

Nosferatu

By

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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?

I'm so GLAAD to meet you, again

The English Kate (Kate Middleton). A modern-day anachronism. Beautiful tailoring on this otherwise drab vintage 1940s ladies' business suit. Medium weight 100% Vera Wong wool in a nice flecked gray tweed. No accents, whatsoever. Severe. Form fitting and figure flattering.

It's akin to what you'd expect a plainclothes nun might wear. Known in haute couture as the "morbid, little grey suit." In Cosplay circles, when this drab suit is worn with a nun's headpiece, it's known as the "naughty nun's outfit."

The jacket features a nipped waist with princess seaming, oversized pockets at front, three-quarter-length sleeves, and a severe English cut, but with a cleavage-baring revere collar which results in a plunging cleavage-baring neckline even when it's fully buttoned. In other words, a deep V-neckline even when it's fully buttoned akin to a stripper's suit—strictest English tailoring with a daring French-cut collar. Large original matched buttons at front. Fully lined.

The matching pencil skirt, has a high fitting banded waist with metal back zipper. A pencil skirt, its hemline hits just above-the-knee—a daring hemline that never fails to tease—though clearly not a miniskirt, legitimate or otherwise. Includes original matching belt.

Other vintage skirt touches include its wide waist band, midcentury silhouette, adorable button tabs on the hips lend a dash of retro embellishment while its above-mentioned back-zipper nips in your figure. It's simply delightful!

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

It is afterhours. Very late at night.

Miss Greta Lucille Hart is interviewing for a librarian position at St. George's. She sits stiff-backed in a hard wooden chair in the office of Ms. Barbara Elizabeth Covett, the library's headmistress.

What isn't public knowledge is that Babs, a published educator, is also the owner of the library.

In spite of being such a tightwad, and living a spare and Spartan life, Babs is quite wealthy—filthy rich. She has the financial means of getting what she wants. The fact that she is rich, is also not commonly known.

Babs 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 Aryan. She's also an alpha female, of the overtly bulldyke persuasion.

Lucy, 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 Babs 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. Babs 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, Headmistress Covett 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 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 no-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 Babs. She prefers going barelegged and wearing a skirt that hits just above the knees. It's why she wears a Kate, instead of the stodgier Kaye which has a skirt that hits just below the knees.

Being a supernatural female, Babs' 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 supernatural 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.

“An illicit affair with a student that cost you everything—your husband, your stepchildren, your career, and your reputation. You were a military history teacher, and a very good one, at an elite Oxford boarding school—well-respected by the faculty, and very popular with the students and the parents, until your fall from grace. You have a Ph.D., got it at Cambridge just after you turned twenty-five. You are a very clever girl, and, a very beautiful one, I might add.”

In a clearly predatory move, designed to provoke. Babs sits on the edge of her desk in front of Lucy. Her legs are gaped, teasingly—flashing inner thighs and a glimpse of 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 desperately needs this job. And, Babs, 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 Babs 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 was exonerated of all charges. The teenager recanted.”

“Yes. Yes. Yes. In a suicide note. But. By, then the damage was done. You had been convicted of statutory rape and had served six months of a two year sentence. A lot of people still believe you're guilty, that somehow you found a way to manipulate the boy from your jail cell and convinced him to commit suicide after recanting his accusations against you in a suicide note.”

Finally, Lucy loses control.

“I'm innocent! I never touched him! I've never acted improper or inappropriate with any student!

Angry. Sobbing. Lucy starts to lunge out of her chair.

“Your reputation is in ruins. No decent educational institution will have you. Now sit back down or get out. You’re wasting my time.”

Babs’ voice is hard and stern. Deep for a woman. Raspy. Her manner and mannerisms are masculine, too.

Lucy swallows hard, sucks in her pride, and sits back down. She slumps in the chair, finally defeated.

“Please forgive me for my outburst. I was being ungrateful for the kind opportunity you are offering me.”

Lucy nearly chokes on her own words. Babs disgusts her, and that disgust grows exponentially with the passing of every minute.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Lucy is out of options. She and her older husband separated after her six-month stint in prison for statutory rape. The student she was convicted of having an affair with was only fifteen at the time of their torrid trysts, trysts that never happened. She’s broke. Bills are mounting. She’s two months in the rears for the rent on her flat, and she can only charm her elderly married landlord for so long. She spent the last of her money on this get-up, a get-up per Babs’ dictate.

“Please forgive me for my outburst, **headmistress**. I was being ungrateful for the kind opportunity you are offering me.”

“Excellent. Now sit up straight.”

Lucy adjusts her posture and now again sits stiff-backed in the chair.

“Good. Very good. Now. When does your divorce become final?”

“Next month, headmistress.”

“And will you get custody of the kids?”

“No, headmistress. Nor will I get visitation.”

“Alimony?”

“None, headmistress.”

“Excellent. And don’t look so surprised. I know quite a bit about you. I’ve kept tabs on you since we first met, you cock tease.”

“What?!”

Babs slaps Lucy hard across the face. Bringing more tears to her eyes. But. What Lucy doesn’t do is to defend herself, which is totally out of character. Lucy should be fighting back—mere moments ago, she would have, for such an affront. This is about more than just her with her back to the wall and needing to eat crow. The butch hit her.

Lucy’s totally inappropriate response, the girl’s lack of response, brings a broad smile to Babs’ face. It’s as if Babs has finally gained some purchase on Lucy, through the earlier surreptitious administration of a mind control drug that has taken effect in a delayed fashion.

The old woman’s lecherous gaze intensifies. Her stare bores right through the girl.

“Beg pardon, on your knees!”

Lucy does as she is told.

“Forgive me, headmistress.”

“Hands behind your back!”

Again. Lucy does as she is told. Babs gets off the desk and rips open the girl’s blouse. The butch lesbian squeezes the bulging cups of the girl’s rocket bra. Lucy’s stomach turns. Babs’ large powerful hands look like they belong to a man.

“Please, headmistress. Not this!” Lucy pleads.

And again. Babs slaps her hard across the face.

And again. Lucy reacts inappropriately—acting submissive, instead of retaliating in kind.

“You don’t recognize me let alone even remember me, do you, from when we first met at a teacher’s convention, years ago? You and your stuck-up, prick tease friends making fun of the dowdy butch spinster, knowing full well that the spinster was Nosferatu. That spinster was me. Oh how I have craved you from afar so much over all these years. Now, the tables are turned.”

Then. As if Babs had slipped Lucy a mickey-finn much earlier and it had finally taken full effect. Lucy swoons. Passing out on the floor. Mouth open slackly, drooling. Babs didn’t dose Lucy with chloral hydrate. The butch used something much more insidious and potent than that on the girl.

Before the beginning of the interview, Babs offered Lucy some tea. The girl accepted. Both woman are British and Aryan. Together, they ended up emptying a kettle.

Babs had doused the tea in the kettle with her own taken. Taken is the “special” saliva Nosferatu secrete when they are feeding upon someone that they are trying to enslave.

For good measure, to reduce the girl a complete catatonic, Babs jabs Lucy in the neck with a hypo filled with a Thorazine/Lithium/Prozac cocktail. She empties the syringe’s mix of mind-scrambling drugs into the girl’s jugular vein. When she was much younger, Babs was a nurse in an insane asylum.

Babs feels the girl up, letting her hands roam freely over the drugged girl’s ripe body. And. Then. The moment she has waited so long for. She yanks Lucy’s skirt down, undoes her intended’s panty briefs, and sodomizes the girl. Afterwards, she completely loses control, repeatedly striking the girl in the face and kicking the girl in the ribs and abdomen. In her twisted mind such vengeance is necessary, the girl must be disciplined, humiliated, and degraded. In other words, break the girl down completely and then rebuild the girl from the ground up in her exact image.

The butch has plans for the girl. Lucy will move in with her. In time, she will turn the girl, and then they will marry. No longer will Babs live alone with her cats, scribbling in her diary.

Of course, being a diehard conservative, by Babs’ traditionalist way of thinking, marriage is the perfect end game.

Babs is much too strident in her beliefs to marry food a human being. Hence, the reason why the girl must be turned, before they can marry.

And the alternatives?

Living together in sin. The option of taking up with food and shacking up. In lieu of marriage, Babs craves a “friends with fringe benefits” relationship with a deranged, depraved, sexual-twisted version of the girl.

And then there’s the final option. Push comes to shove. Worst case scenario. Babs can turn Lucy into a mindless insatiable sex toy by killing the girl and then resurrecting her as Dead using a reanimation reagent. The ultimate expression of sexual objectification.

