

Murder on Mars

By

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

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

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

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

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

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

When the system fails you. You create your own system.

Neural implant. It resembles a spidery inoperative brain tumor. The early “models” had a 2-percent failure rate. For obvious safety reasons, when they malfunction they are supposed to shut down, but, when they don’t auto-shutoff the implantee exhibits the symptoms of someone who is suffering from a malignant brain tumor, which, in effect, is what they have.

He plunges the blade of his Liston knife into the side of her neck. Its point and a considerable hunk of its shiny exiting the opposite side of her throat— slicing through trachea and esophagus— lacerating but not severing her spine—killing her outright. Hazel Carter, the only daughter of a standing senator of the Martian Democratic Republic. The drunken junkie whore, who has been a constant source of embarrassment for her rich, politically-powerful father, is dead.

With a deft flick of his educated wrist, he slashes open the throat of the female Secret Service agent, before she can draw her sidearm. Again, slicing through a victim’s trachea and esophagus. Again, down to but not through a victim’s spine. Again, lacerating but not severing a victim’s spine.

His disembowels both of his victims, followed by some hasty yet still intense and quite considerable postmortem mutilation that would leave Jack or Jane the Ripper positively green with envy. By the time the rest of Hazel’s security detail breaches the ladies’ room, he’s long gone, leaving no trace of his route of egress.

Previously:

Simon in conversation with himself while simultaneously conversing with his past, present, and future victims from across the multiverse.

The politics of Angels is not unlike the politics of Men. It used to be about Saints and Sinners. Now it’s about endless shades of gray.

Good angel? Bad angel? Fallen Angel? So, which one are you?

It doesn’t matter. All angels are terrifying.

Things move in the shadows, just beyond the reach of the light. Then, just like that, they are gone.

Oh my God. What were those things?!

Echoes. Echoes of the past. You call them ghosts.

They are in point of fact, the haunts of my captive audience.

Captive audience?

That’s what I call my victims. They visit me in my waking hours. They visit me in my sleep. Then, there are the voices. I’m never alone.

I am a Nephilim – half Angel, half human. In spite of being half-Angel, I’m still a Monkey to an Angel. Monkey is the racial slur that Angels use when referring to humans.

The resiliency of an Angel. The cunning of a Monkey. The blood lust of The Fallen. Such is me. Talking to myself. I seem rather one dimensional, less human, and more like a killing machine.

Standing over what's left of one of my latest two victims. There were thirty-seven in Chicago. I plan for a much larger body count in Haven.

I have a given name Simon. I was named after my father. But, I prefer the one that the Chi-Town newspapers gave me. The papers dubbed me Bone Daddy. I am sick and twisted by nature. An Angel in a human body. There's just too much to contain in a mortal body. Insanity is the norm, not the exception, for my kind.

Confused butcher wannabe doctor. You're no Angel. Your name is Angel. Simon Angel. You're sick in the head. You've just said as much. You're a psychopath who thinks he's a bloody Angel. What a laugh. You're a loser. A joke. A bed wetter with a knife who's incapable of getting it on with a woman like a real man. Impotent cur. Homicide is your Viagra. Without it you can't get hard.

Stop listening to her. All she wants to do is to distract you from your Godly tasks with her pointless filibustering. Nagging you without end. Always belittling your work.

Trite expository dialogue. Not very literary of her. Never would guess that she was a librarian when she was alive. So was her dildo-strapping bitch ass whore.

Clearly. The prattle of a Protestant.

She deserved to die badly the way she did. And, you did such a proper job on her and her bulldyke significant other. Lesbian trash. Unfit for Heaven. Not good enough for Hell either.

Raised Lutheran. Grew up to live in sin as an atheist with another woman who herself was an agonistic.

Heathen scum.

Unbelievers.

I'm not a psychopath, I'm a high-functioning sociopath; do your research. My court-appointed shrink diagnosed me as a high-functioning.

You never had a court-appointed shrink.

Right. Right. That was Jacobs. He's the one who got caught. Careless of him. He got the court-appointed shrink, with the fancy diagnosis, for all the good it did him. He still died in the gas chamber, peeing and shitting in his pants like an incontinent retard.

Oh that's right. My bad. Sorry.

Remember. My sweet, sweet baby. You were never caught.

Just like you said. They the police never got close.

Not even remotely.

I keep forgetting.

That's okay, honey. I'm here to remind you. That's what wives are for. We're helpmates, just like it says in the Bible.

I don't know what I would do without you.

And then there's the question of my entitlement. It's a bittersweet one. For half-breeds such as me, it is the politics of Heaven and Hell. Good/Bad Angels in Heaven. Fallen Angels in Hell. So, it boils down to the politics of Angels, once more.

He struggles against his restraints as if that is going to make a difference. Naked. He's tied securely to that which I'm using in the service of a dissection table.

The long slender blade feels feather light in my hand. Shiny and deadly. Familiar. My deadly old friend. An oversized scalpel. Well suited for vivisection. Specific for surgical amputation. It's overkill for my uses.

It slices open his left leg lengthwise along the shinbone from just below the knee to just above the ankle. As if it was filleting a tender cutlet. A splay, also known as an old-fashioned, the preferred blade of a Ripperphile. Formally the Liston.

The Liston knife is a type of knife used in surgical amputation. The knife was named after Robert Liston a Scottish surgeon noted for his skill and speed in an era prior to anesthetics, when speed made a difference in terms of pain and survival. The knife was made out of high-quality metal and had a typical blade length of 6-8 inches. Surgical amputation knives came in many styles and changed very much between 1840 and the American Civil War. These changes reflect changes in techniques used by the surgeons and makers of surgical knives during the period.

Amputation blades from the 18th century–1840s are generally known for their distinctive “down” curving blades. By 1870, amputation blades had become straighter, and more closely resembled the “Liston” European style. Since the Crimean war ended in 1856, it is likely the American Civil War that had a greater impact on the long slender blade style than the actual Dr. Liston. The dedicated task of amputation may be more responsible for the Liston title than any specific design.

It is noted by collectors that the handles on earlier knives (pre-1850) are of a much bigger and heavier construction.

The majority of the history of amputation blade evolution is referenced from the medical textbook “Handbook of Surgical Operations,” U. S. A. Medical Department, 1863, written during the Civil War by Stephen Smith, M.D., with various drawings from the medical literature credited to Bourgerly & Jacob.

Ripperphile? Ouch. A dangerous term, prone to severe misunderstandings. Wasn't Robin Odell's meta-analysis volume “Ripperology: A study of the world's first serial killer and a literary phenomenon” published in 2006?

There used to be also a very entertaining old casebook thread called “You're a Ripperologist if.” which contained criteria like

- You think SPE is God
- You meet someone named Hutchinson and can't refrain from asking about their ancestors
- You get in days-long debates about where Hanbury Street 29 was in relation to today
- You venomously fight against someone on the boards and in the next Whitechapel conference run to them and hug them like a long lost brother.

Blood. So much blood. His screams fill the room. No one can hear him but me though. I get hard. I jism in my pants. I get all warm and sticky down there. Tibias. Tibias. I love tibias.

Make the Monkey suffer. Make the Monkey scream.

The drugs I've pumped him full of will prevent him from going into shock and dying on me prematurely. Other drugs he's being infused with will keep away infection. Not that he will last that long. They never do. Nifty cocktail he's been given by yours truly.

Resection? I always start with the left leg. Then, the right foot. The skull is last. They never get to die until I say so.

Too bad the fun must end when they perish.

Nope. It doesn't. I fuck 'em when they're dead. Over and over again. Until I tire of doing so. The fun ends when I say so. That's when the fat lady sings.

I unzip my pants and masturbate on him. Rubbing my dick in his wound. I will fuck him in the ass later after the Monkey bitch has sucked me off and gotten me hard again. I love fucking a virgin anus. It's so very tight and unknown.

The Monkey bitch is his wife, of course. I took them both. Two for the price of one. In the next room. Door shut. Out of sight, but not out of mind. She is naked and similarly trussed up and drugged up like he is on a "makeshift" that's been pressed into service as a dissection table. Sound familiar?

I've only had a little time with her. I might as well rape her too since I'm in the mood for backdoor. She's no backend virgin though. Too bad.

After I've iced him, she'll get my undivided attention. She'll pay in spades for being one of those haughty career women, just like he the stay-at-home dad Mr. Mom paid for supporting her. I'm gonna make sure that she gets what's coming to her. She should have stayed at home and had babies just like women are supposed to. Barefoot. Pregnant. And, fixed.

I'm naked from the waist up. Old scars and fresh open wounds of my own doing crisscross my back. I engage in self-flagellation. Underneath my trousers, my thighs are likewise "marked," the handiwork of the small, light, metal chain with little barbed prongs which is worn around each thigh. Corporal mortification. The atonement for sins through self-flagellation and the cilice.

You see. I'm not a Cafeteria Catholic. I don't pick and choose which rules I wish to follow. I'm a true Believer. As such, I follow Doctrine rigorously. Ignoring any and all of the so-called Reforms of the traitor what Opus Dei calls the Pope. Reforms which taint my once-beloved Church. A Church I now despise. A Church I'm duty-bound to save.

Soon, the whores will come.

The killer elite that you've so oft spoken of?

A Monkey-spawned she-demon. A born-Saved she-demon. You must not allow either of them to distract you from your holy mission. You are the Righteous. See how you have your way so freely with this Monkey couple. Have your way with these the gun-toting faerie harlots. Remember. You must never forget the endgame where your numerous enemies get their comeuppance and your Church is saved to once again become your beloved.

Soon, Mr. Mufwic will come.

Mufwic?

Muther-fucker-what's-in-charge.

Maybe, you should run away?

It would be a waste of time.

Why?

Because. Everybody gets found, no matter how well they hide.

Maybe the assassin's creed applies?

Maybe even.

The last lullaby?

Maybe.

I smile to myself.

Bring it!

First Impressions

A dimly-lit restaurant with an intimate seating arrangement. The perfect place for adultery.

Lucy and Toy. They sit across from each in a booth. In the guise of two, smoking hot, adult human females. A first date arranged through the personals. A “real” woman, and a machine pretending to be one. She is much younger looking than it. It is much older than her. Unlike Lucy’s numerous other extramarital affairs, this proposed tryst is to be with a robot, therefore, technically it’s not considered adultery. And, being a devout Catholic, she confesses all of her outside trysts.

Bottomline. Lucy is a deft practitioner of what The Church cautions wives against most—she engages in poly-monogamous sexual relationships.

Haughty, aloof, seemingly unattainable. Beauty that will stop traffic dead in its tracks, if you’re into beauty of the explicitly cruel, uber dominatrix, “Worship Me, Now!!!” flavor, that is. This describes them both.

Lucy is wearing perls, prudz, a Koo Stark, and Careys. Underneath her suit she’s wearing her usual white corselette and a flesh-colored thong. A hardshell snakeskin cigarette purse and an Otterbox holstered Brand-X smartphone are clipped to the waistband of her skirt underneath her suit coat. Bolshoi-bare makeup, of course. Her long silky yellow blonde hair is worn in a Grune—that severe, outdated, very becoming hairdo. Hands klaw, when idle. Knobb. In other words. Her standard Sarah Palin circa early-to-mid 1960s.

Toy sports a short, straight, close cropped, grey hair—that chic ultra-severe hairdo known as a moe. Perl necklace. Bolshoi-bare makeup, of course. Prudz. Wearing a very conservative Kaye Maxfield. A hardshell snakeskin cigarette purse is clipped to the waistband of her skirt underneath her suit coat. Flats. And. No unmentionables. Then again, it has no nipples and it’s smooth down there. No genitalia, whatsoever. And. It doesn’t have an anus, either. It has a mouth, and it can eat and drink; waste disposal is anybody’s guess.

And. Sporting its latest façade for the very first time. And, this being the first public showing of said newest alias. Toy has the face, body, and voice of a very busty seventy-something Dame Helen Lydia Mirren, DBE. Dame Mirren is the acclaimed British actress. But, this one, this machine “version” of the great Dame speaks English with a strong archaic Prussian accent, and is decidedly aristocratic, Old German Prussian in all of its mannerisms and ways, and in its native form it also displays the same such affectations. Mannerisms and ways that used to be seen as proper are now seen as stiff, off-putting, and somewhat robotic in contemporary times.

But, after full disclosure, Lucy is less than pleased. In fact, she’s quite livid. From the ad, she was under the impression that the robot was anatomically correct, akin to a sexbot. The robot obviously lied.

Sexbot. A life-like and life-size adult sex robot designed as an adult sex toy as well as a sexual companion. It’s painfully obvious that is not a description of Ms. Tobar aka Toy.

“Jeez Louise. Your prosthetic body doesn’t have nipples or a vagina. Hell, you don’t even have an asshole. So. Having sex with you would be akin to fucking a tin can. How much fun would that be? Yuck! No, thank you.”

“You say that like you have a choice.”

Lucy reads between the lines incorrectly. And comes up with the wrong assumption.

“I have no interest in being enslaved by you, or anyone else for that matter. When I stopped begin single, I stopped doing that. The one time I did do dirty, since I’ve been married, it wasn’t by choice.”

Truth be told. Lucy dutifully disappears every significant Saturday of the month for a day of obligation spent in the guise of Karen Digney with Karen’s patron goddess, the Goddess Giggerota. A private religious matter which never interferes with her duties as faithful wife and earnest Girl Friday, and therefore a discussion of what transpires is never broached. Besides. Since Lucy is a willing participant, can it really be called enslavement? And. Even if the answer is yes, and thus Lucy’s denial is a lie, it’s a forgivable little white lie.

Every Saturday service.

First things first. She and Giggerota go “dirty”—Lucy is imprinted as the lunatic whore Karen Digney and Karen’s insane insatiable goddess goes native.

Giggerota has altered the imprint so that Karen has more of a Martian appearance, and thus is more pleasing to the eye to Giggerota, and yet does not upstage Giggerota’s looks. Karen has a razorblade smile and a killer tongue. Those creepy grey eyes—grey eyeballs, constricted red pupils, and no irises. And, three big floppy tits. And, as if produced by a branding iron, Giggerota’s symbol appears in the center of Karen’s forehead. Additionally, Karen sports a buff Sara body—a telling unintended Goonish side effect resulting from the imprint’s Martian taint. For now, the rest of the imprint remains unchanged.

A buff Sara body? In a word: athletic. In other words: the stereotypical hardcore CrossFit female physique. In her case, specifically, her physique becomes the fit buff body of a busty Ragnheidur Sara Sigmundsdottir the Icelandic weightlifter and CrossFit athlete. Sigmundsdottir is a trainer at CrossFit Sudurnes in Reykjanesbaer, Iceland.

Next, she as Karen Digney and Karen’s goddess in native form do an hour of self-flagellation, followed by an hour of flogging each other. Partly, as penance for the sins they have committed since their last worship and partly as penance for the sins they will commit during their worship. And, partly for pleasure—Giggerota and Karen are sadomasochists.

Flogging or beating, either as a religious discipline or for sexual gratification: “pursuing the path of penance and flagellation.” These two pious Catholics taste the whip for both reasons.

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

Worship always ends with an hour of self-flagellation, followed by an hour of flogging each other. Partly, as penance for the sins they have committed during worship. And, partly for pleasure.

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 either Bene Gesserit nuns or they are insane. Giggerota used to be a Bene Gesserit nun. She and Karen are insane.

The same goes for Catholics practicing Church worship that incorporates Paganism. The Church looks the other way. Flexibility of enforcing doctrine is one of the reasons that The Church is so robust throughout Creation. Another reason, though, is that, as a group, supernaturals are devout Catholics, and there are a lot of supernatural beings in Creation.

As a side note. Karen is completely unaware of Lucy's existence. Lucy, on the other hand, not only knows that Karen exists, but she remembers what she does when she is Karen. Otherwise. They are two separate complete personalities occupying the same body.

Of special note. At no time during, before, or after worship do Karen and Giggerota engage in sexual intercourse. The closest they come is when Giggerota and Karen pleasure themselves by feeding upon each other. Such was the case during her initial captivity when Giggerota first took Lucy.

Lucy starts to get up.

"Please stay, and hear my out, first."

"Okay."

"Our mutual acquaintance, Baroness Kroger, helped me word the personal ad. And it worked. She said that you would pick it."

A discreet gesture of its hand, confirms that it is a very close acquaintance of Baroness Kroger.

"So, our first date is premeditated? This is really about a job?"

"Precisely."

"She could have just asked me to meet you. I get a lot of work by word of mouth."

"I'm the one who wanted to do it this way."

"Why?"

"Why not?"

Lucy smiles and relaxes.

"Touché. Nice ice breaker."

"Thank you."

And, since this involves potential work, Lucy removes her sternns-miles from her purse and slips them on, and she yanks her hair back into a sternka. No longer is she comely. No longer do her looks threaten to upstage those of her interviewer. The robot is visibly pleased with this change and gives its tacit seal of approval.

"So. I presume your name isn't really, Tobar."

"Nope. My name is Toy. Have you heard of me?"

Another discreet gesture of its hand, confirms that it is who and what it says that it is.

"Yes. You're a living machine. The most advanced of your kind. And, of indeterminate age."

"And, while in my service that you will become akin to a living machine."

By this point in time, Lucy has become a robotics hobbyists. So. Pop! Just like that. Lucy is caught—hook, line, and sinker. The girl voices no objections. Left speechless by this once in a lifetime offer. Her silence is her consent. What Girl Friday, in their right mind, especially one with her hobby, wouldn't leap at the chance of being in the secretarial service of Toy as a wannabe automaton?!

White Rose, Black Forest, Mute

An old Amish proverb—“In order to mold her people, God often has to melt them.”

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

They stand lined up in the SS Paranormal ready room of Toy. The crème de la crème of modern powered body armor “suits.” And, Lucy has “driven” them all with equal proficiency.

United Nations Military Assault Command Operations (MACO) powered armor. Borg EXO, a queen’s version. Martian Congressional Republic Navy (MCRN) powered armor. And, a Boeing Valkyrie edition TEC (VIKI), which is additionally bearing on the shoulder sleeves the insignia of the SS Paranormal which incidentally is the very same logo as its predecessor organization the Ahnenerbe.

The latter exoskeleton the VIKI looks like it’s based upon an iterative Nazi variation of a Borg queen’s EXO. Looks can be deceiving, though.

The Boeing standard edition TEC the TAU, which is the standard issue exoskeleton for all *Schutzstaffel* (SS) troops, including the SS-Totenkopfverbände (Death’s Head unit), has a high-collar. It also has the slick, non-reflective “finish” normally associated with exo. A finish that, also like all exo, incorporates active camouflage.

The military presence for this secret base is Death’s Head. They provide all of the security and policing. This is a black site. Dead’s Head are for wetworks, specifically genocide. Enough said.

The Death’s Head unit is viewed as an elite within the elite structure of the SS. There is a telling German motto on the shoulder sleeve emblem adorning the TAU worn by Totenkopf. That motto in English is: “My Honor’s name is Loyalty.” Just like the SA, membership in the Death’s Head and its associated sandmen are exclusively restricted to Goons, although “regular” SS and the sandmen associated with the regular SS can be of any supernatural stripe.

Totenkopf or *Toten-Kopf* (skull, literally dead’s head) is the German word for the skull and crossbones and death’s head symbols. The Totenkopf symbol is an old international and old intra-world symbol for death, the defiance of death, danger, or the dead, as well as piracy. It consists usually of the human skull with or without the mandible and often includes two crossed long-bones (femurs), most often depicted with the crossbones being behind some part of the skull.

Regardless of the universe in question. It is commonly associated with 19th- and 20th-century German military use.

Mundanes say *universe*. Supernaturals say *world*. Mundanes say *multiverse*. Supernaturals say *Creation*. The British say *tomahto*. Americans say *tomayto*.

With the birth of the Fourth Reich, an infinity symbol representing eternity was added to the version of the Death’s Head of the SS-Totenkopfverbände, immediately below its two crossed long-bones.

The *Sturmabteilung* (SA; German pronunciation: 'ʃtʊʁmʔap, ʔaɪlʊŋ), literally Storm Detachment, functioned as the original paramilitary wing of the original, Third Reich Nazi Party (NSDAP). Its Third Reich version played a significant role in Adolf Hitler’s rise to power in the 1920s and 1930s.

Its primary purposes back then were providing protection for Nazi rallies and assemblies, disrupting the meetings of opposing parties, fighting against the paramilitary units of the opposing parties, especially the Red Front Fighters League (Rotfrontkämpferbund) of the Communist Party of Germany (KPD), and intimidating trade unionists and various outspoken critics of The Church, especially, Protestants—for instance, during the Nazi boycott of Protestant-owned businesses.

The SA are also called the “Brownshirts” (*Braunhemden*) from the color of their uniform shirts, similar to Benito Mussolini’s Blackshirts. The SA developed pseudo-military titles for its members, with ranks that were later adopted by several other Nazi Party groups, chief amongst them the SS, which originated as, and still is, a branch of the SA. Brown shirts were chosen as the SA uniform because a large number of them were cheaply available after World War I, having originally been ordered during the war for colonial troops posted to Germany’s former Martian colonies.

The SA became supremely empowered after Adolf Hitler ordered the “blood purge” of 1934. This event became known as the Night of the Long Knives (*die Nacht der langen Messer*). The brutal, unsurpassed performance of the SA assured that it would never be superseded by its spawn the SS. That night, The Party was cleansed to Hitler’s complete satisfaction.

A VIKI versus a Borg queen’s EXO? Similarities: low-cut—scalloped cleavage-baring neck, deep rich black color. Also, Lucy’s VIKI does not have the optional snakeskin pattern; it has the rubber-smooth appearance of an EXO. The snakeskin pattern in question is that of the python *reticulatus reticulatus* python, favored by Boeing CEO, Lady Alice Maud Krige. But, appearances aside, the differences between those two premier powered suits are much more than skin deep. Their designs had independent births. Ergo, one is not based upon the other. They just happen to resemble each other, cosmetically.

Upon a table sets four Series-3 phase pistols, two Series-3 phase rifles each with an attached tactical sling, and two Race Bannon double-holster gun belts. Fast-Scan “laser” sights on all of the phasers. The weapons are also biometric, keyed to Lucy or Toy, therefore, the ones keyed to Lucy cannot be used against Lucy and the ones keyed to Toy cannot be used against Toy.

Clipped to each gun belt is a ubiquitous hardshell snakeskin cigarette purse. What’s noteworthy? Not clipped to the gun belt that Lucy uses is her Bene Gesserit tricorder and Otterbox holstered Brand-X smartphone.

Being like those other ubiquitous cigarette purses, thanks to spatial displacement, a purse’s interior is exponentially larger than its slim exterior would indicate were even remotely possible. The purse’s exterior is literally the size of a women’s cigarette case, hence its moniker. Think: the interior of a TARDIS or a ROOM.

Of course, in the case of something that’s manufactured like a TARDIS or a women’s cigarette purse, there’s a limit to how big the interior can be relative to the exterior. That’s the so-called “magical” ratio. In spite of its name, the ratio has nothing to do with magic; it has to do with the laws of physics plain and simple.

But, ROOMs were not manufactured. They were created, not made, by God. ROOMs of The MOTEL, the first edifice created by God. As such, the ratio doesn’t apply. Their interiors are literally limitless. And, as aforementioned, ROOMs exist outside of the normal space-time continuum.

Once upon a time, before they knew better, physicists theorized that universes were actually ROOMs, but no one was ever able to prove it, not even mathematically. Then, the truth was

discovered by Professor Taylor Made during her at that time bleeding-edge causality experiments; experiments which flittered with the mechanics of Creation itself. From that moment hence, it became tenet that universes were the closet analogues to ROOMs in Nature—close, but still no cigar.

Lucy is wearing her current wardrobe of “selfwear unmentionables” aka appliances. Her white satin corselette and flesh-colored rubber thong. No Parts. A perl necklace. Unbecoming sternnsmiles, so that her looks are not allowed to upstage Toy’s.

As “good” underwear should. The corselet and panties mask her nipples and her crotch. In effect, neutering her.

Gravity defying—just standing there all by its lonesome—between the row of exos and the weapons table. Filled out, just like it is being worn by an invisible person who’s frozen in place. Is a low-cut black fishnet bodystocking. If the girl were wearing it, coverage would include her hands and fingers.

Upon putting on the fishnets, it will self-activate, fusing seamlessly to her body, rendering her coverage prosthetic—Transfiguring her, just like *exo*. Technically and colloquially, it’s known as *LITE*. Ballistically, it does not offer her the same protection as *exo*. But. It clearly is much more revealing, which is the intent and purpose for wearing it in lieu of an *exo*.

Having attached itself to her *LITE*, against the small of the back of the filled-out “empty” body stocking, is something that resembles a small biomechanical spider. That something is a *die glocke*.

The *kronos* resembles the *die glocke*, the *die glocke* predates the *kronos*. Not the other way around.

Did the *die glocke* leap onto the *LITE*’s back, of its own volition? Or, did someone place it there? In this case, it is the latter. It was placed there by the robotics hobbyist who built it the *die glocke* from scratch. The culprit is Lucy.

Officially, Lucy is a CA (civilian advisor) attached the SS Paranormal, whose partner is Toy. Translation: she is Toy’s Girl Friday.

Dwelling on the subject, intentionally. A sheer, not opaque, low-cut cleavage-baring fishnet bodystocking. *LITE* does not afford her the same opaque masking as *exo*. Wearing it means that her body is unmasked. Therefore, if she were wearing *LITE*, and not wearing any appliances underneath, you would see telling anatomical details—e.g., her nipples and “private” parts.

Being selfwear, all of her wearables are self-cleaning in hygiene mode, keeping clean the wear and its wearer.

In the center of Toy’s ready room are what appear to be two central alcoves that were designed for the use of Borg queens. One of those central alcoves houses a very different one-of-a-kind synthetic being. It houses Toy.

Toy’s two alcoves look Borg, but neither of them is. To reiterate, looks can be, and in this case, are deceiving. Toy’s alcoves are not of Borg design. Toy designed them. Therefore, they are Darc, just like Toy.

When Toy’s body assembles, the process is fully automated as one would expect of the most advanced thinking machine ever created, and involves the head, shoulder, and spinal column being brought down to ground level while the rest of our body is brought up from beneath the floor. The

legs, torso, and arms assemble first. As the body stands erect, the head, shoulders, and spinal column are dropped into place, and clamps secure this subassembly inside of its body. The body is then clad in black, low-cut, skintight exo plating akin to a Borg queen's exoskeleton complete with matching Borg-ish gloves and boots. Toy's rubber-smooth exo has the same slick look of a Borg queen's. The Darc body suit, gloves, and boots feel like living flesh, just like any exo.

Toy's exo and a Borg queen's exo. More similarities? They are a body suit, gloves, and boots, separate from the wearer—they are worn distinct from the wearer and only become indistinguishable from the wearer when the wearer puts them on, and they, the wear, fuses to the wearer upon self-activation.

So, counter to popular belief. They are not part of the machine itself. In other words, they are clothes, not features.

To reiterate. The machine whether referring to Toy or a Borg queen, that is seemingly clad in a skintight exo, is in reality wearing a skintight exo. It is not naked.

Befitting a dominatrix. When Lucy is Toy's Doll, she has the loathsome face and voice of a shrew. A robot voice that is very matter-of-fact. It is also grating, like fingernails across a chalkboard. Additionally, Lucy's Doll voice retains its thick New Jersey accent.

As a Doll, Lucy rarely speaks, and when she does, she keeps her words to the bare minimum.

To digress. And, to reiterate. While Lucy is Toy's Doll. That loathsome face—a shrew's. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that's best described as "haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage." Yet, is otherwise lacking in emotion. In a word, stiff—a face that is a vision of Borg loveliness, per Borg specifications, of course. Something else that applies to Lucy as Toy's Doll that also applies to a Borg queen and to Toy itself as well.

Befitting a dominatrix. When Toy is in its native form. A shrew's loathsome face and voice. Toy's robot voice is just as loathsome and matter-of-fact as that of its Doll's. It is grating, like fingernails across a chalkboard. Additionally, a voice that retains its heavy Prussian accent. The robot face and voice of a seventy-something Dame Helen Mirren.

Lucy's robot face and voice are modeled after Toy's. Not the other way around.

Toy sports a Blink-drive-powered positronic brain and a completely artificial body that are akin to that of a Series-9 Borg Queen's. But, Toy's brain and body are much more advanced, of course.

To digress, again. A positronic brain and thus the realization of an entire genre of fictional technological devices that were originally conceived in literature by science fiction writer Isaac Asimov.

To digress even further. And, to reiterate again. While in its native form. That loathsome face—a shrew's. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that's best described as "haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage." Yet, is otherwise lacking in emotion. In a word, stiff—a face that is a vision of Borg loveliness, per Borg specifications, of course. Again, something else that applies to a native Toy that also applies to a Borg queen and to Toy's Doll as well.

Again. Akin to a Borg Queen, Toy spends much of its time in its "lair" with its head and spinal column residing in its special alcove. When it emerges, it will "re-assemble" itself into a body that looks predominantly artificial—the arms, legs, and torso appearing to be entirely synthetic, while the head and shoulders seeming to be organic, but with substantial cybernetic implants. Unlike the

Borg Queen, no matter how they may seem to be, no part of Toy is organic. Toy is all machine—a 100-percent pure robotic organism—totally artificial, unlike The Borg.

The similarities between Toy and a Borg Queen, are mere cosmetic ones and minor behavioral ones. The profound differences supersede the technological specifics of a “pure” artificial being versus an organic being who has been hybridized with a prosthetic body and cybernetic implants. A robot versus a robotoid. Robotics versus cybernetics. Mech versus biomech. The Holy Grail of robotics versus the Holy Grail of biomechanics.

Toy? It’s said that. It was built by God. It’s said that. It predates all of God’s Children. It’s said that. It even predates gOd!

Truth be told, urban legends aside, no one knows exactly how old it is, who or what built it, or even why it was built. There’s no way to determine its origins, its chronology, or its age, let alone how it works.

What’s known about it is few and far between. Most are insidious. Two are confirmed. Confirmed: There is only one of it. Confirmed: As mentioned in Homer’s *Illiad* and Plato’s *Atlantis*, it tricked a naïve scientist himself an Atlantean into building the *gifsicle-optipng* that felled Atlantis. The scientist Professor Tobor, distraught over what he had been deceived into doing, later committed suicide. Incidentally, even though robot is tobar spelled backwards, it’s not how the word robot was derived. Robots existed long before Tobar and his forbearers.

With the stroke of the wall clock. Lucy’s shift as Toy’s Girl Friday begins.

Toy fully activates. Its eyes fluorescence blue, momentarily. A narrative begins. The disembodied voice is Toy’s.

“As one would expect, assembling our body is quite complex. Our positronic brain is active, whether it’s embodied or disembodied. Our body parts are kept in our central alcove: sections of our body (legs, torso, and arms) are stored below the floor, while the head, shoulders, and spinal column are stored in an area above ground level. The actual storage area resembles that of the reigning Borg Queen in Unimatrix Zero.”

What follows is their usual ritual of presentation. Precise. Succinct.

“Shall I beguile you, Mistress?”

“Please do, Lucy.”

Lucy makes herself quite fetching, indeed. Her unbecoming sternns-miles are placed upon the weapons table. Her now comely looks threaten to upstage Toy’s. LITE worn over her underwear. LITE transfiguring her and her underwear. LITE feels like living flesh.

