lies down upon it. She spreads her legs wide and begins to pleasure herself.

Seven's killer tongue shoots from her mouth, attaches itself to the inside of the nun's right thigh, and begins to feed voraciously. Feeding which triggers an epileptic event, in spite of the fact that Sister Edy does not suffer from epilepsy.

Convulsions and seizures cause muscles of the nun's body to contract and relax rapidly. The nun loses control of herself. Her eyes roll back into her head. She experiences one intense, mind shattering orgasm after the other, without relent.

There will be much for Sister Edy to atone for.

Interlude

“What in the fuck were you thinking?! You could’ve gotten yourself killed!” Lucy screams at Sister Edy as she shakes the nun into consciousness from the brink of oblivion.

“That’s the problem. I wasn’t thinking at all,” responds the nun in a very groggy voice.

Sister Edy opens her eyes. She’s lying on the bed. Her head is pounding as if from the world’s worst hangover. All of her joints are stiff. And. She’s aching all over. Where the killer tongue bite her, the skin is inflamed and feels like it’s on fire. The nun feels like shit. When she tries to sit up, she feels dizzy and disoriented. Lucy forces her to lie back down.

“You’ll feel like shit for a while. Maybe an hour or two. Maybe less. Maybe more.” The girl is naked. No biomechanical corselette and Parts. Looking like Lucy, instead of Seven. Because, she is Lucy, again. “If the safeguards hadn’t kicked in. My tongue would have consumed you.”

“Oh. But. What a glorious way to go!”

“I’ll pretend you didn’t say that.”

“Did I confess my sinful plans to you?” Sister Edy asks, rhetorically. Knowing the answer, already.

“Of course.”

“So. Could what I want, be done, safely, relatively safely?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent.”

“We’ll need a Bobby Shaw Carver. I’ll have your SAR procure it for us.”

“Bobby Shaw Carver?”

“We’ll discuss its use on me in detail when I get back. For now, you rest.”

“I can Google.”

“Google will give you only so much. But. Do your due diligence, anyways. And bone up for our girl talk when I return.”

“How about the strident Giggerota’s cannibal outfit?”

“The SAR will also discretely take care of that.”

“Procuring the fixings for it and its construction?”

Lucy switches to drone mode. A blank. Lucy falls back into character—aloof and detached. Haughty.

“Yes,” the girl responds in a monotone. As such. Her voice is cold and emotionless.

Sister Edy notices the girl’s hands klaw, then momentarily twitch. Blank eyes. Stiff backed. Severe. In a word, robotic.

The Borg girl is sitting on the edge of the bed. She stands up and walks into the adjoining bathroom, closing the door behind her. Then. Sister Edy hears the shower running.

Fifteen minutes later. A clean, dry Lucy emerges from the bathroom. She is sporting a Grune, a throwback hairdo that Sister Edy hadn't seen the girl wearing before now. The same hairdo that she first sported at the mission briefing.

By now, Sister Edy is feeling well enough to sit up in the bed.

"I like your new hairdo. I hadn't seen you wear your hair that way, before. It's very attractive."

"Thank you, headmistress. I am glad that it pleases you." Lucy is still acting somewhat stiff and robotic. And the girl's voice is still cold and emotionless. Her eyes are still empty. Hands klaw. She's still in drone mode, but, something else is also going on. "Vacancy. I'm no longer here. Please use my body as you wish."

"What did you just say?"

Lucy walks up to the bed and repeats her provocative statement.

"Vacancy. I'm no longer here. Please use my body as you wish."

"You'll be late."

"Nonsense." Lucy smiles. But. It is an empty, mindless smile. The vacant smile of someone who has been lobotomized. "We have plenty of time for a quickie. And. I so love to eat you."

It's as if Lucy is a submissive dominatrix. And. Her being in drone mode doesn't explain why she is the way she is now. She's acting, for want of a better word, vacant.

This has only happened to her, once before. It was during the mission briefing. And. She was also in drone mode, at the time. And. Interestingly enough, she was also not wearing her Parts, then.

In drone mode, a Borg drone will act mindless and robotic. That is expected. They are blank. But. They should never be vacant.

While vacant, she is in-between Lucy and Seven, and yet she is sort of both. She looks like Lucy, but she acts like a vacant Seven. And. She is in a Doll format. A drone in drone mode with the mentality of a vacant Queen. This is a contradiction that cannot, and therefore should never, exist. She is between and betwixt. She is No-One.

The Briefing

“What I just saw wasn’t Mars.”

“Your destination has changed.”

“Then. I’m guessing that wherever I’m going, it won’t be in the company of a squad of Marines.

“Correct.”

“What I just saw was remote-viewing transferred to video, correct?”

“Correct.”

“How many previous aways?”

“Yours will be the thirteenth.”

“How many were exfils of aways that went south?”

“That’s need to know.”

“And. I don’t need to know?”

“Correct.”

Translation: Lucy has sufficient security clearance to have her question answered, but, she doesn’t need to know the answer to her question to fulfill her away mission.

EXFIL (also exfiltration or Extraction), in tactical combat and special operations use, is the process of removing constituents from a targeted site when it is considered imperative that they be immediately relocated out of a hostile environment and taken to a secured area under friendly control. Extraction may imply rescuing entities from grave danger or immediate conditions that they are incapable of surviving. Both extraction and rescue may be for unsuspecting and/or unwilling persons and involving rapid deployment, dynamic defense of the moving tactical envelope and high-speed extrication by a special force protection team. Extraction is also referred to as “dust-off in xx (minutes).” The LZ is the landing zone for a helicopter or airplane, usually marked by coordinates, smoke grenades with a color recognizable in that area, or flares.

“Were all of the previous away missions to the same planet?”

“Again. That’s need to know, and you don’t need to know that.”

“Is our away mission going to a planet which was not visited by the previous aways?”

“Yes.”

“Have we Borg been involved from the very start?”

“Yes.”

Lucy and Alice. They are in the office of Oversight. Lucy, the warlock of AI Taryn’s Queen Ann “Coco” Mueller. And, AI Toy’s Queen Alice Wonderland. On this mission, Lucy is on loan to Toy, and, as such, will be paired with Alice as Alice’s acting warlock.

Alice is dressed in Borg selfwear, including EXO, and looks like a Borg Queen. But. Like all Borg, it can “pretend” and assume a human guise.

Lucy is also dressed in Borg selfwear, including EXO, but, she still looks like herself instead of Seven. Because she is still Lucy and not Seven.

Lucy has the feeling that she's being watched, and she can't shake it. Because. She is being watched. Watched by Hal Jordan and General Carol Banks.

"How many times did we have an onsite presence in addition to our remote viewing?"

Alice smiles at the girl's question. *This girl is very smart*, Alice thinks to itself.

"The last away."

"Possibly. An observing mentat, accompanied by a warlock in the role of CA?"

"Yes. Except that a sandman was in the role of CA."

CA. Civilian advisor. A non-military combatant. Bound by rules of engagement that forbade initiating aggressive action. Strict defensive posture, only. If attacked, counterattack with like force.

Lucy makes note of the implicit correction that the previous sandman sent out was not a warlock. Hence, she represents a significant upgrade, since she is a sandman who is also a warlock. And. Being a warlock. Tactically, she's equivalent to a Queen. Which means whoever or whatever the opposing force is, a Queen or its tactical equivalent was deemed necessary.

"Was there an initial expeditionary force?" Lucy asks the obvious.

"That's classified."

Translation: the answer to the question Lucy asked is above the girl's security clearance to know. This speaks volumes, because Lucy has ultraviolet clearance.

"Limitations imposed on the remote viewing of each away?"

A very smart girl, indeed!

"Duration is 12 minutes. Then, nothing."

"Exactly, 12 minutes?"

"Exactly."

"In each instance?"

"Yes. As just previously stated."

Lucy smiles at Alice's dig. Both women are obviously having a lot of fun with this animated back and forth of theirs.

"I assume that the remote viewing is also tethered to the stargate."

"You assume correctly. We can only 'see' a few feet in any direction from the stargate being used."

"Do we know who or what is limiting our remote viewing?"

Alice pauses, and weighs its options, carefully. Answering this question clearly falls squarely on the line. Bottomline. It comes down to a judgment call.