Unlike in the movies and in those insipid Gothic novels, making someone is dicey, at best. Further complicating things is that it’s been almost a century since she’s made anyone. She will definitely need assistance with this monumental undertaking.

First things first, though. Babs must extend and maintain her “influence” over the girl. And. At this critical juncture, Babs can’t risk feeding upon the girl to accomplish that. Feeding would leave those telltale marks. So, again. She makes the same conventional choice, a human counterpart of her ilk would make.

Rohypnol. The date rape drug of choice for sexual predators. A small 2-milligram dose can put a person into an excited, agitated, and disinhibited state, leaving only amnesia. When its effects begin to become manifest, the victim becomes highly suggestable, and, unlike with hypnosis, they will do things they normally wouldn’t do. In much larger doses its mind controlling effects are analogous to those of a Nosferatu’s taken.

A 9-milligram dose of the date rape drug and some judicious use of electroshock, and the girl won’t remember what really happened to her this evening including Babs brutally and violently assaulting her. Babs will reset the girl’s memories of the evening, and rewrite them. Lucy will remember an uneventful interview, getting the job, and being mugged by a man on her way back home to her flat.

But. There’s more. On the off chance that the girl should start to remember and experience flashbacks of the true events of the evening, she will suffer debilitating migraines which will sweep those real memories back into her subconscious. That’ll also be due to what Babs will do to the girl chemically. It’s called a chemical lobotomy, also known as an ice pick lobotomy, or simply an ice pick. Additionally, the ice pick will have an “interesting” effect on the girl’s libido—a side effect most desired by Babs.

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. Babs is in-between obsessions. Late one evening, Sheba appears at her front door, sobbing and disheveled.

Babs 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.’”

They're in the sitting room. Just the two of them. Babs 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 on the job.

But. Increasingly. For reasons Lucy doesn't know herself. The girl is dressing archaic off-duty, too. For example. The fancy old-fogey brassiere she's wearing is one that Babs bought her. This anachronism is one of her work 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 her employer Babs 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 doesn't know 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 her butch boss to no end.

They live together, employer and employee. Lucy, who doubles as the housekeeper, stays in the guest bedroom. They've had this arrangement for the last six months, and it seems to be working fine, but it shouldn't. Because. After all, Babs is an obsessive-compulsive bulldyke with obvious designs on her employee Lucy—designs that are clearly nefarious and lecherous. And Lucy, the object of Babs' cravings, is straight.

The girl, of course, has no memory, whatsoever of what happened that fateful night a year ago. The night when Babs sexually assaulted her during a job interview. Whenever she does start to remember what really happened, blinding migraines put a stop to her remembering.

Lucy has always been attracted to older men. 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. Now, of late, she finds herself attracted to Babs, a much older woman. And when she gets the hots for Babs, 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.

She and Barbara 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 Barbara, like she did several times during the two movies tonight. When Babs 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 Babs.

Lucy never experiences these incidents of lesbian sexual dementia, for very long. At their longest, they last only moments. And. Afterwards. She completely forgets about the incidents. She'll forget about being attracted to Babs. She'll forget about longing for Babs. She'll forget about wanting to grab the old woman's ass. She'll forget about everything.

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

Publically, Lucy's and Babs' relationship remains purely platonic. In private, it's another matter entirely. Of course, Lucy has no conscious awareness of this, whatsoever.

The girl slams her door shut and climbs into bed. She masturbates, fantasizing about going at it with Babs. Then she just stops and simply forgets that she just finger fucked herself into mind-numbing oblivion while thinking about doing her butch boss.

Most of the girl's things are now stored in the basement, in boxes. She doesn't wear them anymore. What's mostly in her closet and dresser, are the things that Babs has picked out and purchased for her. The same severe frumpy unattractive things that severe frumpy unattractive Barbara wears. And, when Lucy wears them, she's just as severe, frumpy, and unattractive as Babs is—things that make her look just as sexually repressed as Babs 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 Babs' 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.

At Babs' insistence, she allowed Babs to pay for her to have permanent makeup—plastic surgery that involved site-specific injections of a retrovirus into her face, finger tips, and toes.

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 her 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.

Barbara, who followed the girl into the bedroom, watches her covetously. Lucy acts as if Babs isn't in the room with her—as if the old lady is masked from her perception.

Babs especially likes to watch the girl shower in the room's adjoining bathroom, while entertaining a mental replay of that lethal shower scene in Alfred Hitchcock's 1960 masterpiece *Psycho*. Substituting her Lucy for Hitch's Marion Crane (Janet Leigh). And substituting herself for the homicidal Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) in drag dressed in his murdered mother's dowdy clothes.

The old woman orgasms thinking about hacking Lucy to death in the infamous shower scene, each and every time she entertains that mental replay.

Thoughts like that drive Babs to want Lucy in even worse ways. But. The butch is rushing nothing, though. She's invested way too much in this and she's too close to the prize to let impatience fuck things up. This will not be a repeat of her fiasco with Sheba Hart.

Babs believes that it is destiny that these two unrelated obsessions of hers Sheba Hart and Greta Hart, share the same last name. By her convoluted way of thinking, it means that she's fated to possess both women, forever. Currently, she's only in possession of one of them—that one being Lucy, of course.

Hopefully, Babs thinks, Lucy won't react the same way Sheba did during full disclosure. Babs went completely bonkers in reaction to Sheba's total rejection of her as a mate and her offer of immortality.

For almost a year, in total violation of ROE and in clear violation of human laws, Babs kept Sheba confined against her will in a locked soundproofed room in the basement that only Babs had a key for. The room was well hidden behind a false wall.

It was only by pure happenstance and chance, that the authorities eventually figured out what was going on. Sheba is free and back in the world. Babs' private basement prison has been dismantled. Babs was tried and convicted of her crimes, and is still under probation. A strict probation she is in clear violation of in lieu of what she's doing to Lucy.

Luc vs. Luce vs. Loose

“**Little Lucy is due July 15th**. As we use her name more, we’ve found ourselves using the nicknames ‘Loose’ and ‘Lucy Goosey.’ However, we’re not sure how to spell it. We’re afraid Loose may lead to bad connotations. Suggestions?”

“I would stick with Luce.”

“This reminds me of the song Crafty by the Beastie Boys. I think Luce works but she probably won’t like it come middle school. Lucy Goosey is cute and after she is born other little nicknames will appear.”

“Start over with your naming process.”

“I definitely would not spell it Loose. I think if you were putting it in casual writing, like ‘Hey, Luc, make sure to do the dishes before we get home!’ ‘Luc’ would make the most sense even though phonetically, Luce or Loose would be correct.”

“Definitely Luce!!!!”

“Why should she start over the naming process? Goodness gracious, I vote ‘Luc’ or ‘Luce!’”

“Luce.”

“Luc makes me want to pronounce it Luck or Luke. You will probably not write it down very often, but Luce is best.”

“Use Luce!”

“Have you thought of naming her Lucia instead of Lucy or Luce? Lucia (*Loo-cee-ah*).”

“I agree with comment three.”

“I adore the name Lucy. Shortening it to ‘Loose’ probably comes naturally, but I wouldn’t use it as the kind of nickname you actually write down, so I wouldn’t worry how to spell it. You could also shorten it to Lu, which is cute and casual and easy to spell.”

They are born, not made, Nosferatu. Therefore, they are both considered to be pure breeds. Socially, there is no distinction made between made and born. And. A Nosferatu who was born human and then later turned is genetically indistinguishable from a pure breed.

Nosferatu are one of several parallel dominate supernatural species. Some supernaturalists humans who study supernatural beings would even go so far as to say that Nosferatu are the oldest, and therefore, the most powerful of those species. Chronology is power in the supernatural world.

“Now that you’ve had a chance to examine her, what do you think?”

“The girl will need to stay in twilight a bit longer than you thought.”

“But. Will you two help me?”

“We will, on one condition.”

“Name it.”

“My master The Master and I will need to use the girl from time to time.”

“Of course. That goes without saying. But. It must be with the girl’s express consent.”

“Yes. Yes. Yes. There is harshness to her pretty face that complements her deep blue eyes and generous mouth. The Master and I can make great use of one such as her, once she has been turned and gives her consent. And. We will need to test drive her, at least once, before she’s turned.”

“My thoughts, exactly.”

“You cannot know beforehand if she will give her consent once she has turned. Of course, we fully understand that. Therefore, our help isn’t contingent upon her consent. Our deal is simply that, you will not block our use of a Nosferatu her if she gives her consent to be used by us.”

“Yes. That is our verbal contract.”