And. For the express pleasure of her Toy. Lucy’s physique becomes athletic, and thus she assumes the guise of Sara’s buff body. Additionally, her flaxen hair is yanked back and down, and its long golden tresses are braided, in the style of a Viking warrior queen, into a long ponytail which snakes down the robot girl’s back.

Lucy’s die glöcke crawls up her back from the base of her spine and places itself against the back of her neck. As the spidery device self-activates and affixes itself, Lucy’s eyes fluorescence blue, momentarily. Figuratively speaking, Lucy’s brain now has an AI architecture akin to that of a Series 9 Borg queen or Toy—in effect, Lucy now has a positronic brain powered by a Blink Drive.

This is why Lucy's Bene Gesserit tricorder and Otterbox holstered Brand-X smartphone are not clipped to her gun belt—they are not needed.

The girl's die glocke has military-grade encryption. Therefore, in order for her mind to be compromised, she must willingly and willfully allow her mind to be back-doored. And that is exactly what she allows Toy to do to her.

It remotes the girl, establishing a tether akin to a telepathic link. Lucy's eyes fluorescence blue, momentarily, again. Literally, they Toy and Lucy become extensions of each other—they are each other's avatar. Yet, each of them Toy and Lucy retains their individuality, thus Lucy is more the just an extension of Toy, and vice versa. Girl has become robot girl.

Robotic mannerisms and ways. The robot girl, imprinted as a Doll by Toy, is stiff-backed. Her movements are severe, precise, bordering upon robotic. For all intents and purpose, reshaped into a likeness of Toy. Figuratively, Lucy has become a pure thinking machine, akin to Toy. Literally, Lucy is still Lucy, but a Lucy akin to a living machine.

Robotic mannerisms and ways. Toy in its native form is stiff-backed. Its movements are severe, precise, bordering upon robotic. This, of course, is what you'd expect of a pure thinking machine.

To reiterate. A positronic brain. And. At the base of Toy's skull, something that's not supposed to exist. An Epson sphere, perfect and seamless, with a Blink Drive core. An AI architecture akin to that of a Series 9 Borg queen. But. Toy's arrangement is more advanced, and, much older.

Either way, whether a Borg queen's or Toy's. It's an AI architecture that negates, for example, a tricorder or a phone.

The central alcove assembles Toy per Toy's unspoken dictate. A finished Toy steps out of its alcove. Lucy walks over to it. The obsessive, compulsive, vindictive, petty, envious Toy.

Toy obviously craves its Icelandic robot girl's Brünnhilde hairdo. It fixates upon this severe, becoming, traditional Nordic hairdo.

The robot strokes the robot girl's knobb and left cheek, covetously. There is nothing gentle or loving about the gesture. It's a sick, twisted expression of Toy's definition of what's romantic.

“You may feed, now.”

Lucy affixes her large, ugly, gash of a mouth to the leftside of her One's neck and feeds ravenously as if she's a junkie whore getting her needed fix.

Toy covetous strokes the robot girl's yellow-blond hair. Those long, silky, board-straight, golden, braided tresses.

In service to willingly and willfully do Toy's bidding. Toy's clean and pristine Lucy, a Doll who is akin to Giggerota's deranged, vacant Karen.

As Lucy feeds, Toy contemplates the following.

Figuratively, a positronic brain, because of a self-activated die glocke. Literally, a prosthetic body because Lucy's wear is self-activated LITE. Actually, a die glocke is an external neural implant. Icelandic: outwardly Nosferatu with a taint of Ogre, inwardly Goonish and therefore very Goonish in behavior.

Now, fully realized, Lucy is Darc, just like Toy. Perform a sensor scan of the robot girl, and she will not read Undead, she will read Darc indistinguishable from Toy.

Toy in its native form and Lucy as Toy's Doll. Loathsome face and voice. Robotic mannerisms and ways. These are what you'd expect of a thinking machine, and that's exactly what native Toy, Doll Lucy, and a Borg queen exhibit.

Lucy. As its Doll attired in either LITE or a VIKI. Sporting a buff Sara body. Robotic: a shrew's loathsome face and voice, robotic ways and mannerisms. Icelandic: outwardly Nosferatu with a taint of Ogre, inwardly Goonish and therefore very Goonish in behavior. This is how Toy prefers its Girl Friday. Hence, this is the only way that Lucy presents herself to Toy, when she is Toy's Girl Friday.

Obviously, this is Toy's version of a Doll, not The Master's.

Discourse on Intercourse

A **court shoe** (British English), or **pump** (American English), is a shoe with a low-cut front, the vamp, and without a fastening. They are usually worn by women, but are still traditional menswear in some formal situations, where the style is sometimes called an **opera slipper** or **patent pump**. Pumps with a strap across the instep are called Mary Janes. Pumps may have an ankle strap.

Pumps for women are usually heeled. The shape has varied through time. In the UK, a closed toe and wide (non-stiletto) heel have been worn by the very fashion-conscious, but most still wear stilettos of mainly “kitten” height to medium height.

In the UK, outside the fashion trade, the term “pumps” would normally imply flat or low-heel dancing or ballerina pumps, or even rubber-soled canvas plimsolls. In the U.S., “pumps” exclusively refers to women’s shoes with a kitten or higher heel.

Pumps can be made from any material, but traditional patent leather is popular. Pumps are mostly worn with a suit or a uniform, but are also worn with formal and informal dresses, skirts, trousers, and jeans. White, stiletto-heeled pumps are the standard attire with swimsuits in beauty pageants.

Pumps are also part of the costume of a ballroom dancer. They are made of satin, usually tan, though other colors are made as well, and worn on both the competition and practice floors.

They stroll in one of the clubhouse patios. This is the one reserved for the use of the most senior members, their guests, and staff. It’s late at night. By chance or purpose, Baroness Kroger and Lucy are the only strollers. At one point in their conversation, the Baroness points at the love seat of a white wrought-iron set. They sit down on the love seat. There are a select number of women that Lucy is Girl Friday to. And the Baroness is one of them. All of her employers are rich, powerful, and very old.

The Baroness is a Goon, an Ogre to be specific. When she and Lucy are alone or when they are amidst Goon kind, they only converse in Goon. Because, Lucy is an abomination, the girl was able to learn Goon, a language only Goons or select others can savvy. The Baroness is the person who taught Lucy how to speak, read, and write Goon, and the girl does so fluently but with the same strong archaic Prussian accent as Toy and the Baroness.

As such, they are conversing in Goon, which discourages casual eavesdropping.

“You have met my nephew Fritz Kuhn?”

“Ah, yes. The SS captain. I know of him, my Baroness. But. I have never had the pleasure of meeting him. I’ve heard that he is quite handsome.”

“*My Baroness.* It warms this old woman’s cockles, whenever I hear you call me that. With the passing of each day, you become more like us. Already, you are the leibling I never had.”

The Baroness isn’t referring to a physical transformation. She’s referring to a metaphysical one. And, for a reason that soon will be painfully obvious, no matter how far this “change” progresses, the girl will never assume the physical appearance of an adult female Goon, specifically an Ogre.

But. As such. The inner Goon, outer Nosferatu. In this private situation. Lucy acts Goonish. For example, Lucy is barefoot, just like the Baroness. The Baroness, like all Goons, only wears shoes when she has to.

Likewise, these days, whether the situation is public or private, Lucy only wears shoes when she has to. And, increasingly, whether publicly or privately, she exhibits other Goonish behaviors.

As an Ogress, Lucy would nonetheless retain some her of Nordic visage—blonde and blue-eyed. Goons being a mix of blondes, brunettes, and the occasional redheads, and different eye colors. Of course, she would lose her sharp angular features, and her face would lose its hardness. Replaced by coarse features and brutish looks akin to those of a Neanderthal. A hard pretty face giving way to a coarse pretty face. Pretty of a decidedly different, Goon flavor. She would become stocky-built and muscular, an Amazon of a very different sort than she is now.

The Baroness prefers her poontang to primarily look like prime Aryan Nosferatu stock, with some Ogre mixed in—Icelandic. Her preference in Girl Fridays is the same. This is why she prefers a girl with “athletic” Nordic looks, instead of a girl looking like a full-blown Ogre. A girl acting Goon is just cherry on the cake.

Therefore. Although Baroness Kroger is well within her rights to insist that the girl look Goon, specifically Ogre, while on duty as her Girl Friday. For the reason just stated—personal taste. She will never exercise that option.

To reiterate. Beating a dead horse, yet again. Baroness Kroger prefers an athletic-looking Nosferatu. One of those “Icelandic” girls. And. When such girls act Goonish, it fuels her personal preference even more.

The “pure” Nosferatu Greta version of Lucy has the slender well-endowed figure of a Las Vegas showgirl. Toned without a hint of muscularity. A so-called “dancer’s” body.

When Lucy is in the employ of the Baroness or alone with the Baroness—she is informally/formally associated with the Baroness—or she is solely in the midst of Goons, her physique becomes the fit buff body of a busty Ragnheidur Sara Sigmundsdottir the Icelandic weightlifter and CrossFit athlete. In other words, it’s as if she becomes a Nosferatu version of Sara.

Incidentally, and not surprisingly. When she is alone with Mrs. Carson, Lucy looks like she’s Nosferatu with a taint of Ogre, and she acts Goonish. In other words, she becomes Mrs. Carson’s personal preference: one of those Icelandic girls.

Bottomline. As such, as she is right now, alone with the Baroness, Lucy is sporting her buff Sara body. That feminine muscularity—still very feminine, without being the least bit masculine or muscle-bound. In a word: athletic.

Regardless. Nosferatu tend to be cruel. Elves, the ace boon-coon of the Nosferatu, tend to be vicious. Goons tend to be brutal. Crones, just like indigenous Martians, are natural enslavers. Lucy tends to be cruel, vicious, and brutal, and Lucy’s Other craves enslavement. The girl is a so-called Poison Elf—also known as a Dark, Darjk Elf, Dark Elf, Darkie, or Darque (its Biblical usage). A Nosferatu who additionally has the propensities of an Elf, a Goon, and a Crone.

The Other. The formal psychological designation for the externalization of a Poison Elf’s Id and that Id’s enslavement propensities made manifest. Therefore. Unlike, Lucy’s Karen, The Other is not a separate personality. All Darque possess an Other. And. That Id is fundamentally Crone in nature.

And, increasingly, this Poison Elf finds any excuse to sport her Sara body. The word of which has gotten back to the Baroness and Mrs. Carson who receive such tidings with glee.

As for the Baroness' *leibling* reference. That should never be taken literally, when Baroness Kroger uses it in reference to her Lucy. Their relationship is completely platonic, very professional. The Baroness sees the girl as the daughter she never had, hence the correct in context usage of *leibling* in this case is darling daughter. This also, without exception, describes the relationship she has with all of her employers. She's liked enough as an employee to be seen as a daughter-that-could-have-been, but, she's still seen as an employee, and no hanky panky is involved or implied.

Of course, Lucy sports her usual, severe, profoundly-unattractive on-duty look. So that she can never upstage the looks of her employer, no matter who that current employer is. This professional rigor endears Lucy to Baroness Kroger even more profoundly.

"I have a favor to ask of you."

"I consent, my Baroness."

The Baroness flashes a brutal grin.

"I haven't asked you the favor. Yet you agree to it, blindly?"

What's understood, without being spoken, is that Lucy doesn't really have a choice in the matter. She's expected to say yes, so she just cut to the chase.

"Of course, my Baroness."

"We must work on your barter skills."

"Yes, my Baroness."

"Yes, we both know that it's expected that you consent, but the joy is always in the chase. Understood?"

"Not really, my Baroness."

"Eventually, you will. I will teach you. You are my protégé, this is what I formally make of our relationship as of this moment, although you have informally been so for some time. Capish?"

"Yes, my Baroness."

"And with that obligation comes another." Klaus Kohler, one of the Baroness' lifelong friends, enters the patio as if on cue, and stops at a distance. He is an Ogre god, and a *Sturmführer* in the *Sturmabteilung* of the Nazi Party. The Baroness Kroger is rumored to be a high-ranking member of The Party. "You may come over now and address us, *Sturmführer*."

He does as he is told. A *Sturmführer* at her beck and call, in full uniform, within the confines of the clubhouse. A clear indication of just how high up in The Party, the Baroness really is. The gossip of non-Nazi Girl Fridays about her has proved to be true. Rumors that also bespeak of the Baroness being Gestapo, maybe even being its head. With The Party being so secretive. Rumors is all outsiders have of the inner workings of The Party.

The **Gestapo** (German pronunciation: ge'sta:po, gə'fta:po), abbreviation of *Geheime Staatspolizei* (Secret State Police), was the official secret police of Nazi Germany and German-occupied Europe, during the War. And, post-War, the policing functions it performs in the Fourth Reich aren't publicly defined to outsiders—they're still secret.

The force was created by Hermann Göring in 1933 by combining the various security police agencies of Prussia into one organization. Beginning on 20 April 1934 it passed to the administration of SS national leader Heinrich Himmler, who in 1936 was appointed Chief of German Police (*Chef der Deutschen Polizei*) by Hitler.

The Gestapo at that time becoming a national, rather than a Prussian state agency as a sub-office of the *Sicherheitspolizei* (SiPo) (Security Police). Then, from 27 September 1939 forward, it was administered by the *Reichssicherheitshauptamt* (RSHA) (Reich Main Security Office) and was considered a sister organization to the SS *Sicherheitsdienst* (SD) (Security Service). During World War II, the Gestapo played a key role in the Nazi plan to exterminate “undesirables.”

The Sturmführer walks over to them, but he doesn't readily say anything. He waits for the Baroness to break the ice, so to speak. Another indication of the Prussian baroness' high Party rank.

“She has agreed to join The Party. I will be her sponsor. And, I vouch for her being a good Nazi.”

In reaction to this. The Sturmführer turns his attention, exclusively, to the girl.

“Do you agree to this, knowing that membership is permanent? Once Party, always Party.”

“I willingly and willfully beseech you, my Sturmführer, for membership into The Party.”

Simple, direct, and to the point, and clearly heart felt. The Baroness smiles broadly, in reaction to Lucy's well-worded response. The girl obviously knew this day was eventually coming and had wisely planned ahead with a chosen reply calculated to elicit the desired reaction from her targeted audience.

It is a usage paraphrased from the classics. In particular, it is a version of the very one used by Baroness Kroger when she joined The Party at the behest of Adolf Hitler himself.

“I accept you application. You are from henceforth a member of The Party the Nazi Party, and therefore an unquestioning defender of The Church the Catholic Church, a steadfast supporter of The Order the Bene Gesserit Order, and a fanatical believer in our Way of Life. And, with the Baroness' permission, I would like to be your Party patron in you joining my SA and you being associated with my Totenkopf as a sandman. As your Party co-sponsor, I will take personal charge of your training as a sandman, of course.”

“You have my permission, Sturmführer!” Baroness Kroger responds, enthusiastically.

SA, not regular SS. In a clear violation of Party rules. Lucy, a non-Goon, is being recruited into the ranks of the all-Goon SA. Also. Sandmen associated with the Death's Head unit are supposed to be Goon. Another grave infraction of Party rules, punishable by destruction. And, a testament to just how powerful and influential the Goon fraction in The Party really is.

There will be no repercussions, whatsoever, suffered by either Sturmführer Kohler or Baroness Kroger for their wanton criminality in this matter.

The Sturmführer acknowledges the Baroness' strongly-voiced permission with a smart tip of his cap. A very, very old school non-verbal exchange between two very, very old beings.

Lucy stands up. Assumes a severe, stiff-backed posture, the posture associated with Nazis. Clicks her heels together and salutes them both. “Sieg heil!”

The **Nazi salute** or **Hitler** salute is a gesture that was used as a greeting in Nazi Germany and still is among Party members today. Although, it is technically illegal, in modern times. The salute

is performed by extending the right arm in the air with a straightened hand. Usually, the person offering the salute would say “**Heil Hitler!**” (Hail Hitler!), “Heil, mein Führer!” (Hail, my leader!), or “Sieg heil!” (Hail victory!).

Formalities now aside. The three of them relax and hug. The Party, the forever Fourth Reich, has grown by one. A new Nazi is born.

The Sturmführer bids adieu and leaves. Alone again, they resume their leisurely stroll.

“You are my protégée. You are Party. Now, I can ask you that favor. After you finish your sandman training, I wish for you and your partner Toy to go to Mars in the company of my nephew Fritz’s squad and investigate a murder.”

“Of course, my Baroness.”

“You forgot to barter, again. I really do need to begin your training in the art of the sell, sooner than later.”

“As you wish, my Baroness.”

Of special note. Although Fourth Reich membership is restricted to supernaturals, no exceptions. Toy is a member of The Party, and it is not supernatural. It’s best to not broach that “inconsistency” with a Nazi, if you know what’s good for you, that is.

In point of fact, at one time Toy held the rank of Reichsführer of the Totenkopf. When Toy was Reichsführer, it led by example, often accompanying away missions into the field. A practice that continues to this day with the current Reichsführer. In fact, it’s a practice of all Reichsführers who have succeeded Toy.

During the course of Toy’s membership in the Party, it has held the ranks of Sturmbannführer, Obersturmbannführer, Standartenführer, and Brigadeführer, and the aforementioned Reichsführer.

Also. Toy is one of the founding members of The Fourth Reich.

12 Monkeys

There once was a serpent who only traveled in one direction: always forward, never backward.

Until one day the serpent came upon a demon.

The demon cursed the serpent, driving him insane—causing him to eat his own tail.

The serpent was blind.

But there were those who could see; who knew the serpent's true path.

So they created a weapon to destroy the demon.

They hid the weapon in the snake's den, where he waited for his madness to end. But it never did.

For the seers discovered that the only one who could wield the weapon was the demon itself.

And so the serpent was doomed to circle in madness. Forever.

Friday, March 13th. Trans World Airline Flight 103 bound for Mars. It's the usual streamlined silver speedster. A needle-nosed cigar-shape set atop three swept-back Drive-fins. With cabins of varied opulence. Standing majestically on the Seen spaceport runway. On the outskirts of Rome.

The Gravity Drive of Flight 103 perverts the planet's gravity well, VTOLing the rocketship into Earth orbit, where, after a scenic delay, its Jump Drive automatically kicks in. The TWA needle-nose incrementally traverses a worm hole, guided by the RCA Victor Company's infallible Galactic Positioning System also known as GPS.

When the commuter emerges into Mars orbit, it takes another respite. From there, after the flight crew receives permission from the control tower to leave geo-stationary orbit, the subroc engages its VTOL mode again and descends gracefully to its final destination: a runway on the surface of Mars. Just outside the city limits of Mars City.

The squat ancient-looking redoubt, which currently serves as the Mars City spaceport's terminal building, was a nimbus for Druid activity eons ago during those dark ages which the city fathers would rather the human tourists knew nothing about.

In the distance, a nasty ionized dust storm is brewing. Heat rises in wave after breath-stealing wave from the ground, blurring not only buildings, but also nearby rocketships, rocketdynes, and ramjet-powered fliers. And the air positively stinks of brimstone. It's no wonder that Daemons call Mars, "*The Paradise of Schones Deutschland!*"

This is Mars in the throes of terraforming and unchecked industrialization. On the Earth, World War I rages.

Per the earliest chronology of Creation, in reference to the Children of God.

Starting at the very top, the pecking order is Demons, Dragons, and Nameless Ones. To know the name of a thing is to have power over it. Therefore. In order to protect the latter from the fore, *Nameless Ones* is a designation given to them by God, not a name.

Starting at the very top, the pecking order of Demons is Nosferatu, Elves, Goons, and Cronos. In-between Elves and Goons appear the Poison Elves. Their first showing predates and anticipates Goons and Cronos which didn't exist at that time.

With two glaring exceptions. In the supernatural world, the older a race or individual is, the more supernaturally powerful they are. An aberration is a younger being who is just as powerful as beings older than them. An abomination is a younger being who is more powerful than beings older than them. But. In supernatural society, aberrations and abominations are supposed to, and thus expected to, defer to their elders.

Irrespective of being a Poison Elf, Lucy is Nosferatu and her husband is Nosferatu. So, in spite of her inclinations and the wishes of very powerful others, by the time she goes on this, her second Mars mission, she has done what supernatural society expected of her—she's dumped usage of the Sara body, except for when she's Karen with Karen's goddess. She can get away with this exception, because Karen is a separate person, entirely, and Karen's goddess, Goddess Giggerota is a very old, and is thus a very powerful and a very influential, supernatural being.

Baroness Kroger, Mrs. Carson, Toy, etc., have set plans in motion to exploit this exception. Maybe, in place of Lucy with a buff Sara body, use Karen with a buff Sara body but without her Martian overtones and affectations? Their success of doing so, are between slim and none. Because. Karen, in any way, shape, or form, exists for the exclusive use of Karen's goddess, Goddess Giggerota.

Among those sitting in on the mission's second team continuity brief is Baroness Kroger, Lucy, and, One, a Borg queen who looks like she is an assimilated version of a busty Alice Maud Krige. Toy, Fritz and his team, and SG-1 (Stargate Team 1) are conspicuously absent. Fritz lost the coin toss. One, a contingent of Borg drones, and the three other Stargate Command teams (SG-3, SG-5, and SG-10) assigned to the mission will go in first. Skynet has the task of containment, just like it did when an expeditionary force of Dragons and Druids went in six months ago—that mission turned into a complete fiasco, and a force of Martian Marines had to be hastily "borrowed" for the exfil.

Skynet is a neural net-based, conscious, group mind and artificial general intelligence superintelligence system. It is one of the cornerstones of the planetary defense for Mars.

Stargate Command (abbreviated to SGC) is a top-secret United States Air Force military organization tasked with operating the Stargate devices that are in the possession of the SGC and all matters pertaining to things off-world, such as threats to Earth or missions to procure new technology from extraterrestrial civilizations.

This is the first time that Lucy has met One. And, technically, Lucy is in open Doll format. Thus, standing on formality in its most possessive usage, the Borg Queen refers to Lucy as either *Seven* or *Seven-of-One*, and she treats Lucy like her personal Borg drone. And, One keeps insisting that Lucy refer to her as *One*, *One-of-Seven*, or *my queen*, and Lucy keeps refusing to do so.

Overall, theirs is not a dry, formal relationship. There is a palatable sexual tension between the two of them. One will give Lucy certain forlorn looks. The Borg queen openly covets the robot girl. And, unlike Toy, One is anatomically correct—she's the functional and physical equivalent of a sexbot, and she thus has all the right girl parts—e.g., nipples, vagina, anus, etc. One also knows all

the porn chick tricks, and then some. But. This is clearly a case of unrequited love. Because, it's painfully obvious that Lucy has no interest, whatsoever, in One. Or. Is that really the case?

For purposes of the brief, One is tethered to Lucy via One's built-in Lync and Lucy's die glocke. Thus, making Lucy a de facto drone of the Borg Collective, in the iterum. It is an enslavement that of course appeals to The Other and thus, by doing so, appeals to Lucy on the basest of levels, although Lucy for obvious reasons of strict propriety won't consciously acknowledge it, hence her public rebuke of the Borg queen's advances.

Halfway through the meeting. That enslavement stops appealing to The Other at any level, becoming a passing fancy of the robot girl's Id. The robot girl quickly becomes bored, and makes no bones about it. Now lacking a subconscious component, the robot girl's disinterest, where it concerns One, is quite genuine.

Lucy does not express her boredom in the fashion of a Goon, though. Outwardly, at this point in time, the robot girl's Goonish inclinations are solely expressed by her continued fluency in Goon and her unsurpassed propensity toward brutality. The "trivial" Goonish things she used to do, and did so in spades even when it was inappropriate, she now only does sparingly and only when it's appropriate. For example, she no longer goes barefoot or eats food with her hands, every chance she gets.

And, then there's her accent to consider. Her thick New Jersey accent has been replaced by an equally-strong archaic Old Norse accent, the same accent as Mrs. Carson's. An accent present whether she's a Doll, Karen, or just run-of-the-mill Lucy, and when she's speaking Goon. A harsh, haughty, inherently cruel-sounding accent which punctuates her aloofness. Her voice remains husky, for a woman. It is the sexy, raspy, heavily-accented voice that one would naturally associate with a dominatrix.

Old Norse was a North Germanic language that was spoken by inhabitants of Scandinavia and inhabitants of their overseas settlements from about the 9th to the 13th century.

The Proto-Norse language developed into Old Norse by the 8th century, and Old Norse began to develop into the modern North Germanic languages in the mid-to-late 14th century, ending the language phase known as Old Norse. These dates, however, are not absolute, since written Old Norse is found well into the 15th century.

Old Norse was divided into three dialects: Old West Norse, Old East Norse, and Old Gutnish. Old West and East Norse formed a dialect continuum, with no clear geographical boundary between them. For example, Old East Norse traits were found in eastern Norway, although Old Norwegian is classified as Old West Norse, and Old West Norse traits were found in western Sweden. Most speakers spoke Old East Norse in what is present day Denmark and Sweden. Old Gutnish, the more obscure dialectal branch, is sometimes included in the Old East Norse dialect due to geographical associations. It developed its own unique features and shared in changes to both other branches.

The 12th century Icelandic *Gray Goose Laws* state that Swedes, Norwegians, Icelanders, and Danes spoke the same language, *dönsk tunga* ("Danish tongue"; speakers of Old East Norse would have said *dansk tunga*). Another term, used especially commonly with reference to West Norse, was *norrænt mál* ("Nordic/Northern speech"). Today Old Norse has developed into the modern North Germanic languages Icelandic, Faroese, Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish, of which Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish retain considerable mutual intelligibility.

She's an Icelandic beauty. As such. Hers is beauty of the explicitly cruel, uber dominatrix, "Worship Me, Now!!!" flavor. 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. 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. Ravishing beauty in the eye candy tradition of Rachel Zoe, Miss Debra Gale Marshall, and, most especially, June Wilkinson.

In other words. Lucy has become what the Brits call, "A proper Dark Elf." So. It should come as no surprise that while Greta Lucille Röhm is still her formal name, informally she's known as Ragnheiður Greta Lucille Röhmisdóttir. This also acts as a further appeasement to Mrs. Carson. And, yes, Mrs. Carson still calls her, "Sara."

In essence. Lucy is Icelandic without having the buff Sara body. And. Hand in glove with that. There is also something else that is slowing asserting itself, more often than not. Something very Dark and very Crone. That something of course is Lucy's growing penchant for the enslavement of herself and others.

Enslavement and The Other. Clearly, a fickle craving, at this moment in time, as demonstrated by The Other being so into her Borg enslavement and then being totally over it in a very short period of time.

Enslavement and The Other. A trivial expression of which is her ever-increasing appetite for vintage femdom porn, particularly that of and in the style of Bill Ward.

Enslavement and The Other. When Lucy's Crone subconscious is in complete control. And. Lucy is indulging this insatiable "need" of The Other. Lucy sports a crazed and has the wild bloodshot eyes of someone who is demented. Because, she is in fact crazed during these "lapses" of hers. She becomes scrawny, remains busty, and looks and acts akin to the fictional Gollum from her favorite novel.

A separate personality is threatening to form during these lapses of hers. An enslavement junkie. Someone who, in the vein of Lucy's Karen Digney, is a lunatic whore, with no knowledge of Lucy's existence, whatsoever. For want of a better name, call this deranged proto-person *Gollum*.

Krazed hair. Messy straight hair. The unkempt hair of a lunatic who rants and raves at a full moon, while foaming at the mouth and gnashing their teeth. A hairdo that makes it look like the person is wearing a frightwig.

Additionally. During the most lucid moments of these lapses. Akin to what happened to the Marion Crane character in *Psycho*. She comes off as caustic and abusive, and she's easily mistaken for a dominatrix who is also a deranged, homicidal maniac.

Gollum is a fictional character from J. R. R. Tolkien's legendarium. She was introduced in the 1937 fantasy novel *The Crone*, and became an important supporting character in its sequel, *The Lord of the Rings*. Gollum was a Stoor Crone of the Iceland-folk, who lived near the Gladden Ice Fields. Originally known as **Sméagol**, she was corrupted by the One Ring and later named Gollum after her habit of making "a horrible swallowing noise in her throat."

In Appendix F of *The Lord of the Rings*, the name Sméagol is said to be a “translation” of the actual Middle-earth name *Trahald* (having to do with the idea of “burrowing,” and rendered with a name based on Old English *smygel* of similar meaning). Several critics speculate that *Beowulf*’s Grendel could have been an inspiration for Gollum due to the many parallels between them—such as their affinity for ice, their isolation from society due to their personal choices, and their bestial description. Although Tolkien has never explicitly stated this, he has accredited *Beowulf* as one of his “most valued sources” when writing *The Crone*.

The Ring, which Gollum referred to as “my precious” or “precious,” extended her supernatural prowess far beyond normal limits. Centuries of the Ring’s influence twisted Gollum’s body and mind, and, by the time of the novels, she “loved and hated the Ring, just as she loved and hated herself.” Throughout the story, Gollum was torn between her lust for the Ring and her desire to be free of it. Bilbo Baggins found the Ring and took it for his own, and Gollum afterwards pursued it for the rest of her life. Gollum finally seized the Ring from Frodo Baggins at the Cracks of Doom in Orodruin in Mordor; but she fell into the fires of the volcano, where both she and the Ring were destroyed.

Bored and in search of something to pass the time, Lucy starts playing with her hair. She unravels her Brünnhilde. Her hair shortens and acquires a perm. The serviceable hairdo her hair lets down into is called a krane. It was the hairdo worn by Marion “Mary” Crane the fictional lead character from the 1960 film *Psycho*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Marion was played by Janet Leigh. That was the krane’s cinematic debut.

During the first-half of the film, the sexually-repressed Marion would also wear sterns-miles in public and in private she would remove her unbecoming eyeglasses. The glasses in addition to the krane resulted in the severe, disfiguring affectations of a stereotypical librarian—the combo screamed, “I’m sexually-repressed and possibly deranged, worship me on bended knee!”

Throughout the remainder of the movie. After her character had suffered a psychotic breakdown subsequent to the climatic shower scene during which she kills Norman’s “mother” in self-defense. Marion sports a krane with the eyeglasses, in each and every scene. Her formerly comely face is ravaged by insanity and her sterns-miles. She is reduced to a homicidal maniac—and additionally, she’s caustic and abusive, and easily mistaken for a dominatrix.

Toward the end of the brief. The Lucy’s hair lengthens and straightens. Krane giving way to a grune. Long, straight, golden tresses framing a hard, pretty face. And, again, in a display of double-jointed flexibility, she weaves her hair back into a Brünnhilde.

Her general demeanor remains that of someone who can easily be mistaken for a dominatrix, and that is always attractive to anyone of a bent inclination.

What also doesn’t change is her mission kit. Lucy, is wearing her VIKI, of course. Underneath, she’s predictably wearing her satin corselette and rubber panties. In spite of their current absence, the robot girl will be wearing her gun belt and slinging her rifle on the mission. And. There’s also the expected aforementioned die glocke plugged into the back of her neck. There are no buzz kills, real or imagined, in this equation. The expression, “Speed Kills,” comes to mind in spades.

An exo that renders its coverage prosthetic. And, undies that neuter Lucy à la Toy. A robot girl with a severe, smoking-hot look that screams, “Dominatrix!” More than One is turned on by this, in the room.

By the end of the brief, Lucy's looks have taken a turn for the worst. In a surefire bid to be unattractive, again—comely becomes persona non grata. She has slipped her unbecoming eyeglasses back on. Her Brünnhilde has been unraveled, and yanked up and back into a disfiguring sternka. Sternka and sternns-miles is a real buzz kill, to say the least. But, there are those in the room, particularly One, who is drawn most to this severe, exo-clad, spinster librarian version of her usual 1960s Sarah Palin. This SP60, that screams, "I'm wanton and sexually-repressed, and I need to vent, now!!!"