"No, we do not."

Although, Borg are always jacked into the Collective, they can still maintain their privacy and can be selectively opaque. This is one of those times. The Queen is being selectively opaque. Which can mean only one thing.

The Queen is lying to me, Lucy thinks to herself.

“Do we know how they are doing it?”

Again. Alice pauses, and weighs its options, carefully. Again. Answering this question clearly falls squarely on the line. Bottomline. It, again, comes down to a judgment call.

“No, we do not.”

Again the Queen is selectively opaque.

The Queen is lying to me, again!

“Is the Insect Civilization involved?”

“Not to the best of our knowledge.”

“Hostiles?” Again, Lucy asks the obvious.

“Yes.”

“What are my rules of engagement?”

“There are none.”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me correctly. There are no rules of engagement. You are going to a black site.”

In military terminology, a black site is a location at which an unacknowledged black project is conducted. Recently, the term has gained notoriety in describing secret prisons operated by the United States Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), generally outside of U.S. territory and legal jurisdiction.

“Whose black site?”

“That’s classified.”

“Is it Dune?”

The Queen smiles even wider. And. Tellingly, sidesteps the question, altogether.

“Your away team will consist of Blackwater mercs.”

Blackwater is the world’s largest and most powerful mercenary army. A mercenary outfit with a notorious reputation for being willing to break the constraints on military systems responsible to state authority.

No rules of engagement. A Blackwater away team with a warlock onboard. Implication: the final solution—genocide.

“How long after egress from the stargate, before we lose contact?”

“Twelve minutes.”

“Precisely?”

“Precisely. It’s always 12 minutes. Then, nothing. Neither audio nor video from the away team’s comms.” The Queen pauses, and then it broaches the subject that The General has likely been waiting with bated breath for. “There’s been a request that you wear your hair differently on the mission.”

“Differently? How?”

“Sit down.”

Lucy does as she is told. Alice then proceeds to undo the girl’s Brünnhilde and restyle it into a Grune. When The Queen is done. The girl admires herself in the mirror, and decides that she doesn’t like this outdated hairdo.

“I don’t care for it.”

“It’s how you will wear your hair on the mission.”

“I thought that it was a request?”

“It is.”

Lucy switches to drone mode. A blank. She, expectedly, becomes somewhat stiff and robotic.

“Yes. My queen,” Lucy responds in the expected monotone.

Her voice is now cold and emotionless. She stares off blankly into the distance. But. Lucy is still Lucy, sort of.

“In the future, there will be other occasions when you will be requested to wear your hair this way. Understood?”

“Yes, my queen.”

Then, something totally unexpected happens. She becomes totally vacuous. A vacancy. She acts as if she were under the influence of a kronos device.

This is quite a bit beyond the expected mindless, robotic way she has heretofore acted in drone mode.

A kronos device. The small biomechanical device would anchor itself into the back of her neck. It looks like a hideous biomechanical spider. One of its least invasive effects would be to lobotomize her. And. She would remain lobotomized, while it was in place. Its other effects are much more insidious. But. There is no such device anchored into the back of her neck causing her bizarre submissive behavior.

Strange Days

Giggerota. Theory is one thing. Implementation is another thing entirely. This is why they are rarely one in the same.

Lucy is wearing her Kock pearl necklace and is strapping Parts, but is otherwise naked. A naked Sister Edy activates the Bobby Shaw Carver. The arachnoid-looking device resembles a kronos. Now active, it anchors itself into the back of the girl's neck. Lucy becomes an awake Seven who acts out like she's in sleep cycle. In other words, a lunatic version of Seven à la the cannibalistic Giggerota character played by actress Ellen Dubin in the Lexx series. A disfigured robot girl sporting a krazed and being run by the anonymous subroutine.

What happens next, is totally unexpected. Seven flips to drone mode. Her disfigured face gives way to Lucy's comely one. The robot girl's krazed gives way to a Grune. One by one, the girl's Borg affectations go bye-bye, until Seven looks just like Lucy. But. This girl is not Seven, nor is she Lucy. She's someone else, entirely.

The girl's eyes are vacant. Her expression is vacant. She is vacant. This time, she was wearing her Parts, when she inexplicably went vacant and again became No-One.

“Who are you?”

The creature smiles. And, there's nothing the least bit benevolent about that vacant smile of hers. The empty loathsome smile disappears as quickly as it came.

“I am No-One, headmistress,” the girl responds in a monotone. As such. Her voice is cold, flat, and emotionless.

Sister Edy notices the girl's hands klaw, then momentarily twitch. Vacancy, confirmed. Stiff backed. Severe. In a word, robotic. A robot still being run by the anonymous subroutine.

The Bobby Shaw Carver drops off the robot's neck. It's been fried, its innards fused. The device was destroyed when robot girl went vacant.

Per Sister Edy's dictate. No-One dresses herself in her satin corselette, flesh-colored panties, and Borg EXO. Then, she returns her attention to Sister Edy.

“Who owns you?”

“You do, headmistress.”

“This is not what I expected. But, I intend to take full advantage of the situation, nonetheless.”

No-One remains silent. Sister Edy bitch-slaps the girl. No-One just stands there and takes it.

“Any objections?”

Again. No response from the robot. Again, Sister Edy bitch-slaps the girl. Again, No-One just stands there and takes it.

Sister Edy flashes a malevolent smile. So easily, she has fallen back into her “bad” habits.

“You will speak only when spoken to, and when you do speak you will be concise, using as few words as necessary. Understood?”

“Yes, headmistress.”

Sister Edy belts the robot, again. Hitting the girl so hard, this time, that the blow snaps the robot’s head back.

“And for the duration of your stays with me. You will never remove your Parts, nor will you ever reveal in my presence, that your Parts are removable. Subject closed. Understood?”

No-One remains silent. Sister Edy covetously strokes the robot’s cheek.

No-One is a submissive dominatrix, all right. But. Reliably submissive only to her twisted owner Sister Edy.

Sister Edy dresses in her outdated habit. This includes opaque black stockings, black knob shoes, burlap slip, and white cotton panties. Panties that bulge with her engorged manhood.

“Your looks are shot. But. You’re still not unattractive enough. And.” Sister Edy’s mania rising, a rising heard in her voice. “I can’t afford to be upstaged. I won’t be upstaged!”

The nun rearranges the robot’s hair into a sternka. Harsh, unbecoming pancake makeup is heavily applied to the robot’s face. Then, she adds another expected touch. She slips a pair of sternns onto the robot’s face. A face that’s aged, ravaged, and disfigured by the severe makeup. A makeup-ruined face. The face of someone much older who has been road hard and put up wet too many times.

Then. Just like it came—sudden and unheralded. The moment passes. Sister Edy does a go back.

“Forgive me for my misstep. Please, feel free to correct my misdirection. Although, I must admit, I did enjoy hitting you. And. It’s quite obvious that you enjoyed being hit.”

The robot rearranges her hair back into a Grune. She removes the severe makeup and the sternns, and reapplies her Bolshoi-bare. A smirk paints the Borg’s face. She’s yet to revert back to being Lucy.

Sister Edy gives her tacit approval. Now, that Sister Edy is finally satisfied with the robot girl’s looks, she exits the convent bedroom that Lucy/Seven/No-One is using. No-One dutifully follows her.

Strange Nights

For the time being, much to the dismay of many a Borg girl, Lucy/No-One/Seven only wears her Parts, when she's with Sister Edy. In a word: Perfection!

"It's been you, all along."

"Of course. After all. What would be the point in being this way if you didn't experiment upon yourself?" Lucy asks, rhetorically.

T&A. It's just Lucy and Sister Edy sitting on the nun's bed. Excluding her Parts, Lucy is naked. Sister Edy is likewise naked and well hung. Neither is wearing a stitch of clothes, and both have their man parts on display. Naked, hung, and well endowed.

Lucy's hair is in a Grune. Sister Edy's is in a short close-cropped hairdo known as a moe. Needless to say, a moe is a straight, severe, very masculine-looking hairdo popular with hardcore bulldykes. A moe strongly implies that the wearer is a misandry, and that is often the case.

A geriatric platinum blonde, Sister Edy's hair is liberally streaked with grey and white.