“Excellent.”

“We have a deal?”

“Yes.”

Babs is in the kitchen, seated across from a skinny, frail-looking, old woman. A woman with the face of a Halloween witch. A woman much older looking and much older chronologically than Babs. Her name is Mrs. Huff, Mildred Louise Huff. She is filthy and smelly, and so are her ruined clothes. Mildred looks like what she is, a feral baglady who lives in the sewers and eats garbage when she’s not eating human beings. Her large teeth are so filthy, they look rotten—big teeth with receded gums, but, not a razorblade smile. A long, facile tongue that whips about in her mouth like a snake, when she’s not talking, but, not a killer tongue. Long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails. Heavy, unbecoming, pancake makeup. No shoes or stockings, and no underwear for that matter. Floppy, pendulous tits with disfiguring stretch marks and disgusting stringbean nipples. Tits that hang down almost to her waist. Fetid breath. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Lily-white skin that is so dirty, patches of her skin are black. Reeks of urine, feces, cum, and jism. A junkie, a whore, and a drunk—avocations, not vocations. Filthy and infested. Zero personal hygiene. A tortured, insanity-ravaged face. Long dirty greasy geriatric hair that drapes her shoulders. The list goes on and on.

“And. She will not remember I was here?”

“No.”

“But. She will recall (*recall*) everything, before she willingly and willfully makes her decision?”

Babs pauses, then answers, reluctantly.

“Yes. The choice will be of her own free will after full and complete disclosure, per ROE. No monkey business, whatsoever.”

“Excellent. You risk exile or even worse, you risk destruction, otherwise. And, I can’t stress this enough: The Council will not tolerate a repeat of what happened with that Sheba woman.”

“I understand, fully.”

“By not going to the authorities, forthwith, with what we know, The Master and I are clearly in violation of human law. We’re complicit. But. We are not in violation of ROE, although it could be argued that we’re splitting hairs.”

“You’ll be informing The Council, posthaste, of what’s going on?”

“Of course. That goes without saying. And. Know this, also. Strict safeguards will be put in place, this time. So that no amount of chicanery on your part will prevent disclosure of any deceit or treachery of yours.”

As previously mentioned, Mildred is feral. Ferals aka skimmers aka Skinwalkers are formally known as Bohemians. Away from the mainstream. In their native habitat. They wear the uncured skins of their human victims—faces, torsos, hands, feet, etc., both as decorations and as articles of clothing. At times, they are lucid and sane, and are quite learned, in point of fact. At other times, they are completely and utterly insane. The kind of mind-shredding, foaming at the mouth, ranting and raving, shrieking at the full moon, straitjacket and shackles in the looney bin, despicable, deranged, filthy and infested, homicidal insanity. As such. They represent a dichotomy. But. They do not represent what it is to be Nosferatu in its basest form—that dubious honor is reserved for The Master.

On one end of the spectrum are Aryans, like Babs. And, on the other end, is The Master. In-between are The Bohemians. The Trinity, of this world—three distinct incarnations of what it means to be undead, in this universe.

If the very existence of The Bohemians doesn’t finally and utterly debunk Bram Stoker’s Gothic, Victorian ideal of the romantic Nosferatu, then surely the existence of The Master does? No bare-chested Twilight fantasies of Jacob and Edward? The answer to all of those questions and others like them is a resounding “yes.” Now, doesn’t that take the starch out of your knickers, so to speak?

Born Better

Time's on their side, not ours. They're immortal. Mind you, their kind do age, they just don't age like us finite mortals do. They are unchanging, except in the positive. They only feign the "negatives" of old age, that's when/if they choose to. Thus, from a typical mortal's point of view, growing old for their kind is one big sham. As the years pass for them, their potency, prowess, and the realization of their true potential always grows mentally, physically, and sexually. It's just the opposite of what happens to even the most robust, baby-faced, and long-lived of us. We mortals like all living beings except for them are captive to the negative progression that Nature dictates. Growing old for us is always synonymous with decay, a decay which culminates with the usual death bed scene: a wan complexion and painfully drawn features. Even when we try and cheat, for example, by using half-n-half, we're only postponing the inevitable. Our bodies always betray us in the end. Theirs never do.

They are in The Master's place. The Master, Mildred, and Lucy. Mildred is over in the corner feeding upon cadavers that are in various stages of putrefaction. The feral is in one of those states of hers, in other words, she's as nutty as a fruit cake.

The girl stands naked before The Master. She's still in twilight due to the drugs that Babs has pumped her full of. But. The Master needs to know the truth. It directs that the girl eat some of its worms. Before they are metabolized by her system, leaving no trace, the worms will transform the girl, for a fixed span of time two days into a kind of quasi-Nosferatu base form known formally as The Strain and colloquially known as a Zuni Fetish Doll.

The girl eats the worms out of The Master's dirty hand. A minute or two passes. Then. Her idle hands klaw. A knob sprouts from the rightside of her neck. Now that she's under the influence of The Master's worms, the girl is no longer in twilight. She gasps. Wants to scream, but can't. All of the memories taken from her by Babs are again hers.

"Speak girl. Do you know what I am?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

Whenever Lucy has ignored her gut instincts, things have always gone south for her. For example. She had a really bad feeling about interviewing with Babs, that night. But. She desperately needed the job, so she ignored her women's intuition, and look where that decision got her.

Something inside of her is telling her that if she doesn't use the correct salutation, she's dead. So. She lets her survival instinct choose. Self-preservation is the first law of Nature.

"Yes, my master, The Master."

"Excellent." The dead thing covetously strokes her left cheek, smearing it with filth in the process of doing so. It then gropes the girl's chest, also smearing her huge breasts with filth in the process of doing so. The creature is filthy, smelly, and parasite infested, and its fifth transfers easily. Yet. Lucy feels herself carnally drawn to the thing while at the same time the thing just as strongly repulses her. "You desire me and at the same time you are just as repulsed by me. Am I correct?" It's as if The Master knows what the girl is thinking.

“Yes, Master.”

Lucy can feel a darkness devouring her mind, and twisting her sexuality in the process. As such. She is fighting the urge to drop to her knees and perform cunnilingus on the animate corpse. And, again, as if The Master knows what the girl is thinking, it smiles wide, inhumanly wide.

“That’s the worms’ doing. And. Don’t worry. You’ll get your chance to eat me.”

“Thank you, Master.”

The girl shudders with delight and revulsion in anticipation of what she craves to do. She craves to sodomize an animate corpse. That corpse being The Master.

Lucy can feel herself losing her mind, losing her sense of self, and there’s nothing that she can do about it. Cannibalistic cravings, bloodlust, homicidal sexual mania, are all taking root. And. All of it the doing of the worms.

“Tell me how the human you feels about Barbara, who is my best and closest friend.”

“I hate her! I loathe her! I despise her!”

“Do you feel the same about all of our kind?”

“Yes, Master!” Lucy gnashes her teeth as she screams out her response.

The worms are causing her limbic cortex and pineal gland to expand exponentially, displacing her frontal lobes in the process, and, in effect, lobotomizing her. Eventually reducing her to an oversexed deranged lunatic.

Many people call the limbic cortex “The Lizard Brain” because the limbic system is about all a lizard has for brain function. It is in charge of fight, flight, feeding, fear, freezing-up, and fornication.

Unable to fight her cravings, anymore. The girl loses herself. The darkness devours her human mind, completely. Foaming at that the mouth like a rabid dog, she drops to her knees and orally copulates with her master The Master.

“Welcome to slavery. For the next forty-eight hours, you are my thrall.”

When a person turns, their thinking processes get rewired. The transformed person’s thinking processes are indistinguishable from those of someone who was born Nosferatu. In other words, the darkness devours their human mind and all of its vestiges—the darkness devours the person’s human mind, completely.

The Master has quite the weekend in store for the girl—a complete make over—mentally and physically. It will dress her in a hand-bra and Doll Parts, and cannibal skins form-fitting leather clothes made from uncured human skin, and a cannibal necklace just like the one that Mildred wears. The hand-bra will be made from decaying hands severed from two different corpses. The cannibal necklace will be made from severed human fingers. The girl will be filthy and infested—head lice, fleas, crabs, leeches, slugs, etc. Her teeth will be so filthy they will look rotten. She will have a tortured, insanity-ravaged face that is no longer pretty. Her lily-white skin will be so dirty that patches of it will be black. She will have long dirty ragged fingernails and toe nails. She will be much thinner than when she was first abducted. She will have filthy, unkempt, infested, greasy hair, that’s liberally streaked with grey and white. Etc.