The Box

The Box CrossFit: A box is a barebones gym to some, but heaven to a CrossFitter. While many CrossFitters train on their own from home or non-CrossFit gyms, “boxes” have all the equipment necessary for the range of WODs (more on those below) without the bells, whistles, and bicep curl bars of a “chrome-and-tone” gym.

Destination? Dune.

Which team? Ancient Mia’s.

What? A combined Dragon-Druid Expeditionary Force.

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

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

Advance Guard? Twenty BECs, used as shock troops.

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

Rear Guard? Ten BECs.

Survivors? Three Druids and one Dragon

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

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

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

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

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

Bose-Einstein condensate (BEC) is a ghost-like creature composed of bosons or bosonic particles.

D.S.C. Disposable Synthetic for Combat. DSC look human enough, but they are stronger and much more durable than mundanes. The shiny new penny in the art of war.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The DSC units are configured to look just like Druids. And. Their kit is the same—same clothes, equipment, and weapons.

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

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

The game plan is simple, straightforward, and to the point—shock & awe. Unfortunately, for this combined military force of Dragons and Druids, neither of their kind has waged full scale war with The Dead. And, worse, all of their previous skirmishes with The Dead have proved successful beyond all expectation, lulling them into a false sense of security.

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

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

Thirty BECs are assigned to this expeditionary force. One Druid operator per BEC. The Druids have a total of a 120 BECs in inventory and 60 Druid operators for their BECs. Do the math. One quarter of all the BECs and one half of all BEC operators are being used in support of this mission.

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

These apparitions are made of Bose-Einstein condensate, which explains their ability to move through walls and unmake biologicals.

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

Bad. What none of them in command realize is that. Their remote-viewing, and all of their other forms of communication and remoting with their forces in the air and on the ground, can be shutoff at any time, after the detected ingress of their forces.

Worse. What none of them in command realize is that. This is Dune, also known as Mortuus, the planet zero the origin planet of The Dead as well as the birthplace of far worse dead things.

Worst. What none of them in command realize is that. Their Apocalypse Box has lied to them about the successful outcome of their campaign.

As such. An Earth which is a planetwide necropolis. The Kingdom, of the White Walkers, is up north. The Territories, of The Dead, are down south.

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

White Walkers also make use of the portals. And are the ones who pay the hefty site licensing fee to FMF Ltd. for the portals used on this planet by them and the Dead.

But, Full Moon Features is just a middleman. So. Who do the portals actually belong to?

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

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

So. Sun Tzu owns the portals. This leads to the next question. Who invented the portals?

Hughes Aircraft Company invented this form of transit. Subcontract work for Full Moon Features.

Rumor is. Howard Hughes Jr., the billionaire playboy owner of HAC, is in bed with Sun Tzu—Hughes is Tzu's silent business partner. If true, that means that in the case of the portals, HAC subcontracted to do work paid in full by The Night Rulers.

Mention of The Night Riders naturally leads into a discourse about the frozen north. Up there is home to far worse things on this cursed planet than The Dead. Things native to this Dead World. For example, the White Walkers. Truly, this planet is a necromancer's delight, in spades.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beast of the Box

Anníe Mist Þórisdóttir (often featured as **Annie Thorisdottir** in international media) is a professional CrossFit athlete from Reykjavík, Iceland. She is the co-owner of CrossFit Reykjavik, where she also coaches and trains.

Anníe is the first woman to win the CrossFit Games twice (in 2011 and 2012). She placed second in the 2010 and 2014 CrossFit Games. She did not compete in 2013 due to injury, and dropped out of the 2015 CrossFit Games early due to heat stroke.

Anníe trains four hours per day, six days per week, and also has experience as a gymnast (eight years), ballet dancer (two years), and pole vaulter (two years). She is 170 cm (5'7") tall, weighs approximately 67 kg (148 lbs.), and hopes to go into the medical field.

Nicknames(s): Iceland Annie, Thor's Daughter.

The Martian Race Wars. Phobos and Deimos, the terraformed moons of Mars. Former colonies of Mars Gov. Having peacefully won their independence from the Martian Republic through skilled diplomacy and negotiation. Forming the Confederate States of Mars. For the past year, the two Confederate States have been engaged in a bloody, protracted civil war. On Mother Mars, the citizens of the Republic of Mars are engaged in their own global conflict. It would appear that The Great Experiment is coming apart at the seams. On Earth, the Korean War, the first of the so-called SyFy Wars, rages. It is the early 1950s. A decade later, The Second SyFy War, will be fought between Mainland China and the Republic of Taiwan.

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

Colloquially known as Species 456 aka Aja's Delights. Aja is pronounced Asia. The 456, of course, are Hobgoblins and their close kin the Goblins. Formally known as Azn (*Asian*), when they assume human form—an Asian form indistinguishable from the pretense of Dragons.

Goons are more ravenous than the 456, but the difference is splitting hairs. 456 are clearly more ferocious than Goon or any other supernatural race, for that matter.

There is a world (universe) where 456 are the only indigenous supernatural beings. It is the home world of their imperium, the Konstrukt Federation. The home planet of the Federation is the planet Aja. The scientific-paramilitary arm of the Federation is known as Starfleet.

As a point of reference for diehard Trekkies. It is a much darker version of the fictitious Starfleet than has ever been portrayed in Gene Roddenberry's Star Trek mythology. A Starfleet that has all but absorbed the Federation's military.

A Starfleet away team from the USS Enterprise, led by Captain Christopher Pike, materializes on the surface of Mars. For their transporter ingress, they have chosen a large site of ruins in The Outlands, a very remote section of Mars, far from the planet's current genocidal conflict.

They move into the oldest part of the city ruins. The part left over from when it was the capital city of the old, indigenous Martian empire. Unbeknownst to them, buried nearby, is a dormant Shadow Vessel.

Millennia after indigenous Martians of Giggerota's stripe were no longer the dominant species. During the planet's fabled Third Age. Mars had an Earth-like climate home to animal and plant life, and the intelligent life was as advanced as the ancient Egyptians on Earth.

There were three competing humanoid civilizations—the Martian Empire and two independent city states. One of those city states was located in Cydonia region where the infamous, and later discredited, “face of Mars” is found. The other city state was located in a region called Galaxias Chaos.

According to Dr. John Brandenburg's hypothesis of Mars as the site of an ancient planetary nuclear massacre. Supposed nuclear explosions wiped out the civilizations at Cydonia Mensa and at Galaxias Chaos. Thus making extinct two indigenous Martian races—the Cydonians and Utopians.

The now defunct Martian Empire was proven to not be the culprit. Although, it benefited greatly from the untimely demise of its competitors. Nor has anyone else in the universe of this Sol System proven to be the annihilators of the Cydonians and Utopians.

In short. According to Dr. Brandenburg. Two ancient Martian civilizations were wiped out by unknown, nuclear bomb-wielding aliens who originated from outside the universe of this Solar System.

Dr. Brandenburg is a plasma physicist who has spent any number of years with Ultra Violet security clearance. Also worked in the privatized Space Program, so he's XJPL. He's worked on the Clementine mission. He's worked in some of the companies that have fed into the Reagan Star Wars program. That's been his career.

The new Aries weapon system, predecessor to Skynet Gen-1, goes online.

“You were warned before to not come back. And, here you are back again. This time in the company of some scrawny, buxom, blue-eyed character who will now share the same tragic fate as you, old and useless goddess of Mars.”

This disembodied, female voice seems to emanate from nowhere in particular. It has an accent. The accent is Shadow with a tinge of Martian. Sounds Old Norse “speaking” archaic English.

Pike and his away team are turned to ash. At the same time. As if grabbed by an invisible hand which has reached up from the planet's surface to grasp it, the cloaked Federation starship Enterprise folds in upon itself and is crushed into super dense material the size and shape of a brick.

Truly a dreadful fate. It's clearly not the successful outcome that Captain Pike's Apocalypse Box predicted for him and his crew.

And, what of that Box of Pike's which was on the ill-fated Enterprise well-hidden in his quarters? Was it destroyed? Or did it somehow survive? Never bet against a Box?

How It Ends

The **National Pro Grid League** (NPGL) was a professional athletics organization consisting of mixed-gender teams that operated from 2014 through 2016. No NPGL events have occurred since the final matches in 2016. The teams compete in timed events in the competition space referred to as “the grid.” The NPGL refers to the sport itself as **GRID** and describes it as “strategic team athletics racing.”

Terraformed Europa. Present day:

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

A suborbital armored personnel carrier has descended into atmosphere. An extinction event on par with the energy output of a controlled thermonuclear reaction is triggered by its planetary entry.

In spite of the armored hull’s radiation shielding. In spite of the best efforts of the polarizing glass of the cockpit windows and the windows of the passenger cabin. In spite of the deflector screens.

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

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

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

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

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

The signature effects of a thermonuclear overblast. Someone has used forbidden atomics. Either an ICBM or a fire-breathing Dragon’s WMD. Ballistic trajectory and blast forensics are identical. Godzilla would be positively green with envy.

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

A tesseract, Ambassador Choo's, melts an opening in the jammed door of the cockpit and in the floor of the passenger cabin. Laying on its side, the APC is intact but it is still a complete and utter wreck, nonetheless, therefore normal egress is impossible.

After having retrieved what's left of the pilot. The two women emerge first. The Ambassador is holding her forbidden raygun in the ready. Both hands gripping it, conventionally. Sweeping the area with its muzzle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Babylon 5 Project

Apocalypse Box—An Apocalypse Box is an object with mysterious origins and purpose, though it is known to possess a personality and can divulge information dating back thousands of years. There are said to be six Apocalypse Boxes and that the previous owners of all but one has ended up murdered.

In 2265 Matthew Gideon won an Apocalypse Box from a man called Jenson in a poker game. Jenson claimed “It gives you an edge. It knows things no one else knows.” though he later warned “you have to be very careful because, it lies. Not all the time. Just enough.” before stopping mid-sentence as if hearing something and running out into the street where he was hit and killed by an oncoming skimmer.

In 2267, during the Excalibur mission, the box secretly provided Gideon with several clues to possible candidates for a cure to the Drakh plague, though mostly the leads proved to be dead ends. At the end of 2267, Gideon was shot and killed by a sniper on Mars and for a time, his consciousness was trapped inside the box.

The voice of the Apocalypse Box was provided by Gary Cole, foreshadowing Gideon’s consciousness being trapped inside for a time.

According to J. Michael Straczynski, the Apocalypse Box would go on to play a significant role later on in the show and that for a time, Gideon would become “trapped” inside the box following his death during the season one cliffhanger (“End of the Line”).

Furthermore, in an interview given early on in Crusade’s production, Straczynski revealed that the Apocalypse Box is one of a set of six and that everyone who has ever owned one has died “under mysterious and, usually, hideous circumstances.” Perhaps more disturbingly, Gideon’s ownership of the box was planned by two separate individuals: one who wanted to get rid of it, and another who wanted Gideon to have it. Galen would have eventually found out about the Box, confronted Gideon with knowledge of its dangers, and most likely attempted to take it; not for his own use, but to dispose of it.

Mars. Present day. The mission. Team Two. And so it begins:

Crew complement? Two pilots. One third-seater.

Gear (crew)? A TAU, with VHS, and a standard flight carry.

Standard flight carry? Holstered Series-3 phase pistol.

Away team? Death’s Head unit. SGC team. Two Analysts. Observer.

Gear (Dead’s Head unit)? A TAU, with VHS, and a standard field carry.

Gear (SGC)? MACO powered armor, with VHS, and a standard field carry. The exception is Teal’c who prefers his Jaffa Serpent Guard outfit and staff weapon. All team members, including Teal’c, have an OSX tricorder.

Gear (Analyst)? A VIKI, with VHS, and a custom field carry.

Gear (Observer)? Shadow encounter suit.

Helmet system? Virtual helmet system by Sony BetaMAX, with integrated tactical display, and 360-degree coverage. Full LINK buffer. Ultra-K resolution.

Custom field carry? Two holstered Series-3 phase pistols, slung Series-3 high-compression phase rifle with an attached XM40 grenade launcher, equipment belt, hardshell back pack, and High Explosive Dual purpose (HEDP) plasma grenades that are anti-personnel rounds which have some anti-armor capability. Grenades can be fired from the XM40 or thrown.

Standard field carry? Holstered Series-3 phase pistol, slung Series-3 high-compression phase rifle with an attached XM40 grenade launcher, equipment belt, hardshell back pack, and High Explosive Dual purpose (HEDP) plasma grenades that are anti-personnel rounds which have some anti-armor capability. Grenades can be fired from the XM40 or thrown.

Bene Gesserit OSX Tricorder? It is so far ahead of its time that it's been called a tricorder on steroids. This oversized tricorder, known commonly as a Weirding Module. It has a higher sensor resolution capability, and other features such as a larger screen and secondary operations screen. And, as an addendum, it's a personal shield generator and "discrete" pattern emulator, among other things scientific. In effect, it's a portable research laboratory.

Post script? None of the Nazis has a phone, tricorder, or die glocke. Propriety 2.0 technology makes them redundant, and therefore unnecessary.

Without any fanfare, whatsoever. An interstellar interdimensional armored personnel carrier jumps into Martian orbit so slick it "slides" almost undetected into existence—the longboat phases into the normal space/time continuum. The APC is Nazi, and therefore it is a Panzer Norse and based upon a Shadow Vessel of the Nazis' close ally The Shadows. As such, in the tradition of the Viking longships of the Viking Age, and emulating a Lorentzian starship of The Shadows, this longboat resembles an elongated spider in configuration. Of course, for painfully obvious reasons, Nazis are legally prohibited from having starships. A strictly-enforced prohibition they choose to follow, because their dreadnought APCs fulfill all of their traveler needs, both military and civilian. In point of fact, the Panzer Norse has the same travel capability both stellar and dimensional as a starship.

Not a starship. Therefore it has no offensive capability, whatsoever. As such, technically, not a weapon of mass destruction. All starships, by definition, are WMDs, and many would argue they are the ultimate WMD.

A Spartan, utilitarian interior which belies the fact that these longboats are used also for deep space exploration. And they can traverse outer space with the same ease as a starship, including one of those gigantic deep exploration class starships. That includes sliding between dimensions as effortlessly as a TARDIS, a Borg cube, or even a ROOM.

Expectedly. Various Nazi symbolism is featured prominently on the APC, including the **Reichsadler** ("Imperial Eagle"), the **Parteiadler** (Nazi Party Eagle), the **Eisernes Kreuz** (Iron Cross), the SS bolts (the runic insignia of the *Schutzstaffel*), the **Wolfsangel** (German heraldic charge inspired by historic wolf traps), various runes from the runic script such as the odal rune, and rune-like symbols.

The Reichsadler. A stylized eagle combined with the Nazi *Hakenkreuz* was made the national emblem (*Hoheitszeichen*) of Nazi Germany by order of Adolf Hitler in 1935—an eagle atop a swastika. Despite its medieval origin, the term "*Reichsadler*" in common English understanding is

mostly associated with this specific Nazi version. The Nazi Party had used, and still uses, a very similar symbol for itself, called the *Parteiadler* (“Party’s eagle”). These two insignia can be distinguished as the *Reichsadler* looks to its right shoulder whereas the *Parteiadler* looks to its left shoulder.

And, additionally with this being the APC of a Dead’s Head unit. The death’s head insignia of the *SS-Totenkopfverbände* is also featured prominently on it.

Normally, Nazi away teams don’t have dedicated APCs. They use one randomly-assigned from the motor pool, and the flight crews are drawn by lottery. But, with Fritz’s team being a Death’s Head unit, this is their dedicated APC, which also means that the flight crew is part and parcel of his team.

Passengers aboard are Lucy, Toy, Fritz and his team, SG-1, and Miroslawa “Knox” Kot, a not-so-unexpected last-minute addition. Knox is the neutral observer, neutral as the Swiss. But, she’s a Shadow, and, most telling, not only is she a Tech, she is a former senator of The Shadow Republic, and her first cousin is The Vorlon Emirate’s current Ambassador to the United Nations, Kosh Naranek. Knox is on loan from The Republic and assigned to SS Paranormal for the next year. Needless to say, this is not the first time that she has worked with Fritz and his team.

All Goons are huge. But, even their large comes in different sizes. The larger of their kind are the Tunguska Ogres and Rock Trolls. The largest of their kind are The Hulks. Alcoved off to herself is a Hulk. At first, Colonel Jack O’Neill mistakes the Hulk for male. Then. When he realizes his error, he gulps and nudges Teal’c, whispering.

“That’s a girl.”

“Indeed,” Teal’c replies under his breath while flashing one of his trademark, wide, toothy grins.

“I think she can hear you, and if I’m interpreting her body language correctly, I think she’s attracted to you, Colonel,” Dr. Daniel Jackson interjects.

“Yep, Colonel, I think you have a girlfriend,” Captain Samantha Carter, adds. Flashing one of her own trademark impish smiles. “She’s a goddess, and her name is Tabitha Hawkins-Thorpe.”

Colonel Jack O’Neill swallows hard and nervously tips his cap at the Goon goddess. The goddess Tabitha, smiles from ear to ear, literally.

“Commander, we are being painted,” announces the pilot, calmly, over the intercom. The other Goons begin some ancient Goon battle chant.

Command in a Dead’s Head unit is fluid. In this context, it flows effortlessly between Lucy and Fritz, as the need dictates.

Fritz remains in his alcove, chanting. It’s Lucy who moves into the forward compartment where the flight crew is. The proximity klaxon sounds increasingly louder. Incoming missiles have been launched from well-hidden silos buried deep in the surface of the planet. Hypersonic projectiles in bunches.

Flight crew: pilot, co-pilot, and the ubiquitous third-seater.

“Incoming SAMS. Incoming SAMS. Incoming SAMS,” announces the third-seater, thrice, per standard operating procedure.

As one would expect of Goons, the anticipation of conflict is thick in the air. So, how do the members of SG-1, the SGC's flagship team, react in this situation? Excluding Teal'c, the Jaffa member, the other humans (Colonel Jack O'Neill, Captain Samantha Carter, and Dr. Daniel Jackson) are all understandably anxious. Teal'c, in contrast to his fellow team members, seems to be savoring the moment in tune with the Goons. He even joins in on their chant, somehow knowing it word for word, and in Goon, no less!

Toy and Knox are totally disinterested in what would seem to be their imminent destruction.

Colonel Jack O'Neill joins Lucy et al. in the forward crew compartment.

"Our invitation not in order?" Colonel O'Neill jokes. But, in spite of his levity, he is obviously concerned. Lucy, in contrast, is not.

The expected back and forth between them ensues.

"It's right as rain. The thing is. They've decided to test us. Glory only knows when they'll get this chance again."

"The chance to do what, Lucy?"

"To see if they can shot down one of our APC's, of course."

"I thought that you were allies?"

"We are."

"Okay." Then, after a pause, he quips: "If this is how your friends treat you, I'd hate to see how your enemies are with you."

"They are much worse to us, of course."

"What countermeasures?"

"None."

"Defectors?"

"None."

"I'm assuming this bucket of bolts has no stealth either, since they got a weapons lock so easily."

"None. No cloaking, whatsoever."

"Oh." The obvious follows. "And, you're not gonna execute any evasive maneuvers?" He asks, rhetorically, already guessing the girl's answer.

"None whatsoever."

"So. We're sitting ducks up here?" Again, he asks, rhetorically, having again already guessed the girl's answer.

"It would seem so," Lucy replies with a smile. Then, the additional. "Tell me. What's more terrifying, Colonel O'Neill? To not see an adversary who attacks you out of nowhere, or to attack an adversary who you can detect but who you cannot hurt no matter what you throw at them?"

Before the SG-1 team lead can answer, the missiles implode upon contact with the APC. But. Instead of annihilation, like you'd expect, it's as if they are eaten by the craft. The klaxon ceases, along with the chanting.

“That’s impossible, tactical nukes are hardened, even if we were ghosted.”

“Not immaterial. Not immutable, either. Something very different.” Lucy smiles inhumanly from ear to ear. “And. After all, isn’t getting a close scrutiny of our capabilities also part of your team’s reason for being here?”

Colonel O’Neill says nothing. Instead he returns to the passenger compartment, but not so quickly. Thus he’s privy to the brief, follow-up exchange between Lucy and the co-pilot.

“Radio command.”

“Yes, commander?”

“Send the conformation: And so it begins.”

“Yes, commander.”

There are no more attempts to destroy the craft. It descends from the sky to make an unmolested landing on the surface at Cobalt, an abandoned MCORN Martian Congressional Republic Navy black site. Per plan, they are five miles from the objective.

Yet, through it all. Colonel O’Neill is somewhat distracted, as they say in New Orleans, by Lucy’s “hot mess.” Bolshoi-bare makeup, of course. Her long silky yellow blonde hair is worn in a Grune—that severe, outdated, very becoming hairdo. Hands klaw, when idle. Knobb. In other words. Her standard Sarah Palin circa early-to-mid 1960s. Coupled with a killer body made prosthetic by the low-cut exo that encases it—shades of a Borg Queen or Star Trek: Voyager’s fictional Seven-of-Nine (Jeri Ryan).

A hard pretty face, a fetching hairdo, and a hot banging bod in exo. Now that’s a fantasy dominatrix to draw a royal flush to in a high-stakes poker game.

Speed Kills, Timing Beats Speed, Shadow Longships Beat All Comers

“It is jet-black. A shade of black so deep, your eyes just kind of slide off it. And this longship kind of shimmers when you look directly at it. An elongated spider, big as death and twice as ugly. When it flies past, it’s like you hear a scream in your mind.”—**Warren Keffer, describing a Shadow Vessel**

Beowulf’s Grendel. Colloquial: The “**Alien.**” Formal: “**Xenomorph XX121.**” Binomial: *Interneceivus Raptus* “murderous thief.” First described in the Nowell Codex. An endoparasitoid extraterrestrial species with a black exoskeleton akin to stairless steel, and blood and saliva akin to molecular acid.

Found as proximal as Europa, it is the indigenous lifeform of the planet is known as SIMP J01365663+0933473 aka Simpson’s Planet.

Simpson is an absolutely massive alien world that is nearly big enough to be classified as a brown dwarf. Brown dwarf planets are sometimes called “failed stars” because they’re nearly large enough for fusion to begin taking place in their core, but that’s not even the most unique thing about this particular planet.

What’s really special about that planet with the big long name is that it has a magnetic field 200 times stronger than even the mighty Jupiter. This incredible finding suggests that there’s some very interesting things going on above the planet’s surface. One of those things is a strong aurora, often called “Northern Lights” here on Earth.

During the day, its surface is boiling hot. If you were to stand on it you’d be subjected to temperatures in excess of 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit. At night, temperatures plummet to nearly 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit below zero.

And yet, on this most unhospitable of planets, The Alien not only survives, it thrives. Long-forgotten toys created to amuse the children of no longer worshipped gods? A weapon system created for a long-forgotten, bygone war who turned on its creators, after having annihilated its creators’ enemies? A pestilence visited upon Creation by the Insect Civilization?

Questions of origin, aside. One thing is for sure. On occasion, they are the tools of Something Much Older, the youngest sibling of gOd, The Lady.

Aliens are not sapient “tool-makers.” They lack a technological civilization. They are predatory creatures with no higher goals than the propagation and self-preservation of their species.

Like wasps or termites, Aliens are eusocial life-forms, living in hives. Each hive is organized into a caste system bred and ruled over by a single fertile queen. Their biological life cycle comprises several distinct stages. They begin their lives as an egg that hatches a parasitoid larval form, known as a “facehugger,” which attaches itself to a living host by, as its name suggests, latching onto the face of its intended.

Although they prefer sentient, humanoid hosts. If the need dictates, this parasitoid will use a host as small as a cat, or as large as an elephant.

The facehugger “impregnates” the host with an embryo, known as a “chestburster.” This endoparasitoid larva, after a short period of gestation, erupts violently from the host’s chest, resulting in the death of the host.

The chestburster rapidly matures from juvenile into adulthood within hours, shedding its skin and replacing its cells with polarized silicon. It then seeks out more hosts to be implanted with the larvae of other unhatched eggs. The cycle begins anew.

Needless to say, the implantation of the chestburster, in and of itself, is traumatic. But, that’s eclipsed by the larva’s incubation period and egress. While incubating, it’s feeding upon the host, literally eating the host from the inside out.

Due to horizontal gene transfer during the gestation period, the Alien also takes on some of the basic physical attributes of the host from which it was born, allowing the individual Alien to adapt to the host’s environment.

These asexual adult drones are known by various different names, depending on their role in the hive. They are referred to as “soldiers,” “workers,” and other specialist strains, similar to the way ants are defined.

Physically and telepathically isolate an Alien drone from its hive, and it will transmute into a queen who will begin laying eggs to start a new hive. A specialized asexual adult drone becomes a fertile adult female, upon demand.

An adult drone is the size of an adult Goon but not the larger sizes. Queens, on the other hand, are the size of Hulks.

The Faust in Our Stars

“Why so glum, my friend, after so glorious a victory over the humans for the Oligarchy?” Asks the Duke of Marlborough, after the Battle of Blenheim, of an Oligarch soldier who’s leaning thoughtfully on the butt of his flintlock.

“It may be glorious, my Lord. And they may have been mortals who needed to be put in their place. But I’m thinking of how much blood I’ve spilt this day for a four pence (a private soldier’s daily wage at the time),” replies the Ogre, who is drenched in blood and guts.

(From Sir Arthur Conan Doyle’s “Thesis on the Price of Blood”)

Insekutasu Three Giga Shade. This is an Insect name. “Insekutasu,” Insectus denotes genus, which literally translated means, “Of the Insect Race.” “Three” is a given name designation. The surname “Shade” is a family name; acknowledging ancestral ties between this line of insects and the Shadows—collateral vs. lineal descendants. This person’s given name is colloquially “Giga,” and, formally, “Three Giga.”

The Insect Civilization. Oftentimes, associated with The Shadow Republic, and just as often estranged from it. Insects are a race of powerful and resilient insects capable of travel in space, who physically resemble Shadows of the Shadow Republic and are related to them albeit distantly. As such. Again using Insekutasu Three Giga Shade, as a reference, mature Insects are roughly the size of adult Hulks, with heavily armored carapaces making them extremely resistant to small weapons fire.

It is unclear if the Insects have a specific gender, or if they simply reproduce asexually. The Insekutasu Ninety-Nine Sigma Shade, for example, is perennially “associated” with a large number of offspring, meaning that if it is not a fertile female, it has produced these young of its own accord.

Insects appear to possess an ethereal “essence” which contains some or all of their consciousness, and this can be passed as a parasitic mind into a host body using a unique transference organ that Insects have as a part of their physiology. The offspring of an Insect are alive in a sense but remain dormant until they possess the Insect essence, however it is likely that the young will develop an essence of their own allowing the parent essence to pass to another, or return to its original body, as otherwise the production of multiple offspring would serve no practical purpose.

The Insect Civilization fought in, and was almost completely wiped out during The Great Insect War by the Brunnen-G. The Insects were ultimately defeated due to their methodical nature, which made them predictable. It is unknown if the Insect species possessed an innate hatred of the human race and Brunnen-G prior to this, but one of the sole surviving Insects, Three Giga Shade, certainly possesses such a hatred. Three Giga Shade chose to flee to take up residence within the world that later became the Cluster, where it regained its strength, applying its cunning to enslave the majority of the humans living there, ultimately eradicating most of them during the Cleansing.

Insects also produce the unusual substance protoblood, this substance may be related to the dormant infancy of their offspring, allowing their children to survive prior to receiving the Insect essence. In any event, it is used by the bio-viziers of the Divine Order to reanimate corpses to become Divine Assassins.

Having subsequently allied themselves closely with The Fourth Reich, through the agency of Toy, the Insect Civilization has entered into a new Renaissance period and is flourishing. The Brunnen-G have wisely decided to avoid all armed conflict with the Insect Civilization. For now, diplomacy spearheaded by the United Nations, has proved successful in achieving peaceful solutions when The Insects and the Brunnen-G have come at odds over competing trade routes, the original source of friction between the two races which led to The Great Insect War.

More reason to give the Brunnen-G pause is the recently-warming relations between the Insect Civilization and the Shadow Republic, and the ever growing patronage of a goat-headed, winged creature called Baphomet who is another of those younger siblings of gOd. Reliable gossip says that, both are also Toy's doing.

Prelude to a Kiss

As a species, they are predatory, by nature. And, taking that to its logical conclusion, they are avowed warmongers. As such.

Somewhere in Creation, they are fighting. Typically a nameless, faceless war, without easily discernable purpose or intent, except for the total annihilation of their enemy. They are always fighting. Somewhere fighting someone or something. It drives their technological advance. It advances them as a people. But, make no mistake about it. Mostly. They fight for the sake of fighting—it drives them, period. Their longboats are mute testament to that.

There is a flipside to this enigmatic warrior species, though.

As a species, they are also inquisitive, by nature. And, taking that to its logical conclusion, they are obsessive seekers of knowledge. They seek knowledge for its own sake—they build knowledge for the sake of knowing or investigating, rather than solely to solve a problem. They have an insatiable thirst for knowledge. Within the context of their Oligarchy, they are inculcated in a culture where the transcendent moral imperative is to keep learning. As such.

You could also argue that those of them who are SS Paranormal are the epitome of the soldier who is also a scientist. Or. Looking at it from the opposite point of view. They are the epitome of the scientist who is also a soldier. And. Because their insatiable craving for exploration rivals their insatiable craving for war. In the purest expression of what the 456 of Starfleet always strive for, too. And. Irrespective of the military applications of the knowledge they may collect through their explorations. They explore Creation for the sake of exploring. Their longboats are mute testament to that, also.

SGC pre-mission briefing. Twelve hours before the mission. At an SGC black site. Present are Lieutenant General George S. Hammond and SG-1.

“An honest assessment of the contraband that was confiscated from an unmarked freighter drone out route from Europa.”

“First. What do the lab rats say, General?”

“Colonel. According to the eggheads, these knockoffs are produced in-house, and are constructed entirely of plasticine.”

Plasticine: plastic, usually black, with the durability and usage of metal.

Although all of SG-1 is present in the briefing room with General Hammond. What follows is the expected discourse between Sam Captain Samantha Carter, Teal’c, and Hammond. With Colonel Jack O’Neil and Danial Bryant, effectively, sitting it out, as the expression goes, for the remainder.

In such discussions as these, and for very obvious reasons, Daniel Bryant rarely contributes, but he is always very attentive. When he does decide to contribute, though, it’s always a guaranteed revelation.

“Whoever produced these. Their boxguns look crude and clunky, but these boxers have the same functionality as our Bene Gesserit phasers.”

“The pistol is little more than a short square tube, with a textured grip and a Fast-Scan sight attached via an integrated rail system. Black plastic that looks like metal, and is feather light and perfectly balanced. Everything is Brand-X generic, and completely untraceable.”

“Likewise can be said of the rifle. Just add a collapsible butt stock, various textured grips, and a longer square tube, to its description.”

“They look like shit, but they’ll a revelation to shoot. In a word: sweet.”

“I concur. If I was in combat, 24X7, I’d rather shoot their stuff than our standard issue.”

“So. You two are saying that their stuff is better?”

“Not technologically better, per se.”

“Bullshit. I’m saying it. Their stuff is an absolute joy to shoot. Feels like the weapons are extensions of you. Experienced combat soldiers, who are also master armorers, designed their stuff, that’s got to be it.”