Lucy's eyes and facial expression are vacant, and her voice is an empty monotone—cold, flat, and emotionless. The girl is vacant, in drone mode. When she's visiting Sister Edy, she stays that way. A submissive dominatrix.

Sister Edy slips a narcissus around the girl's neck. Lucy slips one around the nun's neck. They fuck, again. Then, it's Q&A.

A black rosary, is colloquially known as a black narcissus or simply a narcissus. Among Catholics in general and Bene Gesserits in particular, a narcissus is a popular keepsake, especially between illicit lovers.

It goes without saying, that the girl wears the narcissus in place of her pearl necklace, when she's with Sister Edy.

"So. Tell me about your first time."

"I attached a kronos, while I was in drone mode, and as a result I went vacant." The girl smiles, vacantly. "I got off. Being No-One is truly sublime."

Upon attachment a kronos self-activates.

"Subsequently, you could go vacant while in drone mode without the device?"

"Precisely, headmistress."

Standing in a nearby corner. The rest of the girl's current wardrobe of selfwear. Her EXO, satin corselette, and rubber panties. And. Standing beside the EXO is her black fishnet body stocking. When worn, the bodystocking covers her from the neck down, including her hands and fingers.

Upon putting on the fishnets, it self-activates, fusing seamlessly to her body, rendering her prosthetic from the neck down, just like her EXO. Technically and colloquially, it's known as LITE. Ballistically, it offers her the same protection as EXO.

The fishnets do not mask her nipples or her androgynous crotch. A crotch which, because of her strap-on, has the physical characteristics of both sexes, thus the androgynous reference.

To reiterate. Dwelling on the subject. Sheer, not opaque, bodystocking. Unmasked body, underneath. Therefore, you can clearly see anatomical details—e.g., her nipples and “private” parts. But. Even if the crotch of the fishnets were opaque, the large bulge in the crotch of said stockings would give away the fact that she’s well hung. Unlike her EXO which masks her crotch so effectively.

For the time being. She wears nothing underneath the fishnets, except for her Parts.

And. For the time being, Lucy wearing the fishnets is for Sister Edy’s eyes only. A graphic perk, worn in private, for her nun lover’s exclusive pleasure.

Between the EXO and the fishnets sets a pair of ugly work boots, the kind that are most popular with Goth girls and prostitutes. With their large front Casper laces, and their clunky soles and heels, they look like they would be right at home worn by Frankenstein’s monster. Known as “nun’s knobs,” because they are the same style of knob boots worn by all Catholic nuns in the Victorian Era. They are also the same style of boot that Sister Edy wears to this day.

Of course. Gravity defying—the selfwear looks filled out, just like they are being worn by an invisible person who’s frozen in place.

When Lucy wears the fishnets and narcissus, and she’s wearing those trendy black patent-leather Goth boots of hers. By Sister Edy’s way of thinking, Lucy becomes the naughty Goth Punk schoolgirl, of the nun’s fantasies. A naughty parochial schoolgirl, gone Goth, to be precise.

As a result of the girl’s experiments upon herself, when she’s Lucy, there’s increasing bleed through from her Seven and No-One personalities. This is all per Lucy’s design, not an unintended side effect. And. Lucy is neither mentally unhinged nor is she mentally unstable as a result of her incorporating the choice pieces of Seven and No-One into her own psyche.

A prime example of this bleed-through, is that when Lucy is not vacant or in drone mode, when she’s in “normal” Lucy mode, she’s under-expressive, as under-expressive as a Borg queen.

Oftentimes, while she’s staying in the convent. A drone mode, vacant, or under-expressive Lucy only wears her fishnets, Parts, and narcissus. And. Ever the opportunist, Sister Edy shamelessly takes full advantage of this “vacant” naughty Goth Punk schoolgirl.

Of late, Lucy has also gone even further. With or without the boots. In addition to fishnets, Parts, and narcissus, she’s also sported a geriatric crazed and a makeup-ruined face.

In this guise she looks and acts like her mind is completely unhinged, she only answers to the name Giggerota, and she has a killer tongue.

These episodes of dementia only occur during her visits with Sister Edy, and only after Lucy has been in a sleep cycle. Only once has an episode lasted more than a half-day.

The dementia isn’t being caused by bleed-through. It’s a new and emerging personality.

When fully formed, this Giggerota will be a dominatrix who is completely insane, and submissive only to Sister Edy. And. She will be a cannibal. During those periods of time when she communicates coherently, she will refer to herself in the third-person and plural. Most of the

time, she will be foaming at the mouth, ranting and raving incoherently in a rage—stark, raving mad.

You can sidestep the Laws of Metaphysics, but you can't break them. Therefore. The mental instability the insanity resulting from the girl incorporating the choice pieces of Seven and No-One into her Lucy persona has to go somewhere. Where it goes is Giggerota. Giggerota is the girl's insanity manifested. A mental illness that is incurable.

A geriatric krazed. The unkempt-looking hair is liberally streaked with grey, white, and blonde. Except for the blonde streaks, rendering her a geriatric platinum blonde, just like Sister Edy.

Harsh, unbecoming, pancake makeup heavily-applied to the robot's face. A face that's aged, ravaged, and disfigured by the severe makeup. Resulting in the face of someone much older looking who has been road hard and put up wet too many times. Bereft of any youth, a makeup-ravaged face that is so unattractive, Sister Edy is pleased to no end.

Bottomline. Wearing this makeup, the girl becomes as unattractive as Sister Edy always sees the girl and herself.

In other words, the makeup makes the girl's face look very, very rough. A face that looks like it's been ravaged by insanity, unchecked sexual depravity, and chronic drug and alcohol addiction.

The makeup is called Rugueux which is "rough" in French. Formally, it's known as Visage Très Rugueux which is "very rough face" in French. Whichever name you choose. An adept name that describes exactly what it does to the wearer's face. Technically, it's a proactive parasite that can only be removed with cold cream preferably Pond's Cold Cream, otherwise, the application is permanent.

Used extensively in the film industry and in the theater by beautiful young actresses when they play the parts of hardcore drug addicts, chronic alcoholics, and very unattractive, much older women.

Used a lot by hardcore fetish practitioners of D&H (degradation and humiliation).

Used a lot by mentally ill women who suffer from extreme BDD. For example, women like Sister Edy. In fact, before she became a nun, Sister Edy wore rough all the time.

Of course, as aforementioned, because of her own mental illness, the nun still sees the girl as having shot looks, even when the girl is not wearing this makeup.

In reality, of course, neither woman has shot looks, and in fact both women are extremely attractive.

As a side note. Not coincidentally, ever since the very first manifestation of Giggerota, Sister Edy has taken to wearing heavily-applied Rugueux, all of the time. Applying rough to the girl's face when the girl was Giggerota, was also the nun's idea.

And the fishnets the girl wears when she's Giggerota are her other pair. The ones that are torn, with snags and ragged holes in places, as if the fishnets have been penetrated by buckshot from shotgun blasts. Fishnets that are as equally ravaged as her makeup-ravaged face.

The first signal that the girl is manifesting Giggerota is that her hair becomes a geriatric krazed. Conversely, the first signal that the girl is no longer manifesting Giggerota is that her hair ceases to be a geriatric krazed.

As Giggerota the girl's Parts are permanently fused to her body, are in fact indistinguishable from her body at the molecular level, and thus for all intents and purposes cannot be removed "meaningfully" until she ceases to be Giggerota. As such. If you, for example, surgically remove Giggerota's Parts, the Parts will grow back. Thus, Giggerota is a "real" she-male sex freak, just like Sister Edy. In a word, as Sister Edy would and does say: "Perfection!"

And. Giggerota. When she's wearing grunge fishnets, narcissus, knobs, and Parts. That really, really, nasty parochial schoolgirl look. Ever the opportunist, Sister Edy shamelessly takes full advantage of this really, really nasty parochial schoolgirl. And. Why not?

By the way. The black rosaries, the nun's knobs, the pristine fishnets, and the grunge fishnets, and of course the rough, are all Sister Edy's ideas.

After all. She too is experimenting upon the girl. And. As such. She is Doctor Frankenstein. And. The girl is The Monster, Frankenstein's Monster.

