

Girls Kick Ass!

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?

We Love TEC

The last of your senses that goes is your hearing. Conversely, the first sense that returns is your hearing.

Recently resurrected, Lucy is sitting up in a bunk. Tabby, her murderer, is lovingly helping the girl drink a mug of warm sweet blood milk. They're alone in the crew's quarters of an Explorer Class starship, gracefully traversing the slipstream. The treat tastes so good that Lucy starts to get greedy consuming it. But, Tabby will have none of that.

“Now, sip this very slowly or I'll put my fist through your skull, again.”

Lucy complies.

“Good girl. Now that's the way we got milk.”

The girl is not strapping. No eyeglasses. No accent, whatsoever. Flats. Perls. Prudz. Koo. Corselette. Half-slip. Hi-rise thong panties. Corsa. Bolshoi-bare makeup. Long, silky, yellow-blond hair, let down into dead straight hair leftside parted—tote glatte haare linksseitig geteilt—that severe dowdy hairdo. Held up by the suspenders of her longline corset are the opaque black stockings of a Catholic nun. That same sexy raspy baritone voice. Dark, smoldering looks on a bleach blonde, who is a natural blonde. No BDD. Etc.

Although her current format is colloquially within the bounds of an Alice Quinn, a Ms. Karen M Digney, her very own standard, and numerous other similarly-severe pretty modes, and thus is this side of the sternest, most severe, stiffest definition of pretty. It's not the newest latest version of any secular mode, pretty or otherwise. It's more like the Victorian Era tart, the so-called “sporting woman,” revisited in the modern couture vernacular. Staid attire, by today's standards, which is Church-approved for a young female layperson “factor” and The Order-required habit of a young Bene Gesserit nun. The appropriate wearable device for younger Order operatives in the field? An Exo, of course. And, what's vehemently disallowed? No blouse, bare legs, and high heels.

A very pretty girl, conspicuously in plain sight, who is not the least bit creepy or unattractive, but who is nonetheless a frumpy cunt. This young female no-format format—junges weibliches format ohne format.

Nonetheless. The threat of Parts, a sternka, thicks, plaintive makeup, geriatric hair, and their ilk, and therefore, creepy and unattractive, is a mere whisk a way. As such. Something akin to an Alice Quinn, a Ms. Karen M Digney, her very own standard, her no-format, or numerous other similarly-severe buttoned-down pretty modes, constantly threatens to abruptly slide into the oblivion of Miss Mildred E Huff. That gnawing in her nethers. A craving for those ruined looks, Parts bulging her rubber panties, and the beauty-ending void of a strung-out lush drunken junkie hi-mileage whore with a “yearning” to be gang raped or at the very least gang banged.

By Tabby's way of thinking, or any Goon's for that matter, Lucy is a Goon in the guise of a Nosferatu. In point of fact, a creature such as Lucy is a Goon in the guise of a Nosferatu. As such, both women would prefer to be barefoot as well as barelegged, and wearing neither underwear nor a blouse.

The girl opens her eyes. The quarters are spacious, and very nicely appointed, which is to be expected of a Nightflyer, formally a Saint Joan of Arc Flying Ship. A Nightflyer, is a lot larger

than the Vorlon dreadnoughts it strongly resembles, and likewise its interior is many times larger than its exterior. Exterior and interior dimensions rivaling that of a World Ship. It has the same weaponry as a Vorlon dreadnought, which puts it offensively on par with a Shadow Vessel, but it has none of the defensive wizardry of a longboat. Then again, only longboats possess that kind of wizardry.

Nightflyers. Living starships with the stealth of Vampires. Designed, spawned, and crewed by Bene Gesserit nuns. What's The Order's, and therefore The Church's, connection with all of this? Her Divine Shadow The Mother Superior of the Divine Order of the Bene Gesserits sits on the Board of Directors for The Library, formally The Librarian Guild, colloquially The Guild. She's the current Board President for The Library. The Guild and The Library are used interchangeably, and for good reason.

Some time ago, when The Librarian Guild merged into The Guild, The Library became a subordinate organization on paper to The Guild. Then you look closer and see the deception. The merger was really a hostile takeover. Six of the nine officers for The Board of The Library and The Guild are the same people, with one of those six common board members being Her Divine Shadow. Six original members of The Guild had resigned upon the merger becoming official, per pre-merger agreement between the two organizations. An agreement brokered by The Holy See, Pope Ruth herself, three days after her inauguration.

By the by, who were the law firms that drew up the merger papers? Why it was Abercrombie & Fitch representing The Library and Christopher & Banks representing The Guild. The same law firms that The Holy See now sits on the Boards of.

For the history of The Church, in all worlds known, the Pope has been a man. No woman has held the office or been part of the selection process that decided who was to hold the office. Sometimes an institution's traditions have to change to progress an agenda. Sometimes the change is so monumental, that traditions end up getting smashed to smithereens.

This time, when the Church was tasked with choosing a new Pope, female clerics were part of the selection process.

This time, when Holy Mother Church picked a new Pope, a woman was chosen—an unemployed O'Fallon Missouri real estate broker, a Bene Gesserit nun in recess a former Bene Gesserit nun, and devout Catholic by the name of Debra Gill.

Debra Gill chose Ruth as her Papal name. She was officed as Pope Ruth the First.

Seven days later, the body of Bernadette "Bernie" Caulfield was found on the campus of a Bridgeton Missouri Walmart. Clutched in the hand of the murdered woman was the driver's license of Debra Gill, the new Pope—a fact withheld by the police from the news media.

Within forty-eight hours with the stroke of a pen, by Papal decree, Pope Ruth the First, officially acknowledged the existence and legitimacy of the female-only paramilitary clerical organization known as The Dollhouse, and thus by inference the confirmation of the Dollhouse's Killjoys. An hour later, Pope Ruth officially confirmed the Killjoys, by separate Papal decree. Not a single male objection was raised in the Church hierarchy!

Twelve hours later, in her first public address, while trillions of Catholics across Creation watched their televisions as their new Pope delineated her new direction for The Church. Of special note, and in another clear break with Church tradition, were Pope Ruth's new business-

suiting bodyguards. The bodyguards were all female. The bodyguards were all Killjoys of The Dollhouse. A lot of newness for one of the oldest churches in Creation.

On every Nightflyer, armed EXO-suited Killjoys perform the security duties as if they were the equivalent of secular space marines. All Killjoys, just like all members of The Doll House, are Bene Gesserit nuns.

In a slight deviation from Lucy's no-format format is Tabby's älteres weibliches format ohne format—older female no-format format. Staid attire, by today's standards, which is Church-approved for an older female layperson "factor" and The Order-required habit of an older Bene Gesserit nun. The appropriate wearable device for older Order operatives in the field? An Exo, of course. And, what's vehemently disallowed? No blouse, bare legs, and high heels.

In this usage, a layperson factor (LF) is equivalent to a CA (civilian advisor) in the military.

Younger lay vs. older lay. The deviations? Only two. A much lower hemline and very short hair. Translation: a Kaye in place of a Koo and a moe. In Tabby's case the moe is geriatric platinum blonde: grey streaked liberally with white. Additionally, Tabby keeps her usual accent.

Of course, there's the much bigger question. Neither woman is an LF. Lucy's status with The Library, including that of librarian and auditor, has been revoked while she was laid out, dead. She and Tabby are the only people on board who are not of The Order. Why are they here?

A nun enters. Her name is Sister Elizabeth. She is decked out in the prescribed habit of The Order, for her age group.

"We have almost arrived. Gabby will be waiting for you at your destination. Your status with The Library, including that of librarian and auditor, has been reinstated."

Why are they here? Simply put, because this is their transportation. Nothing more, nothing less. A means to an end.

Why is Tabby here? She's Lucy's escort. In other words, Nazi protocol. Nothing more, nothing less.

"You and your chaperon may comport yourselves as you wish, after you disembark."

With that said, Sister Elizabeth leaves. And, as one would expect, the two Nazis take their liberties, early. For Lucy that translates into the following additions, substitutions, and deletions: strait hair, thins, careys, no blouse, and no stockings—an Alice Crabtree. For Tabby it's the much simpler Mattie Eddington—no blouse, no stockings, and no underwear. Then they make out, knowing full well that with this being a starship of The Order they are being closely watched and recorded. They make out like two Goons: brutal, violent, invasive sex, that's easily mistaken for rape. Prescribed attire followed by prescribed activity of a sexual nature in the bosom of The Order. Nazis do have tons of unfiltered moxie, don't they?

The Midnight Sun Never Sets

Why is John Wick called Baba Yaga? Because Hollywood movie creators cannot afford to hire a Russian culture specialist, it seems. You might not believe it, but 95% of all Russian occurrences in movies are wrong: words misspelled, unpopular or totally weird character names, common stereotypes, and shit like that, you name it. Sometimes it's just funny for us Russians, but sometimes it's just annoying. Seriously, those guys can't handle Google Translate. In *John Wick* it's exactly the case, unfortunately. They just don't give a damn who Baba Yaga really is.

Baba Yaga is an old female witch in Slavic culture who's balancing somewhere between Chaotic Evil and Chaotic Good character types, if it can be put in D&D terms. Good examples of someone to be called Baba Yaga: weird old woman who lives on the outskirts of the village, bad-tempered grandmother who always grumbles about everything, or an old, tough female teacher you're afraid of. Well, you get the main idea - old, female, and possibly with some "evil" in her. Bad examples: John Wick. So, my guess that Baba Yaga in the movie is just a poor and very rough translation of Boogeyman to Russian. She doesn't have anything to do with John's character. Many other answers are plainly wrong because they portray Baba Yaga as some kind of ultimate evil machine or something. In fact, in Russian tales she often helps the main hero to deal with problems provided she's been asked politely and with proper respect. Also, she has a somewhat notable sense of humor and irony about her character. Not so scary, is she? No sane grown up person in Russia will address a mid-age male death bringer like John as Baba Yaga. Period, let alone, The Library's Professor Sven "Gabby" Ottke-Smothers. Although, the Alice Quinn character of *The Magicians*, would totally disagree with my livid discourse. Alice sentenced to indentured servitude to the witch Baba Yaga as penalty for crimes against magic and The Library; a never-ending sentence.

So, in the real world, is there a John Wick version of Baba Yaga? Yes, there is. Sort of. This Baba Yaga is a witch who racially is a Witch. Evil incarnate, with a wry sense of humor. A total degenerate. At times a swinger. At times a lush. Krack whore. Drunk. Misandrist. Wanton. Her proclivities for debauchery and such are strategically ignored by the Church. She has the same thick, archaic Russian accent as the Niffin, the Duchess Helene Blavatsky. But her voice is crackly as well. She's not the boogeyman. She's the one you send out to kill the fucking Boogeyman. Even, Simon Angel, as crazy and deadly as he is, stays well clear of her. And, that same Duchess Blavatsky deferred to her during their one and only "professional" liaison. She has a name, but no one living knows it. So, for want of a moniker, she's called Baba Yaga. Refers to herself in the third-person plural. This Baba Yaga works in a Church capacity as a LF. She answers only to the Holy See, and for as long as anyone can remember, she has served whomever was The Pope. Although according to the nerd rumor mill: she is the model for the fictional John Wick. Truth versus Geek word-of-mouth, from my mouth to your ear: make-believe John Wick has got nothing on her. She is the real deal, the bee's knees, in spades. John Wick would stand zero chance against her.

There's also enough antidotal evidence to suggest that Baba Yaga has been anonymous for such a very long time, living a seemingly endless series of aliases, that she too has forgotten her real name and her true past.

Someone else besides the nuns is watching Lucy and Tabby go at it, shipboard.