She will be made beautiful in the way that The Master's kind defines beauty. After having been extensively test driven, she will be returned to Babs with no trace of what has been done to her. A clean and pristine, sane, 100-percent human being, who is once more in twilight—remembering nothing of what has occurred down here.

After having its pussy eaten for a while, it commands the girl to stand up. Lucy obeys. The lunatic girl utters a blood curdling shriek and then falls silent. She is, of course, no longer sane.

But. It gets worse. The Master's worms have reduced Lucy mentally to something akin to an oversexed leech in human form. Simply put, Lucy is mindless. The demented, mindless girl's madness-twisted mouth is open slackly, drooling.

The Master directs Lucy to join Mildred in her feasting. The girl obeys. No longer sentient. No longer a "real" person. This leechgirl is now Lucy in name only—there is no more Lucy. There is only a mindless, depraved, sexually-insatiable leech in the guise of a Zuni Fetish Doll.

Cannibal skins. The crudely stitched together cannibal skins that are worn by the Goddess Kali's Belongings, are a staple of Bohemians and Zuni Fetish Dolls alike. The Master intends to fit the girl with a straitjacket and breeches fashioned from cannibal skins, she will be fitted with leg irons, and when she's not feeding she will be fitted with a muzzle: the same outfit that Mildred wears down here in this grotto beneath the sewers that The Master and Mildred call home.

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

To digress, even further. The breeches are actually a leg restraint—the legs of the leather breeches can be hooked to together to convert the breeches into a monosleeve.

This waist-cinching straitjacket and these 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.

What's The Master's intent, if the girl survives being turned and the girl consents to these sordid liaisons with The Master and Mildred?

If the girl chooses to be turned, and this test drive was meant to insure that she does, and she survives being turned. This vile place which reeks of raw sewage. Half of the floor is a cesspool fed by raw sewage and the other half is awash with raw sewage, slime, dead and living parasites, and infectious sewer moss, and all manner of vile and filthy whatnot paints the walls and the ceiling. This vile place will be Lucy's home away from home. Here she will be transformed into a Zuni Fetish Doll after having ingested The Master's worms—a temporary transformation with lasting aftereffects, e.g., knobb and klaw, after she's switched back to Aryan. As a Doll, she will have a knobb and her hands will klaw when idle. As a Doll, she will be a junkie, a whore, and a drunk—vocations, not avocations. As a Doll, she will have no lucid moments, only mindless insanity and sexual insatiability. As a Doll, she will wear who and what she eats and drinks. As a Doll, she will be used extensively by Mildred and The Master. As a Doll, she will have a razorblade smile, just like The Master has—large, straight, pointed teeth—serrated teeth—serrated teeth and blood drinking fangs, and receded gums. As a Doll, she will have a killer tongue, just like The Master has. As a Doll, she will have a tortured, insanity-ravaged face that is no longer pretty. Afterwards, she will be returned to Babs with no trace of what has been done to her. A clean and pristine, sane, modest, sober, teetotaling, monogamous,

100-percent Aryan Nosferatu who remembers everything and craves for the next time that her master The Master turns her into a Doll again.

In the case of Aryan Nosferatu, teetotaling is abstinence-based. Also known as “sobriety,” this means completely giving up alcohol and substance abuse. It also implies being modest and monogamous—principles that fly in the face of Bohemian tenants, and the dogmas of Bohemians and The Master.

To digress. As a Doll, her hands will klaw when idle, just like The Master’s hands do. As such. Idle hands that are claw-like, in appearance and grasp, like the taloned feet of a bird of prey.

To digress. As a Doll, she will have a knobb, just like The Master has. As such. A small, black, star-shaped mole. A creepy black mole—creepy—makes your skin crawl—on the side of her neck. But. The Doll’s knobb is on the rightside of the neck. The Master’s knobb is on the leftside of the neck.

To digress. As a Doll, she will have a killer tongue, just like The Master has. As such. A long, forked, parasitic tongue. A tongue which is a bloodlusting, self-sustaining organ. A tongue which elongates according to its needs to feed. A lingual parasite that can elongate and snap back into her mouth when it has finished feeding. A tongue that is a long, retractile proboscis. A well-educated tongue that can become longer, even more facile, and more wickedly forked, as the need arises—a lingual with a mind of its own, seemingly.

To digress. As a Doll, she will wear who and what she eats and drinks, just like The Master does. As such. Layer upon layer of blood will paint her mouth, lips, and chin; some of it is fresh, some of it is not. Layer upon layer of blood will paint a red boulevard down her front; some of it is fresh, some of it is not. Giblets, the ghoulish leavings of an unlife spent eating as well as drinking the living. Bits of flesh, muscle, bone, nerves, ligaments, fat, sinew, various tissues, tidbits of this and that, embedded in that red carpet of death and decay.

To digress. As a Doll, she will have fetid wormy breath, just like The Master and Bohemians have.

To digress. As a Doll, she will have a powerful overwhelming effluvia, just like The Master has and Bohemians have.

Of special note. When The Master needs to explicitly control its Doll, and it is in line-of-sight of its possession, the creature’s eyes fluoresce blue, mesmerizing the Doll. Under such explicit control, a Doll becomes an extension—an appendage, so to speak—of The Master. In other words, total subjugation.

Eadweard

“**Discipline** is merely the foundation upon which we build the things we desire.”

There was a time in her life when Frau Covett wore the insignia of the SS sown onto the jacket lapels of her severe, grey skirt suits. She was Gestapo during the War, wearing the insignia of the dreaded Schutzstaffel. An unquestioning, absolutely loyal follower of Adolf Hitler.

Back then. Few humans knew about The Führer’s true ancestry. He was mundane—not a supernatural being. An Aryan, 100%. But. Not all of that Aryan was human—he’d fail, the so-called “one drop” test. Some of his bloodlines, very distant ancestry indeed, was Aryan Nosferatu.

Being an Aryan Nosferatu, Babs could tell that he had such ancestry in him the first time she laid eyes upon him, no matter how very faint that it was. And. By the same token. He could tell she was Nosferatu and Aryan the first time that he met her.

She lovingly remembers those bygone Third Reich days of hers, when an unsurpassed evil straddled the world. And. Much of the world burned because of it. And. She was an integral part of that evil. Back in the day when even The Fallen (Fallen Angels) made it their business to steer clear of her.

Babs and Lucy walk in the park. Not holding hands. But. They might as well be. They interact like an old married couple. At a short distance behind them walks the newest addition to their household. Her name is Frau Bell, Helga Zoë Bell. Babs hired her as live-in help. She’s taken over as housekeeper. Helga has also taken over Lucy’s room. It is hers now.

Her bags in tow. Frau Bell moved in the very night she was hired. As if the whole thing was a setup—a done deal, from the git-go—and the job interview was a complete and utter sham—just the two women going through the motions.

That first night. Lucy slept on the couch in the living room.

By, that second night, at Babs’ insistence, Lucy moved into Babs’ bedroom. For the next three nights, they shared a bed—sleeping on opposite sides of the bed. Subsequently, Babs has had that bed replaced with twin beds, as if they were a proper married couple. Lucy sleeps on the twin a wife would normally sleep on, and Babs sleeps on the twin that a husband would normally sleep on.

As such. Roommates. They share closets, an adjoining bathroom, and a dresser. And. Again. For reasons totally unknown to Lucy. She has no problems with this arrangement, whatsoever.

Lucy’s blackouts, during which she experiences bouts of lesbian sexual dementia and flips to being a full-blown wanton dyke who especially craves butch Babs and older bulldykes akin to Babs. Those flips have grown in such frequency, duration, and intensity, ever since she started sharing a room with Babs, that they are now her de facto sexual state—as a rule, she is a butch-chasing dyke, these days, and her being straight is the very rare occurrence. Much to Babs’ sheer delight.

Masculine in her look, mannerisms, and movements. Helga, who has a thick Prussian accent and only speaks when she utterly has to, is one of Babs' closest friends from her Third Reich days. Babs was Gestapo and Helga was a Brown Shirt.

The Amazonian she-bitch could pass for a heavyweight female bodybuilder. Being Ogre, she has the protruding eyebrow ridges and coarse features of a Neanderthal cavewoman. But. In spite of her crude appearance and manner, Helga is neither a cavewoman nor is she uncivilized, and, she's far from being stupid. She is a crude lout, though.

Ogres do practice personal hygiene. But. They naturally possess a very strong effluvia which defies masking. Their body odor is not obsessive nor is it game. It's just different.