Sister Edy's experiments center around the use of a specially-modified kronos attached to the back of the girl's neck while the girl is Giggerota. This kronos is biometric, keyed to Sister Edy and Giggerota—only Sister Edy can operate it and it can only be used on the girl while the girl is Giggerota.

Already, as a result of Sister Edy's experiments, Giggerota now suffers from the same extreme version of BDD as Sister Edy. And. If the nun has her way. Eventually, all versions of the girl will suffer from it too. Sister Edy's ultimate goal is that all versions of the girl are a version of her. If successful, the girl will become very tortured and extremely disturbed, as tortured and disturbed as Sister Edy has always been. And. If the nun is successful. The girl will be a 24x7 she-male, just like Sister Edy has been since birth. Already, Giggerota is a version of Sister Edy. Remember: Misery, and depravity, craves company!

The Mission
Round One
Team Dragon
“It’s their turn”

Joe Louis, the legendary boxer, was oft of saying: “Everyone has a plan until they get hit.”

Destination? Alpha site, Earth 8427.

Which team? Theirs.

What? A combined Dragon-Druid Expeditionary Force.

Where? Staging from a transit hub in the palace of the empress of The Dragon Empire. On the Dragon home world, also known as Asia. Within the Forbidden City.

Vaccine protocol? Standard, series seven shots. Guaranteed immunity from the retro-D virus.

Advance Guard? Two thousand BECs, used as shock troops.

Main Contingent? Six Druids, six Unspeakables, ten Feng Shui, and two humans.

Rear Guard? One thousand BECs.

Her twin sister Grace having secured the chamber’s access. The lead priestess, Nicole Noone (*no one*), chalks a Valhalla on the floor around the main contingent of their expeditionary force.

The sisters are redheads and they’re Danes. Then again, all Druids are redheaded, Danish folk.

A Valhalla is a conjuring circle which employs glyphs, runes, and angelic script for its DHD (dial home device). In this case it is being powered by the ARQ embedded in the floor of the room.

ARQ. Arcing recursive quine. Supplying near-limitless power, perpetually.

An Expeditionary Force is a generic name sometimes applied to a military force dispatched to fight in a foreign country. Notable early adaptations include World War I and World War II elements deployed in abundance to support global combat operations.

The Druids, there are six of these warrior-clerics, are wearing the expected thick-lensed goggles, horned breather-mask, and head-to-toe Egyptian mummy-wrappings. The goggles are “all seeing”—hyperspectral imaging goggles. And, the thick white gauze wrappings will stop, pointblank, any grenade and NHC-DEW output, and most anti-armor projectile rounds.

NHC-DEW. Non high-compression directed energy weapon.

The Druid weapon of choice is, of course, the staff weapon. Atop this tall gilded staff is something that looks like an archaic 1930s microphone, but, this “microphone” is ornate and encrusted with precious jewels. And, few small arms weapons can equal the “big bore” devastation that a staff weapon’s effector emissions can wrought.

As such. A death ray. The emission of a staff weapon will kill an unprotected person instantly upon contact.

In point of fact, all modern close quarter weapons of the type are collapsible. For example, a vujcic. Like the vujcic, a staff weapon is an ancient weapon that's collapsible. It's also magical.

The staff weapon of each Druid is collapsed and holstered. Their holsters are Race Bannons. The holsters of their equipment belts that are equivalent to MACO equipment belts.

It makes sense that the staff weapon is the favorite of Druids, because Druids are demi-gods. Neither mortal nor god, but, a little bit of both, they're the so-called "missing link" between mortals and gods. Superhuman. Immortal. Cannibals—they eat human beings, but, they don't eat metahumans or demi-gods like themselves.

There are also Unspeakables, drawn from the elite corps of guards of the Dragon Empress Wu Zetian. And, Feng Shui from the Royal Garrison, the so-called "purple garrison."

Half the size of the twelve-foot tall Unspeakables, Feng Shui hunt in packs and have a hive mentality. They're breed is the invention of that infamous Druid trio: Sir Adrian Paul, Baron Bokeem Woodrine, and Princess Bai Ling.

Unspeakables and Feng Shui are class-B and class-C fire-breathing Dragons, respectively. Therefore, they are magical creatures. And, also like all Dragons, they are shapeshifters, who look just like mundane human Asians, when they are pretending.

Two of the team aren't the normal mix and clearly aren't Druids. They are the only mortals. And, officially, they aren't here. Both of the heavily-armed Nazis are wearing black SS uniforms with white accoutrements and matching greatcoats, and black spit-shined hobnailed jackboots. And their badges bear those runes, the SS in Gothic characters. Their Waffen SS officer's visor-caps have the Death's-Head insignia. Their high-compression phasers are ZMPs—generic brand, Browning knockoffs, and therefore, untraceable.

For the obvious purpose of avoiding public condemnation. Neither the Dragon Empire nor the Druid Federation officially or unofficially acknowledges such ad hoc alliances with the Third Reich.

Nicole gestures arcanelly. A transit gate manifests itself. Affording ingress to the alpha site, which has previously been cleared and secured by Druid-animated BECs assigned to the expeditionary force.

Per the plan. The Dragons will go through first, to establish air supremacy. Then, the Druids and the Nazis will follow.

The game plan is simple, straightforward, and to the point—shock & awe. Unfortunately, for this military force, the Dragons, Druids, and Nazis have never waged full scale war with The Dead. And, worse, all of their previous skirmishes with The Dead have proved successful beyond all expectation, lulling them into a false sense of security.

Per remote viewing, what the BECs have done already and are doing, is very impressive to say the least. In effect, all the advantages of using tactical nukes without any of the obvious downsides.

What none of them in command realize is that after the BECs contact-kill a certain amount of Dead, the BECs will become unstable and dissipate into harmless vapor, and the Druid operators

remote-controlling them will die. There are billions of Dead inhabiting this world, and there aren't millions, let alone billions, of BECs being used against the Dead.

Three thousand BECs are assigned to this expeditionary force. The Druids have a total of a quarter-million BECs in inventory and twelve thousand Druid operators for the BECs. Do the math. One quarter of all the BEC operators are being used in support of this expeditionary force.

To The Dead, BECs appear to be mysterious, fast-moving, translucent, humanoid apparitions. Apparitions that will kill a Dead almost instantly upon contact. BECs aren't visible in the "ordinary" visual spectrum. Of course, for example, BEC are visible to anyone wearing Druid goggles.

These man-made apparitions are made of Bose-Einstein condensate, which explains their ability to move through walls and unmake biologicals, and why they are halted by iron shavings and ceramic materials. Also, pulse weapons are capable of breaking down the condensate.

Druids are scanned on a molecular level, and using 3D printing they are replicated in condensate form. The Druid operators are subsequently hooked up to a central spectral machine which enables the operator to animate and remoter-control their condensate copies ("apparitions").

Worse. What none of them in command realize. Is that their remote-viewing, and all their other forms of communication and remoting with their forces in the air and on the ground, can be shutoff at any time, after twelve minutes into the initial ingress of their forces.

Worst. What none of them in command realize. This is Dune, also known as Mortuus, the home world of The Dead as well as the birthplace of worse dead things. The Kingdom, of the White Walkers, is up north. The Territories, of The Dead, are down south. As such. This Earth is a planetwide necropolis.

The billions of Dead which inhabit The Territories can be reinforced, as needed, by Dead from all of the Dead worlds in Creation via trans-warp conduits known colloquially as portals.

White Walkers also make use of portals. Then, again, they paid FMF Ltd. for the transit's invention. But, Full Moon Features is just a middleman. Who did the actual work?

Borg invented this form of transit. Subcontract work for Full Moon Features, one of the many shell companies fronted by Saudi Prince Osama bin Laden for billionaire arms dealer Sun Tzu. The same Sun Tzu who wrote *The Art of War*, and who is the youngest brother of the Dragon Empress.

FMF's accounts are substantial, to say the least, and they are ably managed by the Iron Bank. Formally known as The Swiss National Bank, the Iron Bank also represents the equally-considerable financial interests of The Council.

Rumor is. The Borg are in bed with Sun Tzu. That they are his silent business partner. If true, that means that in the case of the portals, the Borg subcontracted themselves to do work paid in full by The Night Rulers.