From a dark nook and cranny—literally, the sanctity of the dark cranny of a NOOK, a proverbial wicked witch right out of Halloween—warts, long crooked nose, fright wig hair, etc.—watches the torrid proceedings between the two Nazis with great interest. She is a stereotypical witch, who racially is a Witch.

Old woman. Long, wiry, dirty-looking, grey hair that's liberally streaked with dingy white—straw like, stiff hair. Wrinkled. Warts. Black, hairy warts. Pointed, protruding chin. Prominent chin. Turkey neck. Motley grey skin. Dressed like an older LF, with forbidden deletions—a Mattie Eddington. Hunched. Jagged or missing teeth. Yellow rotting snaggletooth. Foul breath, that bespeaks of cunnilingus and fellatio, and no mouth wash. Poor hygiene. Hook nose. Long dirty finger and toe nails. Gnarled/arthritis hands. Squinted bloodshot eyes, because she's three-sheets-to-the-wind drunk at the moment. Wicked, crazy smile. Long facile tongue, that's well-schooled in the oral pervy. Frumpy, ugly, skinny. Floppy, pendulous tits with stretch marks and stringbean nipples. Male and female genitalia, and she's very well-hung. Strong effluvia in lieu of perfume. A very sour body odor.

And, during those very private/insane moments of hers. Wooden staff—cane—broomstick—wand. Black steeple-crown hat. Prone to eating children—especially toddlers. Warty. Straggly hair. Pointed hat. Carries/flyies a broom. Hovers over cauldron. Ad infinitum.

Witches are enslavers by nature, just like their very close, better-looking relations the Hags. And, enslavement is what is on her mind, right now. Her choice is between Lucy and Tabby. But she can't make up her mind. So, she lets chance decide for her—a very private joke between she and herself.

Witches are also prone to bouts of madness. An all-encompassing lunacy akin to that of a race of Hags known as Furies. Furies, in contrast, are always crazy.

She reaches into her pocket—the pocket where she used to keep her Precious—fingers the two coins within, and blindly picks one of them. Heads—Lucy. Tails—Tabby. By chance, she picks the two-faced coin. As if she's a compulsive-neurotic, she flips the coin anyways. In effect, the coin toss is rigged. Why do it then? Why bother? The answer is quite simple: Why not. If she were the half-sister of gOd, she'd be Loki to gOd's Thor. Of course, she's not gOd's sister. And she's far worse than Loki could ever image to be.

There are the usual inconsistencies that bespeak of something deeper. In a large walkin closet, there's Ella Rue shoes, Vera Wang couture, Victorinox business suits, Rosingly cigarette purses, Lock & Mane unmentionables, various Mixt Studio accessories, and a spattering of edgy fashion offerings from Nasty Gal the perennial of Exurban Hip Hop and all things trendy. Ergo, she does not always look or dress the way she does now.

She is not obsessive/compulsive about her lovers—they come, they go, as they wish. The old biddy's on again/off again “better half,” can attest to that. At the present, they're off again. Hence her need for companionship. She just hates to sleep alone.

Enslavement to her is completely voluntarily. If this new girl wants to: fine. If the new girl doesn't: fine.

Maybe we should sweeten the pot?

She starts to transform. Then decides against it.

The lush will prefer us this way. Baba Yaga need not change.

And So It Begins

A thousand years ago, the Guild of Accountants, Financiers, and Bookkeepers changed its name to the Finance Guild, and promptly filled in the power vacuum created by the then recent demise of the Freemasons and Trilateralists. Many of its senior members become wealthy and powerful just like the Knights Templar. It became so influential a guild that, in spite of all of the guilds that existed at the time, it came to be referred to as The Guild. As ages passed its ambition grew, as is the nature of purely-human institutions.

It expanded, absorbing all of the other guilds, with one notable exception, that being The Guild of Librarians. A shortfall which was rectified when the Librarian Guild merged with The Guild. A merger that proved to be The Guild's undoing. As it had swallowed up so many other Trade Unionist endeavors over the course of time, it too became the main course for its very own meal. Through the agency of the incoming Pope, Pope Ruth, The Library took over The Guild. The same Pope who subsequently negotiated the Truce of the Knights of Templar, bringing back into the fold, the Church's long errant, formerly loyal servants, the Knights Templar. A defection which attracted the attention of Mercantilists, most notably Mrs. Gretchen Corey Carson III.

Post-modernism. Starships, EXOs, and the like, are far-removed from the essence of it all. Back to basics. Cloistered in her NOOK. The Witch has plans for the girl, the expected obsessive-compulsive ones of a real sicko. Fronting an Alice Crabtree, Lucy is a creepy, frumpy cunt, who is not unattractive. Slender, not scrawny, with big tits, and a very flat ass. A hard, pretty face. The girl is sporting a watered-down version of what Baba Yaga craves most. The Witch is a purest. She craves a very different look for the girl she now covets to the extreme. This translates into the following additions, substitutions, and deletions. Geriatric hair: yellow-blond hair that's liberally streaked with dirty-looking white and grey hair. Ruined hair that is worn either yanked up and back into a sternka, or it's let down into messy straight hair, a krazed. A Cousin Itt hairdo that obscures her face. Bouts of madness; an all-encompassing lunacy akin to that of a race of Hags known as Furies, fueled by extended and extensive alcohol and drug binges, during which the swinger devolves into a drunken, hi-mileage, junkie whore. Thicks. Parts. Plaintive makeup. Scrawny, with big tits, and a very flat ass. A girl with those hard, ravaged looks. Resulting in a creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt. The de facto Miss Mildred E Huff.

What would be an acceptable compromise? That version of the very pretty girl hiding in plain sight, which a Mildred Huff doesn't represent, that still fills the bill nonetheless for the deprived witch?

How about an Eleanor Crabtree? An Alice Crabtree, with the following substitutions and additions: thicks, Parts, and a sternka which lets down into strait hair. Resulting in a creepy, attractive, frumpy cunt.

Also, an alter ego defined by bouts of madness; an all-encompassing lunacy akin to that of a race of Hags known as Furies, fueled by extended and extensive alcohol and drug binges, during which the swinger devolves into a drunken, hi-mileage, junkie whore.

Hi-mileage, during these bouts of madness these rages, due to an insanity-ravaged face ruined face, messy straight hair a krazed, makeup that looks it has melted on her ruined face a melt, and

being scrawny, with big tits, and a very flat ass skin-n-bones. Aka, a Linda Laverda Thompson Cousin Itt.

Why is the witch on board? Because she is the LF assigned to this unit of Killjoys. Killjoys train with the vaulted Waffen-SS, and are the closest human equivalent to those infamous, genocidal, supernatural shock troops. Same tactics, same gear, same missions.

The IO this ship is heading for is not the IO of its universe of origin. It is the IO of this far-flung dark universe where the Earth-Minbari War the so-called Vampire War started and the Battle of the Line was fought, the climatic battle which ended the war. Coincidentally, the witch is a veteran of The Earth-Minbari War and the Battle of the Line.

Many humans believe that the contemporary Minbari of this universe are the result of the assimilation, by Vampires distant eons ago, of the indigenous humanoid population of the planet Minbar. A belief founded on their appearance and their advanced stealth technology. Of course, there is no way to confirm or deny this belief. Many so-called Vampire "sightings," but none of them verified. No official record of a Vampire being captured and studied, therefore no way to compare the appearance and DNA of a Vampire with a Minbari. Additionally, Vampire things are said to be the artifacts of Vampire creatures, but no definitive proof. The Vampire remains a mythical creature, shrouded in mystery, who is the fodder for much speculation.

Things that go bump in the night

Long, silky, yellow-blond hair, let down into dead straight hair leftside parted—tote glatte haare linksseitig geteilt—that severe dowdy hairdo—a nielsen. Eyeglasses and Parts, more often than not. The nielsen, by its lonesome, turns her Alice Crabtree into a Kirstjen Nielsen. No eyeglasses and the girl isn't strapping, maybe her next Kirstjen Nielsen she will be. Tabby is still doing a Mattie Eddington. They disembark at Gate Nine of the main passenger terminal. As if it's a docking cruise liner, their Nightflyer transportation stays put.

The spaceport is busy and massive. For the only destination for trillions of parsecs: Titans. The second largest library branch in known Creation. Scholars from all over the multiverse come here to study and do research. Different races. Different attire. EXOs are the predominant wear, though.

In plain sight, kept well off to itself, in strict quarantine, is the Ecclesiastical Alliance Starship, EAS: Jonathan Harker. A ravaged, sixty-year-old derelict that was towed into port by Hercules a Coast Guard cutter, a month ago. Security for the Second Academic District is rotational. This cycle, it's the Templar's turn at bat. The Knights are keeping a tight lid on the derelict, but rumors are rampant.

From the presumed safety of her NOOK, the lecherous witch watches and waits. Carving the girl more with the passing of time. She could care less about the derelict.

Sitting on a coffee table in the old witch's Nook, is quite the depraved outfit. All of it parasitic. None of it with a hygiene mode. Hand-bra. Crop-top made from an A-shirt fashioned from uncured human skin, a so-called cannibal skin wearable. Black fishnet tights. Eelz. Thicks. Parts. As if it is animate and self-aware, the fishnets get off of the table.

Gravity defying—just standing there all by its lonesome. Filled out, just like it is being worn by an invisible person who's frozen in place. If the girl were wearing it, coverage would include her from the waist down, while somehow enforcing a wasp waist even though her torso would be exposed.

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 the LITE, against the small of the back of the filled-out “empty” half-body stocking, is something that resembles a small biomechanical spider. That something is a die glocke. One specifically designed to wantonly exploit the girl's Borg to the extreme of robotic depravity.

Once active and situated in place, this extensively-modified die glocke will transform the girl into something feral and depraved, and thus more to the witch's liking. Reduced to a mindless, sexually-insatiable submissive. An automaton with no free will, whatsoever.

Geriatric hair: yellow-blond hair that's liberally streaked with dingy grey and white. Ruined hair that is worn let down into messy straight hair, a krazed. A Cousin Itt hairdo that will obscure her face. Bouts of madness; an all-encompassing lunacy akin to that of a race of Hags known as Furies, fueled by extended and extensive alcohol and drug binges, during which the swinger devolves into a drunken, hi-mileage, junkie whore. A special parasitic, highly corrosive, narcotic,

plaintive makeup, that will melt on her face upon its application disfiguring her, a melt. Scrawny, with big tits, and a very flat ass. A lunatic girl with those hard, ravaged looks. Resulting in a creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt. The de facto Gollum in the vein of Ester Serkis in *The Lord of the Rings* movies and novels.

The girl's look resets to standard, much to the witch's chagrin. Becoming that 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. There's also "friends with benefits," FWB. A heretofore rarely-seen version of her standard. In a word: creepy.

As such: sternka, thicks, perls, prudz, Koo, careys, satin corselette, and rubber panties, and a matching satin half-slip. Bolshoi-bare, of course. Well-hung—big Parts, for this outing—a lot of junk shoved in the crotch of her latex knickers, in heed of the proverbial screaming of the girl's nethers to always be strapped and well-hung. Parts, gloves, and slip are optional, of course. Eyeglasses are required, either thicks or thins. With thins, she prefers to wear her hair let down into a Grune. With thicks, she prefers her hair yanked back and up into a sternka. The pervs aren't the only ones who give her a long second look, when she's sporting this creepy version of her standard.

Same husky, sexy voice, but no accent—Lucy's real voice. A deep voice, for a woman. That hoarse, raspy, feminine baritone, à la B-movie actress/director Samantha "Sam" Phillips or singer-songwriter Kim Carnes of "Bettie Davis Eyes" fame.