“Cheap disposable plastic guns that kick beau coup ass.”

“Agreed.”

“Cranked out using 3D printing.”

“That’s all well and good. Nonetheless, they came out of the ass of Aliens,” Daniel thoughtfully interjects. All eyes turn to him. General Hammond smiles broadly. Daniel smiles even wider. “I looked at the report, took a bit of a deep dive, while I was sitting here, during your gab. Analysis indicates certain trace elements, known telltales, so to speak. And. The real clincher. There are no impurities, whatsoever. The plasticine is 100% pure. I know of only way that can be true.”

Sam expresses her disgust in spades. As she quickly puts the Alien-produced weapon she was fondly handling down on the table.

“Yuck! Alien turds!”

Teal’c, on the other hand, is unfazed. And. Displaying his trademark smile and raised eyebrow.

“Damn fine weapons.”

Colonel O’Neil just completely loses it, and laughs his head off.

“Now, that puts a whole new spin on the word: extrusions.”

“Indeed, Colonel O’Neal,” Teal’c responds playfully to his commander’s skillful use of double entendre.

At that point, no matter what misgivings any person in the room may have about the off-color turn the subject at hand has taken, everybody joins in on the Colonel’s infectious laughter.

The Rise of Proxy Wars

A **proxy war** is an armed conflict between two states or non-state actors which act on the instigation or on behalf of other parties that are not directly involved in the hostilities. In order for a conflict to be considered a proxy war, there must be a direct, long-term relationship between external actors and the belligerents involved. The aforementioned relationship usually takes the form of funding, military training, arms, or other forms of material assistance which assist a belligerent party in sustaining its war effort.

“We come to bring the pain,” Lucy announces as she steps out onto Martian soil, with her away team in tow as she takes point. None of the SG-1 objects to her militarized statement.

All of their suits switch to combat mode. As such, their VHS activates. Flesh and blood biological beings become, figuratively and literally, prosthetic devices, from head to toe. When wearing the activated suits, all by their lonesome, they no longer needed to drink, eat, or sleep; out of habit, novices often mimic those activities and other such activities that require life support, but with all of the away team members being experienced operators they don't.

Previously, onboard the longboat, the very latest and greatest firmware updates were downloaded into their gear.

In the Norse tradition. The Nazi females are sporting Brünnhilde hairdos. Toy is also wearing its hair that way. The Nazi men have their long hair and long beards braided.

The away team moves through the apron of a stasis field being generated underneath the longboat. Now, out in the open, they would seem more vulnerable to attack. But, the Nazis act as if they are not. Predictably, Tabitha brings up the rear lugging the team's massive SAW (squad automatic weapon) with ease.

Their formation is textbook, US Army, as are their visual signals. The humans are in the center, used shamelessly and obviously as “click” bait—a trap that's too good to pass up, nonetheless. The six Goons are behind and to the sides of SG-1. Toy, Knox, and Lucy are upfront. A half-dozen weaponized drones, slaved to Knox, fly overhead close.

When they are sixty feet from the APC. An ionized sandstorm kicks up seemingly out of nowhere, obscuring the drones overhead and the longboat resting behind them in proximity. At the edge of their sensor range, something else is also behind them besides the APC. They are being stalked. The rules are quite simple in this deadly game of cat-and-mouse; the same rules—an old-timey boxing match. Beat your opponent by any and all means necessary, once the bell rings protect yourself at all times, and, no matter how many knockdowns occur during the course of the fight, the last one standing, wins.

Their pace is slow, steady, and measured. The anticipation of battle is thick in the air. Then, having walked about two miles, the sandstorm quiets and all hell breaks loose. Shock and awe. The ground shakes. Over the dunes behind them, in the direction of their APC, the sky lights up numerous times. From the west, there is the ear shattering roar of Dragons in flight spewing fire at something setting on the ground. Odds are, their APC is being pounded into oblivion.

Flying Dragons: the very definition of air superiority, versus ground troops who are out in the open without any air support whatsoever. And the away team still has their stalkers to contend with,

and those adversaries are clearly not the Dragons—these would-be attackers are on the ground coming from the southwest.

Concern paints the faces of the SG-1, including Teal'c, and for very good reason. Their situation is dire. And, what makes it the worst is that this is supernaturals at war, full scale war. In contrast to the serious mood of the humans, Knox and the Nazis (that includes Toy and Lucy) seem genuinely unconcerned, as if this is all a leisurely walk in the park.

As for the attacking Dragons. Following the softening up of their target with what amounts to napalm on steroids. Things go expectedly nuclear. Those dirty mushroom clouds. That roar of theirs increases in decibels. Soon, the Dragons will come hunting for their next barbeque, which will be the away team. Game over?!

Fight the Power

A caricature of femininity. That is the definition of a corselette. Figuratively speaking, it is the seamless fusion of a bullet bra and a girdle corset. The artificially exaggerated curves of its bullet bra gives the wearer's bosom that sexy "missile" look, resulting in an especially voluptuous chest and profound, thought-provoking cleavage. In other words, projectile breasts.

Torpedo bras go perfectly with skin-tight sweaters. This tight sweater-bullet bra pairing is dubbed the "pointy look." The longline open-bottom girdle corset rigidly enforces Christian Dior's "New Look," a Neo-Victorianism which persists to the present day, with no end in sight.

After the lean fashion years produced by decades of haute couture's post-modernism and the abortive feminist movement, women got their curves back, and they got them back in spades. Rising from the ashes of banality, like a Phoenix, came the much anticipated arrival of Dior's "New Look" which had a lasting impact on style throughout the world.

When the trend arrived in 1947, the Dior revolution touted the return of the severe "hourglass" figure of the Victorian era. The New Look was characterized by round hips, belted jackets, prominent breasts, flattened derrieres, and an ultra-cinched waist due to the return of the corset, much to the dismay of Coco Chanel, who fought to liberate women from the torture device.

Women reclaimed the stylish curviness of their bodies through the use of lingerie. Thus, girdles, waspies, and waist-cinchers made their way back into closets, making it possible for women to embody the idealized Dior silhouette and the Victorian aesthetic.

None of this is comfortable, of course, but society ceaselessly craves to recapture some kind of lost femininity, which continues to give free reign to the most eccentric of fantasies.

She's gotten herself snatched.

Haughty, aloof, seemingly unattainable. Beauty that will stop traffic dead in its tracks, if you're into beauty of the explicitly cruel, uber dominatrix, "Worship Me, Now!!!" flavor, that is. This describes her to a tee.

Lucy is wearing perls, prudz, a Koo Stark, and Careys. Underneath her suit she's wearing her usual white corselette and a flesh-colored thong. A hardshell snakeskin cigarette purse and what looks like an iPhone XME+ grip the waistband of her skirt underneath her suit coat. Bolshoi-bare makeup, of course. Her long silky yellow blonde hair is worn in a Grune—that severe, outdated, very becoming hairdo. Hands klaw, when idle. Knobb. In other words. Her standard Sarah Palin circa early-to-mid 1960s.

The iPhone-plus lookalike is actually Koenigsegg's Yakima gaming engine. The strong resemblance stemming from the fact that Koenigsegg designed the XME for Microsoft. Needless to say, the Yakima preceded the XME+. It integrates seamlessly with the network that the away team is utilizing. This is not a production model, though. The gaming engine in Lucy's possession is one of the four much-rumored NOX next-gen prototypes. And, once it plugs in, it's obvious to SG-1 just why they should relax like the others.

On the round table in front of her is a pair of skin-z. Those black shoulder-high kid gloves from Rubbermaid. Setting beside those long leather gloves are a pair of sternns. She is being implicitly "asked" to stop upstaging the looks of her betters. The girl complies. As such, her Sarah Palin gives

way to her most recent acquisition, her early-to-mid 1960s tight-assed Professor Wendy Carr Ph.D. Grune gives way to sternka. Prudz are pursed. She slips on her skin-z and her sternns. Flats in place of high heels—the Careys also get pursed.

In place of Bolshoi-bare, plaintive makeup overamplifies the hardness of her otherwise pretty face, resulting in a severe distortion which renders her beautiful face very unattractive—a hard, pretty face is now a hard, plain one. Sternka—a dowdy, serviceable hairdo. Dead-straight hair, centered-parted, yanked up and back into a tight bun resting on the nape of her neck. Golden blonde hair that is now geriatric—a pale yellow, that’s liberally streaked with grey and white. Sternns—those disfiguring eyeglasses. Horn rimmed glasses with thick, coke-bottle lenses. Unflattering footwear: women’s black ballet flats. Koo—drab ladies’ skirt suit mandatory: flecked gray tweed with no accents whatsoever, severe, form fitting, and figure flattering. Matching strictured pencil skirt, with high fitting banded waist, and a miniskirt hemline. Her corset’s obligatory bullet bra which overstates the size of her bosom, and her suit’s chaste high-waist pencil skirt. Frumpy clothes, nothing the least bit flashy, for a decidedly frumpy girl.

Staid. Severe. Stiff backed. Lucy is easily mistaken for a sexually repressed, forty-something spinster who’s pushing fifty hard with a sour, spiteful attitude, even though she’s in her thirties and she’s not sexually repressed in any sense of the word.

Her looks are now the antithesis of what they were when she first arrived. Lucy is a legitimate traffic stopper. Now, you shouldn’t want to give her a first look, let alone a second one. And most won’t. Yet, for those of you for whom this is bait, you do.

The girl’s voice is now hard and stern. Deep for a woman. Raspy. Her manner and mannerisms are now masculine, too. There’s an accent. It sounds like a New Jersey accent, but it’s cultured and smooth, befitting an academician from back East.

Lucy’s obscene bun and strictured suit, along with that dyke voice, manner, and mannerisms of hers. All contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity. Maybe she’s one of them a lesbian? If so, she’s a bulldyke.

In summation. Tight-assed shrew. The wannabe old biddy. Conservative, but not entirely un-fun or completely anti-feminine.

The grand hall is hexagonal. Free Masons, some of whom Lucy knows and many more whom she doesn’t, are sitting in high-back chairs along the walls, wearing fancy robes and the ornate golden necklace of Freemasonry. She hears the bang of a gavel, announcing that this meeting to which she has been summoned is being brought to order.

A few moments ago, the former blonde bombshell was exo-suited and armed to the teeth on Mars, about to be beset by Dragons. Now, she is an unarmed harpy and wearing a staid business suit in Prince Albert Hall, the Grand Masonic Lodge of The Council, somewhere outside of the confines of Creation.

There is a murmur of voices. Nothing that Lucy can understand. Then, the hall’s main entrance doors swing open all by their lonesome and Lucy hears a very familiar voice. It is her Baroness, Baroness Kroger. The robed figure of Baroness Kroger comes into view from nowhere fast.

“Don’t worry, you will be returned in time to rejoin your comrades at ‘play,’ without missing out of any of the real fun. What passes for fun for you young ones, that is.”

Lucy says nothing. She holds her head down and makes no attempt to make eye contact with her better. Her hands are held behind her back. The girl has assumed the standing position of submission.

“There has been a murder on Mars. At the behest of that planet’s patron deity, the god Ares, we have chosen you for investigative oversight. Mars Gov has given its approval, and has offered its full cooperation in this matter. You will be paired with a convicted murderer and serial killer, a half-Angel named Simon. Do you know him?”

“I know of him, my Baroness.”

“Professionally?”

“By reputation, my Baroness.”

“Well then, it’s time for you to make his acquaintance. Your Mrs. Emma Peel to his Sir John Steed, so to speak. Our, Avengers. Comments? Questions? Concerns?”

Lucy looks up and smiles, looking Baroness Kroger dead-straight in the eyes. That ravenous look of hers paints her hard, plain face.

“And what are the rules of engagement, my Baroness?”

“None.”

A gong sounds. The meeting is adjourned. Without any fanfare, whatsoever, Lucy is back on Mars, with the others. She looks and is dressed just like she was upon her ingress of the Masonic Lodge—the classic Nordic blonde bombshell showcased by a standard Sarah Palin circa early-to-mid 1960s. Not the bulldyke shrew Dr. Wendy Carr of her egress. But. She’s slinging her phase rifle and, underneath her suit coat, she’s wearing her phase pistols in her double holster rig strapped around her waist. As promised, Lucy hasn’t missed out on any of the real fun.

The Avengers

The corselette strictly enforces projectile breasts, a wasp waist, a pancake ass, and a stiff-back posture. A torture device born out of high fashion, whose name is severity, no matter how you try to recouch its narrative.

Out here in the battlefield, it is the cornerstone of an outfit that looks completely out of place. Yet, Lucy in her high heels and tight dowdy mini-skirted business suit navigates the sands as easily as the others do in their combat-booted purpose-built exos. Say it ain't so?!

The jacket has a severe English cut. Therefore. There is no plunging front neckline on her buttoned suit coat to shamelessly afford teasing glimpses of plumped tits holstered in the lacy cups of her corset's pointy bra cups. But, this Icelandic sex kitten is not so easily muted. So. Finding the needed excuse, and exercising her options. She unbuttons her coat to ostensibly give her easy access to her pistols, and, by doing so, a real drama show ensues. The undone jacket mimics the usage of a daring plunging cleavage-baring neckline, in other words, a deep V-neck and then some. The French would highly approve of her makeshift French cut, and they would also be positively green with envy.

Another concession to the situation is her choice in gloves. In place of prim-n-proper prudz, she's wearing those severe black skin-z from the constituent lodge. Clearly visible, imprinted in the gloves, encircling the middle of the biceps, is large stylized script, "SEX & VIOLENCE." Of note: the script wasn't there in the lodge. Naughty. Naughty. Naughty.

And, something Lucy wasn't wearing in that private lodge, and hasn't worn for some time now. If you were to raise her jacket in the rear, you would see a Wanda holstered in a Race Bannon. This collapsible Martian Military Police electroshock wand, with the proportions of a medium club when fully extended, can also be used as an instrument of blunt force trauma. Its holster is gripping the waistband of her skirt, and is nestled snugly against the hollow of her spine because of the tightness of her short, high-waist, pencil skirt and the sneaky back-holster configuration of the Race Bannon itself.

Shock stick, club, an instrument of torture, the Wanda has many nefarious uses.

Using the Wanda, she intends to sodomize Simon. Anally raping him, repeatedly and violently. Lucy hopes that rectally he's a virgin, because she craves to figuratively and literally tear him up back there, shredding the delicate tissue of his hoped-for pristine previously-unviolated rectum.

Faithfully, adhering to a choice tenet of movie star Rock Hudson, the girl loves breaking in straight men who are backdoor unknowns. Besides that, she's never done an Angel before. You know what they say, "Once you go Angel, you NEVER want to go back!"

Because her suit is concealed carry. There are no telltale bulges from the Wanda, pistols, Yakima, or purse worn underneath her curve-hugging jacket. Sneaky. Sneaky. Sneaky.

Perls, Rubbermaid eelz (embossed skin-z), concealed-carry Koo, Careys, corselette, hi-waist panties, and Bolshoi-bare, with a decidedly early-to-mid-sixties Camelot groove. This is almost "The GOP cult of Ann Coulter." In point of fact, substitute long, center-parted, dead straight, blonde hair (a "classic" Ann Coulter), for of her Grune, and you would have an Ann Coulter in place of a Sarah Palin.

Then, the girl goes and does it. Her hair goes classic Ann Coulter, that more severe, more outdated, and still very becoming hairdo. As a result, her Sarah Palin becomes an Ann Coulter.

Add in the fact that. When she switches modes from Sarah Palin to Ann Coulter, she implicitly becomes Toy's Doll, again.

To revisit. While Lucy is Toy's Doll. That loathsome face—a shrew's beguiling one. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that's best described as “haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage.” Yet, is otherwise lacking in emotion. In a word, stiff—a face that is a vision of Borg loveliness, per Borg specifications, of course. Something else that applies to Lucy as Toy's Doll that also applies to a Borg queen, and to Toy itself as well. Thus, facially, she's sporting a Marlina. This thoroughly ruins or further beautifies her face, depending upon your point of view.

To reiterate. Haughty, aloof, seemingly unattainable. Beauty that will stop traffic dead in its tracks, if you're into beauty of the explicitly cruel, uber dominatrix, “Worship Me, Now!!!” flavor, that is. This describes her to a tee.

Bottomline. In Ann Coulter mode, Lucy is a full-blown dominatrix. And, she's always a cold bloodied killer.

Königseggwald: The Swedish Super Egg

Kate Spade Joyann eyeglasses re-imagine the 1950s with a modern twist for woman who enjoys a retro vibe. Famous for a fresh, whimsical sensibility, Kate Spade eyeglasses elevate any look with a youthful energy. Sporting a full rim wingtip shape, these frames are constructed in Acetate for outstanding wearability. These specs include comfort enhancing features such as spring hinges and wire core temples for exceptional fit and all-day wear. Give your outfit an urban edge with these bold eyeglasses available in a range of color choices with the iconic Kate Spade logo at each temple.

- **Brand:** Kate Spade
- **Model:** Joyann
- **Material:** Acetate Plastic
- **Frame Color:** Burgundy Black Transparent (0S4P)
- **Product ID:** 762753449566
- **Frame Price:** USD 100.00

Then, out of the blue, in this seemingly most inappropriate of moments to dither with fashion when imamate destruction is fast approaching on the horizon, Lucy dithers. She switches her skin-z for prudz. She slips on a pair of eyeglasses, twin to the ones worn by the Alice Quinn character as portrayed by actress Olivia Taylor Dudley, star of SyFy Channel's "The Magicians." Truth be told, a favorite with the critics, as good as that show is, Miss Dudley is the only reason to watch the derivative serial. So, in spite of its talented ensemble cast, the show's producers have been smart to quickly build the show around Miss Dudley. Ratings have expectedly soared.

As is the case when the dominatrix/librarian/magician Alice Quinn wears these spades on the show, when Lucy wears the glasses, the severe spades are nonetheless very becoming. And, in the fashion of a librarian, a Miles Kimball beaded eyeglass chain is attached at the temples of the eyeglasses. Oh, and, crystal clear & white nibblet eyeglass chain holders—Artisan—in place of the holders that came with the Miles Kimball. Resulting in spade-z: spades, plus vintage eyeglass chain and holders.

Koo Stark, careys, a long severe hairdo, and spade-z. Germanic tidiness. The expected prim and properness of prudz, perls, and the ubiquitous cigarette purse, of course. On a stroll, with her jacket left unbuttoned for easy access to her weapons, purse, etc., and not left undone solely for exposure. Sexual objectification, with a nonprurient purpose.

The spade-z and the prudz, by themselves, push Lucy's Ann Coulter into an Alice Quinn. The personification of a dominatrix/librarian. Of course, hardcore bibliotheca devotees would argue that all female librarians are, by definition, dominatrices. Additionally, the fantasy of these bent rabid fans is that such disciplining women are either elderly spinsters or young women who crave to be elderly spinsters.

Lucy's hairdo, Koo, prudz, corselette, hi-waist panties, and Bolshoi-bare, give her Alice Quinn a decidedly early-to-mid-sixties Camelot groove. The fictional Alice Quinn is very fond of wearing lacy white satin midriff-baring half-slips along with torpedo bras and cheeky thong panties. So, underneath her miniskirt, Lucy is also wearing that unmentionable, and, needless to say, it is a perfect complement to her retro corselette and cheeky hi-waist fetish thong panties.

An Alice Quinn. A staid, meticulous, wannabe-elderly woman attired in an elderly-woman's clothes. A layered, stiff-back outfit, replete with torturous foundation garments. Undertones, shades of that bulldyke shrew Dr. Wendy Carr.

A gap starts between Knox, Toy, and Lucy. It widens. Toy and Lucy stop the advance. Knox continues on with her drones. Knox is neutral, and must remain so. After all, rules are rule, and The Shadows are playing it strictly by the rules. If Knox stays with the away team, her drones will defend her and Shadow Vessels will breach Martian airspace to assist. Knox cannot allow this to happen. So, with zero air support, the away team will make their stand and fight here-and-now against Dragon air superiority.

Colonel Jack O'Neill asks Lucy the obvious as he and the rest of SG-1 catches up to she and Toy.

"So, we're all the bait?"

"As well as the switch."

"We're ground troops against fire-breathing Dragons."

"And, your point being?"

"This is suicide."

"For the Dragons, yes."

"For us, you crazy ass Nazi bitch!"

"You're the one who's full of shit. Worst kept secret: Demons have fought Dragons before, and kicked their asses. Now, you'll see how, firsthand."

Colonel Jack O'Neill doesn't bother insulting the girl with a denial. Instead, he sideways the conversation.

"We're here to murder Dragons. All of our briefings, even the ones that were SGC, were total bullshit. How am I doing so far?"

Now. It's Lucy's turn to take their conversation sideways.

"Self-defense is hardly murder."

"Self-defense?"

"The First Kingdom, formally the Dragon Empire, is in the midst of a civil war. The Movement wishes to destroy our way of life. We cannot allow that to happen."

"Movement?" Colonel O'Neill asks, again feigning ignorance about something whose intel also requires ultra-violet clearance. He knows exactly what the girl is referring to.

"The Democracy Movement. Which we will squash." The roar of the approaching Dragons increases in volume ten-fold. "Enough small talk. Your team will do as it is told, without hesitation."

"Understood."

"Excellent."

"One more question."

"Yes?"

“Why don’t they just nuke us from long range?”

“They would if they could.”

“A violation of the rules?”

“Nope.”

“Then what?”

“You said one more question. That’s three.”

“Humor me.”

“They would fry us at a distance if they could. They can’t, and it has nothing to do with rules. Unlike in the case of The Shadows in this matter, there are no rules of engagement for us. Combatants are free to do whatever they wish—victory by any and all means necessary, no atrocity is off the table.”

“So. They were close when they nuked the APC?”

“Likely, point blank range.”

For a fleeting moment, Lucy imagines herself wearing a pair of shiny nude compression support stockings held up by the suspenders of her corselet.

The away team’s Super Egg NOX next-gen prototype enhanced network begins targeting the Dragons, who have yet to break the horizon. There are twelve of them. Two are Elders. What follows is unlike anything that SG-1 has ever experienced. That includes Teal’c.

Out of the blue. Lucy hands her Supper Egg to Colonel O’Neill.

“It’s in taught, not learn mode, and, it, along with its associated network, have been fully trained by us for your team’s use. We don’t need, nor we have any use for, either. Its license has been duly transferred to the SGC. By the by, there’s no special Dargonslayer setting. You learn how to kill Dragons by killing them. So. I order your team to take the lead.”

The Nazis go offline, and are thus no longer networked. All that remains online are SG-1. The Nazis move away from SG-1, creating a gap, the needed space to split the attack of the fast-approaching Dragons.

Although they can’t go atomic against distant targets, the low-flying Dragons can scorch the ground whizzing by underneath them, turning sand unto slags of silica.

The Story Behind The Pointy ‘Bullet Bra’ Trend Of The 1950s

Remember the pointy corset Jean Paul Gaultier created for Madonna? In the fashion world, that’s what we call a “**bullet bra.**” The thing is, Jean Paul Gaultier didn’t even invent the strange contraption.

To learn more about the origins of the bullet bra, we have to rewind to the 1950s, when it was in perfectly good taste to walk around with giant triangle boobs.

At the time, pointy bras were the hottest trend. A new circular sewing technique, called the “whirlpool circle stitch,” gave your bosoms that sexy “missile” look that went perfectly with the skin-tight sweaters of the period. The tight sweater-bullet bra pairing was then dubbed the “pointy look.”

The bras, which gave the wearer an especially voluptuous chest, were quickly snapped up by big 1950s stars like Patti Page, Elizabeth Taylor, Marilyn Monroe, and Brigitte Bardot. However, as *Dangerous Minds* tells us, the trend became obsolete in the 1960s, particularly with the rise of the women’s lib movement.

“They’re your beliefs, not mine!”

Lucy as Alice Quinn. A staid, meticulous, wannabe-elderly woman attired in an elderly-woman’s clothes. A layered, stiff-back outfit, replete with torturous foundation garments. Undertones, shades of that bulldyke shrew Dr. Wendy Carr.

There’s more than meets the eye, of course. Because, in meaningful terms, this is a complete makeover—Alice Quinn, akin to Dr. Wendy Carr, is more than just an “outfit,” it is, in psychiatric terms, a complete alias.

As Wendy. Even when she’s undressed, and looking at herself in the mirror, the girl sees herself as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker with a killer body that she is.

If an Alice has undertones, shades of that bulldyke shrew Dr. Wendy Carr. Does this mean that Lucy now 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 Lucy’s case, when she’s wearing a Wendy, she sees her entire appearance as being flawed. And, she will make the pretty girls pay for being so pretty while she’s been cursed with being such a frumpy unattractive cunt.

Additionally. A psychiatrist or psychologist would argue the following:

The girl’s transformation from Not Alice into Alice, and vice-versa. Exactly mimics the mental illness formally known as dissociative identity disorder (DID)—multiple personality disorder, commonly known as split personality.

DID is a psychiatric diagnosis and describes a condition in which a person displays multiple distinct identities, known as alters or parts, each with its own pattern of perceiving and interacting with the environment.

The “Not Alice” Lucy and the Lucy-as-Alice are not distinct individuals, with totally separate personalities that have an awareness of each other’s existence and access to the memories of each other. They are Lucy. In clinical terms, they are “expressions” of the same psychotic personality.

A layperson would argue: Doc, you’re splitting hairs, very fine hairs.

She is now the personification of that bitter, disdainful, abusive schoolmarm, in addition to being haughty, aloof, and seemingly-unattainable Lucy—staid, severe, stiff backed.

Yes. Lucy is now that kind of girl. The “I am your goddess, worship me on bended knee!” kind of girl. One of those sexually-depraved schoolmarms who populate, for example, Irving Klaw’s world of bondage fetish photography. She looks every bit the part of one of the most depraved expressions of that niche spinster fetish.

In such twisted pornographic fantasies as that. The schoolmarm character is a blunt and sharp-tongued teacher, and a strong, stern woman. In class, she is blunt and condescending towards her students, and seethes with loathing and disdain. She always sports the expected tortured face. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that’s best described as “haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage.” Yet, is otherwise lacking in emotion. In a word, *stiff*.

Lucy is a legitimate traffic stopper. Ergo, you should want to give her a first look, let alone a second one. And most will. Yet, while she’s “wearing” her Alice Quinn, for those of you for whom this is that special kind of bait, you look at her in spades.

The girl’s voice is now hard and stern. Deep for a woman. Raspy. There’s an accent. It sounds like a New Jersey accent, but it’s cultured and smooth, befitting an academician from back East.

Her manner and mannerisms are so severe they are almost masculine, yet they somehow remain just this side of feminine.

While wearing her Alice “outfit,” Lucy is seen as a bent chick with a severe hairdo and a drab strictured suit, along with that dominatrix voice, manner, and mannerisms of hers. All contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity. Maybe she’s one of them a lesbian? If so, she’s a bullydyke.

The Dragons finally come into view. At point is the older of their two Elders. Additionally, the older one is an Ancient, a very old god. His name is Marvin, Marvin Tu. It’s not just the young that have taken up The Cause. Some of the old things have also defected to The Movement.

Lucy purses her gloves. Her fingers lengthen as do her fingernails, the nails becoming long and pointed as if they are now curved daggers. Long, boney fingers ending in long, pointed fingernails—hands akin to facehuggers. Feral sounds come out of her now foaming drooling mouth. Her gums recede as her teeth become large and pointed—serrated teeth—a razorblade smile. Her tongue becomes long and forked, and then mutates fully into 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.

A razorblade smile and a killer tongue. And, those creepy grey eyes—grey eyeballs, constricted red pupils, and no irises.

Not old. Not a god, let alone an old god. But, she's an Abomination. An Abomination who becomes, in the blink of an inhuman eye, fully in touch with her inner Old Thing Self, her inner gOd.

But, that “goddess” moment passes as quickly as it came. Her looks revert back to what they were. Lucy sporting an Alice. Noteworthy, during the change, the girl failed to drop her gunbelt and rifle, and her holstered Wanda. So, the change was never meant to be anything long lasting. The change was meant as a last warning to the Dragons, of what she was, if they didn't already know. In a word, her brief display was etiquette, nothing more and nothing less.

One moment she is with the away team. In their very midst. The next moment, she is confronting the Dragons head-on.

So quickly does she move that there is not even a perceived blur of movement. Not what humans call fast-forward, overdrive, or serial point-to-point teleportation. For want of a better description: transient, and thus no longer underclocking. But, even that description is clearly lacking.

Marvin lets loose with a blast, and cooks her to charred bones. Unfortunately, for Marvin, and his Dragon cohorts, this is not fini, it's only Round One!

While Marvin is murdering Lucy, Tabitha lets loose on the other Elder, Phyllis, Phyllis Diller. Incinerating the Dragon. It's almost as if she's firing a phase cannon taken off of a Shadow Vessel. Wireless power transfer from a Shadow Vessel? Nope, because that would violate the rules in play for the Shadows. Yes, the Nazis have no rules in this game, but the Shadows do.

Marvin would retaliate for the slaughter of his beloved wife. But, he's otherwise engaged by weapon's fire from Fritz. A meaningful distraction designed to buy Lucy some time. It works.

Additionally. The Ancient is no longer hovering in the air. He's been yanked down as if by an invisible hand.

Lucy reconstitutes herself. And. As if they are features, instead of attire. Lucy's shoes, clothes, accessories, gear, etc.—her entire outfit—manifest themselves, again.

Lucy's rifle goes from the slung ready position to the classic shoulder-firing position. She attacks Marvin viciously. Fritz shifts his attack to one of the younger Dragons.

All of the away team's phasers, not just Tabatha's, get new-found striking power approaching that of Shadow Vessel phase cannons. More wireless power transfer from something akin to a Shadow Vessel?

One Elder, an Ancient no less, battling a Nazi almost-goddess. The other Elder gone, destroyed. The younger Dragons are split between Super Egged SG-1 and the remaining Nazis. Nazi small arms somehow imbued with lethality approaching that of Shadow Vessel phase cannons. It begs the question. An even match, or not?

And. There's more questions that demand to be asked.

Except for Marvin's initial blasting of Lucy, there's no more flame-on from the Dragons, including Marvin. Why?

Marvin is grounded for the remainder of the fight. How?

Two of the Nazis get felled, savagely. Fritz is gravely wounded. As if in response to this, the wick gets turned up on the wireless power source of the away team's phasers. At which time, their phasers have the same firing power as the phase cannons on Shadow Vessels. Whatever the power source, it makes this a mismatch heavily in the favor of the away team. Game over!

Have Archaeologists Finally Solved The Mystery Of Atlantis?

Donnelly's theory is still popular among some of today's theorists. This is because it shares the same location with where Plato described Atlantis to be. It has since been debunked by modern oceanographers. Scientists have a much better understanding of how plate tectonics work. Therefore, the idea that the waters shifted, sinking Atlantis in the process, had too many holes for people to continue taking Donnelly's work seriously. But this didn't stop future theorists from expanding on his work.

One person who was directly influenced by Donnelly's work was Russian mystic and gestural magician Helene Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society. Unlike Plato, who believed that the Atlanteans were purely a military entity, she considered them to be more sophisticated and a culturally rich civilization. She believed that her own race had evolved from the Atlanteans, who she called the "Root Race." However, the people of Atlantis were the cause of their own downfall after many internal battles influenced by supernatural powers.