The Mission
Round Two
Team Borg
“It’s our turn, now”

Red Adair—“If you think it’s expensive to hire a professional to do the job, wait until you hire an amateur.”

Destination? Beta site, Earth 8427.

Which team? Ours.

What? An off-book away team.

Where? Staging from a Stargate Command (abbreviated to SGC) black site.

Vaccine protocol? Standard, series seven shots. Guaranteed immunity from the retro-D virus.

Advance Guard? None.

Main Contingent? One warlock and six humans.

Rear Guard? None.

A very technical affair. The away team consists of Seven and a squad of Blackwater mercs. All of the mercs are experienced operators. The males are from various spec ops units. The lone female operator was once a CIA numbers station security officer.

In the military, a squad leader is a non-commissioned officer who leads a squad of typically 9 soldiers (US Army: squad leader and two fireteams of 4 men each) or 13 Marines (US Marine Corps: squad leader and three fireteams of 4 men each) in a rifle squad, or 3 to 8 men in a crew-served weapons squad.

The mercs are wearing UN MACO powered armor, the equivalent of the Borg EXO that Seven is wearing.

Additionally, Seven and the mercs are also outfitted like UN MACOs, but, their phasers are a notable deviation. Standard issue for UN MACOs is an AR rifle and H&K pistol. Their rifles and pistols are Brownings. Browning is owned by the Bene Gesserits.

The Brownings are optioned the same as their standard-issue counterparts. As such, Race Bannons holsters for the pistols. Specter 3-point tactical slings for the rifles. Fast-Scan “active” holographic sights. Two firing settings: stun and slicer beam. High compression phasers—all of the advantages of directed energy and projectile weapons, and none of their disadvantages.

For the mercs, their primary is their rifle and their backup is their pistol. For Seven, it’s the reverse, and, as such, she has two pistols instead of one. Although, her alter ego is a scientist. Seven’s Lucy has been shooting since she was six years old. And. All base personal are required to be fully qualified on all configurations of phasers.

The mercs will be employing the very latest in Predator active camouflage to evade visual and electronic detection by any known means. Befitting her role as the stalking-horse, Seven will not—no cloaking device, whatsoever.

“As fucked up as her face is, that body of hers is killer.”

“Damn straight.”

“I’d do her in a heartbeat.”

“I second that.”

“I wouldn’t kick her out of bed, either.”

The usual crude pre-mission bravado from the men, this time in the form of sexually objectifying Seven. In response, the female operative gives them the expected disapproving looks, and finally lets loose with both barrels when they fail to stop it.

“Men are pigs.”

Their response is to blow her a kiss. And continue their banter. Crude becomes lewd. This time about Seven and the female operative. All of that horseplay stops when the door opens and General Banks walks in. The General is visibly pleased to see that the robot is sporting a Grune.

There are words spoken—the General makes a short speech. All the time, during her brief oratory, her attention never strays from the robot girl. Afterwards, General Banks shakes the hand of each team member. She lingers a bit longer with Seven. Nothing unprofessional. Nothing out of turn. But a noticeable difference.

The mercs don their helmets—their virtual helmets go online. Seven doesn’t need one, of course. Furthermore, the mercs go stealth. With Seven taking the lead, the team exits the ready room and walks into the adjoining gate room. The newly-reinforced precision door that connects the two rooms closes and locks itself behind them. Hermetically sealing the gate room. Air in the gate room is being recycled. The room has its own stand-alone life support.

All of the base personnel are current on their necrotic inoculations. Additionally, those who work the gate-related areas must take proto-B booster shoots before and after their shifts.

The General does not follow them into the gate room. This is a breach in normal procedure. In point of fact, there is no one else in the gate room which is another deviation from what you’d expect.

Before the Mars fiasco there would have been a security detail and a handful of scientists, in the gate room. A disaster of that magnitude has a way of radically changing things, quickly. You either adapt today or you become extinct tomorrow.

A series of newly-installed windows high-mounted in a wall of the gate room allow people in the control room and people in the gate room to see each other. There are more people in the CIC than normal, one of them is the Borg Queen Alice. General Banks joins those in the CIC and from behind a thick pane of the recently-installed precision glass, she waves at the away team.

The stargate’s iris opens and the gate activates forming an event horizon. The event horizon is somewhat blurred, as if Dead protocols have been invoked. Accompanied by what sounds like the whine of an electric motor, the dialing sequence for the stargate is initiated. The whine is not

normal, either. It, like the blurred event horizon, also bespeaks of even more Dead proofing. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what's really going on here.

In spite of all of the Dead tells and the fact that the mission briefings didn't reveal that Dead were involved. Seven ascends the ramp of the stargate and steps through the formed event horizon, as if she's going on a Sunday stroll. And. The rest of the away team follows her without hesitation.

Per need to know. The away team didn't need to know ahead of time that Dead were involved. So they weren't told. They were expected to figure it out on the git-go. Which is what they did.

What they step into is hell. A world, where they are living people on a planet of billions of Dead. The stargate's event horizon deforms as the gate deactivates.

The clock is ticking. In twelve minutes the team will lose contact with their world. They'll be on their own.

The mercs switch off their stealth. It's worthless against the Dead, and to make matters even worse it attracts and agitates the necrotic abominations. The Dead are fearless, merciless, and relentless. No need to stir up that hornet's nest any sooner and any more than necessary.

Of the many things they are expert in, each merc has previous experience dealing with the Dead. By their way of thinking, Seven's expertise in such matters as this are unknown. What follows alleviates any of their concerns.

Seven's tactical network goes online. The away team becomes a collective, while still maintaining their individuality.

What the mundanes expect is that their tactical will be Borg, since their mission CA is Borg. What they get is Delicious Brains, the open source tactical framework of choice. As such. Delicious is vanilla framework that you custom build into a full-flavored tactical offering via extensions known as plugins. In this case, as expected, the extensions have a decided Borg flavor. And thus something else. The firmware is optimized for hunting The Dead. The Borg are known necromancers and they hunt The Dead for sport as well. Nor can Borg be turned by the Dead—vaccination unnecessary.

A structure in ruins beacons to them in the distance. In spite of it being an obvious trap, it is their mission objective.

Of note. Their stealth turned off. On a Dead world. Heretofore invisible runes and glyphs of an arcane nature become visible scripted upon the powered suits of the mercs. The formulas in question are algorithms developed by The Borg. Protection against magic. SOP—standard operating procedure, for the situation they find themselves in. Of course, Seven, being Borg, needs no such protection.

Borg are neither magical nor are they supernatural. In point of fact, they cannot perform magic. They do perform something equivalent to it through "vectors," though. On the flipside, they are immune to magic. And, just like all demons, they are assimilative. In Occult terms, Borg are quasi-demonic—they are the demonic toys postulated by the 8th century alchemist and futurist Charles Band in his *Arcane Robotics*. Furthermore, their Borg Queens are undead. And, while a Borg is a warlock, and thus paired with a Borg queen, they too are undead.

Why the Borg necromancer wards, warrants, and shields scripted on the powered suits of the mercs? The Dead aren't magical, but they are quasi-supernatural. The retro-virus which was initially thought to "turn" the victim and animate their corpse is in fact the mechanism used by a species of bodiless demons, Resurrectus Daemonium, to "rewrite" the DNA of the corpse into a genetically suitable host. It is the demon that animates the corpse. A new, demonic resident who has complete access to all of the memories of the original mortal occupant.

Up in the frozen north. There's far worse things on this cursed planet than The Dead. Things native to this Dead World. For example, the White Walkers. Truly, this is a necromancer's delight. In a world such as this, Borg aren't a luxury. They're a necessity. Something that the preceding Druid force learned much too late in spades.

The White Walkers are an ancient race of humanoid ice creatures, whose dominion is the Far North of Mortuus. It is called The Kingdom. Born on this Earth of powerful and untested magic, White Walkers were created to protect the Citizens of Atlantis from the First Ones of Troy. However, the White Walkers eventually broke free of their creators' control, made their Atlantean gods extinct, and made the Trojan rivals of their gods extinct as well.