Helga sports a short, straight, close cropped, grey hair—this ultra-masculine hairdo is called a moe. Pearl necklace. No makeup. Prudz. Kate. Flats. And. No unmentionables. Ogres never wear underwear. But. Helga is wearing a prosthetic strap-on underneath her skirt.

Complete with hairless testicles and an uncircumcised penis, the flesh-colored latex doodad is quite realistic looking and fully functional—erectations, ejaculations, etc. The elaborate sexual device is known as Doll Parts, or simply as Parts. And. Helga only removes it when it needs to be cleaned or serviced.

Ogres only wear clothes when they have to. As such, Helga only wears clothes when she utterly has to. At home, Babs allows her to go about her business naked when she's in the basement.

Ogres only wear shoes when they have to. As such, Helga only wears her flats when she utterly has to. At home, she goes barefoot—never wearing the only set of shoes that she owns.

Ogres only use eating utensils when they have to. They prefer to eat with their hands. As such, Helga only uses eating utensils when she utterly has to.

There is a long history of collaboration and camaraderie between Nosferatu and Ogres. In the supernatural world, their races have the closest bonds—they are boon coons. Helga was ronin, a masterless Ogre, and had been so for a very long time. She was tired of that wandering life and wanted to settle down. She craved what she once had. She craved to again be in rigorous service to a Nosferatu.

Of special note.

Lucy now only wear clothes when she utterly has to. At home, Babs allows her to go about her business naked fitted with her Parts, when she's in the basement.

Lucy now only wears shoes when she has to. As such, Lucy only wears her flats when she utterly has to. At home, she goes barefoot—never wearing the only set of shoes that she now owns. She has thrown away her other shoes.

Lucy helps Helga in the kitchen, and is subordinate to Helga for any housework that Helga wishes for her to do, that includes scrubbing the floors on her bare knees per Helga's explicit dictate.

Lucy now only uses eating utensils when she utterly has to. Once a week, Lucy eats her meals with Helga instead of Babs, in the basement. On that day, the girl eats and acts just like an Ogre at the table. And, since they are in basement, at that time, they are both naked and fitted with their Doll Parts.

The basement is where Helga exclusively takes her meals. Down there, unlike in the main part of the house, Helga is free to be herself. It is her Ogre cave, her Ogrespace, so to speak.

An Ogre cave or Ogrespace, and less commonly an Ogreland or Ogretuary, is an Ogre retreat or sanctuary in an Aryan Nosferatu home, such as a specially equipped garage, spare bedroom, media room, den, or basement.

As such. The term “Ogre cave” is a metaphor describing a room inside the house such as the basement or garage or attic or office, or outside the house such as a wood shed or tool room, where “Ogres can do as they please,” without fear of upsetting any Aryan Nosferatu sensibility about house decor or design. Paula Aymer of Tufts University calls it the “last bastion of Ogreculinity.” The phrase is thought to come from the 1993 publication, “Ogres Are from Mars, Aryan Nosferatu Are from Venus.”

While an Aryan Nosferatu may have substantial authority over a whole house in terms of design and decoration, they generally have no say about what gets “mounted on the walls” of an Ogre’s personal space. Since it may be accepted that an Aryan Nosferatu has input on the decoration of the rest of the house, an Ogre cave or Ogre-space is, in some sense, a reaction to Aryan Nosferatu domestic power.

Helga is teaching Lucy how to read, write, and speak Goon. Goon is the native language of Ogres. Eventually, after Lucy has mastered Goon, when she is alone with Helga, they will only communicate via Goon.

These Ogre-ish changes to Lucy’s personality are via the changes Babs has made to the girl’s mind-altering psychotropic drug regimen. The same drugs that are the cause of Lucy’s lesbian dementia and selective memory loss. The same drugs that allow Babs, and now Helga, to control Lucy. In other words, the same insane asylum pharmaceutical cocktail that is the girl’s twilight.

There is more, though to this Ogre influence that meets the eye. When Helga and Lucy are alone in the basement, Helga alters Lucy’s physical appearance using a parasitic self-aware biomechanical device formally known as a kronos colloquially known as a “back hugger.”

The device hooks into the girl’s spine—thoracic spine, lumbar spine, and sacrum spine, but, not the cervical spine.

When the attached device is initially turned on, the girl’s eyes will fluoresce blue for a few seconds.

Once in place and activated, Lucy becomes muscular and thicker built, with the coarse features of an Ogre including their protruding eyebrow ridges, and she sports a moe. Lucy becomes comely and pleasing to look at, from an Ogre’s point of view. When the kronos is turned off and removed, there is no trace that it was ever there, and Lucy returns to her normal physical appearance.

If the girl survives being turned and the girl consents, it is Helga’s intent to continue having these basement liaisons of theirs during which she is using the back-hugger on the girl fitted with Parts.

Of course. When it comes to this lurid round robin. The pecking order is obvious. Babs always gets first dibs on the girl. Then, The Master and Mildred get their whack at banging the girl. Helga is more than good with pulling up the rear and getting their very sloppy seconds.

To reiterate. Because of the girl's twilight, Lucy has no memories of her lewd liaisons with The Master, Mildred, Babs, or Helga. Once her twilight is over, Lucy will remember everything. That's when the rubber meets the road, and Lucy will willingly and willfully decide her own fate.

Undressed Rehearsal

Between and betwixt. Babs is running the girl in one of her favorite loops, again. A loop the girl will again forget about as soon as the loop ends.

The girl slams the 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 Babs. She finger fucks and handjobs herself into mind-numbing oblivion while thinking about doing her butch roommate.

Babs, who followed the girl into their bedroom, watches her covetously. Lucy acts as if Babs 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 Babs. Embarrassed, and in tears, Lucy grabs a bathrobe and scurries into the room's adjoining bathroom. She closes and locks the door behind her.

Babs 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. Babs can hear the girl screaming and crying through the door. Lucy is bawling her eyes out. Weeping loudly and uncontrollably.

What Babs 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 taken. This Lucy is a bi-dyke who likes to go she-male.

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

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

Then, Babs 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. Babs places her free hand on Lucy's knee and waits. Lucy does not push the hand off. Babs' 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. Babs obliges. Cunnilingus, fellatio, and anilingus, ensue. Blowjob Bettie—deep throat, licking and sucking testicals like all-day lollypops, of course.

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

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

Best Buds

These days. The Karnak Temple Complex, commonly known as Karnak (/ˈkɑːr.næk/), comprises a vast mix of decayed temples, chapels, pylons, and other buildings in Egypt. Construction at the complex began during the reign of Senusret I in the Middle Kingdom and continued into the Ptolemaic period, although most of the extant buildings date from the New Kingdom. The area around Karnak was the ancient Egyptian *Ipet-isut* (“The Most Selected of Places”) and the main place of worship of the eighteenth dynasty Theban Triad with the god Amun as its head. It is part of the monumental city of Thebes. The Karnak complex gives its name to the nearby, and partly surrounded, modern village of El-Karnak, and 2.5 kilometres (1.6 miles) north of Luxor.

Babs and Lucy—employee and employer—are having a torrid affair. Lucy is a full-blown butch-chasing dyke all the time. In other words, she’s become the atomic blonde of Babs’ fantasies. The “real” Greta Lucille Hart has been out to lunch, without exception, for well over a month—no more of those pesky flip-flops.

Babs is naked, with her legs spread, lying in Lucy’s bed. Her hand is resting gently on the back of Lucy’s head.

Lucy, just like she has for every morning since their tryst began, has her face planted in Babs’ crotch. The girl is also naked. Lucy is lovingly eating Babs’ pussy. She craves the taste of Babs in her generous mouth.

The alarm clock rings. It’s time to begin another workday.

Lucy gets off the bed, walks into the bathroom, and takes a shower. Though still pretty, her face looks a lot harder. The lesbian life will do that to your looks, especially when you bang butch serially. Likewise, drug and alcohol abuse will do that to your looks, too.

The girl is a junkie. This is more of Babs’ doing—extensive CVS brainwashing. When the girl shoots up, she’s also unknowing injecting herself with Babs’ mind-altering concoction—the additive agent that her heroin is cut with is Babs’ psychotropic cocktail. As such, Lucy is an unwitting accomplice to her own enslavement. This trick is so slick that Lucy believes she has been an addict since she was a teenager—more false memories in place of the real ones that have been thoroughly suppressed.

Also, because of her brainwashing. She is a drunk and a whore, and acts accordingly. Add generous helpings of sadomasochism (S&M), bondage and discipline (B&D), and degradation and humiliation (D&H), into the mix of her new drug-induced sexual proclivities.