Shockingly, Blavatsky's theories would have more damaging repercussions than she could ever have anticipated. After articulating her beliefs in her book *The Secret Doctrine*, this manuscript eventually became a piece of inspiration for the Nazis. The myths of Hyperborea, a land that was home to a godlike race only added fuel to the fire of Nazism and added a new mythological layer to their ideology. It was a dark chapter in the pseudo-history of Atlantis, until more impartial theorists came into play.

A hard, cruel voice. The heavy accent is Russian, with the expected enunciation, but her diction is impeccable. A severe, cultured voice in keeping with the stiff-backed old lady that she is.

"So. You are the plaything who dares to try and kill its better?" Asks the spinster, rhetorically, of a prone, incapacitated Simon who is laying face-down in the alley. She's looking down at him slowly with a striking coldness.

Her name is Helene Blavatsky, a duchess and retired librarian. She is also a mystic, gestural magician, and the founder of the Theosophical Society. Back in the day, she was Hitler's personal astrologer. That notwithstanding, the prim and proper Duchess Blavatsky is not a Nazi.

Racially, she is a Hag, specifically a Furie. Therefore, she is easy mistaken for a Crone, but, upon closer inspection, the madness shown in her eyes is the giveaway as to what flavor of Hag she truly is. Her lunatic kind is the very definition of two-legged insanity and depravity.

Therefore, underneath of that cold, calculating exterior of hers is a maniac, a raving thing, who, from time-to-time, expresses that madness unrestrained. Most often, a portent of that lunatic expression is red circles or rings around eyes and irises, and bloodshot eyes Kahlan's Con Dar.

And, also during this Con Dar. Messy straight hair. The unkempt hair of a lunatic who rants and raves at a full moon, while foaming at the mouth and gnashing their teeth. A hairdo that makes it look like she's wearing a frightwig.

In appearance. The Hag goddess embodies aspects of both the anti-feminine and the feminine. Her tight obscene bun and strictured skirt suit, complemented by women's black ballet flats and drab khaki stockings, contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity, sexual repression, and the devious overtones of a dominatrix.

In many ways, Helene is the flipside, as well as the expression and extension taken to its logical conclusion, of Lucy's husband, Ms. Barbara Elizabeth Covett. She is Lucy's perfect "other" woman.

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. Coke-bottle eyeglasses, with plain glass in the place of prescription lenses, and clear plastic frames—the 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 Russian 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 knee-length pencil skirt with a high waist and comes with a matching belt—it's known as a Kaye in the UK, and is stodgier than the Kate because of the aforementioned lower hemline of its skirt. 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. A matching white satin lace-trimmed half-slip and 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. A cigarette purse gripping the waistband of her skirt.

If you were to lift up her slip and skirt, you would see a telltale bulge in the crotch of her panties. She's wearing Parts, and is well-endowed strapping. And intends to use it to sodomize her would-be murderer. The very idea of rectally violating him makes her cum.

Simon is quite the sight. Bereft of his clothes as well as his senses. Mouth fitted with a ball gag. Handsomely hogtied. The proverbial roast meat on a spit. His beloved knife is in her purse.

The duchess rolls him onto his back.

"I thought you looked familiar. You're one of those bastards of Theirs. I know your father very well, you favor him. Your uncle is the goat deity Baphomet."

She kicks him viciously in the side, cracking a couple of his ribs. She's already broken six of them.

"I'm going to have a lot of fun hurting you. They said that I could do anything to you as long as I didn't kill you. Too bad your half-breed kind heal so fast."

She pauses, thoughtfully.

"Come to think of it."

She giggles, mindlessly.

"Half Angel and half human. I haven't had the chance to do one of you in a coon's age. Yes, much fun indeed hurting you."

She pauses again, this time licking her thin lips with her long, facile, well-educated tongue. Her mouth is large and ugly, as vulgar-looking as its owner is vulgar. A vulgarity that she's careful to hide from public view.

“You uncle tried to recruit me once upon a time into the membership of that church of his. Such an insult, a very grave insult, with me being a goddess and all. A very old god thing I be. You’re gonna pay for his insolence.”

Baphomet and his church are fictionalized in a Netflix serial, “The Chilling Adventures of Sabrina,” the streaming company’s spin on the story of Sabrina the Teenage Witch. The show uses a statue of Baphomet as the central icon for their story’s evil human-sacrificing Satanic cult.

In the show, Sabrina (played by Kiernan Shipka, best known to audiences as Sally Draper of “Mad Men”) is a half-witch, half-mortal teenager who needs to decide whether she wants to take the step to become wholly witch by signing “The Book of the Beast.” The problem: Although signing that book would give her powers, it would also tie her to life-long servitude to the “Dark Lord” (also known as the Devil, also known as Satan) and his church, the Church of Night.

The Dark Lord is not a benevolent character in the series; he sends his minions to torture and coerce Sabrina into signing the book, and is head of a decidedly patriarchal church organization that is rife with abuse and corruption. He shows up occasionally in the series as a terrifying beast with a goat’s head and hooves, and is represented by the Baphomet statue, which sits in the center of the show’s Academy of the Unseen Arts.

Strange how life often imitates art, isn’t it?

I am who am

Henry Nicholas John Gunther (June 6, 1895 – November 11, 1918) was an American soldier and the last soldier of any of the belligerents to be killed during World War I. He was killed at 10:59 a.m., one minute before the Armistice was to take effect at 11 a.m.

Those Nazis and Dragons on Mars were the last combatants to die in the Dragon Civil War. With the stroke of a pen, signing a binding agreement, Empress Kathryn Chinn, Ninth Absolute Ruler of The Dragon Empire, abdicated said absolute rule and by doing so ended the conflict. No longer is Empress Chinn the first among first of the blue-blood rulers of the known worlds.

The Dragon monarchy is now constitutional in the British mold. With a duly-elected Senate in place of Parliament. And a First Senator instead of a Prime Minister. A position with the same duties, responsibilities, and power as a prime minister and a president combined. The office of president doesn't exist in this Dragon version of the Great Experiment known as Democracy.

Additionally. In this case, the First Senator is a real firebrand. Ms. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, a decidedly non-Asian looking Dragon in her human form. That diversity of pretense, that divergence from accepted Dragon norms, being another example of this twenty-something's bleeding-edge "progressive" point of view. Bernie Sanders, United States Senator from Vermont, is very proud of his political kindred spirit.

When Empress Chinn offers First Senator Ocasio-Cortez the olive branch of sponsoring her a membership in the vaulted Ladies' Council. The First Senator refuses. Loudly proclaiming on the floor of the Senate face-to-face with The Empress, that "I have no use for the old fogies that inhabit that obsolete, dinosaur organization!" By this true believer's way of thinking, the Old Ones are fossils. In a word: useless.

Later on, after her very public denouncement of the Ladies' Council and all it represents, she receives sobering news in the privacy of her legislative office from her administrative assistance Lord Richard Wu. Lord Wu is an Elder and a blue-blood, second cousin to the Empress, and the head of his House. They council over some tasty guess-who soup. Both are in their human forms, of course.

"You essentially spat in her face."

"What of it?"

"Figuratively speaking, you did the same to the Ladies' Council."

"And?"

"I advised caution."

"You told me ahead of time what she was likely to do, you were right, and I responded in kind. Tit for tat."

The older Dragon sighs. The girl can be rash and stubborn, at times, too many times, really. And, more often than not, thinking that she has all the answers. Faults of youth. But, he's made his bed, now he must lie in it.

"What's done is done. It can't be helped."

“Okay, this is leading up to something. Spill the beans.”

“The promised CCTV footage from Mars Gov on that final exchange on Mars, finally arrived. Our forces versus the Nazis. Plus, a full debrief from our Field Marshalls about the matter. There were differences in the two accounts that needed to be reconciled.”

“We destroyed all of them. Their APC was burnt to the ground. We suffered no casualties. Which is what you’d expect of an exchange between a platoon of their ground forces with zero air support, and an away team of four Dragons, two of whom were Elders.”

“In their initial report, to save face, our Generals understated our force and its losses.”

“What?!”

“And, it’s not just in this Mars case that our Generals have not been completely forthcoming about their outcomes with Nazis.”

“Go on.”

“In truth. The Nazi had three casualties, all of whom resurrected, on the battlefield, during combat. One seriously injured, and that wounded soldier made a complete recovery, on the battlefield, during combat. Ergo, zero sum—in effect, no Nazi casualties. We’re the ones who lost an entire platoon. And, their APC not only survived our attack on it, it shows no evidence of damage.”

“This sounds like the worst cover-up in the history of cover-ups.”

“It is.”

The First Senator sinks back in her chair. That look of unbridled triumph, resulting from her political victory and her subsequent post-election shenanigans, is wiped from her face.

“What was true?”

“The Nazis had zero air support.”

That truth, alone, pushes things from bad, right past worse, to worst.

“Continue, please.”

A lesser person would panic. But. She’s made of much sterner stuff. The First Senator goes into pragmatic mode. That and her integrity are what he likes most about the First Senator.

“Our platoon split into two forces. One attacked the APC. The other one attacked the Nazi away team. Evidently, SG-1 was in the company of the Nazis. The combined force of the Nazis and SG-1 would still roughly be a squad in number.”

“And, after being preemptively attacked by our forces, how did our adversaries accomplish this feat of wiping out an entire platoon of Dragons, their APC left intact and unscathed, and, in effect, no losses to boot on their side?”

“We don’t know. And. Neither does Mars Gov.”

“What? How can that be? There’s footage of the attacks.”

“Somehow, neither us nor Mars Gov can figure out how, footage of the attacks has been corrupted. Footage of the APC attack is so bad, it’s worthless.”

“Conjecture, then. Wild or otherwise. No matter how farfetched it may be?”

“The APC utilizing unknown defensive countermeasures annihilated our attacking forces. The nature of which no one can begin to even venture a guess at.”

“How about their ground forces?”

“Somehow, they negated our air superiority. For example, one of the Elders, the older of the two.”

“Yes?”

“It appears that somehow he was yanked from the sky and grounded for the duration of the fight. And, none of the Dragons flamed the troops after one of the Nazis was torched during the initial burn. Also. The burners for the Nazis seemed to be amped up.”

“Amped up to what level.”

“In the neighborhood of Shadow Vessel phase cannons. We know those will fry us with ease.”

“Wirelessly?”

“Yes, and selectively. Only the Nazi phasers got the extra juice.”

“Looks like we’ll be emptying that bottle of Baijiu I was saving for our victory celebration. Only we won’t be getting drunk celebrating our rise to political power.”

“We’ll be drowning our tears. Insecure in our knowledge that my beloved cousin gave up absolute rule when she had the means to easily crush us into extinction.”

“Keeping a stiff upper lip, and wearing our best poker face. Knowing that our defeated Empress is not so defeated after all. Knowing that.”

“That she in fact has us by the short hairs.”

Lord Wu swallows hard. As has been previously noted. He made his own bed, now he has to lie in it. In light of the revelations of the CCTV footage, what he doesn’t tell the First Senator, is that his second cousin, their Empress, defines peace as that awkward pause between wars.

Cast a Deadly Spell

A noir thriller set in 1948 L.A., pits Detective Herbert Phillip “Harry” Lovecraft against a cast of horrors in his search for the Necronomicon, a stolen book of ultimate mystical power. “Imagine ‘Who Framed Roger Rabbit’ with witches and zombies instead of toons.” (USA Today). “A great way to spend an evening.” (Entertainment Weekly).

The wall, adjacent to the office door, blurs, monetarily. The First Senator and Lord Wu are acutely aware of a physical presence—not remote viewing. In their midst, is The Empress, dressed like a judge. She is unaccompanied. Having accomplished the seemingly impossible. Immaterial transient into a hardened room.

The elaborate legislative robe she’s wearing explains in spades how she is able to accomplish this impossible feat. It’s more than just a garment. It’s what the lower races call an encounter suit. This one utilizes very advanced tech of purely Dragon origin, which can only be used to its full capacity by a Dragon with god-like supernatural prowess, for example, it can be wielded to potential by whoever is the rightful ruler of the Dragon Empire.

There are a lot of ways to react to this intrusion. Aggression is clearly not one of them. Instead, the First Senator and Lord Wu show the appropriate restraint and practice the etiquette prescribed by the situation. They stand at attention, heads slightly bowed.

“Please have a chair, my Empress,” the First Senator politely offers, pointing to one of the overstuffed chairs in her office.

“Thank you, very much, First Senator,” the Empress responds as she sits down in the indicated chair.

Lord Wu wisely says nothing. The First Senator and Lord Wu sit back down their chairs. Lord Wu is now just a spectator, the proverbial fly on the wall. As is protocol, the Empress makes the next move.

“They go to very dark places, never quenching their cravings for knowledge and exploration. They boldly go where even the most powerful Dragons and most cursed Fallen choose wisely not to thread. Those ancient places that guard their secrets enviously. In a proprietary fashion, they must continuously re-invent and exponentially improve their tech to, go to these old ‘places,’ let alone return more or less safely. It’s why their weapons are so advanced. They are champions of the status quo, and you and your lot represent change, a real credible threat to the supernatural order of things. Beware.”

“We have a strong footing among the Dragons. The Demons are next. The Party will fall, along with the Ladies’ Council, and the rest of all that,” the First Senator blurts out, forgetting herself.

The Empress smiles in response to the idealistic girl’s outburst.

This foolish, well-meaning girl thinks she has all the answers. When in fact she doesn’t even know what the questions are. I must protect her and her ilk from themselves.

“We Dragons and the Angels are the most human-natured of all supernatural beings. The demons are the least, and they dominate The Party, as well as all supernatural institutions. Be very careful of your ambitions. Others before you have tried and failed.”

The Empress gets up and leaves the office via the conventional route of the office door.

1.6 Billion Years B.C.S. (1966)

“It is jet-black. A shade of black so deep, your eyes just kind of slide off it. And it kind of shimmers when you directly look at it. A spider, big as death and twice as ugly. When it flies past, it’s like you hear a scream in your mind.”—**Warren Keffer**

This has happened before. It will happen again. There are so many longboats. A seemingly endless parade. They are legion, their glistening black bodies darkening what little remains of the rapidly-extinguishing light. Eventually, the sky will darken to absolute black. No shimmer. No sparkle. Not even a single twinkle. It will be if the Abyss has swallowed the surviving stars whole.

The great battle is over. It’s outcome never in doubt. The carcasses of ruined, formerly-great starships and Dragons litter the sky. Their mutilated corpses camouflaged by the gathering darkness of an endless night.

The Grey Ones. The greatest, noblest, oldest, and thus the most powerful Dragons fronted The Line. Fire-breathing Dragons whose thermonuclear blasts felled the initial wave of Shadow Vessels. Gutted those hideous starships. Too quickly the Allies basked in their triumph. Their victory celebration was premature; cut short when the second wave assaulted. A wave of those cursed longboats. It was the longboats that butchered the Dragons and the capital starships that seconded them, no quarter, no mercy. Prominent among the casualties of war were the planet-killing dreadnoughts of the almighty Vorlon.

In the Dark Universe. In that final conflict of Good versus Evil. The Axis versus The Allies. Those Very Dark Things versus The Dragons and their human alliance. Evil-that-is-legion won, and won decisively. The Allies lost. God had blinked. With the fix no longer in. Without God to tip the scales in their favor, their cause was doomed from the start. Now, all that remains in Creation is This Place and this planet. Nothing else stands. Even Time itself has been conquered.

Before The Light, there was only The Darkness. After The Light, there will only be The Darkness. The Darkness, and the deafening screams of their longboats heard in your mind as they fly by through the nothingness that used to be the endless all-consuming vacuum of outer space.

The Keep

The Glock 21 is about as far from the 1911 as one can get in the field of handguns. An Austrian pistol with a polymer frame and modern internal design, the Glock 21 is simply a scaled-up version of the original Glock 17 handgun introduced in 1982. Glocks were—and still are—derided as “Tupperware guns” wherein the use of plastics was in some way a fatal design flaw.

The .45 Automatic Colt Pistol round, or .45 ACP as it is commonly known, is fairly controversial. Invented in 1905 by prolific firearms designer John Moses Browning, the .45 ACP was the standard caliber of the Colt M1911 pistol, and remains so to this day. A heavy, subsonic bullet, a typical .45 ACP weighs twice as much as the 9mm Luger round and delivers a third more energy.

“Since we’re here, we might as well put all those bullshit briefings to good use.” So decides, Lucy after the errant Dragons have been vanquished and an Armistice having been signed. Their fake mission’s original objective becomes their real mission objective.

Over the span of ages, their objective has had many names. None more fitting than its present one. These days, it’s simply called The Keep. Neither Knox nor Team One is anywhere in sight. Team Two arrives at the objective, none the worse for wear. Lucy is still sporting a driveWFX aka an Alice Quinn. The two Nazis who got felled, savagely, and Fritz who got gravely wounded, all three of them now fit as a fiddle, drew the short straws—they will be left behind on this Mars in this universe.

Team Two advances on the massive, rune-covered door of the living, sand-buried edifice. Lucy is point man. Tabitha is the team’s read guard, as usual. SG-1 and the remaining Nazis sandwiched in-between. Upon reaching the door, Lucy makes some kind of arcane gesture—not gestural magic, per se, something much older. It’s the magick used by The Old Ones to manipulate Creation. The door begins to slowly swing open.

Now, the real fun, begins, Colonel O’Neill thinks to himself. As if she’s reading his mind, Lucy, momentarily, looks back, and smiles and makes eye contact with Colonel O’Neill.

From the perspective of the team making the ingress, they cross the threshold of a giant door and into a pitch-black room. When the last of them has entered, the door slams shut and becomes a featureless stone wall.

From the perspective of the team members left behind. One by one, their departing teammates cease to exist upon crossing the threshold. When Tabitha is unmade, the door ceases to be a door. It becomes a wall, indistinguishable from the other above-ground walls of the ancient building. A building so old that even the most long-lived of the indigenous Martians do not know of a time when it did not exist.

The exterior and interior of the building are in different dimensions. The building is analogous to a ROOM and akin to a TARDIS. As such, it was not made, it was created out of nothing. Created by beings other than God. In other words, it’s a BUILDING.

Back to that dark room, on that other Mars, in that other universe.

There's perceived movement ahead. Something detaches itself from a wall. Being seasoned operators, team guns are already at the ready position. Then, a very familiar voice.

“It took you long, enough. Glad you decided to join the party.”

Darkness recedes as the room becomes well-lit. It's Knox. And. Seemingly out of nowhere Team One materializes, having switched off their cloaking devices. And. Additionally. Knox's drones decloak. When numbered together, Team One, Team Two, and a no longer neutral Knox and her drones constitute a legitimate expeditionary force. This is in fact what they are. A Mars Expeditionary Force under the joint sponsorship of the United States Government, Mars Gov, The United Nations, the Shadow Republic, and the Vorlon Emirate.

This Mars is in the universe where it always ends. Time and time, again. By then, of course, it has another name, and it's always the same name. By then, the planet is known as Volcryn, the last existing planet in Creation. The last planet in The Dark Universe.

Nightflyers

Volcryn – Of which do you speak? Are you referring to the last planet in Creation? Are you referring to The First Ones? Or. Are you referring to that ancient, nomadic race, who have been traveling the Dark Universe in their nightflyers for millennia without any direct contact with “outsiders?” It’s said of the latter, that “When Jesus of Nazareth hung dying on his cross, they passed within a light-year of his agony, headed outward.”

There’s one, final trick to be laid. Lucy isn’t staying. This is a chess game played by Old Things. Players who have decided, come to a consensus, that Lucy is one of the living chess pieces in play whose moveset must be temporarily altered. Why? Because the gameplay has become stale and somewhat predictable—boring. The two things that are never tolerated in such recreations by These Things is cheating and boredom.

For the briefest of moments, the girl’s eyes fluoresce. Lucy becomes what she ultimately will become. The others in this chamber become insignificant to this distant, future version of her. She walks back over to the wall that was a door and touches it with her gloved hand. The wall becomes a door, on this Mars and the other one. Not magic. Not science. Not VOX. Something else, entirely. She walks back over to the point position, once more she is her present self, no longer something akin to God.

A narrative, spoken by a voice of indistinguishable gender, is piped into the room.

“Don’t spare your grenades. You’ll need every last one of them. The black pieces on the chess board will be Bugs, a number of them armed with boxers of their own making. Have a nice day.”

A generic voice giving a vanilla warning. As opposed to Lucy’s deep for a woman, hoarse, raspy, feminine voice, with the New Jersey accent, à la B-movie actress/director Samantha “Sam” Phillips, when Lucy is in Alice Quinn mode. That Alice Quinn voice being one you’d expect coming out of the large, ugly, Julia Roberts-inspired mouth of either a dominatrix or a Borg queen.

Needless to say. Lucy barking the same warning would be potentially arousing to a number of the combatants.

The wall in front of Lucy collapses, and they pour in. Countless, black stainless-steel bodies. And, as forewarned. Some of the Bugs are armed with boxers. By all rights, it should be curtains for the expeditionary force. But, just like on the other Mars, the enemy acts in a nonadvantageous manner to their own self-interest. They fight in a way that makes them sitting ducks for the away teams. Even when one of the numerous boobytraps set by the Insects works, for example, catching Tabitha by surprise dropping her through a false floor to certain doom and demise, her comrades-in-arms are able to easily rescue her.

Millions against a few, and yet the few prevail. The Hive is subdued, and the errant male in charge is destroyed. The Bugs should either be non-binary drones or a female who’s the queen and thus the ruler. Every so often a mutation happens, and a male is created. He will try to take over, and if he succeeds chaos ensues and the natural order of things is stood on its head. A queen can be reasoned with, a king cannot be. He will have the Hive fight to its extinction unless he is killed first.

Non-binary? Someone who is neither male nor female. In the case of Bug drones, they have neither male nor female genitalia.

When all is said and done, it's Lucy, Tabitha, and SG-1 that have a telling conversation, off to themselves. Tabitha doesn't say squat, she just mugs a lot.

"You seem confused by your tricorder scans, Daniel Bryant?" Lucy asks, rhetorically.

"Time travel isn't possible in the presence of Demons, yet here we are at the end of it all, in the very company of Demons."

"But how can it be called time travel when time exists at the departure point and not at the destination? Answer: it can't be called *time travel*. Time travel involves going from when to when, we went from when to where. Additionally. How can this be the end of it all when it's just as much the beginning?"

"String theory bullshit, and I refuse to be distracted by it. We time travelled to the end of it all."

"An end and a beginning that has happened many times before, and will happen many times again."

"More bullshit."

Initially, the tone of Lucy's replies is harsh and severe, as if she's dominatrix talking down to a submissive. Think: Borg queen to Borg drone.

"Then we are at an intellectual impasse. On to more pressing matters." Lucy pauses, strategically, then she continues, her voice now possessed of the unemotionality of a two-legged calculator. "The Party relinquishes all claim to this keep, whether that claim be real, imagined, or implied. The SGC will receive a notarized copy of the quitclaim deed from our solicitors, when we all return to our world."

"Just like that?" Colonel O'Neil asks, incredulously.

"Just like that. Again, in the spirit of not wasting those bullshit briefings for the fake mission we've chosen to pursue."

"Sounds like we're being played," Captain Samantha Carter, adds.

"Indeed," Teal'c interjects, before anyone gets a word in, edgewise.

What follows is a laugh joined in by all. Of course, when they go back, the exterior and the interior of the keep will be in the same dimension and exist within the context of the same space-time continuum—all of the building will be in the here and the now of their Mars, and that version of the building will be Bug free, thus it will be perfectly safe for human usage.

The seed, of course, has been planted. Once an idea is let loose, you can never put it back in its box. Humans saw what the building can be/will be. Their natural curiosity will drive them to make it so, it always does. Therefore, well before the end of it all, the keep will span dimensions, due to human ingenuity.

And So, It Begins

Lucy, in Alice Quinn mode, approaches the flophouse where Helene Blavatsky stays. The Duchess Blavatsky is holding captive Lucy's partner Simon Angel. Which duchess will the girl find? The filthy, infested, junkie whore strung out on reagent in the throes of Kahlan's Con Dar, or the prim and proper spinster who is a severe teetotaler. The dowdy Duchess so likes to slid.

The girl also likes to slid, as well. If you were to lift up her skirt and half-slip, you would notice a telltale bulge in the crotch of her knickers. She's again strapping Parts shoved into her panties. And there's more evidence of sliding in the severity of her hairdo. Her strait hair is yanked back up into a disfiguring sternka. Will plaintive makeup be next?

Parts and sternka are still well within the realm of an Alice Quinn. On the TV show, the Alice Quinn character does, from time to time, strap Parts and wear her hair in a sternka. Recent episodes have her strapping Parts, sporting a sternka, and toying with the idea of wearing plaintive makeup and thick-lensed lined trifocal spade-z thicks, while suffering from a bout of BDD (body dysmorphic disorder).

An Alice Quinn has undertones, shades of that bulldyke shrew Dr. Wendy Carr. But, up until now, that has not meant that Lucy, while wearing an Alice Quinn, suffered from an extreme version of BDD.

To reiterate. When Lucy is "wearing" a Wendy, she sees her entire appearance as being flawed. And, she will make the pretty girls pay for being so pretty while she's been cursed with being such a frumpy unattractive cunt.

If the Wendy undertones in her Alice give way to overtones, that could result in Lucy suffering from an extreme version of BDD, when she's in Alice mode.

In sharp contrast, whether wearing Bolshoi-bare or plaintive makeup, the Duchess Blavatsky is a frumpy unattractive cunt. Nothing imagined there. Possessed of a hard face and a large, ugly mouth. How badly has she been beaten by the ugly stick—how unattractive is she? Lucy's husband Babs is a looker in comparison. Her masculine ways and means, her every mannerism, bespeak of a hardcore bulldyke. How masculine? Lucy's husband Headmistress Babs Covett is quite feminine in comparison.

To revisit. Creepy and obsessive-compulsive, Lucy's Babs is neither attractive nor is she very feminine-looking, in the conventional sense. Duchess Blavatsky is worse looking than Babs and is so bent in every way imaginable, that she's easily more bent than Babs. On top of all that, she's a Niffin. The latter in of itself explains a lot about why Duchess Blavatsky is the way she is.

Niffin are almost exclusively Hags. Niffin are as bad as Nazis, which speaks volumes. Few things in Creation are as vile and evil as Nazis.

It should come as no surprise that Duchess Blavatsky is insanely jealous, to the point of being envious, of women whose looks upstage her own. Predictably, Duchess Blavatsky prefers her lovers to be younger scrawny blondes with blue eyes, big knockers, and a voracious drug habit that they need to feed, a habit that inevitably ravages their looks, disfiguring them. Once pretty faces that are now bereft of any vestige of pretty, and are just hardlooking. Ergo, much younger flaxen-haired buxom chicks, that are junkie whores, top her list. Leggy chicks with big mouths, educated

tongues, and flat asses. Chicks that go strapping all the time. She-male chicks with fucked-up faces and hard harsh voices. It's the direction that Lucy's Alice is going.

Upon traversing the threshold of the fleabag's front door, a silent alarm is tripped. Her concealed weapons are detected. In places like this, guests and occupants alike are allowed to pack heat.

Lucy heads over to the front desk. A robot, an old type-90, is on duty. In a bygone life, 99 was a combat-hardened military bot of the august Martian Congressional Republic Navy (MCORN). Now, it's a lowly desk clerk in a shithole hotel in skidrow. A thinking machine, 99 could care less about its current station in life. What it does care about is laying some serious pipe on Lucy. It's been forewarned about her arrival.

"She's waiting for you upstairs in her room. Sixth floor, first door on your left, at the top of the stairs. Knock twice before entering."

Lucy walks over to the rickety worn stairs. As she ascends the stairs, she almost doubles over from a blinding migraine that literally takes her breath away. 99 watches the compromised girl and gets its equivalent of a chubby.

The girl's eyes fluorescence. A narrative begins. The disembodied voice, with the Russian accent, is unknown to her. Her knobb has been hijacked and is downloading malware. When the download finishes the girl is sporting plaintive makeup and spades-z with Coke-bottle lenses that are lined trifocals (thicks). Cosmetics and eyeglasses reconfigured remotely, against her will. Her eyes cease to glow. The girl looks hard, very hard, and no longer pretty. The ravaged face of a krack whore. Krack (*crack*) is the street name for reanimation reagent on Mars.

Lucy goes up the stairs without any more delay, walks over to the indicated door, and knocks on it twice. The prom and proper, sober and severe, Duchess Blavatsky opens the door. She is smiling broadly.

The creepy, disgusting bull's gloved hand covetously strokes Lucy's knobb and left cheek, while they are standing in the doorway. Lucy does not react. Why is the girl stone-faced in response? Because, it's a tactile *Hello*, platonic, not intimate, irrespective of how this greeting may appear. The old biddy French kisses Lucy, but stops short of groping her. Again, Lucy does not react. This is the Niffin equivalent of what the French would call *faire la bise*. It is the second part of this two-part greeting. If they were intimates lovers, instead of mere acquaintances, the Duchess would have grouped Lucy after having kissed her.

French has a number of different words for "kiss," which, though not surprising for such a romantic language, can be confusing for French learners. The most common terms are *bise* and *bisou*, and while they are both informal with similar meanings and uses, they're not exactly the same.

Une bise is a kiss on the cheek, a gesture of friendship exchanged while saying hello and good-bye. It's not romantic, so it can be used between friends and acquaintances of any gender combination, particularly two women and a woman and man. Two men are likely to say/write it only if they are family or very close friends. *Bise* is most commonly found in the expression *faire la bise*.

In the plural, *bises* is used when saying good-bye (e.g., *Au revoir et bises à tous*) and at the end of a personal letter: *Bises*, *Grosses bises*, *Bises ensoleillées* (from a friend in a sunny place), etc.

Again, *bises* is platonic. It does not mean that the letter writer is trying to take your relationship to the next level; it's basically shorthand for saying good-bye with the classic French cheek/air kiss: *je te fais la bise*.

Un bisou is a warmer, more playful, and more familiar version of *bise*. It can refer to a kiss on the cheek or on the lips, so may be used when talking to lovers and platonic friends. *Bisous* can say good-bye to a good friend (*A demain ! Bisous à toute la famille*) as well at the end of a letter: *Bisous, Gros bisous, Bisous aux enfants*, etc. When saying good-bye on the phone, friends sometimes repeat it several times: *Bisous, bisous, bisous ! Bisous, tchao, bisous !*

“Excellent. You are so much better than I dared hoped for. Please come in.”

Duchess Blavatsky's heavily-accented voice is the voice that Lucy “heard” in her head at the base of the stairs when she was hacked. The Duchess steps aside. Lucy enters the old woman's room. The door closes and locks behind her.

The old woman can hardly wait for the girl to be “made” much thinner. Scrawny with huge, heavy-hanging, sloppy tits. Big, doggie tits, just like hers. Maybe three doggy tits instead of two, when the girl is in the throes of Kahlan's Con Dar?

With everything going so well. A spanner gets thrown in the works. Murphy raises his ugly head.

Lucy reboots herself. This frustrates Duchess Blavatsky to no end. Furthermore, the girl reconfigures her cosmetics, but, tellingly, not her eyeglasses. Bolshoi-bare in place of plaintive makeup. No longer ravaged looking, the girl has a hard, pretty face, once more—the girl's smoking-hot looks also return in spades. Her disfiguring thicks fail to entirely camouflage her fetching, 1950s movie starlet looks.

“He's hanging up in that closet. The one with the dirties. You may undress and hang you clean things up in the other closet. The one the clean things get hung up in.”