While having an overall humanoid appearance, White Walkers differ greatly from humans. They are taller than humans and have long wispy white hair, and the males also commonly have a white beard. They have pale grey-white skin which is sinewy and stretched taut across their frames, giving them a somewhat gaunt, sinewy, and mummified appearance despite their overall bulky size. The females are well-endowed, their fleshy pendulous tits hang down almost to their narrow waists. Their most notable trait, however, is their glowing blue eyes.

As one would expect, because it is, after all, the natural order of things. There is a closed caste-based society. Therefore, amidst the White Walker there exists a ruling caste. Their number is unknown, and they are immediately distinguishable from their ruled "lessors" by the icy horns around their heads, resembling a crown of ice. All those seen so far all wear black armor of unknown material. First among these ruling "betters" are The Night Rulers—the Night King and the Night Queen—the overall leaders who are lineal rulers and thus whomever they might be they are always direct descendants of the first of the White Walkers to be conjured into existence over eight thousand years ago.

White Walkers possess magical powers related to ice and cold. Their arrival is usually accompanied by blizzards and the dropping of temperatures. They can also freeze anything they touch. White Walkers also have superhuman strength. The White Walkers wield swords and spears made from unique ice crystals.

However, one of their most deadly abilities is to reanimate the dead as their servants, known as Wights. They are actually capable of reviving dead animals as Wights, as a few White Walkers have been seen riding undead horses. They cannot, however, revive a corpse into servitude if it has been burned in fire. Once the Wights have been risen to serve the White Walkers, their eyes turn an icy blue, similar to the White Walkers' own eyes. Wights serve the Walkers without question.

The Night King and the Night Queen, the leaders of the White Walkers, also possess the ability to change humans into White Walkers. It is unknown if the other members of the ruling caste or members of the ruled caste are capable of performing the same magic as their king and queen.

In other words. Whether or not this magical ability extends to only the Night King and the Night Queen, all of the White Walkers amongst their ruling caste, or all White Walkers in general, remains to be seen.

Walkers are shown to be resistant to fire due to the extreme cold they radiate, which snuffs out any flame they approach. This ability was showcased when the Night Knight and the Night Queen wielding Death Totems felled Dragons of the Druid expeditionary force after having survived numerous blasts of dragon fire unscathed.

White Walkers speak a language known as “Skroth,” which sounds like the cracking of ice.

And. To digress even further. Borg necromancer scripts on merc exoskeleton. Arcane script, and they are Borg and therefore they are not magic.

The Mission
Round Three
Convergence

Up north. Deep in the realm of The Kingdom. An archaic horse-drawn stagecoach.

A Dragon? A Drakonian Dragaform. A Drake. Magical powers, immortal, shapeshifter. Scales, horns, fire breathing. The other gods.

From the driver's perspective. At the moment of detonation there's a flash. At that instant, the driver is able to see straight through her hands. She can see the veins. She can see the blood and all the skin tissue. She can see the bones and, worst of all; she can see the flash itself. It's like looking into a white-hot diamond, a second sun. This tremendous burst of light is followed shortly thereafter by the deep, growling roar of an explosion.

From the passengers' perspectives. There's a scream. Shrieks follow. It's the driver. A bright light penetrates the cabin. X-raying everything and everybody. Eye-melting luminescence. Then, the heat comes. Heat, akin to that experienced in a nuclear explosion, bathes the cabin. A slow, intense, searing heat which eats its way into your very bones— it feels as if someone is passing an electric fire through you. A large portion of the heat in a nuclear explosion is from the absorption of gamma rays emitted in the nuclear reaction.

Even to the most jaded world traveler, the whole scene is unbelievable. A source of wonderment. And awe-inspiring dread. No matter how many times that you see it. A gigantic, dirty-looking mushroom cloud forming in the now ravaged sky, visible for miles, dominating the horizon. An enormous ball of fire inhabits the base of the cloud and deadly-looking waves begin to emanate from its rippling base in all directions.

The quiet. That pause which ends when violent, gale-force winds hurl the carriage into the air and then slam it into the ground.

Everything that's been vaporized into ash by the initial blast gets sucked up by the vacuum of the subsequent vortex. An ash which falls to the ground as fallout.

The signature effects of a thermonuclear over blast. Someone has used forbidden atomics. Either an ICBM or a fire-breathing Dragon's WMD. Ballistic trajectory and blast forensics are identical.

What's telling is that the coach, its driver, and its three passengers are intact. Someone was watching their P's and Q's. In spite of the revelry and seemingly total abandon. Safeguards were in place.

A tessmacher, Ambassador Choo's, makes an opening in the bottom of the coach. The two women emerge first. The Ambassador is holding her forbidden ray gun in the ready. Both hands gripping it, conventionally. Sweeping the area with its muzzle.

Judith Moon is armed with a high-compression phase rifle slung underneath her duster and is nonchalant. Jack E Chan pulls up the rear. He too has a high-compression phase rifle slung underneath his greatcoat.

The three of them appear to be Asian and human. They are from the planet, not the continent, of Asia. But, they're not human. They're class-A Dragons.

Judith moves around to where the driver is. The horses are ash, gone. The driver might as well be. She's burnt toast. Fourth, fifth, and sixth degree burns cover ninety-nine percent of her body. Her eyes are melted in their sockets. Charred skin and clothes are indistinguishable—fused. Judith cums to the sight of it. Orgasm supreme. The driver is in that very dark place beyond agony—the so-called “original” Pain.

Judith wishes that she could trade places with the girl. Peroxide wisdom—she must make do. Getting by, Judith can only pleasure herself vicariously through the suffering of the now crispy, twenty-something, once flaxen-haired, former babe.

For a moment, the sadomasochist Judith contemplates just letting the girl suffer for a while. But, she needs answers. She needs to see what the girl saw. Pain from the injuries, especially the burns, could drive the girl insane. Hindering a scan. And, time is of the essence. This attack feels improvised. Someone is running scared. Scared murderers make mistakes.

“This will put you in a very happy place,” Judith coos to the driver as she injects something, lime green and fluorescent, into the driver's neck. The driver's agony-induced trashing ceases.

Judith mind-melds with the girl. Without consent, it's tantamount to rape. Nimble, Judith is in and out in a jiff. She also takes note of the girl's ink. The driver's arcane tattoos were those of the Druid queen's elites. Her eyes dart about taking in as much of the crime scene as she can before the authorities arrive and muck about.

Something looms large in sky. Seemingly. It came out of no place. A Dragon. The creature lands in their midst and changes into its mortal form.

The Dragon in question is Ancient Mia. She is a class-A Dragon, of course.

Ancient Mia. The High Council's “top dog” for handling disputes between and betwixt the supernatural superpowers. In this case, mediating a dispute between factions within a supernatural superpower—factions within in The Dragon Empire which she is a citizen of.

A Dragon. Ergo. Magical powers, immortal, able to change shape, that sort of thing. Very, very, very old. Furthermore, she was Hitler's chief rival on the High Council before he went off to start The Third Reich. And, just like Hitler, she too is an Old god.

Her sister, Madame Yun, married into the Royal Family. Madame Yun is one of the Dragon Empress' closet and most trusted advisors. Ancient Mia has no such partisan affiliations. She is as neutral as the Swiss.

Clothes manifest themselves. Ancient Mia is no longer naked. It is a now clothed Ancient Mia who is the first of the anticipated authorities to greet the new arrivals. Authorities in the role of neutral observers. Monitoring the first power struggle in The Dragon Empire in over a millennia.

Pretending—in her human form. She's better known as Nancy “Ka Shen” Kwan, a Hong Kong-born Eurasian-American actress now retired. As Ms. Kwan, she played a pivotal role in the acceptance of actors of Asian ancestry in major Hollywood film roles. Ms. Kwan is widely praised for her beauty, and is considered one of the seminal sex symbols of the 1960s, and still considered one of the greatest sex symbols of all times.

Of course, there was that short, fascinating stint as a likeness of Standard Oil heiress and legendary American trendsetter Millicent Rogers—Magnificent Milly—which is detailed at length in *Searching for Beauty: The Life of Millicent Rogers*. Milly being the guise that immediately preceded the resumption of her current, most recurring pseudonym.