The end result of all of this tinkering, is a psycho-slut rug muncher. A dyke who is demented and deranged. A dyke who is completely and utterly depraved, sexually and otherwise. A dyke who is the female equivalent of a misogynist. In other words, a misandrist—a woman who hates men. A dominatrix, who can just as easily switch hit as a submissive. A junkie, a whore, and a drunk—vocations, not avocations.

And. There is no limit to the girl’s depravity. In other words, she is a super slut, completely and utterly, but, interestingly enough, she only turns tricks with Babs, The Master, Mildred, and

Helga, and in that strict hierarchy—she engages in poly-monogamous sexual relationships. There is an exception to this sexual exclusivity of hers, though.

The sole exception is when she goes off the reservation, disappearing for weekends at a time, as a binge-drinking, strung-out junkie, on skidrow, shacked up with some baglady in a flophouse. Whoever or whatever, she shacks up with is, the only person she fucks—she engages in a monogamous sexual relationship. Lately, that baglady has been someone known on the street as Sewer Sally.

Unbeknownst to Lucy, Sally is not what she seems. But. Lucy does have her suspicions.

Sally lives in the sewers and poses as human. She is an “it.” And. That it is a Kum. In its human guise, it is a skinny eighty-something female with the genitalia of a man and a woman. Its penis is uncircumcised. Grey hair liberally streaked with white. Greasy hair that is long, filthy, and unkempt. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Skin so dirty that patches of it are black. Long, dirty, ragged fingernails and toenails. The clothes it wears are little more than filthy, tattered rags—rags that are so filth-engrained, they are starched stiff. It doesn’t wear underwear or shoes. Its teeth are so filthy they look rotten. Fetid breath and a strong sour body odor. A tortured, insanity-ravaged face, as if it’s a former mental patient. A knob on the leftside of its neck. Its hands klaw when idle.

The knob and the klaw, are why Lucy has her suspicions about Sally.

In their native form, Kum have a razorblade smile and a killer tongue. They look a giant leech, and are the size of an adult human female. They are in fact a species of Gorgon. As such. Their face is akin to that of Medusa—a hideous parody of a woman’s face. And they have poisonous snakes, instead of hair, growing from their scalp. From the waist up, the torso of a woman. From the waist down, an octopus with numerous tentacles. And they still retain the genitalia of an adult human male and female.

A she-male leech. The torso of a woman mated to an octopus. Numerous tentacle in place of two legs. The hideous face of a Gorgon. Floppy pendulous tits that hang down to its narrow waist. Horrid tits with stretch marks and stringbean nipples. Long boney fingers.

Kum are not sentient, and are a creature of pure instinct. Although in human form, as part of their alias, this huge parasite can feign being a thinking self-aware person. A Kum is not a person.

Kum have no collective consciousness. They have no consciousness at all. They are not people. They cannot think. Yet. They have something. Something analogous to, intelligence, for want of a better word. Something expressed as “voices” in their heads that only they, and their collaborators, can hear. And, they have personalities, too. They have personalities unique to the individual, just like a “real” person does.

In many ways, Kum resemble The Master. And. In other ways, they resemble The Borg.

The Master has no queen. The Borg has only one at any given time. Kum have many. Sally is one of them, a queen.

A very long time ago, Sally had a very different name. Its name was Kamak. And. Back then. It wasn’t just a queen of its kind. It was a goddess worshipped by millions of human beings in the ancient world. Back then, in ancient Egypt, it resided in the Egyptian mega-Temple at Karnak.

It's Friday. And very likely, after dinner, Lucy will go silent off-grid. If so, Babs won't see her again until late Sunday evening or very early Monday morning.

Babs gets off the bed, walks into the bathroom, and joins Lucy in the shower. Being in a sexual and romantic relationship with a sexually-twisted Lucy, this is what Babs has been dreaming about for years—her craved for “friends with fringe benefits” relationship. Now, it's reality.

From Babs' point of view. Perfection, of course, would be for Lucy to be turned, and for them to be subsequently married and live happily ever after.

In Babs' perfect fantasy, Lucy is the wife. And Sheba is the other woman.

When the time finally comes to choose. If Lucy, the real Lucy, decides to not be turned. In violation of ROE and her parole, and, worse, at the risk of exile or her own destruction, Babs intends to give Lucy another makeover. Only this time, Babs will keep Lucy permanently in this sexually-crazed state of mind—Lucy's makeover will be irreversible, and the real Greta Lucille Hart will be gone forever.

Push comes to shove. Worst case scenario. Babs can turn Lucy into a mindless insatiable sex toy by killing the girl and then resurrecting her as Dead using a reanimation reagent. Rendering the girl into the ultimate sex object.

Babs' obsession with the female mortals, Lucy and Sheba, has no bounds. As such. It is an obsession-compulsion that will likely be her ultimate undoing.

A Passion for Acting

A belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary. Men alone are quite capable of every wickedness.—Joseph Conrad, *Under Western Eyes*, 1911

Found Love in the *RFT* Personals? It's a chance encounter. Lucy answering a lonely nun's advertisement in the Riverfront Times personals. The nun is a Bene Gesserit. Here, with the nun, she is not Lucy. She is the under-expressive Karen Digney, a woman who the nun is obsessed with. A loose end that needs to be tied up? Or. A loose cannon who needs to be feed?

It's all role play. Karen is the submissive. Sister Edy is the dominatrix. Their roles will never change. There is no "safe" word. This a game. And. It is the first time they've played it. How it will end, nobody knows. Maybe there won't be a next time for either one of them.

"I, Karen Digney, have been very sinful. Please, punish me for my sins. I deserve your punishment, Sister Edy."

Short, sweet, and to the point. A scripted confession, authored by Sister Edy.

"Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. Your penance is one 'Our Father' and two 'Hail Mary' prayers. Your punishment will come soon enough, by my righteous hands and feet."

A fake penance from a real nun Sister Edy for a fake confession from a fake Karen Digney. The punishment part of the penance is real enough, though.

They emerge from the confessional. There is no one else in the chapel, this late, on a Friday night.

Karen 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.

In spite of her advancing age—she's pushing eighty. 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.

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 sinful, elderly nun smiles at Karen's dowdy appearance. She 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. Racked by loathing and disdain, and hate. Obsessive compulsive. Mentally disturbed. A borderline alcoholic. 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 the fake Karen looks right now, turns Sister Edy on to no end. Karen as a frumpy cunt. This is the fake Karen as the real Karen as the nun's physical fantasy come true. In her corrupted mind, Sister Edy cannot distinguish the fake Karen from the real one. To her, they are one in the same person. If you show Sister Edy a picture of the real Karen, she will see the fake Karen instead in the picture.

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 Karen 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 Karen wearing that hideous strap-on. A device that transforms Karen 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 chapel.

The nun's breathe reeks of cheap liquor and unfulfilled desire. She's bitter and old, and twisted by her hate. She likes to drink. And when she drinks, she's a mean drunk.

Now, she has another 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 fake version of the 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 surgically attached to your body in a way that you couldn't ever remove it. Perfection!

The parish is in such dire shape. Sister Edy is the only nun living in the parish convent, these days. In point of fact. Excluding the convent and the chapel. All of the remaining parish buildings are unoccupied and boarded up. She's the last holdout. When she dies, the parish will be officially closed.

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

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

Half the Fun

Half-n-half is a water-soluble elixir made from diadem and the cerebral cortex of aborted human fetuses.

When ingested by humans, over a long period of time, half-n-half acts as a DNA-extender. It helps retard the aging process, wards off illnesses, and extends the life-span of its users. And for a Biblical percentage of its users, it's also a highly addictive narcotic.

Diadem is the "special" saliva Nosferatu secrete when they are feeding upon someone that they are trying to make.

Of course. Diadem, in and of itself, cannot turn a human being. And. If ingested orally by mundane, it will flush from their system without a trace, within twenty-four hours.

It's this unique saliva combined with the exchange of other bodily fluids namely blood, not just the fiend's bite itself, that's actually the agent-of-change for the Nosferatu's damning embrace.

Their now bi-monthly visits have fallen into a set routine that never varies. First, the fake confession. Followed by the punishment of the girl by the nun for all sins and transgressions immemorial—the nun severely beats up the girl, just because. Then the girl's induction into The Order as Sister Noone (*no-one*). Why fix what isn't broken?

Karen is strapping Parts, but is otherwise naked. A naked Sister Edy is in the room with her. The girl has been confessed and righteously punished.

The girl's eyes are vacant. Her expression is vacant. For all intents and purposes, she is vacant.