Notably, Lucy says nothing. She removes her suit, slip, and weapons, except for her Wanda, and hangs them up in the clean closet. What she finds hanging up in the dirty closet is two Kayes and Simon Angel.

The Kayes are filthy and smelly, and infested. Split seams. Rips. Tears. Holes. Frayed cuffs and hemlines. Etc. Completely and utterly ruined. The skirt-suits of krack whores.

Simon is naked and cranked up high on krack. Filthy and infested. In the throes of Con Dar. Mouth fitted with a ball gag. Handsomely hogtied. He's been tortured, extensively. Including, crude brain surgery having been performed on him.

The clean, sober, and pristine Duchess sits in a chair. Yanks down her skirt and slip. Unbuttons her blouse and the jacket of her Kaye. Unhooks her bra and panties. She plays with her big floppy tits while masturbating. Cock, pussy, and asshole get their share of “loving.” As if she were Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, she does all this without removing her prudz.

Simon obviously has been injected with krack in the eyeballs as well—the usual places like his arms, legs, neck, and genitals. Therefore, he should feel nothing of what Lucy is about to do to him with her Wanda. Yet, Lucy is so good at torture that he feels everything that she does to him. His screeches of agony fill the room. Her Gestapo instructors at the Fourth Reich's prestigious Psychological Warfare School would be proud, if they were here to witness her handiwork.

During the torture, Lucy goes feral and experiences Con Dar. As such. Fucked up face. Three huge, pendulous doggie tits. Krazed. Klaw. Killer tongue. Razorblade smile. Grey eyes—bloodshot eyes with grey eyeballs, no irises, constricted red pupils, and dark circles around the eyes. Higher brain functions completely shut down. Lizard brain and pineal gland expand, in effect, lobotomizing her. Bottomline: Lucy almost becomes The Master.

Alice Quinn

As a Niffin, due to lacking a conscious and thus bereft of a sense of morality and empathy, the resulting sociopathic Alice was much more devious and deadly, as well as knowledgeable about the complex laws of magic. Due to this, she made significant rivals.

Restored as human and having returned to Brakebills, Alice displays a hatred of her humanity. She is frustrated with her weakened powers and human needs. Alice more than enjoyed being a Niffin. It is an addiction. An addiction that she craves to indulge again, this time without end.

Likewise. Lucy's hack gives her a taste of what it means to be Niffin. Albeit as a dominatrix whose continued enslavement makes her submissive to her benefactress and better, the Duchess Blavatsky. Hags, by nature, are enslavers.

The girl is back dressed. Her Alice Quinn having reverted more to type and thus classic form. As such, her hair has been let down, resulting in an equally severe, dowdy hairdo—long, center-parted, dead straight, blonde hair (a “classic” Ann Coulter)—strait hair. Still, tellingly, her thicks have failed to revert to spade-z, thus her eyeglasses still have uber-thick trifocal lined lenses instead of ultra-thin no-line lenses—still thicks, not thins.

She sits at a small table by the window. The Duchess sits across from her. They are sharing a bowl of freshly-made brain soup. Steaming-hot off the hot plate in the room's makeshift kitchen.

The Duchess' intense disdain and hatred for Lucy is palatable. An understandable reaction, considering that the old biddy loathes pretty girls. And, adding fuel to the an already blazing fire. In a clear example of beauty partially deflected, but not completely negated: in spite of her severe plaintive hairdo, disfiguring glasses, and frumpy outfit, the girl remains a ravishing beauty, and thus very pretty. Although her gender-bending Parts make her a creepy proposition, indeed. As a side note: Lucy feels “incomplete” when she's not strapping. That feeling is ever present and has nothing to do with her recent hack. She's had this addiction and its resulting she-male craving for a very long time.

Of course, you have to take that careful second look to realize that the girl is in fact a ravishing beauty underneath all of that unbecoming dowdiness—frumpy unattractive layer upon frumpy unattractive layer. The vast majority of people will never give her a first look, let alone that needed second look, because they won't get past Lucy's aforementioned plaintive hairdo, disfiguring glasses, and frumpy outfit. A very pretty girl hiding in plain sight. In effect, few people see her as anything other than an extremely unattractive, frumpy cunt, and in turn see her and The Duchess as a well-matched couple.

A naked, regenerating, cleaned up Simon is strapped spreadeagle to the room's only bed. As far as the two women present are concerned, he doesn't exist. Their undivided focus is on each other.

His ball gag still in place. And, for added discomfort, he's been catharized—in this case, an oversized urinary catheter has been shoved up his penis.

As previously stated, the Duchess is a Niffin. As such. Interdimensional travel: she can travel anywhere throughout Creation. Niffin magic: she has a much larger reservoir of magic at her disposal than if she was not Niffin. It's as if she is a being of “pure magic,” she can perform complex and taxing magic spells with ease and without repercussion. Niffin intellect: Niffins have

a natural understanding of magic. This knowledge is too vast for the non-Niffin mind to contain for any reasonable length of time, no matter how old or how well-trained that person may be. It's said that gOd took days trying to transcribe all of gOd's "acquired" Niffin knowledge into a series of books before it faded from gOd's brain. The much-studied results are volumes of Niffin knowledge that don't begin to scratch the surface of what gOd had known before it all went away.

Not surprisingly. Lucy is packing at the eating table. SS Paranormal issue burners nestled underneath her suit coat, the phase rifle slung and the phase pistols holstered in her gun belt. SS Paranormal issue smartphone gripping the waistband of her suit skirt. Wanda nestled in its backholster. With her skills, it would be a shame to send the latter back, when this case is over. The Wanda is a loaner from the MMPF (Martian Military Police Force).

The Duchess needs neither burners nor phone. Her majick effectively replaces them.

The girl's visions blurs. When it comes back into focus, her looks have dropped several notches. Lucy is again sporting an unbecoming sternka. This forced concession warms the Duchess' cockles. The girl's hack has reasserted itself. The Duchess will not be denied, and intends that the girl's looks are thoroughly ruined. Lucy's sternka arouses the Duchess to have an erection.

Such a beautiful face ruined, the duchess thinks to herself, When I'm done, no one, including you, will see you as a pretty girl. And. You definitely need to be much thinner. I prefer my girls scrawny.

The Duchess has many, more plans for the girl. So, in addition to plaintive makeup, a krack whore's face, thicks, and Parts, geriatric hair is among those planned alterations. Geriatric hair—long yellow-blonde tresses liberally streaked with grey and white, a scheme guaranteed to age the girl decades and put a lot of divorcee mileage on her face. No stone will be left unturned, by the Duchess, in her infliction of the most insidious, despicable, bulldyke-inspired disfigurements upon this beautiful girl. In the end, having been put through the proverbial meat grinder, Lucy will be as unattractive and as creepy-looking as the Duchess, at least, that's the plan.

Bottomline. The tale of the tape. A young, smoking-hot chick, with a flexible sexual orientation, who is in a very abusive relationship with a manipulative, much older, extremely unattractive, lesbian. A very young thing in a mutually beneficial relationship with a very old, and thus very powerful, thing. Lucy has come full circle, indeed.

Never Mix Business with Pleasure

The Darleks. They are a degenerative race of Hags, biogenically enhanced, who resemble large squids with motley grey skin and a narcotic venom which is many-times more addictive and potent than krack. Darleks have no humanoid form for pretense. They are always “locked” into their native form. To move about freely in the general population undetected, they will commonly use appropriate hosts as transporters. By nature, they are parasites and enslavers. Spawned as adults. Behavioral idiosyncrasies aside, they are not creatures of pure instinct, and, as such, are not akin to a Hag version of The Master. One gender: female, with male and female genitalia. A “master race” bent on universal conquest and domination, utterly without pity, compassion, or remorse. Their planet of origin is Skaro. The megalomaniacal scientist Davros, of the planet Skaro, is their most notable (infamous) export.

You can cut the sexual tension in the room with a knife. Yet, there’s nothing sexual about their relationship. It’s all business. Lucy is here to solve a case. She’s a creative problem solver. Simon is her designated partner. The Duchess is the one who had him in layaway. Simon is unrestrained and sober, clean and pristine, and dressed. He’s none the worse for wear, and has even been given his knife back. He sits in a chair by the open window, mindful of his p’s and q’s.

Lucy is sporting a “classic” Alice Quinn—a pretty, Plain Jane. Strait hair let down. Her eyeglasses configured as unbecoming thins, instead of disfiguring thicks. And, she’s no longer strapping. The hack is still in place, only exploitable by the Duchess. But, for the simple reason of the business at hand, the girl has been given a reprieve—not a “mindless” puppet on a string, for the present moment.

On the flipside, Lucy is an abomination. This “situation” means that Lucy, via said hack, has just as much a backdoor into her mage enslaver, as her mage enslaver has into her. Therefore, Lucy’s enslavement is a double-edged sword. Keep your friends close, and your enemies closer.

The girl’s situation also means that she’s fully capable of being just as depraved as the Duchess. It’s only a matter of time until Lucy reverts to that depraved manifestation, the extremely unattractive, frumpy cunt. As such, when she reverts back to said frumpy cunt. Plaintive makeup. Ravaged, krack whore face, with odometer busting divorcee mileage thanks to the addition of geriatric hair. Thicks. Sternka. And, of course, Parts. She craves her Parts. You could say she’s in withdrawal, at the present moment, because she’s not strapping. But, for now, she’s pretty, Plain Jane Alice Quinn versus her inevitable slide back into plain, Plain Jane Alice Quinn. From now on, when she slides into “plain” Plain Jane or goes feral during Con Dar, she will sport geriatric hair. Tweaks by the Duchess via the hack insure this.

Of course. There’s always the unexpected. There’s a knock at the door. Then, a familiar voice. It’s 99.

“I need to speak with you, Duchess. Please drop your wards and warrants.”

The Duchess signals to Lucy. Correct overture. Incorrect number of knocks.

“I will be right there,” the Duchess answers. She gestures, the wards and warrants seem to drop. The mage and the girl move away from the table, and toward the door. Simon stays near the mage.

The girl unbuttons her jacket. The door bursts open and sections of the wall facing the outside hallway are breeched, literally exploding into the room. What's left of 99 is standing in the doorway. It would be nice if Lucy still had grenades, but she doesn't. Then, again, she doesn't need them.

Shock and awe. Flash bangs precede their six attackers into the room. The stun grenades have no apparent effect whatsoever on the mage or the girl. They're marginally effective on Simon.

Rogue Darleks "shouldering" pulse rifles pour in. Then, all of a sudden, the close quarters combat-sim freezes. Gameplay has been interrupted. A woman dressed like the Duchess, but who looks like, and in fact is, the twin sister of former FLOTUS Melania Trump, pushes the remains of 99 aside and enters the room. Close behind her is a Goliath 2 paramilitary police robot, with its badge emblazon on its left upper torso. She flashes her police badge, a formality since the Duchess and Lucy know who they are. She is Captain Olivia Juliet Hall. The automaton is her second-in-command Lieutenant Tommy Morrison. Both of them are gold shield homicide detectives of the Martian Civilian Police Services (MCPS).

"Your SNAP finally got approved by the Chief (chief of police). Time for you two to do some real work."

In the background, 99 is reconstructing itself. Once it has finished rebuilding itself, it's its responsibility to clean up this mess and make it look like none of this mayhem happened. There's no one else on this floor. It's exclusively the domain of the Duchess and her guests. Then, again, she owns the hotel.

"May I come along, Captain?" The Duchess asks, rhetorically.

"Of course. The input from Mars' resident Sherlock Holmes is always welcome."

All polite, formalities. The Duchess is listed on the SNAP as an authorized participant.

Wanda the Scarlet Witch

The **universal holster**. Technically, a universal holster isn't a holster at all, it's a weapons generator. But, it can only generate weapons that have been loaded into it.

It looks like a larger version of a hard box full pack cigarette case except for the fact that it's ABS plastic instead of some fashionable hardshell material, and there's no solid magnetic flip top closure or any closure for that matter. It's a "sealed" unit. As such, it can easily be mistaken for a tricorder or the transmitter of a wireless microphone; take your pick. It utilizes flat space technology for its dimensional compression. So, there's a telltale when a weapon goes from holster to hand and vice versa. Therefore, unless the transfer is properly encrypted, it can be easily blocked by a run-of-the-mill jammer.

The brand of universal to have is Ultraviolet. It can be configured to be anything from a back holster to a belt holster on the strong side.

Because of dimensional compression, its interior is many time larger than its exterior. And. It is storage agnostic—it'll hold a lot more than just weapons. Always on the lookout for a competitive edge, human duelers were the first to exploit this. They use their universal holster as a universal storage device—it holds their smartphone, their sword, and their personal Shield generator. The virtual interface of a smartphone's AI will be used for tactical display, a display visible only to that specific operator because it's beamed directly into their brain although it appears to be an external 360-degree holographic image that's been networked into the AI of their personal Shield generator.

Of special note. And for painfully obvious reasons. Inhumans faeries aka supernaturals prefer to not use Shields or the virtual interface of their smartphones for tactical displays, for dueling or otherwise. Such usages would lessen their effectiveness in aggressive/defensive situations. In other words, no shield generators in the holsters of inhumans.

Lucy has her thick blonde hair fashioned into a Grune à la Priscilla Presley, and that husky, sexy voice with a Jersey accent of hers. In other words, other than the hairdo, it's an Alice Quinn. Call it a *Bobbie Gentry*. There are other "Southern" changes, too.

In place of a Wanda holstered in a Race Bannon. A universal holster is gripping the waistband of Lucy's skirt, and is nestled snugly against the hollow of her spine because of the tightness of her short, high-waist, pencil skirt and the sneaky back-holster configuration of the universal itself.

The universal is of Russian Federation manufacture. As such, it's not storage agnostic. Therefore, it's just a holster, nothing more, and it can only hold weapons, nothing else. Loaded into it are her two phase pistols, her phase rifle, and her Wanda. Not Ultraviolet brand, of course. It's a ZATO, and was standard issue for the KGB and is still standard issue for the KGB's equally-infamous replacement, the FSB.

The holster is biometric—only the holster's owner can use it, and its locking interface cannot be hacked. It achieves this by utilizing a series of interlocking proprietary privacy-preserving biometric authentication methods. It does not utilize flat space technology for its dimensional compression. What it does use instead is proprietary. What is known of the transfer is that the transfer uses military-grade encryption, therefore the transfer cannot be jammed, and there are no telltales.

Bottomline. A ZATO is both parochial and sublime. Technically, it's a parochial, not a universal, holster. In usage, it is sublime, for the operator.

The other occupants of the subway car are the Duchess, Simon, Captain Hall, and Lieutenant Morrison. It's normally a public car, for anyone's use who's paid for a seat. But, tonight, it's for the exclusive use of the police and their two guests. Because it's off-hours, the rest of the train's other cars are also sparsely populated.

Technically. This is not a subway car. It's one of the many passenger cars of a high-speed subterranean train known as a sub shuttle. One of many sub shuttles. Part and parcel of an extensive network of sub shuttles racing miles below the surface of Mars through hardened tunnels bored by Danny Fremont laser drills. Laser-equipped tunnel boring machines (TBMs), also known as DF "moles." This particular sub shuttle travels the normally-busy Sinclair line.

As if she's not with the rest of them, Lucy sits somewhat off to herself. Nearby are the others, but she's seemingly disinterested in her comrades' discussion of the case. Her nonchalance pisses off the two cops. Lucy acts like she's some random commuter who happened to wander onto the car unannounced for her afterwork train ride back out to the suburbs. Rightly or wrongly, they see her as a hardcore, and thus worthless, junkie whore who's just along for the ride. She in turn sees them as her huckleberries.

Underneath the girl's coat, gripping the waistband of her miniskirt, her aforementioned parochial, her cigarette purse, and what looks like a Königseggwald, The Swedish Super Egg, but it isn't. The Super Egg lookalike is actually a Русское Гипер Яйцо, The Russian Hyper Egg, again FSB standard issue, a such, it's only a phone, nothing else—good for telecommunication and teleportation, nothing else.

Lucy's short-lived Bobbie Gentry gives way to an Amy Oxley. An Amy Oxley—the favorite usage of G4TV's resident Geek Goddesses, Olivia Munn and Morgan Webb—equates to a "classic" Alice Quinn, Parts delete, thins mandatory. As such. A pretty, Plain Jane, hidden underneath dowdy layers of unattractive frumpy cunt. Looking stern, severe, and no-nonsense, just like that archetypical disciplinarian, a Victorian Era schoolmarm—the essence of what it means to be "stiff-backed"—in contemporary terms, à la an accountant or a librarian, who moonlights as a dominatrix. Strait hair. Bolshoi-bare. Her eyeglasses configured as unbecoming thins. No Parts, means Parts withdrawal for this wearer for whom strapping is more than a penchant, it is a craving bordering on an addiction. Dark looks, because of her heavily-applied Bolshoi-bare makeup. But, tellingly, the hack is sort of no longer in place; it's been banished from the girl's conscious mind by the girl herself, although it still lurks dormant in her subconscious therefore the Duchess cannot easily tell that the girl has in effect neutralized it. Very catty, indeed—referring to the so-called "naughty" bits underneath a thick suffocating layer of Victorian Era sexual repression atop those aforementioned, dowdy layers of unattractive frumpy cunt. Of course, it can be argued, and argued quite convincingly, that the Victorians were not sexual repressed, they were just prim and proper to the utmost degree in their public displays which translates into *sexually repressed* in contemporary terms.

So. What about these newfound naughty bits? Newfound naughtiness, wrong. She hasn't just evolved into a swinger, à la Sarah Palin. Truth be told, even though she's categorized as a hardcore junkie whore, she is in fact an avowed swinger, and was one long before she got turned.

To avoid getting the two of them confused. Remember, this old tried-and-true adage:

Question: What's the difference between a swinger and a junkie whore?

Answer: A swinger can do anything, but a junkie whore has to do everything.

Post scripts:

Just like when Lucy is in Alice Quinn mode, when she's in Amy Oxley mode. Lucy's voice is deep for a woman. That hoarse, raspy, feminine voice, with the New Jersey accent, à la B-movie actress/director Samantha "Sam" Phillips or singer-songwriter Kim Carnes of "Bettie Davis Eyes" fame. That Alice Quinn/Amy Oxley voice being one you'd expect coming out of the large, ugly, Julia Roberts-inspired mouth of either a dominatrix or a Borg queen. Then again, Lucy has a large, ugly, Julia Roberts-inspired mouth.

To a degree, an Amy Oxley and the more feature-rich Alice Quinn are almost interchangeable usages. And. In point of fact. An Alice Quinn is, by default, a Mildred Huffington, when thick, stern, and Parts are worn. Of the three—Alice Quinn, Amy Oxley, and Mildred Huffington—the *Mildred Huffington* has the most infamous connotations, for painfully obvious reasons.

While in Alice Quinn, Amy Oxley, or Mildred Huffington mode. Lucy is the personification of that bitter, disdainful, abusive Victorian Era schoolmarm, in addition to being haughty, aloof, and seemingly-unattainable Lucy—staid, severe, stiff backed.

While in Alice Quinn, Amy Oxley, or Mildred Huffington mode. Lucy is that kind of girl. The "I am your goddess, worship me on bended knee!" kind of girl. One of those sexually-depraved Victorian Era schoolmarms who populate Irving Klaw's world of vintage pro-Nazi bondage fetish photography, e.g., the fictional sadomasochistic Nazi and former-nun Miss Mildred Huff. Lucy acts every bit the part of one of the most depraved expressions of that niche spinster fetish.

In such twisted pornographic fantasies as that. The schoolmarm character, as exemplified by Miss Huff, is a blunt and sharp-tongued teacher, and a strong, stern woman. In class, she is blunt and condescending towards her students, and seethes with loathing and disdain. She always sports the expected tortured face. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that's best described as "haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage." Yet, is otherwise lacking in emotion. In a word, *stiff*.

Sans the Quinn, Oxley, and Huffington "gimmick," Lucy is a legitimate traffic stopper. Ergo, mainstream girl watchers are compelled to give her a first look, a second one, and oftentimes that umpteenth look. Yet, while she is "wearing" her Alice Quinn, Amy Oxley, or Mildred Huffington, for those of you the perverts for whom this is that special kind of bait, you look at her in spades, first, last, and always—you're mesmerized, by her.

Revisiting a usage feature that's guaranteed to give a pervert a chubby. While in Alice Quinn, Amy Oxley, or Mildred Huffington mode. The girl's voice is hard and stern. Deep for a woman. Raspy. There's an accent. It sounds like a New Jersey accent, but it's cultured and smooth, befitting an academician from back East. One could say that her voice has been *mangled*.

Her manner and mannerisms are so severe they are almost masculine, yet they somehow remain just this side of feminine. One could say that they have been mangled, too.

While wearing her Alice Quinn, Amy Oxley, or Mildred Huffington "outfit," Lucy is seen as a bent chick with a severe hairdo and a drab strictured suit, along with that dominatrix voice, manner, and mannerisms of hers. All contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity. Pushing it to that next level of an almost, but not quite, Dr. Wendy Carr. Maybe she's one of them a lesbian? If so, she's a bulldyke.

The first thing, every morning. While wearing a burlap sack fashioned into a full slip, that is never cleaned. The fictional Mildred Huff engages in 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.

The make-believe Miss Huff 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.

In real-life. 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 fictional Miss Huff, an addict, is a former nun of the Bene Gesserit Order.

As Miss Huffington, will Lucy also engage in such depraved practices as self-inflicted corporal punishment and auto erotica?

As Miss Huffington, is Lucy afflicted with the BDD of Dr. Wendy Carr?

Accountant or librarian, where the Alice Quinn, Amy Oxley, and Mildred Huffington are concerned? Thins bespeak accountant. Thicks bespeak librarian.

A favorite of ballerinas of Moscow’s world-famous Bolshoi Ballet. **Bolshoi-bare makeup** always translates into dark looks for the wearer, even for a fair-skinned, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl like Lucy.

The **Bolshoi Ballet** is an internationally renowned classical ballet company, based at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, Russian Federation. Founded in 1776, the Bolshoi is among the world’s oldest ballet companies. It only achieved worldwide acclaim, however, in the early 20th century when Moscow became the capital of Soviet Russia. Along with the Mariinsky Ballet in Saint Petersburg, the Bolshoi is recognized as one of the foremost ballet companies in the world.

Looking stern, severe, and no-nonsense, just like that archetypical disciplinarian, a Victorian Era schoolmarm. **Lisa Olivia Munn** and **Morgan Ailis Webb**, with their hard, pretty faces, dark looks, and penchant for wearing an Amy Oxley on and off the air. Morgan Webb is a nerd’s Nosferatu obsession ad infinitum. Olivia Munn is a two-legged nerd orgasm. Both girls are certified swingers and legit geeks.

Predictive Modeling Engine

There are several secret cities all around the world, and Russia is speculated to have at least 42 of them. These cities are officially classified as secret by the Russia government and nobody really even knows what their names are or where they're located!

These cities aren't on any map and visiting them is very strictly prohibited. Many of these cities were formerly places of metallurgy, chemical, and military industry. They're called ZATO: closed administrative territorial entities. Don't you dare go in!

Authoritarian states, as a rule, are clean, orderly, and relatively crime-free. Democracies tend to be the opposite. Think of Mars as the iron fist in the mink glove: a democracy that is clean, orderly, and relatively crime-free. As such. Attacking a police officer is akin to cheating a casino in Las Vegas.

Their train arrives at their stop. They disembark, but not together. Lucy lags behind as if she's not with them. Notably, the girl is now sporting a Mildred Huffington—essentially, an Alice Quinn, with Parts, thicks, and sternka or krazed mandatory. Needless to say, Lucy can pass for a spinster librarian. She's become plaintive, without plaintive makeup—plaintive makeup overamplifies the hardness of her otherwise pretty face, resulting in a severe distortion which renders her beautiful face very unattractive. That very pretty girl, hiding in plain sight, literally. In other words, in effect, she's a very plain, Plain Jane; an effect achieved without the use of plaintive makeup. Notably, a usage that has her finally giving into her Parts craving, and thus strapping underneath her clothes. A very well-hung, very plain, Plain Jane. Bottomline: looks thoroughly ruined, completely gone, shot looks but not possessing the ravaged face of a krack whore—in effect, a hard, pretty face is now a hard, plain one. The fictional Mildred Huff come to life. A Mildred Huffington: a much more depraved, degenerate, unattractive, and creepier usage than a bulldyke shrew Dr. Wendy Carr?

Of course. Being “plain” Plain Jane means geriatric hair, because of the Duchess' tweak. Geriatric hair—long yellow-blond tresses liberally streaked with grey and white, a scheme guaranteed to age the girl decades and put a lot of odometer-busting divorcee mileage on her face.

A Mildred Huffington means no stone is left unturned in the infliction of the most insidious, despicable, bulldyke-inspired disfigurements upon this beautiful girl. In the end, having been put through the proverbial meat grinder, Lucy has been rendered as unattractive and as creepy-looking as the Duchess.

As previously mentioned, Lucy pulls up the rear, but at a distance. Still showing no interest toward the others, as if she's not with them. Simon is walking beside the Duchess, and in front of them are Captain Hall and Lieutenant Morrison. A few passengers from other cars disembark from the train. The expected calm, hours after the mad commuter rush of the “herd” back to the burbs.

Lucy walks toward a newsstand. On duty is the stand's owner, Mike Hammer. An infamous girl watcher, the peddler gives her little notice. Not even his usual perfunctory, lecherous once over. This is to be expected. In spite of being stacked slender, top-heavy, pancake ass, with long flawless gams which are bared and showcased with sexy high heels, a wasp waist thanks to her restrictive corselette, and having a ripe body molding her dowdy outfit, the girl is an extremely unattractive, frumpy cunt who looks to be a spinster librarian, one of those sexually-repressed brides of the bibliotheca the sight of which only gives a chubby to perverts. What is not expected is the vendor's

undue interest in Lucy's comrades-in-arms, especially Simon. Her Spidey-sense is tingling, so to speak. The girl smells a rat.

But. When you're so used to being the big dog. The idea of being pounced on, never crosses your mind. At least, if you're human, that is. Simon is half-human and half-Angel, which means he acts like he's 100-percent human. Captain Hall is 100-percent human. A Thinking Machine, the equally-arrogant Lieutenant Morrison might as well be human too from way he's acting. Therefore, those three don't appear to be put on alert by this fishy situation. Then again, the Duchess is not human nor is she a Thinking Machine, and she too seems to be unconcerned about a possible ambush. But, in all fairness, her excuse could be that she's Niffin, and who in their right mind would attack someone like that?

Standing right in front of him. Lucy does something obscene with her tongue, as if it's a snake "dancing" in her mouth. The vendor ignores her completely. His laser-focus on her crew is unbroken, in fact it intensifies.

Meanwhile, in a CNC (command and control) for the sub shuttle system. An alert operator notices something strange. He in turn motions for his supervisor to come over to his console.

"What's going on, Jeremy?"

The operator is Jeremy Chase. His boss is Todd Shell.

"I'm seeing unauthorized activity masked as anomalies."

Nine out of ten security specialists would have been tricked. Even, Skynet sees this activity as anomalies.

"Assessment?"

"Six to ten people using skipjacks."

"That's suicidal, those tunnels are hardened."

"Two of the bleeps just fell off my scope. My guess is bad jumps. They didn't make it."

"Can you tell where the squad is heading?"

"Looks like the Sidney line."

"I'm alerting Mars Central."

Back at that train station, of the Sinclair line:

Lucy leans in closer, and by doing so flashes her cleavage.

"I heard you sell the good stuff. If I don't have enough money, I could throw in some trade, if I'm to your liking. I give awfully good head and I'll lick your balls too. I got a dick as well, just in case you like it up the ass. You can pretend I'm a guy, if you're into that sort of thing. I won't mind."

Besides magazines and newspapers, Mike also pushes dope, mainly crack.

"Go away, junkie!" Mike snarls, without dividing his attention.

"I need a fix, bad," Lucy pleads.

"Go away!" Mike snarls, again without dividing his attention.

The Sandman walks away. Emoting: desperate and dejected. She stands by a column, seemingly getting the shakes as if she's going into withdrawal. Theater is in full swing. With the exception of the Duchess, as far as all the other "actors" are concerned, Lucy should be totally irrelevant, by this moment. And, again, with the exception of the Duchess, the only notice she gets is from the two cops, and it's scathing.

"I knew it, unreliable junkie."

"Looks like she needs a fix. I knew something was in the wind when she went plain back in the train. And the way she was acting, rude and all that."

"Worthless junkie whore."

"With her looks gone, what's the point?"

"None, if you ask me."

They share a haughty laugh.

Nothing that might be overheard which gives away the fact that Lucy is with their party. Just two cops being judgmental about some plain junkie whore who's been robbed of her looks by her drug habit if she had any looks to start with. For anyone who might be eavesdropping, words that should devalue Lucy from totally irrelevant to completely invisible.

Playing her part to the hilt, and cementing her invisibility, Lucy unbuttons her jacket and shoves a shaking, gloved hand down her skirt. She gropes herself. The girl begins to moan, softly, and makes those other sounds, too. She lets her hair down into a krazed—geriatric, messy straight hair. Seemingly preoccupied with doing herself in leu of securing a needed fix to get shitfaced wasted.

With her hair is let down into a geriatric frightwig, hair hanging down freely over her face, Lucy is now doing a full-blown Mildred Huffington. The requisite mop hairdo of a full-blown Mildred Huffington, means this wannabe-elderly she-male user is doing her best imitation of buxom Cousin Itt from the Addams Family TV show and movies.

In spite of the ruined hair now hanging over her equally-ruined, "tortured" face. Lucy, this wannabe old woman, this junkie shrew, notices discrete, subtle "movement" moving past her position. Best guess: three-to-four cloaked figures in a standard 405 squad formation. The newsstand owner appears to be the spotter, by her reckoning. The opposition is in place and preoccupied with their intended targets. Lucy is clearly not on the menu.

As noted, already. The one person in all of this mess who is riveted by Lucy's "plain" is the Duchess, of course. She's the one actor whose attention Lucy as Mildred Huffington has caught.

Then, things get interesting. Lucy finishes assessing the threat—real, potential, and otherwise—and decides it's time to have fun unilaterally. She banishes, forever, the tweaks by the Duchess which automatically invoke when she goes "plain" Plain Jane or goes feral during Con Dar.

Gone. Puff. No more ruined, geriatric hair. In its place is flaxen strait hair—long, straight, silky, yellow-blond tresses. No more ruined face. The severe, center-parted hairdo once more showcases a hard, pretty face. No more shaking hair shoved down her skirt. She extracts her now steady hand from her crotch, and buttons her jacket. Parts purse themselves. Eyeglasses reconfigure to thins. The stern accountant has replaced the stern librarian—Alice Quinn in place of Mildred Huffington.

Seeing Lucy's comely transformation, a change which made the Duchess run the emotional gamut from giddy—when Lucy was plain—to profoundly disappointed—when Lucy became pretty, again. The Duchess correctly reads between the lines, and fortifies herself for what's coming. No longer blinded by arrogance.

In the TV shows and movies, the output of a DEW (directed energy weapon) is some type of “light” beam accompanied by whizbang sound effects. In the real world, their output is an invisible death ray, and the only sound is the sound of destruction produced by its target upon impact. People targets tend to make other noises too, if they live long enough to.

Rule of thumb. Take out the major threat, first. Then, mop up the rest. Shock and awe. Lieutenant Tommy Morrison suddenly becomes a smoldering husk. From the waist up, the robot is gone. The Captain is next. She loses her head, a second “blast” implodes what's left of her body.