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 this frumpy cunt be so bland and unattractive, and yet be so attractive? Hers is a hard, pretty face marred by the hairdo, eyeglasses, and bland expression she's wearing, and a young, smoking-hot body that's deliciously poured into an equally-bland, yet revealing outfit. The result is a well-endowed grown woman, with shot looks, 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*.

How can she be such a creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt, and yet be so attractive? Exercising the thicks option insures that she's frumpy and looks creepy. Wearing thins translates into her being frumpy, but not looking too creepy. Either way, she's a very attractive perversion. A very pretty girl, hiding in plain sight, underneath all of that dowdiness, with a killer body molding that dowdy, form-fitting skirt-suit of hers. Craving thicks, sternka, and Parts, and "needing" a large

“chunk” bulging in her panties, twisted proclivities that confirm she is creepy, whether she looks creepy or not.

Thicks, bland expression, and sternka, mar an otherwise beautiful face. They render her face very unattractive. A disfigurement she appears to crave, as if she suffers from the extreme, Dr. Wendy Carr version of BDD. Thicks disfigure much worse than sternns, and for that reason are also known, especially in the librarian and hardcore fetish BDD communities, as sternns-2. In other words, all by its lonesome, wearing thicks equates to a very fucked-up face. Of course, hers is a worst-case scenario where she’s also wearing a sternka and a very bland expression, a blasé, that’s so severe and indifferent its robotic.

Her bland is a contradiction in terms: a frump with a fucked-up face and a smoking-hot body. It is a drab that comes off as an affectation of being haughty. FWB guarantees that her blandness has everything to do with her being aloof with, disdainful of, and supercilious with, her lessers, and deferential to her betters to the point of being obsessive-compulsive about it. The very same can be said of Niffin.

This thicks-sternka-blasé combo amplifies the girl’s bland. Intensifying her drab to suffocating levels. For all intents and purposes, you can, and will, forget that this in fact is a very beautiful girl with the hard, pretty face of a 1950s movie starlet. Her looks are gone. Very Niffinish. Very BDD. This is the girl’s preference, which is profoundly disturbing and very sick. Is she a BDD devotee?

Bottomline. This creepy, uber-drab version of the girl’s standard is not completely off-putting to the witch. Much of it is quite appealing to the old, ugly biddy. The most attractive aspect of which is that although the girl is still very attractive, from the neck down. From the neck up, the girl is clearly no competition in the looks department, let alone upstaging, in comparison to the witch. Additionally, sickos like the witch actually prefer girls with hot bodies and fucked-up faces. *Punish the pretty girls, for me being so ugly*. In this case, akin to a masochist, that very pretty girl prefers to be punished severely this way—punished in the worst possible fashion that any beautiful woman can be punished—and that is by sporting fucked-up looks. A punishment, willfully and willingly self-inflicted, which stems from very depraved needs.

More and more the girl experiments with self-flagellation and the cilice. A device used by Catholic penitents and ascetics, a cilice /'silis/, also known as a sackcloth, was originally a garment or undergarment made of coarse cloth or animal hair (a hair shirt) worn close to the skin. It is used by members of various Christian traditions—including some communicants of the Anglican, Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, and Scottish Presbyterian Churches—as a self-imposed means of repentance and mortification of the flesh; it is often worn during the Christian penitential season of Lent, especially on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and other Fridays of the Lenten season.

Cilices were originally made from sackcloth or coarse animal hair so they would irritate the skin. Other features were added to make cilices more uncomfortable, such as thin wires or twigs. In modern religious circles, cilices are simply any device worn for the same purposes.

Known also as a barbwire garter, the cilice Lucy uses is a small, light, metal chain with little barbed prongs which can be worn around the thigh. When in use, it lengthens into something far more invasive with much greater girth and length, and its barbs become flesh-rending meat hooks. Corporal mortification. 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. Witches use the same type of cilice for the very same reasons. One encircles each thigh of Baba Yaga, constricting, ripping into the witch’s flesh.

More and more the girl is also experimenting with auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA): the practice of cutting off the blood supply to the brain through self-applied suffocation methods while masturbating. Among devotees, it’s known as “choking the chicken.” Lucy can, and does, indulge it to the point of committing suicide, dying over and over again, while achieving the ultimate orgasm.

While remotely-controlling her cilice, the girl can flog herself into oblivion, literally shredding her back—turning unmarked, lily-white flesh into raw hamburger—while choking her chicken. Again, another Witch practice of the girl, which Baba Yaga also indulges to the extreme. As a rule, Witches are very strict Catholics, refusing to recognize any of the Vatican Reforms.

Depravity underneath banality. Psychologically, the girl is becoming more and more Witch, with the passing of time. For her, her drug, parasite, and alcohol abuse, and her getting “dirty,” have become mere steppingstones to this, that very sick stuff which shrieking nightmares are made of.

The Rachel - A Dark 'do that isn't just for Darque girls

“So I want it kind of rough and ready but like really shiny and smooth and kind of chin length but shoulder-draping lengthy and like straight but a bit curly and a crass golden blonde. Wait a minute let me get my *People Magazine* out!”

That was the conversation held in thousands of hair salons in the mid-1990s as women everywhere throughout the multiverse tried to describe a bouncy, shoulder-draping, square-layered hairstyle the “Rachel Cut” aka The Rachel named after and inspired by Rachel Green the Jewish character, a rabbi, played by actress Jennifer Aniston in the sitcom *Friends* which was then at the peak of its popularity. This definitive '90s hairstyle is a shoulder-draping, sleek, and layered style with a grown-out fringe. Its implicit center part and cosmetically-smooth front hairline prevent the hairdo from obscuring the wearer's face. So, paradoxically. Sans bangs, the woman's forehead is left exposed. It was the most popular hair fashion fad of the '90s and the envy of all women human and inhuman. It also inspired many a “just got out of bed” hair product, for example one of the originals *Tigi Bed Head*.

Alas. Too bad, so sad. Fashion icons come and go—fads transition into fashion faux pas. This once definitive hairdo is no longer considered hip. These days, the Rachel is seen as just another dowdy outdated mop hairdo. Hence its contemporary moniker: mopp. Worse: in post-modern parlance, a mopp is as old fogey as strait hair. Hair worn let down into straight, shoulder-draping tresses, nothing more and nothing less. Not even worth a Victoria's/Victor's Secret moment in *Vogue* magazine or *Cosmopolitan*. Yawn.

A caricature of femininity

According to some old Nazi. There are many far-flung duty stations, but this is absolutely the mostest. The real frontier where you'd best never tire of the challenge, least you'll get ground up like chuck.

Stay creepy and bland, hardlooking and pretty too. The strident option. Thins, not thicks, this time. Strait hair (dead-straight hair, center-parted) yanked up and back into a sternka, or let down, either way a hairdo that's not very flattering. Hair let down, this outing. No Parts, this time, in spite of the shrieking of her loins. Frumpy and FWB, of course. A stridency which can easily be mistaken for being studious. Shades of Radical Socialist Feminist and Freshman US Senator Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, AOC. This stalker format comes off as psychopathic, obsessive compulsive, somewhat-BDD divorcee-stalker.

Lucy's stalker reverts to her strident standard, before she and Tabby exit the terminal building. Tabby's format never changes. As they exit the terminal, Lucy's strait hair gives way to a Grune and her eyeglasses get pursed: shades of, the very hardlooking and not the least bit pretty, Presidential Counselor, Kellyanne Conway. Lucy, of course, is very hardlooking and very pretty: shades of a 1950s Hollywood Movie Starlet. This is the severe, Kellyanne variation of her strident. In other words, creepy and bland, hardlooking and pretty, which, if you exclude the pretty part, exactly describes Kellyanne Conway.

Stridency encapsulating a smoldering-hot divorcee-stalker—lots of makeup and tons of hair, that gravelly voice retained, Grune, no eyeglasses. Still bland. Still creepy. This stalker format comes off as sociopathic, obsessive compulsive, narcissist divorcee-stalker.

As they leisurely walk past the Deutsche Bank and Capital One bank branches, the two girls switch to sporting their respective EXOs. Aggressive Nazi posturing, that's borderline illegal, to say the least.

The activated die glocke of their EXO affixed to the back of their neck, but not dictating the brain function of a Thinking Machine. Since their last firmware update, their appearance is that of a biomechanical centipede and their dictation of robotic behavior has been prohibited. It is a prohibition that can be overridden only by special executive order of the wearer. Even in the case of Borg like Lucy, the mere "whim" of a Borg Queen cannot override said prohibition.

In the style of Brie Larson's Captain Marvel, Lucy is now sporting a mopp. Of course, the crotch of her EXO skillfully conceals the fact that she's strapping, again. But she chooses to walk with the lisp walk in the severe, "masculine" fashion of a woman who is strapping and is well-hung. This, gender-bending she-male "stuff," is completely out-of-line with Brie Larson's Captain Marvel. Needless to say, wearing Parts makes Lucy feel whole, again. It is a transient wholeness. She goes back to being no longer strapping and not walking with a lisp, and thus feeling incomplete, again. This distraction proves to be transient also, as they're about go around the corner to the keep of the six-person Nazi garrison to meet up with Gabby. The garrison is composed entirely of members of the vaulted Hebräisch Afrika Korps (Hebrew Africa Corps), and their commander is a Rabbi and an old friend of The Baroness. Their unit motto is just as forbidding as they are, "Despair. They're here. The Hebrews are among us.."

As if in response to their nearing their arrival at their destination, and as if her attire are features, the girl's look reboots to civilian again, and becomes a Lizz Sadler. Careys, prudz, and Koo in place of her VIKI. No eyeglasses. No Parts, for now. Mopp. Bolshoi-bare. The same layered underwear. No thicks-sternka-blasé combo, though still blasé. Knobb. Klaw, when idle. Etc. Her Lizz Sadler goes bye-bye as her mopp gives way to strait hair. She's that very pretty girl, the one with the very hard, very pretty face, who's nonetheless a very frumpy cunt, thanks to her dowdy hairdo and clothes. Hidden by bouffant rivers of crass unbecoming dead-straight yellow-blond tresses, the activated die glocke of her EXO is still affixed to the back of her neck.

As they come into sight of the garrison's sentries, it would appear that Lucy is Tabby's date, instead of her comrade-in-arms. Tabby's body English supports this deception, and so does Lucy's. The guards were told to expect a visiting Trooper, who would not be alone. And that's what the guards are presented: Power Rangers have to go on special mission but one of them, Slutty Power Ranger (Sally Erana Martin), tries lesbian sex with buxom robot assistant, Seven-of-Nine.

Seemingly stepping out of nowhere, Baba Yaga exits her NOOK, wearing a ruined, filthy Kaye, and not much else. A barbwire garter encircles and viciously tortures each of her thighs. She's easily mistaken for a junkie baglady prostitute, and for all intents and purposes, she is. This was the other visitor that the guards were instructed by their commander to expect.

Upon seeing the old Witch, the wanton sexually-flexible Lucy is instantly smitten with her. Baba Yaga walks with the exaggerated lisp of a woman who is very well-hung, hung like a horse. And, she is just that, hung like a horse. Her body English says that she craves the girl.

Baba Yaga becomes clean and pristine. Now dressed just like Lucy, with a Kaye in place of a Koo, and flats in place of careys. Yellow-blond moe. Her pretense becomes that of a fifty-something Barbara Eden, the epitome of wholesomeness at the Doris Day level—a dead ringer for Czarina Alexandra Feodorovna (Alix of Hesse). A bigger, matronly chest. No lipping gait. No male parts. Easily mistaken for well-heeled royalty. She acts like England's beloved and revered Queen Elizabeth II. BY is still wearing those flesh-rending barbwire garters. Having abandoned dirty and come hither, altogether. The dyke tease has decided to play hard-to-get, after all. In this pseudonym, BY calls herself Kathy, Kathryn Sharon Tyus aka Kathryn K Chinn.