"Who are you?"

The girl 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.

"Who owns you?"

"You do, headmistress."

"And, I intend to take full advantage of the situation."

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

"Any objections?"

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

Sister Edy flashes a malevolent smile.

"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 girl, again. Hitting the girl so hard, this time, that the blow snaps the girl's head back.

“And, as previously stated, during 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 girl's cheek.

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

Sister Edy dresses in one of her outdated habits. 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!”

Harsh, unbecoming pancake makeup is heavily applied to the girl's comely face, by the nun. Then, she adds another expected touch. She slips a pair of sternns onto the girl'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.

Upon application of the make-up, and for the duration of the make-up's application, the girl's hair board-straight hair becomes a geriatric krazed. As such, her strait hair becomes unkempt-looking messy straight hair that is liberally streaked with grey, white, and blonde. Except for the blonde streaks, rendering her a geriatric platinum blonde, just like Sister Edy. The nun rearranges the girl's ruined hair into a sternka.

Harsh, unbecoming, pancake makeup heavily-applied to the girl'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-ruined face that is so unattractive, Sister Edy is pleased to no end.

Bottomline. Wearing this makeup, the girl becomes a Rough Rider a person wearing rough, and thus becomes much more unattractive than 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 abuse.

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 or its chemical equivalent, 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 their very first date, Sister Edy has taken to wearing heavily-applied Rougeux, all of the time. Applying rouge to the girl's face, was also the nun's idea.

Of course. As aforementioned. Sister Edy's BDD aside. When wearing rouge, the girl's face is more unattractive than the Rough Rider face of the chronologically-older Sister Edy.

Sister Edy dresses in the girl in one of her outdated habits. This includes opaque black stockings, black knob shoes, burlap slip, and white cotton panties. Panties that bulge with the girl's engorged Parts.

Now, that Sister Edy is finally satisfied with the girl's looks, she exits the convent bedroom that the girl is using. The fictitious Sister Noone dutifully follows her.

Once, Lucy-as-Karen-as-No-One becomes Sister Noone. Sister Edy's mania takes on a new and very twisted dimension. In Sister Edy's deluded mind, they have a history.

Their lurid backstory, by Sister Edy's twisted way of thinking?

Sister Edy and Sister Noone are close. Very close, indeed. For over thirty years, they have been 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.

As lesbian lovers, she and Sister Noone routinely and whorishly violate their vows of chastity—they are extremely sexual. They are also soulmates, praying daily for God's forgiveness for being lesbians and their forbidden love for each other.

A Night to Remember

And there it is. All laid out in front of her. In a moment of clarity. Lucy finally remembers everything. Every transgression committed against her and every transgression against others that she has been coerced into committing via her drugged subjugation. The initial rape. The date rape drugging, itself. The loops. Her trysts with Babs, Mildred, The Master, Helga, Sewer Sally, those random bagladies, Sister Edy, etc. Everything and everyone.

Helga had resumed tracking the girl once she left the posh restaurant after her dinner date with her best friend Andre Vadrevu. The one true friend who never forsook her or judged her throughout her trials and tribulations, when she was falsely accused and later erroneously convicted of having sexual relations with one of her students.

The dinner date they had was both long and eventful. A prominent LGBTQ activist and Pulitzer Prize winning journalist, Andre Vadrevu had just been promoted to the position of senior editor at The Huffington Post. They were celebrating his new fortune.

HuffPost is a liberal American news and opinion website and blog that has both localized and international editions. It was founded in 2005 by Andrew Breitbart, Arianna Huffington, Kenneth Lerer, and Jonah Peretti. The site offers news, satire, blogs, and original content, and covers politics, business, entertainment, environment, technology, popular media, lifestyle, culture, comedy, healthy living,

The Ogre confronts her in an alley way. Helga can see it in the girl's eyes: the girl knows, she knows everything.

"I said nothing to Andre. So, leave him out of it, monster."

"So, you know everything?" Helga asks, rhetorically, smiling smugly.

Lucy spits in the Ogre's face. Helga licks off the girl's saliva and smiles even wider.

"I'll make my choice, tonight."

"Choose wisely."

"Or what?"

Again. Helga's response is her inhumanly-big shit-eating grin. She breaks off her tail, it's no longer needed. But. When she makes it home, she's confronted by an unexpected sight. Of all the possible scenarios she could have imaged, this was not one of them.

Babs and Lucy are in the living room. Lucy is holding something in her hand. She's holding a final solution of sorts. An RPM, racial proximity mine. Its ilk were used with great effectiveness in the Martian Race Wars.

"Come on in, don't be shy, join the party, Helga," Lucy taunts.

Helga becomes enraged as she realizes what the girl is threatening.

"We offer you the gift of immortality and you repay us with this!"

"Gift! Is that what you call it?! You use me to the most depraved and nefarious ends, and obviously intend make me or worse at your whim!"

“I eat you live, for this transgression against headmistress, me, and the rest of the saved!”

“Come any closer and we all go boom. Try to leave, and we all go boom. Or we just go boom because I say so.”

Babs finally breaks her silence. Turning her attention to her faithful housekeeper. “It’s her right to choose, willingly and willfully.” Babs her attention back to the girl. “Which shall it be?”

Babs is calm, smiling. Resolute in her belief.

“Shut up, you bloodsucking dyke bitch!”

Helga starts to say something harsh, admonishing the girl for disrespecting their headmistress. But, Babs cuts her off with a gesture.

“Let her have her say.”

The grandfather clock in the corner begins to strike midnight. Lucy puts her finger up to her lips.

“Listen. Our fate is being decided.”

With the twelfth stroke, the explosive device in her hand deactivates. She tosses the now-useless smart grenade to Helga, who easily catches it.

“I know, I know, Helga. You’ll punish me later. As for you headmistress.”

“You’re the only liar, here. Admit your most cherished wish. It’s the wish that all beautiful women have, but only we immortal femmes can ever realize. It’s that wish for beauty everlasting, a wish that will come true for you thanks to me. And you love me for that behest.”

“Bullshit! I hate all of you immortal fiends, but most especially you, for what you’ve done to me!”

“Another lie. The truth is, you’re glad that you paid a price that any human female worth her saltines would pay to keep her youthful beauty forever. And you’d gladly pay it again, without the least bit of hesitation. More than mortal? Yes: is my answer to that question. Enjoy being immortal. It’s nothing less than the ultimate in kicks. Enjoy the peerless cosmetic makeover of the change, our cure for the boredom of aging in the strictly Biblical fashion. Enjoy Heaven on Earth. Enjoy a forever body that will never betray you to make room for the young. I’m patient. I know in time that you’ll come ‘round to my way of thinking. You’ll become such a swell, just like me, a girl with the most.”

“That’ll be the day!”

“I’m right, and you know it, because underneath it all, you’re my cold, ruthless, black-hearted bitch.”

The Pale Lady, and her Kiss and Tell

In **Atomic Blonde**, Oscar-winner Charlize Theron stars as elite MI6's most lethal assassin and the crown jewel of her Majesty's secret intelligence service, Lorraine Broughton. When she's sent on a covert mission into Cold War Berlin, she must use all of the spycraft, sensuality, and savagery she has to stay alive in the ticking time bomb of a city simmering with revolution and double-crossing hives of traitors. Broughton must navigate her way through a deadly game of spies to recover a priceless dossier while fighting ferocious killers along the way in this breakneck action-thriller from director David Leitch (John Wick).

A posh house. In the upscale part of town. The centerpiece of an exclusive, gated community. It is a mortuary. When used in the service of Nosferatu, it is formally known as a mortuus. In other words, a House of the living Dead.

And. This is more than just a ceremony of being reborn better. It is pure theatre, made manifest. In this instance, it involves the "kiss and tell of a very pale lady."

Lucy is instructed to remove her blindfold. She does as she is commanded. In the mingling crowd, one of the mortuary officers catches her eye. The attraction turns out to be mutual.

The dishy necromancer moves so gracefully, it's as if she's gliding effortlessly across the hardwood floor toward Lucy. Straight, jet-black hair. A hard, pretty face. A big, ugly mouth. Cruel, blue eyes. And a flawless porcelain-white complexion. Leggy. Buxom. Curvy. DD-delicious. With a flat-as-a-pancake ass.

"Have you been taken, yet, Miss?"

The smooth sultry voice belongs to an Aryan Nosferatu who looks just Bettie Mae Page, right down to fetish pin-up's signature China-Doll bangs, bangs cut straight across the forehead.