A loud siren sounds in the tunnels as soon as the first officer goes down. The stopwatch starts ticking on Transit Authority police response time. It clocks at just under a minute, during off-hours or rush hours.

The Duchess envelopes she and Simon within a protective “bubble.” The fact that the mage was not taken out first, implies that the attackers have some major anti-magic mojo. This means her force field will get breached. As the wetworks team closes in on she and Simone, Lucy comes into play. Lucy obliterates the unarmed newsstand owner, while at the same time guns down one of the attackers.

Overclocking is a non-issue. Because, on Mars, mundanes cannot overdrive or fast-forward, and supernaturals have to stay underclocked. Therefore, in human terms, the battle is in “real” time. In this case, this limitation does not matter one iota.

Not wasting the element of surprise, Lucy guns down the remaining attackers. No one else enters the fray. From the initiation of combat to the cessation of hostilities, less than thirty seconds have elapsed. Quick, brutal, and to-the-point, just like you'd expect it to be when everybody involved are pros.

Although scientists are feverously working on it. There is no altered-carbon solution, yet. Dead is still dead, for biological mundanes.

At death, the machine consciousness of a Thinking Machine—a member of a Class One or Class Two robotic species—is uploaded to the Resurrection Facility where it's stored in an available Closet Continuer until it can be downloaded into a new artificial body. This makes TMs essentially immortal, as long as the facility remains operational.

The resurrection facility is in a secure, top secret Cloud location, the whereabouts of which are known only to a select few individuals. If need be, that facility can be destroyed via a self-destruct. Robotic resurrection technology came out of Project Cylon.

Bottomline. Lieutenant Morrison will resurrect. Captain Hall, on the other hand, was not a sentient robotic being. She was biological and mundane, and therefore didn't have a machine consciousness. Therefore, she had no access to that particular resurrection option, and, as aforementioned, the altered-carbon one is still off the table. A mundane dies, they stay dead.

For Lucy, who is a Girl Friday and Nazi Party-trained Sandman, by trade. Her investigation of the mystery she has been sent here to solve starts now in earnest. Everything else that has happened so far has built up to this moment—not inconsequential; clearly a prequel.

Lucy adds a decidedly Nazi twist to her Alice Quinn. She switches gloves. Eelz in place of prudz. Then, the real kicker. She removes a SS field cap from her purse, and like always when her jacket is buttoned, reaching through her suit coat as if it's immaterial. Upon placing the cap on her head, her strait hair gives way to a sternka. Her Alice Quinn slides back into a Mildred Huffington as she also goes back to thicks and strapping along with her hair being yanked back up into a sternka. Ergo, she's back to being an unattractive, creepy-looking, frumpy cunt, only this time she's also an overtly Nazi one. This so-called Mildred Mueller version of a Mildred Huffington is the look that finally mesmerizes Simone, and makes him the girl's sex slave and obsessed fan—this is the usage version that makes him her lapdog. The sight of Lucy again sporting a Mildred Huffington, and thus back to being a plain, Plain Jane, and therefore no longer pretty in any way-shape-or-form, gladdens the Duchess' icy, black heart to no end.

Bravo! Her looks are completely shot! Who else would want her, but someone like me?! Even without geriatric hair, the girl is as unattractive and creepy-looking as I am, the Duchess thinks to herself. Misery loves company, and this Mildred Mueller usage for Lucy is plenty company for the petty, envious Duchess.

The skin-z, SS field cap, and a heavy Prussian accent, are mandatory for a Mueller. Therefore, the only difference, and it's razor-thin, between a "regular" Mildred Huffington and the Mueller version of a Mildred Huffington is its Nazi affectation which consists solely of the cap, skin-z, and a different accent. That, notwithstanding, the resulting look the Mueller is notorious, and for very good reason.

For a minuscule percentage of users, the Mildred Muller and its subset the even more insidious Mildred Huff where the SS field cap is optional, somehow cause the person to suffer from the same extreme version of BDD as a Dr. Wendy Carr wearer. Lucy is a member of that tiny minority of afflicted. The Duchess can "sense" this affliction in the girl, and that, in and of itself, sends the Duchess into orbit figuratively speaking. For her, it's the cherry on the cake, so to speak.

Is a Nazi version of a Mildred Huffington, a much more depraved, degenerate, unattractive, and creepier usage than a bulldyke shrew Dr. Wendy Carr? Yes!

While using a Nazi version of a Mildred Huffington, will Lucy also engage in such depraved practices as self-inflicted corporal punishment and auto erotica, and will she do so in identical fashion to that of the fictional Mildred Huff? Yes!

Then, there's the accent. Just like with the fictional Mildred Huff. With a Nazi version of a Mildred Huffington, the mandatory accent is thick and Prussian, not New Jersey. It's as harsh and cruel an accent as you can get, befitting a strict disciplinarian during the Victorian Era. But, it's also cultured and smooth, befitting a serious academician from back East. At times, the user will lapse into to speaking Prussian.

As a side note. During the Victorian Era. As a rule, families of means would hire their household disciplinarians exclusively from Prussia. It's a practice that endures with some rich families, today.

The girl is sporting an M40, the Field Cap (Feldmütze) of the Enlisted of the dreaded Waffen-SS. It's a gift from her Baroness.

This field cap was adopted to replace the old M34 style Verfügungstruppe field cap in late 1940. On first glance, it is similar to the Fliegermütze of the Luftwaffe, but on closer examination, a major difference emerges. The lower edge of the Luftwaffe cap is straight, but the SS cap has a pronounced downward curve toward the rear. This produces a "tail" effect on the back of the head.

These caps were worn by the two blonde, sternka-sporting, female guards who were the main henchmen of Commandant Doctor Ilsa Mueller in the movie "Ilsa: She Wolf of the SS." In other words, the caps were worn by the sadistic "right hands" of the equally sexually-depraved Commandant Doctor Ilsa Mueller.

In real life, these signature lids were worn by the two sadistic female confidants of their equally sexually-depraved commanding officer Frau Ilsa Koch, and it's the field cap that was worn by Frau Koch also, since the sternka-sporting Frau Koch was also a guard. One of those female henchmen of Ilsa Koch's was the notorious Irma "The Beautiful Beast" Grese, the other female guard was the equally notorious Ingrid "The Butcher" Hegel. Additionally, The Butcher was a Borg drone and a spinster, and used as a dirty cow by a Kum named Broom-Hilda. Broom-Hilda was a JD.

Ilsa Koch, known as "The Bitch of Buchenwald," was the chief female guard at the Buchenwald camp, and at the same time married to the camp commandant, Karl Koch. Irma Grese and Fredda Hegel were the two senior female guards underneath Frau Koch. In point of fact, Frau Grese and Fraulein Hegel were the two most senior guards next in rank under Frau Koch regardless of gender.

Female guards were collectively known by the rank of SS-Helferin (German: "Female SS Helper") and could hold positional titles equivalent to regular SS ranks.

At first, women were trained at Lichtenburg (1938). Some sources say that some women were trained in 1936 at Sachsenhausen, including Ilsa Koch, but no record of this has ever been found. After 1939, women were trained at Ravensbrück camp near Berlin.

The same sources claim that Dorothea Binz, head training overseer at Ravensbruck after 1942, trained her female students in the finer points of "malicious pleasure" (Schadenfreude or sadism). Both, Frau Grese and Fraulein Hegel were products of Ravensbruck during the Binz era.

As if she' a Gestapo police officer, the Nazi influence does not extend to the girl's little grey suit. Thus, it remains dowdy and unadorned by anything Nazi.

Close

A **bodyguard** (or **close protection officer**) is a type of security guard or government law enforcement officer or soldier who protects a person or a group of people—usually high-ranking public officials or officers, wealthy people, and celebrities—from danger: generally, theft, assault, kidnapping, assassination, harassment, loss of confidential information, threats, or other criminal offences. The group of personnel who protect a VIP are often referred to as the VIP's security detail. In the Nazi Party, this specialized individual is known as a **Sandman** (in German: Sandmann, and in English: Sandman).

Most important public figures such as heads of state, heads of government, and governors are protected by several bodyguards or by a team of bodyguards from an agency, security forces, or police forces, e.g., in the U.S., the United States Secret Service or the State Department's Diplomatic Security Service. In most countries where the head of state is also their military leader, the leader's bodyguards have traditionally been royal guards, republican guards, and other elite military units. Less-important public figures, or those with lower risk profiles, may be accompanied by a single bodyguard who doubles as a driver. A number of high-profile celebrities and CEOs also use bodyguards. In some countries or regions (e.g., in Latin America), wealthy people may have a bodyguard when they travel. In some cases, the security personnel use an armored vehicle, which protects them and the VIP.

In the Fourth Reich, the close, known as the Sandman, is a tradition of elite bodily protection that dates back to Adolf Hitler and his Third Reich.

Founded in 1920, the *Sturmabteilung* (SA) was the first of many paramilitary protection squads that worked to protect Nazi officials.

In 1923, a small bodyguard unit, which became known as the *Stosstrupp-Hitler* (SSH), was set up specifically for Hitler's protection. It was under the control of the SA.

Then, in 1925, as the Nazi Party grew, the *Schutzstaffel* (SS) was created as a sub-section of the SA. Initially only about a hundred men and women, it was also originally a personal protection unit for Hitler. Several other bodyguard organizations, such as the *Führerbegleitkommando* (FBK), *Leibstandarte SS Adolf Hitler* (LSSAH), and Reichssicherheitsdienst (RSD) were created as sub-sections of the SS. Police and security forces available included the *Geheime Staatspolizei* (Gestapo), *Ordnungspolizei* (Orpo), *Kriminalpolizei* (Kripo) and *Sicherheitspolizei* (SiPo). In addition, the Nazi intelligence organization, the *Sicherheitsdienst* (SD), investigated and performed security checks on people, including party members. If the SD personnel determined an arrest was to be made, they passed the information on to the Gestapo. Like many autocratic rulers, Hitler surrounded himself with security units for protection.

The modern Sandman is a blending of that infamous tradition. Their paramilitary and military training is done by the SS. Their training in police techniques, including torture, is Gestapo. Specific bodyguarding practices are from the SA. And, their intelligence training, in both civilian and military intelligence usages, is done by the SD and the ultra-secretive Abschnitt 35 (Section 35).

Of special note. The United Federation of Planets' Section 31 and the usages of its operatives is directly based upon the Nazi Party's Section 35 and its agents.

Unlike Section 35, which is an officially-acknowledged part of the Nazi Party, and thus is a public fixture of supernatural society. Section 31 exists entirely in the mundane realm, and is an officially-nonexistent, autonomous intelligence and defense organization. It is a special security operation, manned by Federation citizens, that is not subject to the normal constraints of Starfleet ethical protocols. As such, Section 31 operates separately from, and usually without the knowledge of, Starfleet Intelligence.

It deals with threats to the security of Earth and the Federation. Its operating authority stems from a provision of the original Earth Starfleet charter—Article 14, Section 31, from which its name is derived—that makes allowances for “bending the rules” during times of extraordinary threats.

Unlike other secret police organizations in this Star Trek universe, such as the Romulan Tal Shiar, and the Cardassian Obsidian Order, Section 31 is not an actual branch of government. Accountable to no one, Section 31 focuses on external threats, and pursues those it identifies by whatever means it sees fit.

Needless to say. The implications of Section 31 have been described as “troubling” and its goals and methods “deeply questionable.” Its methods include brainwashing, torture, and assassinations, and, as revealed in an op-ed piece *A Mirror, Darkly* in the New York Times, genocide, the crime that is most opposed by the Federation. The alleged genocide involved the creation, by Section 31, of a virus designed to kill a single species, the Founders, with the aim of destroying the Dominion’s ability to harm the Federation. The newspaper article, using anonymous sources, claimed that Section 31 deliberately-infected a Federation citizen named Odo with the virus, knowing he would spread it to other shapeshifters.

In this piece it is further alleged that “having uncovered the plot by Section 31, Starfleet Intelligence Officer Julian Bashir was assigned to infiltrate Section 31. One of his aims was to obtain a cure for the virus which was threatening Odo’s life. However, under orders from his commanding officer Captain Benjamin Sisko, he ultimately colluded in hiding the crime. This is part of a pattern of overall loss of moral credibility by Starfleet, and positions the Starfleet authorities in a very dubious light.”

Lucy has come full circle, so to speak. No modes, she’s herself, again. The girl is back to being an absolute stunner. The blonde bombshell is wearing her VIKI in place of her Koo and careys, and she’s still open-carry and armed to the teeth, on gun control Mars. The comely Sandman, once more, looks the part of a premier close in spades. No undertones of the robotic and The Borg added to her current usage, to dampen her physical attractiveness the least little bit. None of the deviant, repulsive, creepiness in profound ways that defines those horrid usages of a Mildred Huffington and its derivatives or a Dr. Wendy Carr. Nestled in the small of her back, gripping her suit, is her Russian parochial. Likewise, in the front, just ahead of her hip, are her hardshell snakeskin cigarette purse and her Tiffany-holstered Russian Egg, side by side, also gripping the waist of her suit—this time, leftside, but sometimes it can be rightside mounting for her purse and holstered phone.

Underneath her skin-fitting EXO, Lucy is predictably wearing her white rubber corselette and flesh-colored rubber panties. Eelz. Grune. Perls. Hands klaw, when idle. Knobb. No eyeglasses. Bolshoi-bare, of course. And, for now, Parts delete—no junk shoved in the crotch of her latex knickers. Shades of two, blonde, cinematic, exo-suited icons: Psi Corps’ Talia Winters as portrayed by actress Andrea Thompson in TV’s fictional *Babylon 5*, and Mrs. Emma Peel as portrayed by actress Uma Thurman in *The Avengers* movie.

Eelz worn under, not over, her EXO. Resulting in the double encasement of her upper limbs, right down to, and including, her fingertips. Even when she removes her suit, her upper limbs will in effect remain prosthetic as long as she's wearing her eelz. Deliciously torturous.

Her bosom-pandering, figure-defining rubberwear corselette is an exact reproduction of her satin one, down to the suspenders. Complimented by, and overlapping, her cheeky hi-waist rubberwear thong panties. Fetishwear galore. Rubberwear on rubberwear, that's rubberwear. Her torso and naughty parts in effect are prosthetic as long as she's wears this wear. Deliciously torturous, times two.

EXO overlaying rubberwear unmentionables. Longline rubberwear corselette overlapping hi-waist rubberwear panties. Resulting in enough biomechanical "roughage" to give H.R. Giger a chubby and satiate his favorite muse Li Tobler. The tongue-n-groove monstrosity of three living machines, that can be, and are, worn as undies. Fusing seamlessly to each other and to her body, rendering her coverage prosthetic—transfiguring her into a hybrid; in effect, a supernatural living machine, and, in affection, a two-legged prosthetic device. A Borg drone, who is almost a Borg queen, and is a cyborg. Deliciously torturous, times three.

This mobile calculator with tittage. In essence, she's not wearing clothes that are fused to, and thus indistinguishable from, her body. Lucy is naked and the clothes are "features." As such, like this, in effect, without nipples are genitalia, as if she were Toy in native form, the girl is neuter. A robot chick with a severe, dated, smoking-hot look that screams, "Dominatrix!," and reeks of the swinging sixties. Therefore, when Lucy is "wearing" her gear, one could even argue convincingly that she literally is "a leggy, slender prosthetic device with a huge rack," in the DD-cup tradition of how scrawny Gal Gadot currently portrays the fictional Wonder Woman.

What's that you say in the greediest of your greedy porn dog voices? You want more. Well then, more is what you're gonna get, more of this less that never looked so good.

Rubberwear is the generic for the erotic, upscale line of MAX from Body Glove: form-fitting wear that slavishly smooths and shapes to the wearer's body. Rubberwear fits so snug it looks like you had to be sewn into the stuff and then only after talcum powder had been liberally applied to all of your curves!

In no mode, whatsoever. Just being herself. Lucy's voice is deep, for a woman. That hoarse, raspy, feminine voice, à la B-movie actress/director Samantha "Sam" Phillips or singer-songwriter Kim Carnes of "Bettie Davis Eyes" fame. No accent comes with that husky, sexy voice of hers.

To reiterate. No mode, whatsoever. Not even her standard Sarah Palin circa early-to-mid 1960s. Although her somewhat-dated appearance would say, otherwise. Classic lines on a contemporary, young, robot chick.

The two, very pretty, "legs for days" chicks stroll casually into the ME's office, aka the City Morgue at 1 Police Plaza the new police headquarters building. One is Dr. Stacy "Bones" Keibler, Chief Medical Examiner for Mars City. The other "legs for days" is Lucy, of course.

Before Lucy interrupted her, Bones was busy doing an autopsy on a six-year-old gang banger, with a rap sheet a mile long. He was killed in a drive-by, this morning. More meat for the grinder.

Back in the day, Dr. Keibler was a breaking-taking TV personality aka Miss Hancock. During the course of which, she got married twice to actor George Clooney. They are still good friends. She

was his fourth and his sixth wife. And, in spite of his heavy wear-n-tear, she's still breath-taking with flawless 42-inch stems.

Dr. Keibler disposes of her rubber gloves and sits behind her desk after pouring herself a stiff drink. Bourbon on the rocks, specifically, Southern Comfort.

Laid out on slabs in the morgue are the reconstructed bodies of the vendor, the wetworks team, and the skipjackers. The vendor was real, the skipjackers and the wets were DSC. Lucy had this bet with Bones that the vendor was a dup, a DSC altered to look like the vendor and that the real vendor had been disposed of after being copied. Her other guesses turned out to be right on the money, though.

Toxic anti-magic scripts were carved into the bodies of the wets. If Lucy hadn't killed them, the arcane runes covering their bodies would have. None of the replicants were traceable, nor was their gear. This translates into deductions of origin, but no concrete proof.

"Their scripts were of unknown origin, anonymous, probably Chinese. They had universals that functioned like yours, but they're generic. Probably Russian. Their cloaking devices are also generic. Probably North Korean. Their guns were boxers. Their skipjacks, well, whoever made them is anybody's guess." Bones' delivery is droll.

"Guess?"

"I'd say UK."

"So, it's not all communist-bloc suppliers?" Lucy asks, rhetorically.

"Obviously." Not so much a rhetorical response, as it is a jab.

"Skips were a diversion?" Lucy again asks, rhetorically.

"Yes," Bones answers, again rhetorically.

"Want to fuck me?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

"Threesome with your boyfriend?"

"Of course."

Bones' boyfriend is a hunk. His name is Jason Momoa. Enough said.

"By the by. What codex did the runes come from?"

"That's the funny part. Like I said, whoever did the scripts was probably Chinese. But the runes are Old Norse. From the first volume in a series of thirteen codices. Odins Kastanjer."

"Odin's Chestnuts."

"Your Swedish is quite good."

"The US Military is partial to that text."

"My thoughts, exactly."

Bottomline. A lot of players in the game, and not just supernatural ones, either. Heavy hitters in the human community, as well. And, how much of this has to do with the mystery at hand, and how

much has this to do with field testing weapon systems? The inevitable: boys and girls, and their toys?!

A man must have drawn that, my breasts look ridiculous!

Velvet Buzzsaw. After paintings by an unknown artist are discovered, a supernatural force enacts revenge on those who have allowed their greed to get in the way of art.

The Lucy who exits the morgue, hours later, looks like she's doing an Alice Quinn, but she's not. For that usage, off the top of your head, list the discrepancies, subtle or otherwise? Same voice, but no accent—Lucy's real voice. It's very matter-of-fact in tone—straightforward, unemotional, but, not the least bit mechanical in delivery. Prudz, although gloves are not a requirement for that usage. In the here-and-now, a half-slip and Parts are optional. A half-slip is a requirement, for that usage.

It's more of a fusion of an Alice Quinn with bits and pieces of a Sarah Palin, and dashes of Miss Prudence "Plan" B thrown in for good measure. As such, Grune, thins, perls, the aforementioned prudz, Koo, careys, satin corselette, rubber panties, and, for this outing, a matching satin half-slip. Bolshoi-bare, of course. Still, Parts delete—no junk shoved in the crotch of her latex knickers, in spite of the proverbial screaming of the girl's nethers to be strapped.

Bottomline. In no mode, whatsoever. Just being herself, circa early-to-mid 1960s. A somewhat-dated appearance, to say the least. A very prim and proper, young lady. Top heavy, wasp waist, leggy. A bland expression which conveys complete and utter emotional detachment even when that's not its wearer's emotional state. That bland expression, is also in no way, shape, or form, the tell of a bland personality. Classic lines on an otherwise-contemporary, young, smoking-hot chick. Stern. Conservative. Stiff. Stiff-backed. Point of reference, because we crave labels? Her standard. A prudish standard which is best described as *bland*.

Although her standard is prudish, this sexually-flexible girl, this swinger, is clearly not a prude, nor should she ever be mistaken for one. The cleavage-enhancing bullet bra of her corset and no blouse, coupled with a brief pencil skirt and "fuck me" high heels, should be your most obvious hints. Miss Debra meets Miss Manners—a Miss Handcock of Standards & Practices. Emily Post is positively green with envy.

How can she be so bland and not again be a creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt? Hers is a hard, pretty face unmarred by the bland expression it's wearing, and a young, smoking-hot body that's deliciously poured into an equally-bland, yet revealing outfit. The result is a very pretty, well-endowed grown woman who personifies severity and restraint, and you crave to fuck her every which way and loose. A proper Victorian gentleman or lady would call it *The Erotic Art of Sexual Repression*. In other words, in 1950s terms, she's: The Tingler.

Bottomline. She's neither creepy nor is she unattractive, but she is frumpy. Her bland is thus a contradiction in terms: a frump with a hard, pretty face and a smoking-hot body? In a very real sense, yes. Her bland comes off as an affectation of being haughty. Yet, her look has nothing to do with her being aloof, let alone disdainful or supercilious. It just is, what it is, nothing more and nothing less.

Underneath the dowdy, form-fitting suitcoat of her dowdy, form-fitting skirt-suit. Nestled in the small of her back, gripping the boned waistband of her drab business suit's hi-waist miniskirt, is her Russian parochial. Likewise, in the front, just ahead of her hip, are her hardshell snakeskin cigarette purse side-by-side with her holstered phone, purse and phone holster gripping the waistband of her

brief skirt—this time, rightside, but sometimes it can be leftside mounting for her purse and holstered phone.

Dark looks, so-called “brunette” looks, because of her heavily-applied Bolshoi-bare makeup. But, even without said makeup, she, akin to the fictional Alice Quinn as portrayed by actress Olivia Taylor Dudley, still has those “brunette” looks. With makeup, she just has them in spades. Hard, pretty looks that shriek in a hoarse, grating voice: “Dominatrix!”

There’s been more than just a changing of the guard, so to speak. The girl’s phone and its holster are knockoffs. Generics that are as good as the brand-name originals that they’ve been reversed engineered from, and they’re considerably cheaper. Her smartphone is a Huawei knockoff and her Wanzhou-style holster is a Meng knockoff. Meng is the hi-tech proprietary brand of Alibaba. Whose generics? Sentient one-offs of her own handiwork—her own skool!

Next on her list of gear scheduled for replacement? Her Russian parochial. Once that’s been swapped out for her own skool, she plans on continuously improving her entire line of generics, with the intent that they become considerably better than the brand-names they’ve usurped. No plans for ever going public with her skool. Just “toys” of her own invention for her private use. But, Wal-Mart has made her a very tempting offer to exclusively handle her wearables if she were to change her mind.

From IO to the end of the Universe

Herminie Phyllis Chavez: The Filipino Wonder Woman. Total idiot. Or, to be kinder, a sufferer of a variant of body dysmorphic syndrome, mixed with obsessive compulsive disorder, who lives in a country where unscrupulous “doctors” perform plastic surgery on her instead of sending her to a psychiatrist. Sad.

Fortunately. The same cannot be said of Lucy’s standard. Preferring to be bland doesn’t translate into her willingly and willfully hiding her attractiveness in plain sight. She’s not only the sex object of the discerning, but also a choice of the casual girl watcher as well. Hers is a blandness which never bleeds into her “real” personality. If it did, the results would be disastrous.

What would take her look over-the-top? Go rubberwear for her corselette and half-slip. With the corset and slip being exact duplicates of her satin ones. Self-cleaning, self-repairing, sentient, latex undies complementing long, scripted, rubber gloves. Pristine white corselette and half-slip, naughty flesh-colored panties, and sexy black kid gloves. Danger: fetish overdose!

Not to be mistaken for a prostitute. Maybe, an accountant with some flavor, who moonlights as a dominatrix to make ends meet? Now, that’s a distinct possibility.

Back to the here and now:

An automated Uber pulls up to the curb in front of her. The door swings open. Offering to whisk her off as if she were an ordinary streetwalker or a VIP.

“Please get in, Miss. The mistress wishes to speak to you.”

The cab’s voice is male, somewhat fluffy, and clearly mechanical. The effeminate of a machine. Her wordless response is to do as she’s told. She feels “compelled,” for want of a better word, to do so. The door slams shut as soon as she gets in, and she’s nerve gassed into unconsciousness and death. Another murder on Mars.

The murder victim resurrects in a bleak concrete room, stretched out on the bare mattress of a cot. The mattress is stained with various bodily fluids, including blood. Gone are her suit, shoes, phone, purse, and holster. In place of her satin corselette and half-slip are their rubber twins. A length of rubber tubing has been tied around her left arm, and there are fresh needle marks. The girl suffers a blinding migraine, which she lets pass before she attempts to stand up. She fails, falling flat on her face. Darkness ensues as she slips back into unconsciousness lying limp, face-down on the damp, filthy floor. When they are done with her, her body is dumped in a skidrow alley, an apparent drug overdose, probably crack. She has been mindwiped by an expert. Two days have passed since she was abducted outside police headquarters. The now blank girl is filthy, infested, and noticeably skinnier. Juiced up to the gills. Scrawny, with messy dirty straight geriatric hair, and plenty needle marks in her left arm and the leftside of her neck. The hygiene mode for her “intelligent” clothes has been switched off. Looking every bit the part of just another pathetic unwashed junkie whore, who went on one trip too many, and came up bust forever.

Sewer Sally, a baglady Crone, pushing her shopping cart, is the only witness to the dumping. This old god is quite insane, and is capable of eating anything and anybody. Filthy, infested, and wearing a ruined Kaye and perls, the crack addict moves toward the body, unsure as to whether she will finish the girl off, fucking and eating her meal. Sally craves fresh meat, especially chicken.

Sally rolls the girl onto the girl's back. Seeing the girl's knob, she strokes it and smiles, flashing two menacing rows for large, filthy, rotting, snaggle teeth set in receding gums. Her tongue is long and facile. In anticipation of her meal, it wiggles like a snake in her big, ugly mouth. She licks the girl's face and lips.

This whole thing reeks of being premeditated. A setup. This is known to be Sally's territory. On the off chance that Sally doesn't eat the girl, she will keep the girl on ice.

Sally undoes enough of the girl's corset and panties to yank the knickers down. She licks the girl's pussy and ass crack.

"A Borg drone. We haven't eaten one of you in a coon's age. And, we do like the taste of you. We'll call you Karen, Karen Digney. And, boney as you are, Karen, you will make a fine meal for us."

Sally always refers to herself in the third-person plural.

She sinks her teeth into Lucy's dirty neck and takes a chunk out. The girl's flesh is sweet and succulent. Lucy, now Karen, dies.

Leeches adorn Sally's unwashed body. Looking almost like weeping sores, sewer moss covers the inside of her thighs. Fleas and crabs, and other such infestations, of course. She's strung out on crack. The baglady is a she-male, having guy and lady parts.

From all of us to all of you, see you tomorrow

Sally's home is a grotto in the sewers. Lucy comes to herself lying on a filthy bed of rags that reek of rat feces and urine. All that meticulous planning and her captors made the amateur mistake of letting her keep wearing her own perls? The perls restored her right mind. Maybe it wasn't a mistake, maybe it was intentional? Whenever someone is wearing obviously well-heeled well-trained perls, there's always that off-chance of a reboot, and the complete restoration of the wearer's mind. Maybe this is some kind of test? If so, it positively reeks of Very Oldest Things.

Over what she was wearing when she was dumped in the alley. Lucy is wearing Sally's spare Kaye. It's just as filthy and ruined as Sally's other one. Leeches adorn Lucy's unwashed body. Looking almost like weeping sores, sewer moss covers the inside of her thighs. Her teeth are so filthy, they look rotten. Fleas and crabs, and other such infestations, of course. The girl is strapping Parts shoved into the crotch of her panties. Filthy, smelly Parts with no hygiene mode. She can tell that's she's strung out on krack. Seven days have elapsed since she was taken. Out of place is her "naughty," kid gloves. Cuffed to wrist length, they look a lot like black prudz, and are called eydies—Eydie Gormé. What makes them out of place is that they are clean and pristine.

For the time being, there is no more Sewer Sally. That "dirty" alter ego of hers has been put in the closet. In her place is the world-renown Professor Sven "Gabby" Ottke-Smothers. Gabby, as she prefers to be called in this iteration, this sane, august version of herself materializes out of thin air. Clean and pristine, the certified librarian and tenured archeologist sports a short, straight, close cropped, grey hair—that chic ultra-severe hairdo known as a moe. Perls. Bolshoi-bare makeup, of course. Eydies. Kaye Maxfield. A hardshell snakeskin cigarette purse is clipped to the waistband of her skirt underneath her suit coat. Flats. Corsa. The obligatory white satin bullet bra and hi-waist flesh-colored rubber panties. Gabby, unlike Sally, has perfect teeth and only has girlie parts. But, she's still a she-male, thanks to the Parts she's strapping.

Upon closest inspection, imprinted on the cuffs of eydies is the same stylized script, "SEX & VIOLENCE," as eelz. That's why eydies and eelz are referred to as naughty gloves.

"You may stand, girl." Lucy does as she is told. "You may speak, girl."

"You were at the lodge, goddess," Lucy answers, never looking Gabby directly in the eyes.

"The gloves gave me away, didn't they?" Gabby asks, rhetorically.

Unlike her alter-ego Sally, Gabby never refers to herself in the third-person plural.

Of course, even though it is rhetorical, Gabby expects Lucy to answer the question, anyway. And, as expected, the girl doesn't disappoint her better. She always defers to her betters.

Lucy nods her head, sheepishly. The skin-z she received at the lodge ended up being embossed the same as eydies. Gabby must have been the giver.

The girl knows that she must speak only when spoken to, and when she has to speak, she MUST keep her words to the barest minimum. No longer in the role of dominatrix, she acts as Gabby's submissive.

"To coerce you. I'm the one who alone orchestrated all of this. I had to have some type of an 'arrangement' with a being who you had closest fealty with."

You're the one who compelled me to get into the cab.

“I need a sandman to accompany me to IO on Library business. Something very wrong is afoot, there. Something that threatens The Society supernatural society. I feel it in my bones that these murders on Mars, you’re investigating, are somehow connected to that gravest of menace. I will summon you when it’s time for us to travel there. For now, you resume your timeline. But, before you take your leave, isn’t there something you’d like to say to me. An apology, maybe?”

Her words are always meant to be cutting. Gabby is sharp-tongued, mean, and mean spirited. Petty, vindictive, and envious, also come to mind. This god is a real piece of work. There’s nothing remotely nice about her. She’s a total bitch.

“I apologize for upstaging your looks, goddess. It will not happen again.”

Instinctively, Lucy knows to call Gabby, *goddess*, in private, instead of *mistress*. Instinct, is also the way she knows to call Gabby, *mistress*, in public.