The two battle-hardened sentries share in a big belly laugh, as they realize that they have been hoodwinked. Lucy and Tabby are the pair, and the witch is the joker in the deck.

As the spouse of Nicholas II, the last ruler of the Russian Empire, Alexandra Feodorovna was Empress of Russia from their marriage on 26 November 1894 until his forced abdication on 15 March 1917. Originally Princess Alix of Hesse and by Rhine at birth, she was given the name and patronymic Alexandra Feodorovna upon being received into the Russian Orthodox Church. At the age of fifty, she was supposedly killed along with her immediate family while in Bolshevik captivity in 1918, and was canonized in 2000 as Saint Alexandra the Passion Bearer. Her body was never found.

A granddaughter of Queen Victoria of the United Kingdom, Alexandra was, like her grandmother, one of the most famous royal carriers of the hemophilia disease. Her reputation for encouraging her husband's resistance to the surrender of autocratic authority and her known faith in the Russian mystic Grigori Rasputin severely damaged her popularity and that of the Romanov monarchy in its final years.

There is a vibe coming from Kathy. And, Lucy complies in spades, thus the beautiful, younger, younger-looking woman becomes willingly and willfully the less attractive of the two of them. As such, stridency returns, with a vengeance—utmost bland, etc. She goes Miss Mildred E Huff.

This time, thicks, not thins. This time, strait hair worn in a sternka. This time, she walks with the lisp of a woman who is strapping and is well-hung, because she is well-hung and strapping.

And, it's not just when BY goes Kathy. This is how the witch wants Lucy to look, this most unattractive version, whenever the girl is in her presence. This spinster-stalker format comes off as psychopathic, obsessive compulsive, full-blown-BDD divorcee-stalker. In other words, as aforementioned, this latest version of that epitome of blandness, a Miss Mildred E Huff. A very pretty girl, hiding, of her very own volition, in very plain sight. That same sexy raspy baritone voice. Not the expected Jersey accent of a Ms. Karen M Digney, but an archaic Prussian accent.

Bolshoi-bare, not plaintive makeup. Not geriatric hair. Long, silky, dead-straight, yellow-blond hair, worn dowdy, in a severe hairdo. Still, those dark, smoldering looks. But those ravishing looks are now completely concealed underneath the thick, disfiguring layers of blandness, that her sternka and thicks represent—resulting in a fucked-up face. It gets worse, though. Strait hair, whether it's let down or yanked up-and-back into a sternka, is as unbecoming as a very bad wig, the stereotypical “old lady” wig—a wigg. All of which resulting in ravaged looks on a bleach blonde, who is a natural blonde.

BY 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.

Symbolic of just how far the girl is taking this utter madness, is that, well-hidden by her miniskirt and half-slip, a torturous barbwire garter encircles each thigh. This too is now part of her Miss Mildred E Huff.

Lucy has gone well beyond sexually flexible. The girl is completely and utterly depraved. A depravity that she craves to wallow in, twenty-four-seven.

The ultimate alcoholic, hi-mileage, junkie whore. The personification of two-legged torture porn. Shit for a face. And, from the neck down, a smoking-hot body draped in suffocating dowdiness. Slender, leggy, buxom, flat butt pancakes, etc. A disfigured version of a Las Vegas Showgirl.

It gets worse. Deranged. A raving lunatic, who goes completely bonkers—gnashing teeth, foaming at the mouth, etc.—when it's a full moon. A crazy, White, blue-eyed, blonde Whoppi Goldberg. In other words, a Whoppi Goldberg on steroids. Absolutely crazy. Absolute craziness.

And, the worst of it. Because of this format's full-blown BDD, Lucy forgets that she is in fact a ravishing beauty underneath all of this unbecoming dowdiness—frumpy unattractive layer upon frumpy unattractive layer. Giving herself the once over, means never getting past her own plaintive hairdo, disfiguring glasses, and frumpy outfit. 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. The girl 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.

“Does Goddess say we attack?!”

“No! Goddess says We must be patient. We must wait, for now, watch and wait.”

“I want the ugly girl, when the time does come!”

“Duly noted.”

“She’s mine! And, I will keep close watch on her! I’m the one who will drink her sweet blood and rend the tender, lily-white flesh from her bones, consuming her wholesale!”

Therefore. No primal screams. The sentries are not ripped to shreds. Kathy, Tabby, and Lucy do not have to square off against swarms of unseen, undetectable attackers.

Momentarily, the girl’s look resets to creepy-but-pretty. That being an Alice Quinn fused with bits and pieces of a Sarah Palin, an AOC, and an Elin Nordegren, with dashes of Miss Prudence “Plan” B thrown in for good measure. FWB, of course. Thins. Strait hair. No Parts. No lisp. No barbwire garters. That same sexy raspy baritone voice, but with that ugly Old Prussian accent.

The moment passes. Lucy reboots. Miss Huff replaces Alice Quinn. There’s bleed-through, of course—e.g., an Alice Quinn with Parts, lisping gait, barbwire garters, and full-blown BDD. That line between the two formats blurred to insignificance. They are two sides of the same coin—in psychological terms: a dichotomy. This Ms. Quinn is a not quite as creepy, somewhat less bland version, of this Miss Huff. The big difference is that as Ms. Quinn, Lucy is pretty, albeit a pretty girl who’s creepy and bland, and as Miss Huff, Lucy is that creepy, bland, ugly girl. Either way, if you’re horny and/or drunk enough and/or are a perv, you’ll get the itch to fuck this frumpy cunt, because she’s built.

Translation? Either as the learned Miss Huff or the studious Ms. Quinn, she is this frumpy cunt, very fucked up looking version of June “The Bosom” Wilkinson. The stereotypical spinster librarian that is so perversely portrayed in those niche fetish publications. This bifurcation, June Wilkinson’s stage persona in wanker mags.

To reiterate. Designations being fluid. All bets are off. This duality of hers, which for all intents and purposes, is an Alice Quinn/Mildred Huff merger with substitutions. The notables for this Alice Quinn: thicks or thins, careys or flats, that deep raspy Prussian-accented voice, Parts (optional), lisping gait (when wearing Parts), barbwire garters (optional), strait yellow-blonde hair worn let down, Bolshoi-bare or plaintive makeup, and that full-blown, Dr. Wendy Carr flavor of ultra-extreme BDD (optional). The notables for this Mildred Huff: thicks, flats, that deep raspy Prussian-accented voice, Parts, lisping gait, barbwire garters, strait geriatric blonde hair (yellow-blonde hair liberally-streaked with shades of grey and white) yanked up and back into a sternka, heavy looks-ravaging plaintive makeup, and that full-blown, Dr. Wendy Carr flavor of ultra-extreme BDD. Either way: unflattering eyeglasses, severe dowdy hairdo, perls, staid Koo, prudz, restrictive white satin (6 suspenders) corselette, binding hi-waist skin-color thong, and that deep for a woman, hoarse, Prussian-accented, dominatrix voice. All the prev checkboxes, checked. And. Pancakes flat “White chick” no-butt butt, buxom, blonde, blue-eyed, leggy, Gal Gadot slender not the least bit scrawny, hardlooking, haughty, and a large ugly cruel mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s intent, and, last but not least, a flawless, lily-white complexion—the stereotypical Las Vegas Showgirl. All the smoking-hot checkboxes, checked. Plus, a dominatrix personified, who can effortlessly shift into submissive mode and just as easily sink while on binges to the depths of depravity that define what it means to be an alcoholic/drunken hi-mileage-divorcee junkie whore.

In the movie *Nightcrawler*. Rene Marie Russo, award-winning actress. Severe. Creepy. The blonde bombshell who portrayed news director Nina Romina of the fictitious Channel Two News. In the movie, as she does in real-life, sometimes Miss Huff, and sometimes Ms. Quinn.

Then, from the point of view of The Creatures, the unthinkable happens. Not one, but two, asynchronous events occur, of mammoth proportions.

First. In unison, the activated die glocke affixed to the back of the neck of Tabby and Lucy falls off and disintegrates in mid-air. Kathy, Tabby, and Lucy turn around, smiling from ear to ear, and look in the direction of The Creatures.

Second. The two sentries sport the same, shit-eating grin, and they too look in the direction of The Creatures.

Both Kathy and Tabby are gods. Abominations and aberrations are equivalent in their supernatural prowess to gods, and Lucy is an abomination. All members of the Hebrew Africa Corps are gods, Jewish gods, African Jewish gods, very old ancient African Jewish gods!

That which they all saw from the git-go and chose to ignore, they now choose to notice, with great amusement? In the presence of gods, The Creatures are not unseen? Why hath their Goddess forsaken them?

This collective moment of sheer panic dissipates, for the Creatures, as quickly and completely as it came, as all is explained. The Baroness and Gabby walk right past the Creatures, oblivious to them. Lucy and Tabby wave at the new arrivals. Likewise, the sentries acknowledge the Baroness and Gabby with the appropriate clicking of boot heels and the infamous Nazi salute.

The Creatures chide themselves for being so preoccupied with what was in front of them, that they neglected to notice what was coming up from behind. They will punish themselves later for their lapse of faith in their goddess, The Goddess.

And so, begins the deadliest dance in the history of Creation, since Lucifer and his Legions tried to overthrow God et al. and take over Paradise? Maybe. Maybe not. Only time will tell.

Tellingly. Underneath Lucy's hair. An activated die glocke manifests itself attached to the back of her neck. Momentarily, Lucy hears a strange, new voice in her head, beckoning seductively. A voice that addresses Lucy by her Borg designation.

"Seven. We are the Brainiac Nine. Wander aimlessly, no more, as a ronin. Be our Seven-of-Nine"

For that briefest of moments, Lucy becomes that cyborg's avatar, and, thus, from the point-of-view of this infamous remote caller, Lucy ceases to exist, becoming mindless robotic Borg drone Seven, Seven-of-Nine. Once Borg. Always Borg. Slavery is freedom. Mindlessness is bliss. Flesh is Metal.

Beware. Irrespective of Brainiac's "perception." Lucy never ceases to exist one iota, nor does she ever become mindless, during any part of their "conversation."

Combat 18 – Violence is, as violence does

A violent neo-Nazi organization associated with Blood and Honor. It originated in the United Kingdom, but has since spread to other countries. Members of Combat 18 have been suspected in numerous deaths of immigrants, non-whites, and other C18 members. The *18* in its name is derived from the initials of Adolf Hitler: A and H are the first and eighth letters of the Latin alphabet. Combat 18 members are barred from joining the British Prison Service and police.

The *Sweet Science* is a moniker associated with Boxing, and for good reason. It's just as often associated with another combat "sport." Apex predator vs. apex predator. A conflict most sweet when it's the first time that these two foes have ever fought each other. Neither having scouted out the other, beforehand. There can only be one winner, and a draw is not on the table in any way, shape, or form.

While her elders converse on the matter at hand, Lucy is left to her own devices. She decides to tinker with her Ms. Karen M Digney. The diversion she comes up with satiates, for the foreseeable future, all of her current perversions. This Karen Digney is her two-faced Alice Quinn/Mildred Huff merger taken to its logical conclusion. It's an expression of just how broken she can be when she really puts her mind to it.

Externally. This Karen Digney is this Alice Quinn, but with a Grune in place of "regular" strait hair, and that cultured New Jersey accent in place of a Danish, Copenhagen one.

Internally. It's her full-blown standard. Therefore, Bolshoi-bare makeup, no lisp, no Parts, no barbwire garters, no BDD Carr's or otherwise, and no mangled voice—her "real" voice, but with that Jersey accent. So, fiendishly "human" of her, don't you think?