Dragon versus Dragon. This is not the only civil war that Ancient Mia is in the midst of negotiating. Something is also brewing among The White Walkers. Unprecedented strife in the supernatural world. Wars and rumors of war. Every which way. As if the supernatural world were taking a bloody page from the mundane world.

The Mission
Round Four
Divergence

Down south. Where The Territories meet The Kingdom. Seven's away team.

Daemonium. In a realm where magic and technology intersect, and coexist, a shifty, cigar-smoking wizard finds himself in the middle of a war with the powers of hell.

And, as if this is the demo for a new weapon system. Unbeknownst to the away team, all forms of planetary surveillance resumes. This happens, one hour into their incursion.

D.S.C. Disposable Synthetic for Combat. DSC look human enough, but they are stronger and much more durable than mundanes. And. They have molecular acid for blood. The shiny new penny in the art of war. That's what the two Nazis were. Their bodies have been ripped apart and feasted upon. The similarly mutilated corpse of a dead Druid lies, nearby; a body that has been partially burned by the blast from a staff weapon—burnt by one of his comrades so that he could not be risen as a Wight or a White Walker.

Even the uniforms worn by the Nazis were facsimiles. Very good facsimiles, but facsimiles, nonetheless. True to form, the Nazis sent disposables on the mission. Naively and arrogantly, the Druids and the Dragons sent the real deal.

Plausible deniability, for the Third Reich. If the mission went south, the Nazis could always claim that completely unbeknownst to them, a rogue faction must be involved. They keep their genocidal hands clean. The Dragons and the Druids have no such out.

Seven and her team take quick stock of the massacre, before continuing on. Forthwith. They are set upon by the Dead and are overwhelmingly outnumbered, twice. And, in both cases, they annihilate the attacking hordes of the Dead. At a choke point, they are set upon for a third and worst time. This time, the number of the Dead exponentially eclipses that of the two previous attacks combined. And. The Dead are fortified by Wights and White Walkers.

A DSC cannot be turned. But. A Druid can be. One of the attackers in this third assault is a Druid, from the expeditionary force, resurrected as a Wight and he is wielding his staff weapon.

The away team postures in the expected defensive formation, colloquially known as a wagon fort. The start of the melee is punctuated by a discharge from the staff weapon of a Druid-turned-Wight.

Formally. The next step in the logical evolution of the phalanx of ancient Sparta. A **wagon fort** is a mobile fortification made of wagons arranged into a rectangle, a circle, or other shape, and possibly joined with each other forming an improvised military camp.

Also known as a **laager** (from Afrikaans) (English: leaguer) the *Laager* of the settlers in South Africa, the “ad carraginem” of the Roman Empire, and the *vozová hradba* (“wagon wall”) of the Hussites. Known under the German word *Wagenburg* (“wagon castle”), and known as *tabors* in the armies of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth and Cossacks.

Specifically. One of the earliest examples of using conjoined wagons as fortification is described in the Chinese historical record *Book of Han*. During the 119 BC Battle of Mobei of the Han–Xiongnu War, the famous Han general Wei Qing used armored wagons known as “Wu Gang Wagon” (武剛車) in ring formations to neutralize the Xiongnu’s cavalry charges, before launching a counteroffensive which overran the nomads.

In the 15th century, during the Hussite Wars, the Hussites developed tactics of using the tabors, called *vozová hradba* in Czech or *Wagenburg* by the Germans, as mobile fortifications. When the Hussite army faced a numerically superior opponent, the Bohemians usually formed a square of the armed wagons, joined them with iron chains, and defended the resulting fortification against charges of the enemy. Such a camp was easy to establish and practically invulnerable to enemy cavalry. The etymology of the word *tabor* may come from the Hussite fortress and modern day Czech city of Tábor, which itself is a name derived from biblical Jezreel mountain of Tavor (in Hebrew תבור).

A *laager*, *lager*, *leaguer*, or *laer* (Afrikaans, from Dutch *leger* (camp or army); pronounced 'lɑːgər or 'liɡər). The word is South African in origin, and originally referred to a formation used by travelers whereby they would draw wagons into a circle and place cattle and horses on the inside to protect them from raiders or nocturnal animals. Laager were extensively used by the Voortrekkers of the Great Trek during the 1830s. The laager was put to the ultimate test on 16 December 1838, when an army of ten thousand Zulu Impis besieged and were defeated by approximately 350 Voortrekkers in the aptly named Battle of Blood River.

A *tabor* is a convoy or a camp formed by horse-drawn wagons. For example, nomadic Gypsies used to wander and camp in *tabor* formations. Tabors supported the armies in Europe between the 13th and 20th centuries. Tabors usually followed the armies and carried all the necessary supplies and rear units, such as field kitchens, armorers, or shoemakers.

The tactics were later copied by various armies of Central Europe, including the army of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth. In the 16th and 17th centuries, these tactics were also mastered by the Cossacks, who used their tabors for the protection of marching troops as well.

Similar ad hoc, defensive formations were used in the United States, and were called **corrals**. These were traditionally used by 19th century American settlers travelling to the West in convoys of Conestoga wagons.

This tactic was popularly known as “*circling up the wagons*,” and survives into the modern day as an idiom describing a person or group preparing to defend themselves from attack or criticism.

Invented by humans. Adopted by The Borg. In this modern incarnation, combatants wearing powered armor are substituted for the traditional wagons, and are formed in what’s formally known as an inverted phalanx—a defensive formation which resembles a phalanx folded in upon itself. It is the most effective way, and some would say only way, for vastly outnumbered groups of the living to defend against marauding hordes of The Dead.

Of course. Every defense has its weakness. Such can be said of every offense. The weakness of the wagon-fort is quite obvious against what is figuratively-speaking a limitless horde of The Dead. No matter how many you destroy, there’s always more to replace them.

And. In the case of phasers, for example. Even with serial reboots, eventually your weapon seizes. Or. You run out of charged magazines, before you get to the point of your weapon seizing. And, during the reboots, your weapon cannot be fired.

With Series 2 phasers, reboots happen in less than five seconds. With practice, a magazine can be changed in the same scant duration. Still, those are seconds during which the shooter is vulnerable, and the Dead do not hesitate to take advantage.

What the away team appears to be armed with are Series 2 phasers. But. Unbeknownst to them, they have been armed with Series 3 phasers, and this is their first “live fire” field test.

Series 3 phasers are not supposed to seize. They are in fact supposed to run smoother and more efficiently the more you fire them. They can be fired while they reboot. Using standard charge magazines, the phaser itself will continuously recharge the magazine, keeping the magazine at peak charge. The only reason to change a magazine in battle is if the magazine fails, and modern magazines never fail unless they are damaged or defective.

Bottomline. Series 3s are designed to be continuously fired indefinitely.

As for the living combatants. The humans are on the latest and greatest version of stimms, injected into their bodies by their suits of armor. Seven is a Borg warlock, the tactical equivalent of a Borg queen. As such, Seven can fight continuously; cycling endlessly between wake and sleep cycles.

Bottomline. The living combatants will fight until their experience a physical meltdown.

The combination of this new model of phasers wielded by these “enhanced” operators, who are networked via Delicious Brains configured as Undead Bliss 2. Is an extinction event.

Bottomline. This massive herd of undead. A horde which spans half the Territories. The largest single herd in undead creation. Is butchered wholesale, by one warlock and six humans—seven people collectively constituting a weapon of mass destruction!

The Mission
Round Five
Zero Node

Cube Zero is a 2004 Canadian independent science fiction psychological horror thriller film, written and directed by Ernie Barbarash. It is the third film in the *Cube* film series, being a prequel to the series.

Even though the first two films take place almost entirely within the maze, *Cube Zero* takes place in both the interior and exterior of the cube, as well as the aftermath. The film also reverts to the industrial-designed, colored rooms of the first film, but with a refreshed and redesigned set.

Reviews have been positive, claiming a more dramatic, and thrilling film in the series, but significantly less than *Cube*.

What remains of the combined Dragon-Druid Expeditionary Force, is quite telling. The standard series seven shots proved ineffectual. Fallen turned in spite of their vaccinations. Hence the need to burn the bodies. The advance guard of two thousand BECs, used as shock troops, has been destroyed. The rear guard of one thousand BECs has just as readily been destroyed. As far as the main contingent is concerned, the six Unspeakables, ten Feng Shui, and two replicant humans are dead. Of the six Druids, three remain alive, all badly wounded—Samuel and Grace are turning from their wounds, but for some unknown reason, Nicole is unaffected.