This Bettie look-a-like is decked out in black. She's wearing a cut-out dress, that's silk, of course, and patent-leather pumps with 6-inch spiked heels and pointed toes. And, long kid gloves. Her glue-on (skintight dress) is by Ozbeck. The same cleavage-baring dress favored by reigning TV ghoulish girl Elvira. A pearl necklace and a stitched leather Coach handbag round out her ensemble.

"No. I have not."

"You are, now. By-the-by. My name is Elizabeth, Doctor Elizabeth Katherine Wagner. I'm safe, white, and forty-something."

Lucy nods and gestures arcanelly, and by doing so, gives her explicit consent. They shake hands to consummate their unspoken contract.

"My name is Lucy Hart. I hope my maudlin manner and dress don't offend. I didn't mean to intentionally displease."

My. My. My. Good-looking. Well-mannered. Old ways trained. And exceedingly polite. What a catch. Girl, oh girl, I need to get to know you Miss Hart, Biblically speaking, that is.

The undead woman and the living girl choose to finish their business at hand in one of the plush boudoirs off the fancy main room.

Only after the door to the private bedroom is closed and locked by one of the mortuus attendants, do they undress. A naked Babs is standing by the bed.

By providing Babs with expert assistance through intermediary means such as these. Mildred and The Master are aiding and abetting Babs in her transformation of a living Greta Lucille Hart into an undead living Dead Marta Lucille Kristen the interim name that Babs has chosen for her made.

Greta is being named after Marta Kristen, a Norwegian-born American actress. Kristen is best known for her role as Judy Robinson, one of Professor John and Maureen Robinson's daughters, in the television series *Lost in Space* (1965–1968). Marta played the part of the space family's eldest child, a mature "20-something woman" near the age group of the space pilot, played by Mark Goddard. Her mature role allowed adult hairstyles and form-fitting fashions, as shown in publicity photos of the TV series.

Also, a naked Mildred and The Master are standing in a far corner intently watching the proceedings. Likewise, a naked Andre Vadrevu Lucy's best friend, whose penname is André René Roussimoff stands in a near corner. Expectedly, he was chosen by Lucy as the legally-required mortal witness her second, who will swear under oath in a court of law that Lucy consented to be turned.

The mansion's elaborate CCTV system records the proceedings, for later use in the inevitable court case. The gated community's CCTV system recordings of the girl's comings and goings this night will also be used in that same case.

Whether Lucy survives being turned or not, turning someone is still classified by the law as a criminal act.

Whether Lucy survives being turned or not, all criminal charges will be dropped against all of the participants in the subsequent legal proceedings, as long as the person who was turned consented to be turned.

"Now." Babs pauses, melodramatically. "Time for the kiss that precedes the endless night."

The single petal of a very Darque rose. Unlike The Master, who only have to use the long kiss goodbye, Bohemians and Aryans must use kiss-and-tell—the long kiss goodbye, plus the whispers.

Personal virtuosity, aside. An experienced, board-certified, highly-recommended necromancer on hand, notwithstanding. The latter two-part procedure is inherently much more dangerous and trickier, indeed.

If Babs feeds too deep, the kiss will kill. If she feeds too shallow, the whispers will kill. And, as is always the case in such matters, you wouldn't want to live on the razor-thin difference.

Bottomline. The result of failure means the girl will just be dead meat instead of undead.

Therefore, even for an ancient one such as her, with expert assistance upon immediate demand, it's a very tricky procedure, fraught with many difficulties. The gravest of risks, well-known to Lucy. Ergo, Lucy's consent is likewise well-informed.

"I, a living mortal, Miss Greta Lucille Hart, of my own free will, without any duress or coercion applied either implicitly or explicitly, willfully and willingly consent to be made by, a

living Dead immortal, Ms. Barbara Elizabeth Covett. I was born living and mortal. I wish to be reborn as one of the living Dead and become immortal.”

“Do you acknowledge the risks, in the presence of your maker, me?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Please do so, publicly. In the way of the living to the living Dead.”

“I, your made, acknowledge the risk of mortem aeternam death eternal, in Latin.”

“So do we all,” voices Mildred, The Master, and Andre, in unison. Then they repeat their unison voicing, three times, in Latin, as a chant. “Sic faciunt omnes nos. Sic faciunt omnes nos. Sic faciunt omnes nos.”

The “Bard of Avon,” William Shakespeare, would be envious of their soliloquy, if he were present.

Lucy lies down on the bed.

Babs smacks the ruby-reds of her large, cruel mouth. Then, she unsheathes her fangs and sinks them into Lucy’s neck. Feeding from the jugular, she proceeds to drain the girl—drinking Lucy almost dry. Although the girl appears to be dead. Babs’ female intuition says otherwise. She can feel it: success!

Excellent. The kiss has taken. Another one of those rare bull’s-eyes. Must savor the moment. If my feeling about her is correct, there should be more than just a sexual windfall reaped from embracing her.

The necromancer Doctor Elizabeth checks Lucy carefully, and confirms success. She records and notarizes the time and place of the 1st event in the room’s Continuum Book of the Dead.

“Now, listen unworthy half-ling, my soon-to-be-git, to these whispered faerie tales,” Babs proclaims while flashing a broad smile.

As per ROE, for the whispers, Babs uses a straight razor to slice her forearm open lengthwise, purposefully nicking the main artery buried deep within. She presses the bright-red geyser up to the girl’s lips.

Once a mortal has been prepped by being kissed, faerie blood becomes so much more than just blood. It becomes ichoric, the so-called, nectar of the gods. In other words, it’s the liquid stuff that damnations are made of.

In modern parlance, post kiss, it becomes, in effect, a morphogenic concoction, teeming with inhuman DNA, gene splice, and the Nosferatu B retro-virus. Rewriting the mortal’s DNA, using inhuman DNA as the template, and then subsequently supplementing the human’s genes using inhuman genes as the splice-stock.

“Biologically speaking, I’m taking you beyond the realm of mortal life into that Faustian never-never land of our immortality, our un-death.” Another well-timed pause. “It’s only through blood, that we truly seal-the-deal.”

Lucy drinks Babs’ so-sweet. As night follows day, the living gives way to the undead. A living Lucy becomes an undead Marta. And, so, the girl’s re-creation begins in earnest.

Already the Nosferatu asserts itself as Marta's face assumes its default: aloof, disdainful, and schoolmarmish. That under-expressive gaunt look. That faint, delicately haggard hollowness below the cheekbones that the fashion-conscious mortal girls all try for.

There is the required exchange of bodily fluids to consummate the transformation. As such. Marta uses the same straight razor Babs used and slices her forearm open lengthwise, purposefully nicking the main artery buried deep within. She then presses the bright-red geyser up to the lips of her maker, Babs. As Marta drank from Babs. Babs drinks from Marta. Tit for tat.

Again. The necromancer Liz checks Lucy carefully, and confirms success. She records and notarizes the time and place of the 2nd event in the room's Continuum.

It's official. The girl is no longer human, nor is she alive, in the human sense of the word. She is undead, and will be for the remainder of her immortal existence.

As a side note. Liz is the youngest daughter of Richard Wagner. Wilhelm Richard Wagner is a German composer, theatre director, polemicist, and conductor who is primarily known for his operas. Unlike most opera composers, Wagner writes both the libretto and the music for each of his stage works. He was the favorite composer of Adolf Hitler.

Decades ago. Sporting a very different face and body. Liz was Maila Elizabeth Syrjäniemi, known professionally as Maila Nurmi. Liz starred in "Plan Nine from Outer Space" that 1950s Ed Woods classic. She was billed simply as "the zombie chick." Horror movie buffs to this day remember her as the zombie chick in that god-awful movie. A piece of low-budget schlock, it earned the dubious distinction upon its release of being widely heralded as the worst movie ever made. An honor it still holds to this day.

Back then, she billed herself as "Vampira, the B-movie ghoul girl and supersex siren of the post-WWII era." As you can ascertain from that primo example of bombastic self-promotion, modesty has never been one of Liz's strong suits. Woods' cheesy horror flick squashed her fledgling show biz career. Once more she turned to pursuing more serious endeavors, resumed her current Bettie Page visage and façade, and became Dr. Elizabeth Wagner again, a something infinitely more awful than a bad B-movie.

She looks forty-ish, but with infernal you can't tell how old they really are by looks alone. One thing's for sure, though. Being zealot, Dr. Wagner fervently believes that, although humans do have their many uses, they're best as fluffy (for fucking and food). For obvious reasons, most humans consider it a decidedly vulgar colloquialism. Such a cute little word, to mean so deadly much.

The End