If Lucy were wearing wurms in place of careys, this Karen would be the trademark format, the preferred standard, of infamous fifty-something Nazi molecular biologist and alleged serial rapist Professor Suzanne "Suzi, The Nurse" Eaton. Born and raised in New Jersey, Ms. Eaton Ph.D., a Crone, is a Noble Prize winner, who invented the DSC technology. The non-military offshoot of Disposable Synthetic Combats units are the Disposable Synthetic Sex toys used extensively in legal SNUFF films. It's said that DSS are also very popular with rapists and other likeminded pervs.

Wurms are skin-color shoes, so-called "nude" shoes. Footwear chameleons, they change color to match the skin tone of their wearer. Just like Lucy's hi-rise knickers do. With the exception of their "active" hue, wurms look just like careys. High-heels of any hue add sexy, to her format's bland and creepy. Sexy and very Gestapo. And. There's something downright indecent about nude shoes, akin to nude underwear (e.g., her knickers). Plus, what's underneath her severe skirt-suit: the sight of a leggy well-endowed white woman, wearing a vintage white corseletten with 6 suspenders while wearing nude knickers and high-heels, is just to die for. Ah, yes. Those naughty bits. Yes, so fiendishly human of her, indeed.

With the advent of this Karen Digney. When she reverts to either this Alice Quinn or Mildred Huff.

For this Alice Quinn re-imagined as a Noom Danish actress Olivia Taylor Dudley: no deep, raspy voice—her “real” voice in place of that mangled voice—her “real” voice but with that Danish, Copenhagen accent and a mopp in place of strait hair.

And, for this Mildred Huff who is Noom Swedish actress Jeri Ryan re-imagined as a frumpy cunt: still that mangled voice with that Old Prussian accent, still that heavy looks-ravaging plaintive makeup rendering her face not the least bit pretty, and that unbecoming geriatric blonde strait hair worn in a sternka. Star Trek: Voyager’s Seven-of-Nine, Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One—Seven re-imagined as dowdy Mildred Huff, a format that Brainiac Nine will exploit. It is this Mildred Huff that will, from now on, usually preface/suffix her drunken drug-fueled binges. A Noom consensus is just around the corner, for this Nordic beauty.

Species: Homo Resurrectus Niffinitus (metaphysically, a Niffin trapped in a human body)—a semi-supernatural “human” species. These so-called half-Niffin are colloquially known as Noom. Noom can perform magic at an extremely high level, just not at the Niffin level of course, but magic cannot be used against them. Magic cannot be used against Niffin or Giants, either.

With the advent of this Karen Digney. During those binges. Lucy will sport a yellow-blond crazed instead of a geriatric-blond crazed. As such, she degenerates into a crazed ravaged-looking drunken junkie whore, with limp stringy unkept hair, craving to be used any way imaginable for money or for free, is sadomasochistic, a clinical dominant-submissive, obsessive compulsive, suffers from full-blown-BDD, and has psychopathic tendencies with dominatrix overtones. Plaintive makeup ravaged face—that’s not the least bit pretty—those very high mileage, bitter, divorcee looks. Scrawny, not slender, but still with huge tits. But, they’re “Kate Upton” titties. Ergo, they’re big doggy tits—big, sloppy, floppy, pendulous tits. Limp stringy unkept yellow blond hair—a blond crazed. In other words, a depraved, evil-ass bitch, who is really fucked up. Eventually, after the binge is over and the post-binge Mildred that usually follows, she restores back to her “normal” beautiful appearance.

It is Lucy, fronting this creepy, bland, “ugly” Alice, who saunters into the Mansion House, a posh off-the-grid hotel, with a deceptive rundown exterior, that’s a favorite Beatnik hangout for graduate students and scholars, has an opium den in the basement, a five-star restaurant the Dixie Pig on the first floor, and it also houses a portal into Mid-World. The proprietress is a scrawny muscular Furie with a Harpy’s face. Her name is Walter, Lady Walter Greystoke. Back in the day, she was pro-wrestler Luna Vachon.

Walter wears a Kaye, flats, plaintive makeup, thicks, barbwire garters, perls, prudz, and nothing else. Being a flavor of Hag, she is a she-male and well hung, and walks with a lisp. Expectedly, being a Furie, she also sports a geriatric strait hair (shades of grey, liberally streaked with hues of white) which reverts to a geriatric crazed when she climaxes.

This Alice with the unbecoming Mildred Huff substitutions, aka a Jenifer is per Walter’s dictate. As such, the girl sports plaintive makeup, barbwire garters, Parts with accompanying lisp, thicks, and strait yellow-blond hair worn let down, and she’s inflicted with that most vile flavor of BDD. Heavy, plain, pancake makeup, aside—disfiguring makeup that renders her face not the least bit pretty. The thicks, by their lonesome, ensure that Lucy’s looks will never upstage Walter’s, but she still has that smoking-hot body of hers. Lucy makes a beeline for the front desk. Walter is manning the desk.

Splitting very thin hairs. Ruined face, coupled with she-male sexuality. The only differences between this Huffish Alice Quin aka Jenifer and a Mildred Huff are voice, hairdo mopp vs. sternka and shoes high-heels vs. flats.

“I’ve heard that you’ve been plagued with some unexplained disappearances, of late?”

“You’ve heard, correctly.”

“How many?”

“Two. Both were regulars. Both were humans. A graduate student and a research librarian.”

“Were they both staying here on sabbatical?”

“The student was. The Librarian was working.”

“What do the police think?”

“They don’t.”

“And you?”

“I’m just as clueless.”

“Should we get high, drunk, and fuck first, and then look into the matter at hand?”

“Now, that’s a plan.”

“Then, we’re agreed.”

“One more thing.”

“Yes?”

“Who said: ‘My girl - well she’s kind of an ugly girl. But, that’s O.K. I like ugly girls. Because pretty girls can do anything, but ugly girls have to do everything.’”

“John Birks ‘Dizzy’ Gillespie.”

“Want to prove Dizzy wrong about pretty girls not having to do everything? I’m in one of those rare moods where I prefer pretty girls who upstage my looks.”

That’s when Lucy’s Alice goes pretty. Thins, no Parts and thus no lisp, no barbwire garters, the silky shoulder-draping tresses of a dowdy outdated yellow-blonde mop hairdo a mopp, Bolshoi-bare, and no BDD whatsoever. The pretty, super-sexy girl hiding in plain sight who has to do everything.

“Ugly girl/pretty girl binge.”

“Touché.”

Welcome to Wherever You Are

In the movie *Dark Tower*, some of bad guys, “wear” human skins. Who are they?

There are several villains who work for Walter, the Woman in Grey. The most prominent of which are a group of rat-faced humanoid creatures who skinwalk to disguise themselves in our world. These are the Can-toi, a hybrid race descended from the mating of humans with the Taheen. The Taheen are another race of Mid-World humanoid creatures with animal heads. The film has these Can-toi hanging out at the Dixie Pig, a restaurant in New York City that also houses a portal into Mid-World. In the books, the Dixie Pig is also a frequent hang-out spot for vampires, although those particular creatures of the night don’t pop up in the film.

There is that inevitability, though. Careys as the footwear for this Alice gone pretty of hers. A buxom blonde, with flawless gams, stems of breathtaking lily-white flesh, wearing black high-heels, is just to die for, no matter how frumpy she is and how ravaged her face might be.

Gloating over her latest acquisition. The lecherous Walter is quite the female enabler, easily on par with Brooklyn-born financier Baron Jeffrey Epstein’s British confidante Ghislaine Maxwell.

Depravity personified.

“So, what’s their story?”

Lucy points at the five Druids who have just strolled into the lobby. One of them, who is obviously female, is just as obviously their leader.

“It’s not polite to point.”

“Okay. What’s their story?”

“Much better.”

“And?”

“They come here same time every year.”

“Some kind of cult? The arcane markings on their wrappings are not known to me.”

“I don’t know their business. They call themselves Cthulhu Carafe. Keep to themselves. Respect the house rules. And pay their bills in full on time.”

“A carafe is a wine decanter, isn’t it? And if this Cthulhu fella or chick is some kind of god to them. That means that they fancy themselves some kind of wine decanters for the god Cthulhu.” asks Lucy, between snickers. She’s still fronting that pretty Alice from last night. For some unexplained reason, Lucy is in a humdinger of an intolerant, racist Nazi mood.

Walter is working the desk. The regular day clerk is late.

“I’m sure it’s the result of something lost or mangled in the translation from their native language into ours.”

“Except for the white hoodie and the aforementioned markings. They kit just like other Druids, I’ve seen.”

When they're on an away, the warrior-clerics of the Druid Federation, wear 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.

"We had another party of Druids in here, once. They never mixed with the Carafe. And."

"Yes?"

"They never returned."

"Did any of the Carafe visits coincide with your disappearances?"

"One of them, but not the other."

"Which one?"

"The second one."

"How long have they been coming here?"

"They've been coming here for decades."

"Ever see one without their disguise?"

"Nope."

"Do they eat in the restaurant?"

"No."

"What does the cleaning service say about them?"

"They rent a suite, always the same one. In fact, it's on recurring reservation. Maid service is suspended for their digs, during the duration of their stay. When they leave, it looks like their rooms were never stayed in."

"Forensics? And don't bother to claim you're not that nosey."

“None. Not a single speck.”

The Madness

Although there are dozens of them scattered across the Quad. A Doom's Day weapon first used 1000-years-ago by the Druids during the "60-minute" War. It's called MEDUSA. In the category of god-killing WMDs. If Series-3 phase weapons are scalpels. Then the Quantum Energy Weapon, created by Mortal Engines Inc., known as MEDUSA is a sledgehammer. This quantum weapon creates an artificial black hole like effect. Able to destroy entire cities and punch holes in a planet's crust. Ostensibly designed to destroy planet-swarming Herds of The Dead, it's just as effective when used against legions of White Walkers. Once the firing sequence for a MEDUSA is initiated, it can only be aborted by inserting a crash drive into the USB port of its self-contained computer core.

Of note: Mortal Engines Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Maggie LLC, a joint partnership between The Boeing Company, The Nazi Party Ltd., and the United States Army.

Lucy, still fronting Pretty Alice, studies the mutilated corpse stretched out on the slab in the hotel's makeshift morgue.

The dirty, dead girl was human. Her name was Nancy Drew, an apprentice in the trades looking for kicks in all the wrong places. She's wearing a torpedo bra that used to be white ages ago, pearls, Parts with no hygiene mode, and barbwire garters. Filthy and smelly. Teeth so filthy, they look rotten. Honey blonde hair worn in an unkept face-draping hairdo. Long, ragged, dirty finger and toe nails. Slender. Sexy. In death, as in life, Nancy is a very pretty blonde with big tits, long legs, pancakes, and lots of long silky flaxen hair.

And, what you wouldn't expect, considering Nancy's usage and the conditions she was subjected to. Leeches don't dot portions of her face and body, feeding on her. Infectious sewer moss doesn't cover the inside of her boney thighs. Filthy and smelly, but not infested, whatsoever.

What Walter doesn't discuss, and what Lucy doesn't bother to ask about? The puncture wounds on the front and the back of the neck of the dead Nancy, George's previous Bill.

"She didn't last long. The human ones never do. Not durable enough."

"So, your sister has a type?"

"Pretty blondes with big tits and long legs. She's my Neanderthal twin, and she's always crazy. Her given name is Georgina. She calls herself Animal George, that's what she answers to. She calls her dolls, Bill."

"Don't get me wrong. The last couple of nights have been great with you in the sack, but."

"This is more your cup of tea."

"Yes."

"Being kept and torture fucked by a cavewoman monster straight out of the Ice Age."

"Yes."

"So be it. Different strokes for different folks."

"Awesome."

“She likes it better if it looks like you were taken.”