Something inexplicable is also afoot, besides the ineffectual vaccinations or the fact that only Nicole's vaccinations seem to be effective. With what remained of their group being overrun by the Dead. The extinction of their group in sight by the most horrible and violent means imaginable. The Dead suddenly ceased their attack and left in mass toward the direction in which the expeditionary force had come, as if they were needed as reinforcements.

Nicole blacks out. Images of Samuel and her sister, both turned, eating her alive, torture her mind.

When you lose consciousness, hearing is the last of your senses to go. When you regain consciousness, it's the first to return. Nicole hears voices.

“He's done. She's not far behind.” A male voice, professional and matter-of-fact.

“Let her die, too.” A female voice, cold and unfeeling. “Fall back, and don't fire on either of them when they reanimate.”

Nicole opens her eyes. She is being tended to by a woman. The woman is injecting her with a fluorescent lime-green liquid. It's reanimation reagent—a prototype variant the SGC has been working on. Nicole is not dead, and being reanimated by it. She's very much alive. The purpose in her case is to heal her extensive injuries posthaste.

“She's awake,” announces the woman attending Nicole. Hers is not the harsh female voice heard earlier.

A woman with a horrid face walks over. She's obviously a warlock. And, by process of elimination, is the source of the harpy's voice previously heard.

"Feeling better, Nicole?" The warlock asks, mockingly.

Nicole sits up in time to see her sister twitching on the ground and then expire. Grace was also foaming at the mouth at the time of death as if rabid. Convulsing, foaming at the mouth, rabid—Samuel, all of the fallen for that matter, died the very same way.

Druid-turned-Wight. Both Druids reanimate in unison. They stand up as Wights and advance on the away team. The away team falls back as previously instructed.

Seven's eyes fluoresce lime-green, momentarily.

The Wights collapse on the ground and revert back to being Druids while thrashing about, violently. Nicole was the unknowing butt of a very cruel joke.

"You should have seen your face when they came back Wight. Hee-hee-hee. You thought they were lost forever."

Nicole forces her body to stand. Weak. Still healing. She spits in the warlock's face.

Seven licks the priestess' saliva off of her face. An inhumanly-wide grin paints her face.

Nicole reins in her emotions, refusing to give the Borg girl anymore satisfaction at her expense.

"While I was unconscious. You injected them with reagent at, or just before, the time of death."

"Bravo. Beauty and brains." A pause for effect. "One correction, though. It was my associate here," Seven points at the woman tending to Nicole, "who injected them."

"The reagent must be some experimental variant that I've not heard of before."

"No comment." A grating remark accompanied by that mocking smile.

"I have questions."

"I'll bet you do."

"I didn't succumb. The others did. We were all vaccinated."

"You were vaccinated. The others received a placebo."

"What?!"

"Elders vouched for you. Your allegiances are well-known. As for the others." Seven shrugs her shoulders. "They were either on the wrong side, or sitting on the fence waiting for things to sort themselves out."

"Yes, Samuel and my sister are neutral. But, they are not part of the pro-Democracy movement, let alone the uprising."

"Fence sitters. Wrong thinkers. Same difference."

"Bullshit! Their loyalty to their betters is beyond reproach."

“These are not, never have been, nor will they ever be, democracies. Therefore the matter is not up for discussion. Democracy is an unnatural form of governance concocted by mundanes. And, as such, it has no place in our societies—either supernatural society or The Borg Collective. Furthermore, I will not debate with you or anyone else for that matter democracy’s relevancy to either your supernatural kind or to The Borg. The Borg stand with The Elders. Old ones for old ones. Young ones for old ones. Those who have always ruled, should always rule. The natural order of things.”

“This is about a cleansing. And about being made an example of.”

Unspoken of. This is also about The Borg coming out and officially choosing a side in the midst of this social upheaval. They too have a stake in the outcome of this revolution. If the movement is successful in its reforming of supernatural society and if it spreads to The Borg Collective—the Borg queens could be rendered irrelevant if not out and out overthrown along with the rest of the old guard.

“Now, you get it. The young who have strayed must be reminded of their place in the scheme of things.”

“Reminded and purged.”

“Yes.”

“You spared Samuel and my sister because they were neutral. But, they’ve been put on notice: choose a side, the right side, our side, the side of The Elders, or be exterminated the next time.”

“Exactly.”

Changing subjects. With a single question, Nicole acknowledges that The Borg are the game changers that she never imagined that they could be.

“Even sabotaged—the odds stacked against us from the git-go—if we had your kind with us, we would have been successful?”

Instead of answering Nicole. Seven turns her attention to the head merc, who she hands her rifle and gun belt to. Now, seemingly unarmed, she heads toward the ruins, which are just over the border in The Kingdom.

No doubt about it. The ruined structure has been moved. It was just inside of the border on The Territories’ side, when the away team arrived.

Their mission objective. An obvious trap, indeed.

The Mission
Round Six
The End Game

Seven steps across the border. From the perspective of the away team and the surviving Druids, Seven is walking unmolested toward the ruins. Walking toward, but never reaching. It's an optical illusion. A very elaborate one. But, an illusion, nonetheless.

From her perspective, Seven is somewhere else, entirely. She's in a zero node. It's dimly lit. A chamber in which she's suddenly not alone. A portal is being used to populate this place. White Walker princes and princesses surround her. They keep their distance.

Finally. Princess Storm approaches her. Breaking the stalemate.

"You should bow down to your new headmistress, robot."

"No thank you. I already have a bevy of queens to serve."

"They're all dead, by now. Overwhelmed and then dismantled as the Night King and the Night Queen watched. Our former rulers were in cahoots with us. Seeing the writing on the wall, they betrayed their oldest allies to save their precious necks. We're going to make them into our pets, licking our boot heels. If you're lucky, the same fate will befall you."

"Unbeknownst to y'all, we invented the portals. They can't be used against us. Your coup was unsuccessful. And. Along those same lines. You didn't abduct me. I allowed myself to be taken."

"Liar!"

"Predictably. Your rulers were playing both sides against the middle. We, The Borg, forgive them for this transgression. And. Now, that you have come out of the shadows and revealed yourself. It's time for this game to end. Your overconfidence has betrayed you."

Windows into the abyss. Seven's eyes become black pools of nothingness. Her captors are unmade. There is no evidence of what the robot girl has just done.

Seven is back on the Dead planet, walking toward the ruins which she finally reaches. She waves back at her comrades. Mission accomplished.

When they exfil via the stargate, Seven goes through first, followed by the away team and the Druids. When they arrive back at the SGC black site. Seven returns last. She got detoured.

The Detour
A Tourist Point of View

“She’s done well. Reward her.”

“Yes, my queen.”

“And, as for you two. Next time, we won’t be so forgiving.”

She emerges from the stargate, wearing Lucy’s face instead of Seven’s. It’s the surface of Europa. Not hers, of course. But, one in a universe where humans haven’t foot. Technically, she’s still human.

She plants a small flag there and a note. The note reads: “I was here, first.” It’s signed “Lucy.” She bought the flag and wrote the note when she was eight years old.

The Chronology of Events

The order that events were written and published:

- **And So It Begins**
- **The Dreams**
- **Trouble in Paradise**
- **Avatar**
- **I'm so GLAAD to see you, again**
- **Reborn Better**
- **The One-Percent Solution**
- **The Borg babe in black**
- **Prelude to a Kiss**
- **Interlude**
- **The Briefing**
- **Strange Days**
- **Strange Nights**
- **The Mission**
- **The Detour (a reward for a job well done)**

The order that events occurred:

- **And So It Begins**
- **The Dreams**
- **Trouble in Paradise**
- **Avatar**
- **I'm so GLAAD to see you, again**
- **Reborn Better**
- **The Briefing**
- **The One-Percent Solution**
- **Prelude to a Kiss**
- **Interlude**
- **The Mission**
- **The Detour (a reward for a job well done)**
- **The Borg babe in black**
- **Strange Days**
- **Strange Nights**

The End