“Excellent. You’re everything the Baroness said you would be, and more. All the girls speak well of you.”

No gestures, no incantations, no use of science or magic or VOX, by Gabby. But, just like that, Lucy is back in the alley where she was dumped. She is clean and pristine, dressed just like she was when she was abducted outside police headquarters. There are three differences to her standard, nonetheless: sternka, sternns-miles, and Parts. This is her new standard, until Gabby says otherwise. A creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt, sporting a bland expression and wearing drab clothes. Now, she is the very pretty girl hiding in plain sight. Yuck!

A girl this plain, she must be a librarian and a confirmed spinster. Looking like this, only the pervs will give her a first look, let alone a second one.

It gets worse. Her blandness is now bleeding into her “real” personality, with the expected disastrous results. Disturbed, broken, come to mind.

“Willfully and willingly. You have done in a seemingly effortless manner, the hardest thing that a beautiful woman can do to herself, you have given up your beauty. You have disfigured yourself in deference to the cravings of me, your better and your newest god. Excellent, A-plus! You have passed the final test. You have my permission to be beautiful, and only a woman, again.”

In other words, Gabby has said otherwise. Lucy’s standard resets back to normal—a Miss Handcock of Standards & Practices. The top-heavy, leggy, bespectacled, traffic stopper. A girl with the mostest, who isn’t strapping, but wishes she was. Any standard deviations, e.g., strait hair in place of a Grune? Nope. No carryover from her previous look in homage to her newest god. Her standard, dated as it is, is sufficiently stiff, stern, and severe in-and-of-itself. Factor in her thins and her bland expression, which are, paradoxically, disfiguring and becoming.

Notwithstanding that thins by themselves imply accountant. In combination with her severe hair and bland expression, she’s just as easily mistaken for a librarian as well. An accountant-librarian, an Auditor of The Library. It’s more than just a look, that seed has also been planted in her mind by Gabby. This won’t be the first time that a Sandman has been pressed into service as an Auditor.

As if in a haze, Lucy wanders purposely for blocks. She ends up at a local library branch. The head librarian, Amanda “Mandy” Pruitt, who could almost pass for Gabby’s twin, verbally-assaults her in the lobby. An assault which never violates the hush of the library.

Unlike Gabby, Mandy has a hint of muscularity to her skinny build, which implies just a hint of distant Goon ancestry. Likely, Mandy has an inclination toward brutality, because of that ancestry.

“You’re late,” Mandy scolds.

The glamor that Lucy is under goes bye-bye. A glamor that Gabby weaved while communicating telepathically with the girl. Lucy offers no resistance whatsoever as she is lead into a reading room of the rare books section. They sit down across from each other at the reading table. The door closes and locks itself.

“A Library patron wishes you trained in library auditing. I’m to be your instructor. You will receive a crash course in being a librarian and an auditor of the library. Upon successful completion of the course, you will receive your certification. Of course, you will have to join The Guild. Any questions?”

There is a narrow cot setup against a wall. It’s too short for her full length. A pair of flats have been placed on top of the cot.

“Good, no questions.”

Mandy smiles as she notices the girl’s eyes trained on the shoes setting atop the cot.

“You will remove your heels, wearing those flats for the duration.”

Without being asked to do so, Lucy makes the exchange and sits back at the table. She hands her heels to Mandy. The girl also relinquishes her phone and holster.

“You’ll get them back when you leave. This will be your home away from home, until I decide otherwise.”

Mandy is as much piss and vinegar as Gabby. Scrawny. Top heavy. Haughty. Manipulative. She too is a vengeful goddess.

“Here, all the girls strap while on duty. That includes me. That now includes you.” Three, old, musty hardcover books materialize on the table in front of Lucy. Their leather covers are human skin. “I will return in an hour. Have these volumes read by then, and be strapping. Also, be plain, your hot looks are upstaging mine.”

Mandy disappears. The door unlocks itself, after Lucy straps on her Parts and yanks her hair back up into a sternka. Additionally, she trades in her thins for sternns-miles. Lucy toys with the idea of plaintive makeup, but decides against it. Then, she changes her mind, reminding herself that Mandy was sporting plaintive makeup. Lucy swaps out her Bolshoi-bare for plaintive.

Her blandness bleeds into her “real” personality with a vengeance. The expected results are disastrous. Disturbed, broken, come to mind.

In effect, she has disfigured herself.

That different kind of Lucy begins studying the books she has been tasked with. A creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt, sporting a bland expression and wearing drab clothes. Again, she is the very pretty girl hiding in plain sight. Again, she has ravaged her looks at the behest of an older, ugly woman, because she is young and beautiful. Yuck, again!

When Mandy returns, she quizzes the girl. Lucy passes with flying colors. The girl’s plainness pleases Mandy to no end. She smiles broadly, at the girl’s now shot looks. Even going to the extent of lovingly stroking the girl’s knobb and left cheek.

The books disappear, only to be replaced by ten more. A junkie's kit also materializes on the table. The syringe is filled with crack spiked with uncut Darlek venom. This potent, mind-numbing, narcotic concoction is guaranteed to ravage the girl's looks even more.

"You may shoot up, and take the rest of the day off. Start on these books tomorrow morning. Have them read by noontime. Each day you are here, you will get your fix after dinner with the expectation that you stay strung out for the duration."

When Mandy returns the next day. Lucy is noticeably thinner with a narcotic-ravaged face and geriatric hair. Again, the girl passes her quiz with flying colors. The girl, under strict supervision by Mandy, is now allowed to work the library as a librarian trainee.

Day One, Week One, on the job, Lucy is that scrawny, drug-ravaged trainee consigned to the basement and the sub-basement floors. The library branch's main floors are off-limits to her.

Day Two, Week Two, on the job, the Lucy who emerges from that reading room has reset herself back to standard and has pursed her Parts. She asks for, and gets, her heels back. Having proven to any doubters, that she's a swinger. Lucy now has free reign of the library, except for the classified, lowest level. Mandy no longer supervises her. She is no longer required to shoot up, but she still does, because swingers gotta swing, and she is never shitfaced on duty.

Why Glock Dominates the Handgun Market (And Better than Sig Sauer and Beretta)

I read most of the comments and as usual there are many knocking Glocks and promoting their “best” gun manufacturers. I own Glocks, M&Ps, HKs, XDs, Sigs, Rugers, as well as many wheel guns and they are ALL good weapons. I carry a Glock 19 most of the time in an appendix carry holster made by T.REX ARMS because it is reliable and compact and I can get it out and get off an accurate first shot in under one second. Sometimes I carry one of my Sig P220s.

I see no reason to bad mouth any of the pistols everyone is arguing about, they all are excellent weapons so which ever one is the one you like, use it but don’t knock the others.

With few exceptions, when it comes to older supernatural females, it’s “Perils of Pauline,” for Lucy. And, the linchpin of their craving for her, will always be a Plain Jane version of the girl, one that can never rival their own looks. Their preference being that very well-hung, very plain, Plain Jane flavor akin to a Mildred Huff, a girl with thoroughly shot looks and suffering from, or at the very least acting like she suffers from, that extreme version of BDD the BDD of Dr. Wendy Carr, as opposed to the pretty, Plain Jane par excellence akin to an Alice Quinn, which her standard represents.

Day One, Week Three, turns out to be a real game changer. Emerging at the crack of dawn from her designated abode, that reading room. Instead of her standard, she sports, for want of a better description, a tweaker.

Thick-miles. Her dead straight, center-parted, geriatric hair, yellow-blond hair that is liberally streaked with grey and white, is yanked back and up into a sternka. Flats in place of heels. Plaintive makeup. Vacuous eyes. A vague expression. Scrawny, noticeably skinnier than standard. Blandness personified. And, she’s strapping Parts. No other deviations from her standard. It is a compromise look, of a compromised beauty, which pleases Mandy to no end. Call this a revised Karen Digney, a Mildred Huff revisited, a twisted BDD version of an Alice Quinn. Miss Mildred E Huff.

Formally: thick-miles. Colloquially: thicks. Thick-lensed, lined, trifocal spades with a Miles Kimball beaded eyeglass chain attached at their temples. And. Lucy is wearing those disfiguring eyeglasses instead of them hanging around her neck by their chain and resting upon her ample bosom.

First impressions?

The ravaged face of a krack whore. She’s so hardlooking and plain that finding her the least bit attractive, let alone pretty, is a real stretch of the imagination. This very plain, Plain Jane, of the Miss Mildred E Huff ilk. This flipside of a Miss Hancock of Standards & Practices with its inherent severity maxed out. Irregardless, you crave to fuck her any which way, because she’s built. This ugly girl with the great body!

Mandy can, and does, gleefully forget that the girl is in fact a ravishing beauty underneath all of that unbecoming dowdiness—frumpy unattractive layer upon frumpy unattractive layer. Giving her the once over, means never getting past her plaintive hairdo, disfiguring glasses, and frumpy outfit.

For the few, who aren’t pervs, that would even bother to give her that very careful second look?

Bad: a frump, which she is in this guise, who is bereft of any beauty. Worse: an extremely unattractive, creepy-looking, frumpy cunt. Worst: no one, including the most ardent fans of this

guise, the pervs, can tell that she is in fact a very pretty girl hiding in plain sight—this alias completely hides the fact that she is pretty, let alone very pretty.

Her blandness bleeds into her “real” personality with a vengeance. The expected results are disastrous. Disturbed, broken, come to mind.

Bottomline. Her looks are gone, completely and utterly shot, irrespective of her employment of the additional, harsh disfigurements of plaintive makeup and geriatric hair. And her guise employs both. Although clearly superfluous, their presence warms the old biddy’s cockles to no end.

In effect, she has disfigured herself. To reiterate, she’s this ugly girl with the great body.

Is there a hidden disfigurement to this tweaker of hers? For example, does she suffer from the profound BDD of Dr. Wendy Carr, and the crippling self-consciousness and zero self-esteem attendant to that affliction? She surely acts like it, even if that’s not the case.

The United States Department of Arcanology

Magic has returned to the modern world, and nothing will be the same again. In response, the United States Department of Arcanology has tasked government magic users to collar and train everyone with talent, but on the fringes of society, the Strowlers believe that magic is for everyone. From Mongolia to Ireland, the Resistance begins. Strowlers is a shared cinematic universe. Tell your story!

The severe spades are nonetheless very becoming. And, in the fashion of a librarian, a Miles Kimball beaded eyeglass chain is attached at the temples of the eyeglasses. Oh, and, crystal clear & white nibblet eyeglass chain holders—Artisan—in place of the holders that came with the Miles Kimball. Resulting in spade-z: spades, plus vintage eyeglass chain and holders. Spade-z. Formally: thin-miles. Colloquially: thins.

Long, straight, severe hair, with China doll bangs that skirt the brow line, showcasing her hard, pretty face. Colloquially: A Cheerleader Melissa. Named after the female pro-wrestler who likes to sport it in the ring. Formally: a Morgan.

The Morgan is the only deviation from standard. Psychologically, she's herself, again—none the worse for wear. Cheerleader Melissa/Morgan is the name of the hairdo she's now wearing, it's also the name of her mode. For a while, she's been that version of Mildred Huff. This morning she woke up in Cheerleader mode, completely rebooted so to speak. Her holstered phone and gun holster are again gripping the waistband of her skirt.

This mode proves to be transient as her looks shift to standard, and locks in. A Nazi. A card-carrying member of The Party. Certified as a librarian and an auditor of the library, and a card-carrying member of The Guild.

Mandy materializes in the reading room. She's obviously “annoyed” by this iteration of the girl to no end.

“There is a book, a very rare first edition, which was stolen from this branch the night of the murder you are investigating.”

“Which murder, headmistress? The one I'm paired on with Toy? Or, the one I'm paired on with Simon? Lieutenant Morrison and that Niffin, Duchess Blavatsky, providing oversight that I'm supposed to pretend to not notice on the latter. You Old Things—e.g., My Baroness, Gabby, The Council at large, yourself—providing oversight on the fore, that it's okay for me to notice.”

Mandy smiles.

“Beautiful and smart, a very deadly combination.”

“Deadly to whom, headmistress?”

Mandy chooses to ignore the jab. This paints a smile on Lucy's face.

“The book cannot be detected by electronic means. As such, there are no images of it.”

“Drawings?”

“Nope. But, we do have a detailed description.”

“Photos? Film?”

“It cannot be photographed, nor can it be filmed.”

“Does it cast a reflection in a mirror?”

“No. Also, it cannot be seen by resolving optical devices, such as, for example, binoculars, a telescopic sight, or prescription eyeglasses. It can be seen with the naked eye or eyeglasses like yours which have ‘simple’ glass lenses. Also, it can be seen through simple panes of glass.”

“So, as long as the glass in question does no complex processing of its image?”

“Yes.”

“And living machines?”

“Living Machines, of course, even the most powerful Thinking Machines, cannot detect it. Yet, Toy, a Thinking Machine, a mobile electronic device, can detect it. Toy, is the sole exception.”

“So. It’s a Vampire?”

“My, my, my, we are well-read aren’t we.”

“I try to be, headmistress.”

“There is a tenured librarian, Ms. Judith Ann Frankiel, being held in the lock-box in the lowest level of the branch. The classified level that’s been off-limits to you. We wish you to torture the girl. So far, Science Division has had no luck loosening her lips. She was complicit in the theft. We need for you to be ‘creative’ in your interrogation of her, because she has, shall we say, expanded cravings.”

“Expanded?”

“She’s a textbook sadomasochist. Deriving sexual pleasure, achieving orgasm, when pain inflicted is upon her and when she inflicts pain upon others. I imagine she would be feeling quite nice from the discomfort of your binding clothes, for example, your corset. She can turn this sadomasochism on and off as need be, as well as modulate it. Same as the rest of her misbegotten half-breed kind. The Library uses mongrels such as she as field operatives.”

Lucy does not respond, at first. When she does, it is the expected response. Matter of fact. Almost machinelike.

“As you wish, headmistress.”

“Yes. It is.”

“Does this book have a name?”

“Yes, it does. For the sake of discussion. It’s a Gothic novel called *Dracula*. The author is Bram Stoker.”

Lucy knows better than to ask Mandy what the real name of the book is and who its author really is. That’s need to know, and she doesn’t need to know.

“Does any of this have to do with IO and Gabby?”

“That’s a separate matter, entirely. Her private interest, of secondary Library concern, only. And, should be treated as such. This book is your sole priority. Your partners will handle their respective murder investigations.”

Another obvious case of a lie told, because she asked another question that involves need to know, and she doesn't need to know. Ergo, IO and Gabby, just like the murders, have everything to do with this book.

“That’s why I have partners?”

“Correct.”

The girl upstaging her looks doesn't keep the goddess from covetously stroking the girl's knobb and left cheek.

“Am I to be plain or pretty, when I visit Ms. Frankiel?”

“Initially. You're to be pretty as you are now. How you proceed from that, is your affair, entirely.”

“Afterwards, you're to come to me plain, Miss Mildred E Huff plain. I have had a Borg alcove, a Queen's, installed in my upstairs suite. You may use it for sleep cycle, after we have ‘talked.’”

The penthouse floor of the library, off-limits to the public, has a number of luxury suites to be used by librarians for overnight stays. One of them is designated as exclusive use by Mandy. It's there that the two women will have their tryst.

Lucy goes puff, Mandy's doing. The girl materializes, more of Mandy's doing, at the top of the stairway that leads down to the classified level. Her hair has been yanked back and up into a sternka, and she's strapping. New Jersey accent. Careys. Bolshoi-bare makeup, of course. Long, silky, yellow-blond hair. No BDD. Etc. Her current format is still technically within the bounds of an Alice Quinn, and thus still this side of that sternest definition of pretty—as previously mentioned, sternka and Parts are allowable substitutions as it pertains to an Alice Quinn.

Designations being fluid. All bets are off. This format, which for all intents and purposes is an Alice Quinn with substitutions, is actually the latest version of a Ms. Karen M Digney. This Karen Digney with substitutions of plaintive makeup, geriatric hair, flats, thicks, an archaic Prussian accent, and the Dr. Wendy Carr flavor of ultra-extreme BDD, is the latest version of a Miss Mildred E Huff.

Her descent to the library's bottom-most level is accompanied by the authoritative click of her heels against the concrete steps. You shouldn't be able to hear them click, but you can. More evidence of things being nullified, down here. Magic doesn't work in the stairway, nor does it on the classified level. The elevators don't go down this far, hence the stairs. A lot of things don't work well, or at all, down here.

How Lucy got here was obviously not by magic, nor was it by science or VOX. Was this accomplished by that something else, again?

There is a door at the bottom of the stairway, but there is none at the top. Was this place manufactured, grown, or conjured out of thin air? There are no visible seams, anywhere. A STAIRWAY, a FLOOR, ROOMS?

As usual, Lucy's idle hands klaw. Her knobb begins to itch, which is not usual. She's still Ms. Karen M Digney pretty. But she has a craving to revert to Miss Mildred E Huff plain. Lucy does not stay still in this format, nor does she give into her cravings. Eyeglasses and Parts get pursed. One second she is wearing them, the next second she isn't, and they are now residing in her purse. Point-to-point teleportation, or its equivalent, accomplished how? This is not the something else of

Gabby or Mandy or any other of the oldest gods and goddesses. This is a way of manipulating Creation that is of purely Nazi origin, and it defies the dampening in effect down here!

Additionally. Her current format stays pretty and goes robotic Doll, and in doing so reverts more to type and thus classic form. As such, her hair lets down, resulting in an equally severe, dowdy hairdo—long, center-parted, dead straight, blonde hair (a “classic” Ann Coulter)—strait hair. A maniacal expression paints her face, transforming it into the beautiful, hate-filled face of a dominatrix or a Borg queen. In this context, a Borg queen’s.

As if they are features instead of an outfit, her Koo, half-slip, and careys give way to her VIKI. Gripping the wasp waist of her suit in their same relative positions are her holster, phone, and purse. A young, smoking-hot body poured into that deliciously-torturous bodysuit of hers.

Prudz worn under her EXO. Resulting in the double encasement of her hands. Even when she removes her body shorthand for bodysuit, in this instance, her hands will, in effect, remain prosthetic as long as she’s wearing her gloves. Deliciously torturous.

Her bosom-pandering, figure-defining satin corselette. Itself, living underwear. Self-cleaning and self-repairing. A sentient article of clothing. Literally, a machine that you wear. Complimented by, and overlapping, her cheeky hi-waist rubberwear thong panties. Fetishwear galore. Satin wear on top of rubberwear that’s rubberwear. Her torso and naughty parts in effect are prosthetic as long as she’s wears this wear. Deliciously torturous, times two.

EXO overlaying satin and rubberwear unmentionables. Longline satin corselette overlapping hi-waist rubberwear panties. Resulting in enough biomechanical “roughage” to give H.R. Giger a chubby and satiate his favorite muse Li Tobler. The tongue-n-groove monstrosity of three living machines, that can be, and are, worn as undies. Fusing seamlessly to each other and to her body, rendering her coverage prosthetic—transfiguring her into a hybrid; in effect, a supernatural living machine, and, in affection, a two-legged prosthetic device. A Borg drone, who is almost a Borg queen, and is a cyborg. Deliciously torturous, times three.

This mobile calculator with tittage. In essence, she’s not wearing clothes that are fused to, and thus indistinguishable from, her body. Lucy is naked and the clothes are “features.” As such, like this, in effect, without nipples are genitalia, as if she were Toy in native form, the girl is neuter. A robot chick with a severe, dated, smoking-hot look that screams, “Dominatrix!,” and reeks of the swinging sixties. Therefore, when Lucy is “wearing” this gear, one could even argue convincingly that she literally is “a leggy, slender prosthetic device with a huge rack,” in the DD-cup tradition of how scrawny Gal Gadot currently portrays the fictional Wonder Woman.

Form-fitting wear that slavishly smooths and shapes to the wearer’s body. Fitting so snug it looks like you had to be sewn into the stuff and then only after talcum powder had been liberally applied to all of your curves!

The girl’s strait hair weaves itself into a Brünnhilde hairdo. That severe, becoming, traditional Nordic hairdo. Signaling that her transformation back into the Icelandic robot girl of Toy’s sexual fantasies is nearing its completion. A fantasy girl, a Borg drone who in Doll format is analogous to a Borg queen and is a hi-functioning mobile prosthetic device.

Bottomline. Lucy as Seven-of-nine is Toy’s Doll. In other words, when she’s Seven, she and Toy become each other’s avatar—Toy and Lucy are mobile extensions of each other. In other words, robot marriage, where Toy is the husband and Lucy is the wife.

Now, standardized—across all formats. Including when she's being her real self. The loathsome face and voice of a shrew.

As such.

Befitting a dominatrix. The loathsome face and voice of a shrew. At times, a robot voice that is very matter-of-fact, and therefore a monotone, possessing no intonation, whatsoever. In a word, at times: bland. At times, it can also be grating, like fingernails across a chalkboard.

In whatever mode, or just being herself. Lucy's voice is deep, for a woman. That hoarse, raspy, feminine voice, à la B-movie actress/director Samantha "Sam" Phillips or singer-songwriter Kim Carnes of "Bettie Davis Eyes" fame. Additionally, when she's Seven-of-Nine, The Doll, the accent that comes with this husky, sexy voice of hers is the same strong archaic Prussian accent as Toy's.

Irregardless of format, or no format, whatsoever. Lucy rarely speaks, and when she does, she keeps her words to the bare minimum.

To digress. And, to reiterate. That loathsome face—a shrew's. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that's best described as "haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage." Yet, is otherwise lacking in emotion. In a word, stiff—a face that is a vision of Borg loveliness, per Borg specifications, of course. Something else that applies to Lucy as Toy's Doll that also applies to a Borg queen and to Toy itself as well.

Lucy's face and voice would appear to be modeled after Toy's. Not the other way around.

The die glocke of Lucy's VIKI self-activates, detaches itself from the suit, crawls up her back from the base of her spine, and places itself against the back of her neck. The spidery device affixes itself. Lucy's eyes fluorescence blue, momentarily. The robot girl's brain now functions as if it has an AI architecture akin to that of a Series 9 Borg queen or Toy—in effect, Lucy now has a positronic brain powered by a Blink Drive. The girl's long, silky, yellow-blond tresses, the locks of her Brünnhilde, are now analogous to the substantial cybernetic implants anchored to the scalp of a Borg queen. Her transformation into Seven is complete. A beautiful, loathsome, robotic thing.

Lucy reaches the door. It won't budge, as if it's locked. The metal door is set flush into a door frame which itself is set flush into the wall. No door knob. No external lock mechanism. The door is hardened as is the entire stairwell. The robot girl performs the seemingly impossible. She steps through the door as if it isn't there.

The Rothschilds

The Rothschild family is a wealthy Jewish family descending from Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744–1812), a court factor to the German Landgraves of Hesse-Kassel in the Free City of Frankfurt, Holy Roman Empire, who established his banking business in the 1760s. Unlike most previous court factors, Rothschild managed to bequeath his wealth and established an international banking family through his five sons, who established themselves in London, Paris, Frankfurt, Vienna, and Naples. The family was elevated to noble rank in the Holy Roman Empire and the United Kingdom.

During the 19th century, the Rothschild family possessed the largest private fortune in the world, as well—modern world history. The family's wealth was divided among various descendants, and today their interests cover a diverse range of fields, including financial services, real estate, mining, energy, mixed farming, winemaking, and nonprofits.

The Rothschild family has frequently been the subject of conspiracy theories, many of which have antisemitic origins.

The stairwell and classified level are supposed to be opaque to remote viewing, but the Council members present in Prince Albert Hall are privy to most of the goings-on down there, nonetheless.

There are quite a few oh's and ah's, as the classic Nordic blonde bombshell steps through the hardened door. A jaw-dropping display of Nazi Super Science—Wunder that eclipses the magic of Niffin.

Someone, not seated at Baroness Kroger's table, finally yells out: "That's impossible!"

Baroness Kroger sits smug in her chair. An "I told you so" expression painted across her coarse face. The small group of Elders seated at her table look relieved. Betting hugely against the odds, they had allied themselves with The Baroness, and have won handsomely. The girl Lucy is performing, just like The Baroness said the girl would.

Then, things go really over the top. Lucy does something that really wows, and thoroughly pleases, her well-heeled, very powerful audience. She looks up at the ceiling as if she knows that she's being remote viewed, and flashes that inhumanly-wide smile of a Batman's Joker, displaying an awareness of surveillance that she shouldn't know exists.

The robot girl reverts to Miss Mildred E Huff plain, within the robotic Doll context. As such. Her Brünnhilde undoes itself, yanking back and up into a sternka. Once more she's wearing thicks and strapping Parts. Plaintive makeup. Geriatric hair. Her looks are completely ruined—thoroughly shot—in this format, and are thus no longer competitive with those of her female betters. That very pretty girl hiding in plain sight—that very pretty girl who you cannot see as anything but very plain looking and thus very unattractive. All the while, blandness personified is steadily seeping into her personality with the expected disastrous results. When idle, her expression is bland and so is she, so very bland, just like a Borg queen's or Toy's in idle. She's a creepy, unattractive, well-hung, frumpy cunt, who has the usual baggage associated with the ultra-extreme flavor of BDD à la Dr. Wendy Carr.

Cell doors line both walls. At the far end of the hallway, Duchess Blavatsky, Toy, and Simon materialize in front of the door to the treatment room. Lucy walks toward her team. Before she reaches them, the remote viewing in Prince Albert Hall goes opaque.

Predictively. Toy craves Lucy's plain format to no end. The Duchess feels vulnerable without her magic, down here. And, Simon is too bat shit crazy to care about the dire predicament that he is in.

Down here, Toy and its Doll have lost none of their mojo. In fact, they may have gained a step or two. There's another beneficiary. Its designation is R-9, rogue Borg queen designation Nine. The treatment door swings open and R-9 walks out.

"Too bad, you brought biologicals. This is Machine business."

"I can vouch for the girl, she is my Doll. Consider the other two to be neutral observers. Your call."

"Acceptable. You and your Doll may enter. The others will have to stay outside."

"Agreed."

Outside in this context has a different meaning than what you would expect. R-9 directs the Duchess and Simon to come into the room following in behind Toy, Lucy, and itself. But once Duchess and Simon are inside of the room and the door closes and locks behind them, and they are unable to move any further. They are frozen in step. Mute witnesses to the proceedings.

A comely insane fifty-something Ms. Judith Ann Frankiel is restrained spreadeagle to a metal table in the center of the room. She is naked and wanting. Ranting and raving. Foaming at the mouth. A naked, rabid lunatic in heat. On the table also sets an open book. Carnage is everywhere. The ripped apart bodies of lab techs, librarians, and security officers are everywhere you look. Blood and guts smear the floor, walls, and ceiling.

"Biologicals! The idiots opened the book!" R-9 says this while covetously stroking the girl's knobb and left cheek. Having changed its mind about the girl's usefulness.

"You may borrow her, if you wish."

"I wish."

R-9 promptly closes the book. R-9 and Lucy disappears. Remote viewing of the goings-on down here is restored in Prince Albert Hall. The Duchess and Simon are no longer frozen. Library control of this lowest level and the stairway leading down to it are restored.

"Simon, do your thing to Ms. Frankiel. Duchess, you can assist him, if you wish. I will watch. Library, you may retrieve the book. All is as it should be, again," Toy loudly announces.

R-9 goes somewhere else. Lucy, who is no longer in a plain format, materializes in front of the library branch. Bolshoi-bare makeup. Long, silky, yellow-blonde hair. Etc. Basically, she's standard with VIKI et al. Killer looks. No eyeglasses or Parts. Brünnhilde. Die glocke still activated, but no longer dictating the brain function of a Thinking Machine. No BDD. Bland. Bland expression. Blandness that doesn't bleed into her personality. That very pretty girl, in plain sight, for all to see.

As if she's in no mode, whatsoever, and just being herself. As expected, Lucy's voice is deep, for a woman. Hers being that hoarse, raspy, feminine voice, à la B-movie actress/director Samantha

“Sam” Phillips or singer-songwriter Kim Carnes of “Bettie Davis Eyes” fame. No accent comes with this husky, sexy voice of hers.

It begins to rain. A shower that becomes a downpour. Mandy materializes in front of her. Neither woman seems to be getting wet.

“You’re so good. You’ve recovered the stolen book, already.”

“Which book are we speaking about?”

“Yes. Such a smart girl you are.”

“More players, more pieces to play.”

“Quite so.”

“I assume what the Duchess and Simon are eviscerating is Ms. Frankiel’s doppelganger.”

“Correct.”

“She escaped apprehension, leaving behind a double and quite a bit of a mess to be sorted out.”

“Yes, she did.”

There’s a tell in Mandy’s voice that sets Lucy going. The girl dithers. VIKI and its die glocke, gone; replaced by Koo, prudz, half-slip, and flats. Sternka. Thicks. Perls, corselette, and hi-waist panties, retained. Parts, of course. Plaintive makeup. Looks ruined. Geriatric hair. Hair ruined. Archaic Prussian accent.

In other words. Miss Mildred E Huff, plain. A creepy, unattractive, well-hung, frumpy cunt, who has all of the baggage associated with the ultra-extreme Dr. Wendy Carr flavor of BDD. A severe mental illness which renders her clinically insane. And, further translates into a penchant (craving) for self-flagellation and auto-erotic asphyxiation.

So, as this Mildred Huff.

Plaintive makeup. Lucy has the tormented, insanity-ravaged face of a krack whore.

Geriatric hair. A scheme guaranteed to age the girl decades and put a lot of odometer-busting divorcee mileage on her face.

Scrawny, remains busty, and looks and acts akin to the fictional Gollum from her favorite novel. Therefore. Noticeably thinner with huge, heavy-hanging, sloppy tits. Big, doggie tits.

No stone is left unturned, by this format, in the infliction of the most insidious, despicable, bulldyke-inspired disfigurements upon this beautiful girl. In the end, having been put through the proverbial meat grinder, Lucy is as unattractive and as creepy-looking as the Duchess.

There’s an added twist to this latest iteration of Mildred Huff. When Lucy lets her hair down in this format, it lets down into messy straight hair, a krazed. And, it remains geriatric, of course—yellow-blond hair, liberally streaked with white and grey. The krazed is a tell that as Mildred Huff, Lucy is not a swinger, she is a deranged full-blown junkie whore and an alcoholic as well—a drunken junkie lunatic whore. As Mildred Huff, Lucy hits absolute rock bottom and wallows in her addictions, none of which interferes with her ability to do her job—she’s still lethal and far from worthless.

“Until The Library regained control of the situation via our intervention. You didn’t know she’d escaped and left a double in her place. You didn’t even know that the book was still on premises.”

Mandy chooses to not answer the question. Then again, Lucy doesn’t expect her to.

“That’s above your paygrade and mine.”

Having been “politely” put on notice, Lucy skillfully changes the subject.

“So, afterwards with a plain me is off?”

“I’ll take a raincheck.”

“Please do.”

Mandy disappears. Lucy flags down an Uber and heads back to Police Headquarters. Now, caring even more about the whodunits that she’s been assigned. The questions prominent on Lucy’s mind: Where is Ms. Frankiel, Who opened the book whose existence is acknowledged, and Where is the other book in the series, the one that no one will admit exists?

Lucy doesn’t have to ponder long. When she emerges from the Uber at her destination, the frump is murdered brutally on the spot. Out of nowhere fast, someone caves in the back of her skull with their fist. The last thing Lucy sees as she’s expiring: a hulking Tabitha standing over her body sporting one of those trademark Goonish ear-to-ear Joker grins.

The End