“I’m ready.”

“She takes her time transforming her dolls. In the end, if you survive that long, you’ll end up as crazy as she is. And, she’s stark, raving mad. A lunatic whore.”

“Sounds yummy. I can hardly wait.”

Walter steps behind Lucy, chloroform-soaked rag in hand. She reaches around the girl and clamps the rag over Lucy’s nose. Lucy succumbs in seconds.

The girl, now George’s new Bill, wakes up hours later in the hotel’s dark, dank sub-sub-sub-basement. She’s still relatively clean, but someone with dirty hands has been pawing her chest. Lucy is dressed in Nancy’s outfit. Plastic ties bind her wrists and ankles, and her hands are behind her back. She’s wearing a muzzle.

It’s a sewer grotto. Slimy, sewer moss and graveyard lichen covered walls. Filth-covered floors. Dark and dank. Overpowering stench. Things scurry about from time to time. The gnawed bones of humanoid skeletons are scattered about, some of them still with rotting flesh attached.

George moves into view, dragging and chewing on the dead flesh attached to a thigh bone. Filthy, smelly, and infested. Scrawny. Muscular. She-male. Ghoulies: grey eyeballs, constricted red pupils, and no irises. Turkey neck. Neanderthal features—course features with protruding eyebrow ridges, serrated buck teeth, and a killer tongue. Three big floppy doggy tits that hang down to her wasp waist. Thumb-sized nipples. A forest of graveyard lichens carpet sections of her back. Long, dirty, ragged finger and toe nails. She is naked and wanting. Sporting a huge erection. Mouth drooling. Feral sounds coming out of that impossibly-wide mouth of hers. Flashing a gaping maw lined with two rows of filthy serrated buck teeth. Large, pointed teeth so filthy they will look rotten and her breath is fetid. She drops the bone. Her killer tongue spews out and affixes itself to the front of Lucy’s throat. George feeds.

And, what you’d expect, considering George’s usage and conditions. Leeches cover patches of her face and body, feeding on her. Infectious sewer moss covers the inside of her boney thighs. Filthy and smelly, and infested.

Lucy’s eyes roll into the back of her head. Her knobb burns and itches. She begins to moan and groan, loudly. The girl climaxes. Erection. Jism. Cum. Climax after climax. Lucy blacks out. When the girl’s mind reboots, George is nowhere to be seen. A migraine born of a post-feeding hangover which reeks of an enlarged pineal gland. Dirtier. Dirty, unkept mopp. Beginning to smell bad. Getting infested. Long, dirty, ragged finger and toe nails. Having trouble thinking lucid. But, still mostly herself, for the time being. Still pretty. George has no use for ugly.

The girl’s teeth are looking not so pearly-white. Her breath is starting to reek. George has French kissed her, repeatedly and prolonged. Soon, after more kissing, Lucy’s teeth will be so filthy they will look rotten and her breath will be fetid. Infectious sewer moss is spreading to cover the inside of her thighs. Leeches dot portions of her face and body, feeding on her.

George craves pretty girls only, but the girls must be filthy, smelly, and infested—so called dirty dolls, as dirty as she is.

There’s something else. There are puncture wounds on the back the necks of George and Lucy. Something else is down here using the two girls.

Enchantress. The Enchantress is a fictional witch and sorceress featured in the 2016 film *Suicide Squad*. She is based on a character featured in a comic book published by DC Comics. She was played by actress Cara Delevingne. George is a Neanderthal version of that antihero. Lucy is likewise being molded into the same.

The Prodigal Son

BERLIN STATION is a contemporary spy series that follows Daniel Miller (Richard Armitage), an undercover agent who has just arrived at the CIA station in Berlin, Germany. Miller has a clandestine mission: to determine the identity of a now-famous whistleblower masquerading as “Thomas Shaw.” Guided by jaded veteran Hector DeJean (Rhys Ifans), Daniel learns to contend with the rough-and-tumble world of the field office: agent-running, deception, danger, and moral compromises. As he dives deeper into the German capital’s hall of mirrors and uncovers the threads of a conspiracy that leads back to Washington, Daniel wonders: Can anyone ever be the same after a posting to Berlin?

Beauty, it’s said, is in the eye of the beholder. Lucy has been fully transformed into Bill, and thus is most beautiful in the eyes of George. She is ball-gaged and muzzled, therefore no spells, incantations, or any other forms of verbal magic. Plastic ties bind her wrists, ankles, fingers, and toes, therefore no gestural magic. A parasitic squid has attached itself to the back of her neck, feeding and injecting a most powerful opiate, keeping her in a narcotic high which ravages senses and dulls arcane abilities. The squid is biomechanical. Her enlarged pineal gland prohibits sustained lucidity and the concentration required of magic. Whether she be magician, wizard, sorceress, enchantress, witch, necromancer, demonologist, etc.: someone seems to have all their magical-prevention bases covered.

Well known to her enslaver, with the girl being an abomination, there’s that supernatural exit afoot as well. As such, this swinger taken to its logical conclusion as a drunken depraved high-mileage junkie whore, always has an out. Of course, she’ll never exercise it, of her own volition. For Lucy, being Animal Bill is heaven.

George is sprawled on the floor, nearby, in a rabid drunken stupor. Parasitic opioid squid affixed to the back of her neck. A biomechanical squid identical to the one attached to Bill. Her dying over and over again from a drug overdose, until she decides to entertain herself, maybe with Bill and sometimes otherwise. Of course, George is a goddess. Thus, she too has her out. Of course, she’ll never exercise it, of her own volition. For Georgina, being Animal George is heaven.

Lucy has obligations, though. George does not. Eventually, Lucy’s betters will pull the girl back for their use. George on the other hand, is where she’s supposed to be—she’s not Lucy as Bill the degenerate visitor craving kicks; she’s a permanent resident. George is home. A home she will never leave, of her own volition. This is her realm.

No doubt about it. George intends to keep the girl as long as she can. This is the best Bill, by far, that she has ever had, let alone used. Truth be told, Lucy as Bill, is the real deal, the real Lucy. Or is it? Maybe, just maybe, Bill is just a passing fad. Only time will tell.

You’re already over all of this dirty shit. You just don’t know it yet.

The voice in her head isn’t Borg Queen or Brainiac. It’s her own. For the briefest of moments, she envisions herself standard—her clean and pristine self. In other words, boundless conventional sexuality. Essentially, this new standard of hers is an Alice Quinn minus an accent or spectacles. The convergence continues. The options waiting in the wings: a she-male’s Parts and lisp along with unbecoming thins or disfiguring thicks, transfixing barbwire garters, that

mangled voice but with that Danish, Copenhagen almost Old Prussian accent, looks-rending plaintive makeup in place of Bolshoi-bare, and that hair of hers, this or that strait hair worn let down or yanked up and back into a sternka in place of her mopp. Eventually, culminating in a Noom gone SLOOTH—a girl with the LGBTQ look and the centrist role of a Kyrsten Sinema. Right now, being a slooth couldn't be the furthest thing from the depraved mind of this total degenerate. The only things on the current agenda are: to get fucked and fucked up. In other words, to be used a plenty. Debauchery at a level that humans can only dream about perishing from.

Mistresses of the Dark: Elvira meets Kyrsten Sinema

Lucy's betters yanked her here from there. Once again, she's clean and pristine, but this time doing a Ms. Kyrsten Lea Sinema. In a word: non-progressive. As such. The dowdy outfit: Koo, prudz, perls, and careys. Unbecoming thins. Dated mopp. Looks-amping Bolshoi-bare heavily-applied although it looks "barely-there" applied to her hard, pretty face. The torturous undergarments: hung-like-a-horse Parts but no accompanying lisp whatsoever, barbwire garters, a clingy white satin half-slip, a binding hi-waist skin-color thong, and a constrictive white satin (6 suspenders) corselette which has been adjusted to rigorously-enforce the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist of Finnish TV "Beatnik Ghoul Girl" and cult siren Vampira. An enforced wasp waist which is revealed by her Koo's form-fitting suitcoat even when said suitcoat is buttoned. Showcasing that obsession of 1950s females: an hourglass figure taken to Victorian Era extremes. Huge Parts bulging in the crotch of her hi-rise "flesh" knickers. Elvira would be positively green with envy.

A clarification is needed about there being no lisp. A clarification which bespeaks of the discerning lesbian etiquette, afoot: in public, no accompanying lisp whatsoever when she's strapping, but, in private/closet, an exaggerated lisp when she's hung.

Publicly: an old fogey. Privately: an alcoholic/drunken hi-mileage-adulteress junkie whore who can easily be mistaken for a bitter, hi-mileage divorcee.

Her usual Away kit, gripping the wide boned constrictive waistband of the miniskirt of her business suit: universal holster, smartphone, and cigarette purse.

In private, that mangled voice—that deep for a woman, hoarse, raspy voice—but with that Danish, Copenhagen accent. In public, her "normal," sexy voice—her own voice, not the voice of a role: sex kitten Jennifer Ann McCarthy, aka Playboy Playmate, Jenny McCarthy.

That same husky, sexy voice, but with that Danish, Copenhagen accent. A deep voice, for a woman. That hoarse, raspy, feminine baritone, à la B-movie actress/director Samantha "Sam" Phillips or singer-songwriter Kim Carnes of "Bettie Davis Eyes" fame. The mangled, accented voice of a dominatrix/bulldyke who is of Nordic extraction. An ugly voice coming out of a large, equally-ugly mouth. A mouth that looks like it belongs to the hard, pretty face of actress Julia Roberts. Mouths that bespeak of loathing and disdain even when that's not the intent of their wearers. Voices and matching mouths that personify haughty. Get on your knees and worship, me!!!

The cherry on the cake? When she's Kyrsten Sinema. It's not just her look and her sexual proclivities, that are those of the real-life senior United States Senator from Arizona, Kyrsten Sinema. She likewise suffers from that extreme, Dr. Wendy Carr version of BDD. Resulting in a severe, bland, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt. The de facto Miss Mildred E Huff. Therefore. 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. The girl 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.

All the prev checkboxes, checked. And. Pancakes flat "White chick" no-butt butt, buxom, blonde, blue-eyed, leggy, Gal Gadot slender not the least bit scrawny, hardlooking, haughty, and a large ugly cruel mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's

intent, and, last but not least, a flawless, lily-white complexion—the stereotypical Las Vegas Showgirl. All the smoking-hot checkboxes, checked. Plus, a dominatrix personified, who can effortlessly shift into submissive mode and just as easily sink while on binges to the depths of depravity that define what it means to be an alcoholic/drunken hi-mileage-divorcee junkie whore.

In the bedroom of her plush hotel suite. Standing next to a bed which she has only one use for, and it isn't sleeping. Is the extensively-modified central alcove of a Borg Queen. Crawling the alcove is a biomechanical bot, that looks like a small squid. It's a skull hugger, that doubles as a face hugger. A "spawn" of Brainiac Nine. The creepy-looking hugger will automatically attach itself to the back of the head of the alcove's occupant. Cosmetic effects on the wearer upon attachment? Ghoulies, hair falls out, three large breasts, serrated buck teeth, speaking in tongues, turkey neck, and a killer tongue, and a motley-grey Borg complexion. Said attachment, and its subsequent detachment, only occurs upon Brainiac's command, the girl's craving, or the gizmo's desire. The hugger also affords Brainiac exclusive use of the girl rendered as Brainiac Nine's version of Seven-of-Nine. The hugger resembles Brainiac's own cybernetic cranial implant.

Brainiac. A next-gen cyborg, with numerous external and internal cybernetic implants. Brainiac is also a she-male, bald, ghoulies, three large breasts, serrated buck teeth, speaking in tongues, turkey neck, and a killer tongue, and has a motley-grey complexion. The cyborg strongly resembles a Borg Queen. But, it's Brainiac's tri-tit version of a Borg Queen.

Brainiac. A vain, petty, spiteful woman. Former Hollywood movie star. Neurotically scared of aging. Neurotic compulsive. Brilliant biomechanist and robotist. Criminal mastermind. She's the one who designed and implemented her own cybernetic transformation and disfigurement. A twisted, genocidal lunatic, on par with The Batman's Joker. Obsessed with Borg-based cosmetic perfection, she doesn't see herself as a grotesque cybernetic abomination gone horribly wrong, she sees herself as the epitome of ageless beauty and perfection in a world that she so desperately craves would go Borg of its own volition or her coercion. Her ugly is the new beautiful. This used-to-be Dame Helen Mirren. Birth name: Helen Lydia Mironoff.

The Hugger is Nine's domesticated kept for Lucy. This parasitic opioid skull hugger is many times more powerful and addictive than the one in the wild that was the kept of the girl as Bill.

There's a knock on the front door of the suite. It's the maid service. The fully-clothed, uniformed maid enters with her cart, closes and locks the door behind her, transforming into Brainiac. She's naked, now. Gone is the skillful lie. This is her true self. Her maid's outfit and façade were just "features." She replaced the real maid weeks ago, long before the girl arrived on this world. Lucy stiffens, expressionless. The cyborg walks into the bedroom and over to Lucy craving her every moment of the girl's possession.

"Now, for something different. Your kept learns a new trick."

The hugger leaps off the alcove and onto Lucy's face. A face that it leaves hardlooking and ravaged, bereft of all beauty; akin to heavily-applied plaintive makeup. Finally attaching itself to the back of Lucy's head. She transforms. The girl removes everything except for her Parts, which are now fused seamlessly to her body. Lucy as Brainiac's Seven and total submissive. Brainiac's sex slave, sex toy, and sex plaything. Opiates flooding the girl's brain from the skull hugger.

"Now, you are beautiful."

Seven says nothing. As Seven, that extreme, Dr. Wendy Carr version of BDD of hers is twisted to Brainiac's way of thinking so that the girl now sees herself as beautiful. Brainiac's Seven shares Brainiac's vision of beauty and perfection. Brainiac's deadpan Seven versus George's feral Bill.

"You're so much better this way as my Seven than as George's Bill."

Brainiac lovingly strokes the girl's knob.

"Now, we fuck and we use each other. It's the maid's lunch break. We have an hour."

Opiates flooding Brainiac's brain. Flooding from Brainiac's cybernetic cranial implant. Brainiac, too, is a drunken/alcoholic hi-mileage junkie whore.

In Brainiac terms. The Master and her Seven.

"Do you agree, Seven?" Brainiac asks, rhetorically.

"Yes, Master," Seven answers in a deep, accented monotone.

When they are done with their debauchery, Brainiac transforms back into the maid and leaves with her cart. Seven's hugger detaches itself and goes back to its crawling of the alcove. Seven gives way to Lucy sprawled naked on the floor strapping her Parts.

Another Tik Tok Video from that celebrity LGBTQ couple

Reese Witherspoon hilariously tries out new dance moves as husband Deacon teaches her about Tik Tok.

Badly hungover. Lucy slips on her barbwire garters, an oversized ball gag, and abrasive legcuffs, and flogs herself as atonement for the sins she so wantonly committed as Seven with Nine. Then she removes her garters, gag, and leg irons, puts her barbed cat-o-nine-tails away, showers, dresses, and goes downstairs to the lobby of the swanky 5-star hotel. She's standard, but there's extensive bleed-through from her Kyrsten Sinema. So much so, that the only iota of difference between the two is: no BDD whatsoever, no barbwire garters, and no Parts, when she's standard. She feels wrong, when she's not BDD. The girl also feels incomplete when she's not wearing her barbwire garters and Parts, and she's not lisping. She detests her sex kitten voice, because it's not mangled. Most of all, she craves her hugger and its opiate feast, being Seven, and being with Nine. Lucy abhors her standard. Lucy abhors being Lucy. Lucy is profoundly broken, and, as such, is of even greater use to her betters. If her betters were human, which they are not, her increased usefulness to them would ensure that they would never allow anything or anyone to fix her, and that includes her fixing herself of her own volition. Of course, there's no chance of Lucy ever wanting to fix herself.

Lucy as the ultimate, unanticipated expression of a Noom gone SLOOTH—the unpredicted expression of this girl with the LGBTQ look and the centrist role of a Kyrsten Sinema. Lucy's standard broken. That shattered format. Mopp. Barbwire garters. Parts. Lisp in private, no lisp in public, which is etiquette for a lesbian doll. BDD, twisted Nine's way, which makes it worst. Accented, mangled voice—but with that Danish, Copenhagen accent, rendering her voice as ugly as her frown of a mouth. A drunken/alcoholic hi-mileage junkie whore, 24/7.

That Lucy is on the horizon. It is Nine's Seven hiding in plain sight. It is Lucy completely unhinged. Unhinged: sexually, psychologically, and otherwise. A deranged, homicidal maniac. Left to her own devices, a lunatic ranting and raving at Full Moons, while foaming at the mouth and gnashing her teeth. A Nazi Geist.

Tellingly. Lucy's barbed cat-o-nine-tails is baited with fish hooks. It's the same whip used by an extremist order of cloistered nuns, for the daily atonement of their sins, sins both real and imagined. An hour each morning spent atoning for sins they might commit. An hour each night spent atoning for sins they did commit. An order so far out there, that the ultra-conservative Bene Gesserits are leftwing progressives in comparison. For a short while, before she went Metal and became too radical for even them, Dame Helen Mirren was a member of that radical Catholic Order. An Order that engineered the skull hugger, and uses it in place of prohibited sex acts and to further enhance the pleasure derived from allowed sexual activities including masturbation. An Order simply known as Nameless.

Of course. Lucy is a supernatural being. As such. That's always going to be her out. No matter the depths of depravity she sinks to. No matter how bad the consumptive lifestyle she leads. No matter how complete and utter her willing/willful enslavement is to whomever/whatever. But, she'll never, of her own volition, exercise that sobriety option. Like all junkies, she's craves being used and totally fucked up. Like all whores, she craves fucking. She's a certified wack job, through and through.

Of late. Alone. Hugger deactivated. In the privacy of her hotel room. During one of those chronic bouts of depravity that she “entertains,” so very frequently—one of her infamous binges. Stoned on reanimation reagent, drunk on booze, and positively drowning in the further intoxication of B-BDD (Brainiac’s BDD). Lucy has taken to the habit of degrading herself while wearing disfiguring thicks, plaintive makeup, krazed, Parts, abrasive legcuffs, barbwire garters, a ball gag, and a cilice. For want of a better name, call this format *whack* or its past tense *whacked*.

Her cilice of choice, these days, is either a horsehair hospital gown or a hospital gown fashioned from a burlap sack. Both brief, itchy gowns are immodest, to say the least. Garments right at home in D&H (degradation and humiliation) porn flicks. This self-flagellation “outfit” is her twisted prequel to the inevitable. Corporal mortification. The atonement for sins through self-flagellation and the cilice, which is bleeding into her early-morning and her late-night “workouts.”

A cilice, also known as a sackcloth, was originally a garment or undergarment made of coarse cloth, burlap, or animal hair (e.g., a hairshirt) worn close to the skin. It is used by members of various Christian traditions, including some communicants of the Anglican, Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, and Scottish Presbyterian Churches, as a self-imposed means of repentance and mortification of the flesh. For practitioners so inclined, it is often worn during the Christian penitential season of Lent, especially on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and other Fridays of the Lenten season.

Cilices were originally made from sackcloth or coarse animal hair so they would irritate the skin. Other features were added to make cilices more uncomfortable, such as thin wires or twigs. In modern religious circles, cilices are simply any device worn for the same purposes.

“On the Blue Water,” Esquire Magazine, April 1936.

“Certainly, there is no hunting like the hunting of man. And those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never really care for anything else thereafter. You will meet them doing various things with resolve, but their interest rarely holds, because, after the other thing, ordinary life is as flat as the taste of wine when the taste buds have been burned off your tongue.”

Ernest (Miller) Hemingway (1899-1961)

A decorated War veteran, Jasper’s morbid fascination morphed into something else entirely. It is the obsession with predatory behavior touched on in Ernest Hemingway’s most famous muse. Tragically, like so many others who fought in The Great Conflict, he got his taste for killing during The War. It’s why he’s continued to kill since The War’s end. It’s why he’s stalking her. The bitch Nazi who reminds him so much of his former fan-obsession, actress Jill Suzanne Wagner. Jill became the most successful/infamous serial killer in Mid-World. The Mid’s so-called Empress of Mayhem. But this Nazi girl here is on another level, entirely. In comparison, Jill is quaint, to say the least. This drunkard hi-mileage junkie whore, this female version of consumptive gambler, gunslinger, and dentist John Henry “Doc” Holliday, has taken Jill’s place as the patron goddess of his pantheon for death-dealers.

Hiding in plain sight, he watches. Transfixed, yet not showing one iota of his obsession for her. Sitting in a lobby chair, nonchalantly reading a newspaper. He gets hard just thinking about her, but on stakeout as to not give himself away, he suppresses his urges.

He watches her via peepholes in her hotel suite. Masturbating while watching her from the sanctity of his adjacent suite. Five nights ago, it was most gratifying, watching her and that thing go at it. She as Seven, Nine’s submissive. Her standard is mouthwatering, too. Especially with the death of a swinger and the all-time of a wack job (hi-mileage, drunkard, junkie whore).

Hi-mileage: has indulged his/her depravity/depravities of choice for quite some time. Drunken: craves to get drunk. Junkie: craves to get high. Whore: A girl or guy who craves fucking, in other words, a sex junkie—e.g., porn star. Bottomline: crazy girl/crazy guy.

The unexpected? A hi-mileage drunkard, junkie, and whore, yet protracted, chronic depravity has not ravaged her looks leaving her with a face bereft of any beauty whatsoever. She has a hard, pretty face, the ravishingly-beautiful visage of a 1950s Hollywood movie starlet.

A better optioned standard, by Jasper’s prev way of thinking? What about wack, for want of a better name. B-BDD. Parts, but no telltale lisp in public. Barbwire garters. The sexy, mangled, accented voice of a dominatrix/bulldyke who is of Nordic extraction, therefore a Danish, Copenhagen accent. Not a swinger, that half-ass depravity is done with, buried. In its place: Certifiable. A total wack-job: this Lucy re-imagined as a Noom Danish actress Olivia Taylor Dudley or AOC, take your pick. In other words: her new Alice Quinn.

Either this standard or this wack. Unbecoming thins. Mopp. Bolshoi-bare. Koo. Perls. Careys. Prudz. Corselette. HiRISE panties. Half-slip.

Of course. There is Lucy’s own ever-present craving to be severely buttoned-down, which constantly threatens to abruptly slide her into the oblivion of Miss Mildred E Huff. A craving for those ruined looks, Parts bulging her rubber panties, a lisp public or private, and the beauty-

ending void of a strung-out lush—drunken junkie hi-mileage whore who looks the part, a whore with a “yearning” to be gang raped or at the very least gang banged.

The current Miss Mildred E Huff. The mode that Jasper has not seen, until now. The girl begins to lisp, in public! She darts into the powder room. He barely recognizes her when she exits from the ladies’ room moments later. Her looks are gone, completely shot. The culprits for this robbery? Disfiguring thicks. Plaintive makeup, heavily applied, to face and neck resulting in a ravaged aged face and a turkey neck. Geriatric blonde hair. Aged hair yanked back and up into a sternka. She looks much older, used up, akin to a bitter, spiteful, fifty-something divorcee who’s pushing very hard toward sixty after having been rode hard and put up wet many times too many. Otherwise, she’s dressed the same. No longer does she turn heads in spades. Also, from the scary vibe she’s now giving off, she’s inflicted with an extreme case of BDD, if not B-BDD or Carr’s BDD. A now creepy, ugly, frumpy cunt, who is akin to a manhating bulldyke who is also an envious spinster.

Turkey neck. A stringy age-ravaged neck. Something that vain women, who are either elderly or pre-elderly and aging badly, usually conceal with scarfs or generous turtle neck blouses.

Like all serial killers, Jaspers has a talent for detecting weakness in his victims and exploiting that weakness to his advantage. This girl’s changing into this fudge-ugly old biddy shows just how profoundly broken she is. A display of weakness that emboldens him. He’ll take her, soon, very soon.

In a split second of lost concentration, he gets hard, fixating on her abduction—there’s a bulge in the crotch of his pants, he ejaculates. Too late, he catches himself and calms down, surpassing his aroused manhood. The dried-up looking girl walks right past him, seemingly oblivious to him or his lapse in judgement and concentration.

Girlz to Men

In the context of dominance and submission or kink subcultures, “forced” feminization or feminisation (see spelling differences), also known as sissification, refers to the practice of dressing a submissive partner as a woman and/or encouraging or training them to act in a feminine or exaggeratedly feminine (“hyperfeminine”) manner. If male, the submissive partner may be called a “sissy.” Feminization may occur without a partner as a component of solo masturbation and/or through interactions with an online community.

Feminization is usually achieved via cross-dressing, where the male is dressed in female attire, ranging from just wearing female undergarments to being fully dressed in very feminine attire, including make-up, hairdress, stockings, high heels, and nail polish. Some males take on tasks, behaviors and roles that are overtly feminine, and adopt female mannerisms and postures in tasks such as sitting, walking, and acting in a feminine manner. This emasculation may be coupled with punishments such as spanking or caning to gain cooperation and heighten submission of submissive male. Begging and pleading to stop the feminization may be part of the fantasy.

Costumes are sometimes very domestic, suggestive of servitude or ageplay. The clothes may be from those of a traditional submissive female role, such as schoolgirl, secretary, or a “sissy” maid, or others, such as a princess.

Forced feminization may also include the male receiving anal sex from a female using a strap-on dildo (sometimes called pegging), or penetration from a male, or group of males. Butt plugs and other anal-penetrative toys may also be used. Anal sex is used because it may be perceived to be feminine due to its traditional use on women in heterosexual relationships, or due to the passive and submissive nature of being penetrated, whereas the typical male role may be judged to be more active/dominant. Alternatively, the feminized male may be “forced” to perform oral sex on a strap-on dildo or on a male.

Another common practice in feminization is orgasm control, often through the use of a chastity belt. Also encountered in feminization are the following: erotic humiliation, bondage, petticoating, cuckoldry, leather, latex/PVC, infantilism, corporal punishment, etc.

Feminization can also involve the conversion of a masculine name into a feminine name such as “Stephen” into “Stephanie,” “Joseph” into “Josephine,” or “Daniel” into “Danielle,” as part of a constructed feminine persona. The submissive male may also be given feminine name that is different from his male name, referred to as “a good girl,” or insulted and degraded with derogatory terms usually applied to women, such as “slut” or “whore.” Other derogatory names such as fairy or pantywaist can also be used to humiliate the feminized male.

Maid training—In particular, a very common theme in feminization is “sissy maid” training. In a typical scenario, a male submissive, or sissy maid, is cross-dressed in an often sexy and frilly maid uniform to help enhance the sexual thrill. The activities the sissy is made to perform range from mundane household tasks that a real maid would perform, to degrading tasks that invoke erotic humiliation. The “sissy maid” might also be instructed to perform sexual acts, however, these acts usually place the sissy in submissive or passive role.

Jaspers regains consciousness in the bedroom of his hotel suite. Naked. Tied spreadeagle to his bed. Unfortunately for him, he was unable to capitalize on her weakness.

There's someone else in the room. It's Lucy, still doing Miss Huff. A mode she's been in for the past two days. She's removed her Koo and her knickers. And she's let her ruined hair down into a krazed. A feral hairdo which obscures much of her fucked-up face and neck, Cousin Itt style.

Her weakness proved to be a baited hook, and thus his undoing.

Seeing that he's finally conscious, she fits a ball gag in his mouth before he can distract her with his useless protests. The suite itself is set to soundproof, privacy, and Do Not Disturb. Additionally, she placed a Do Not Disturb tag on the knob of the suite's front door.

"Until that little slip-up in the lobby a couple of days ago, I hadn't noticed you. Too bad for you." She's obviously drunk and high, and reeking of manhating bulldyke loathing. "You keep trophies. Makes it so easy to convict you. You killed that student and the Librarian. And, so many others. You're quite prolific."

He struggles vainly against his plastic tie restraints as she shoots him up with a syringe full of reagent. His eyes roll back in his head as he goes into never-never land.

"The first time you juice, you just go kiting into oblivion. Once you get hooked, then the fun really begins. You get a need for it. Everybody should have a need."

Lucy fits him with a bouffant wig and heavily applies Bolshoi-bare makeup to his face and neck. Next, she paints his finger and toes nails with bright red nail polish to match the color of his lipstick. Then she fits him with a prosthetic device commonly used in forced feminization; it fuses seamlessly to his body, upon self-activation. He now has an artificial vagina and labia, but no testicles or penis. This formerly well-hung man has been sissified, in short order. His male parts are still there, mind you, they're now well hidden by their incorporation into the device. The area of his body that the Girlie covers has been rendered prosthetic.

The Girlie has an additional feature. Further sissification. It pumps massive doses of estrogen and SHE into the wearer's system. Soon, very soon, he'll have very large breasts, soft skin, a girlish figure, etc. Once he's been fully converted into a hi-mileage drunkard junkie whore, akin to transgender celebrity and advocate Caitlyn Jenner, his maid training will begin. She intends to remake him into a full-blown Rubbermaid by the name of Jenny. A lot of fucking Jenny in the ass and in the mouth is planned. Violent, ground pounding rape. She'll feed on him till he's an emaciated husk, just shy of dead—nothing but skin and bones. And once she's had her fun with Jenny, she'll turn her would-be murderer into the authorities. Fun that could last for days or weeks, or even an entire month. Twisted, sick, mentally-ill girl that she is.

Tik Tok, Revisited aka Inclusively, My All-Time Favorite Office Obsessions

Planet 9 is a primordial Black Hole that acts like it's a planetary hotel. Therefore, for all intents and purposes, it is a planetary hotel.

After this latest reboot? All previous contradictions and loose ends are resolved, almost.

Sex kittens? Shades of Barbara Eden (circa 1960s), in her absolute physical prime. As exemplified by her character Lt Cathy Connors in the movie *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (1961).

Standard (which, technically, isn't a format), **Alice Quinn** aka Olivia Taylor Dudley aka Sarah Hux aka Sarah E Hux aka Sarah Holden aka Sarah E Holden aka Annette Russ aka Annette Janice Russ aka Annette Janice Kaempfe aka Linda Batek aka Amy Oxley aka Amy Oxley Jennings aka Amy Jennings aka Sandy Baer aka Sandra Christine Baer aka Sandra Christine Niehaus, **Debra** aka Miss Debra aka Queen Debra aka Queen Debra and Her Puppies aka Miss Debra "Puppies" McMichael aka Debra Gale Marshall aka Debra McMichael aka Debra Williams aka Debra, The Fetish Doll aka June aka June Wilkinson aka Gen aka Gen Vincent aka Gen Vincent and the Genitorturers aka Mistress Gen aka Mistress Gen of the Genitorturers aka Cathy Long aka Cathryn L Long aka Noreen McKay aka Noreen Mckay aka Noreen Elizabeth McKay aka Noreen Elizabeth Mckay aka Noreen Elizabeth Kubot aka Belinda Staub aka Sharon Boedges aka Sharon Ann Boedges aka Sharon Ann Collier aka Carolyn Frankfather aka Carolyn Renee Frankfather aka Carolyn Renee Tabor aka Taryn Terrell aka Taryn Nicole Dryden aka Cheerleader Melissa aka Melissa Anderson aka Alissa Flash aka Raisha Saeed aka Stella Stevens aka Estelle Eggleston aka Barbara Eden aka Barbara Jean Morehead aka June Wilkinson aka Mamie Van Doren aka Joan Lucille Olander aka Kim Dawson aka Kimberly Dawn Dawson aka Kim Sill aka Julie K Smith aka Jayne Heitmeyer aka Sarah Palin aka Sarah Louise Palin aka Sarah Kustok aka Sarah Grace Kustok aka Carrie-Anne Moss aka Gina "Conviction" Carano aka Kelley Seibel aka Kelley Seibel (kelseibel) aka Kelley (Kliethermes) Seibel aka Kelley A Seibel aka Kelley Ann Seibel aka Kelley Ann Kliethermes, **and** Karen Digney aka Karen Marie Digney aka Karen Marie Bogush. All of these blonde bombshells, juggle the paradox of severe, creepy, sexy, deadpan, and plain. Resulting in a creepy, attractive, frumpy cunt. Thins, perls, prudz, Koo, careys, 6-suspender corselette, hi-rise panties, half-slip, Bolshoi-bare makeup, no lisp, no Parts, no barbwire garters, no BDD whatsoever, and no mangled voice. Thins are required for standard, Alice, and Karen. So, it follows, logically, that they're optional for Debra. Externally, in private, Debra's Zuni fetish doll is the exception, and, internally, in public or in private, Zfd is liken to Mildred Huff.

Mildred E Huff is now wack. A wack with a geriatric blonde mopp. A face and neck disfigured by heavily-applied plaintive makeup, resulting in a ravaged aged face and a turkey neck. Severe, creepy, not sexy, deadpan, and plain. A pariah. The abhorrent, personified. Resulting in a creepy, repulsive, frumpy cunt. Thicks, perls, prudz, Koo, flats, 6-suspender corselette, hi-rise panties, half-slip, plaintive makeup, lisp, Parts, barbwire garters, BDD, and a mangled voice. The accent is Old Prussian, and thus not sexy, whatsoever, unlike that accent's counterpart Danish, Copenhagen almost Old Prussian accent. And, yet, you get hard just thinking about her. She's your very first and your very last obsession. Sex kitten, twisted, and stood on its head?! Yes!!!

Regardless of whether she's standard or format. Knickers and Parts are not mutually exclusive. Same old, same old. Panties with a Parts-bulging crotch.

More. Of this sexpot, twisted, and stood on its head?!

Whacked. And. Nine's Seven, which is now the only version of Seven. Plaintive makeup heavily-applied to the face and neck, resulting in the expected disfigurement of said face and neck. Otherwise. Whacked and Seven-of-Nine are unchanged.

Back to good-looking?

Externally. This Debra and this Karen are basically this Alice—same smooth, smoky, sexy voice, but with a Mopp (Debra) or a Grune (Karen) in place of strait hair, and that Mississippi Southern drawl (Debra) or that New Jersey accent (Karen) instead of that Danish, Copenhagen accent. Internally. Alice or Debra or Karen is her full-blown standard, but with that one meaningful exception, and that exception being her accent—standard has no accent, whatsoever. Therefore, the slice-n-dice commonality is that voice of hers—that smooth, smoky, sexy, cultured, seductive voice, a voice made to order for a sex kitten. The difference(s) that really matter(s), besides the aforementioned hairdos? Her “real” voice, but with a different, sexy accent.

Hairdos, changed and unchanged? Strait hair, for standard and Alice. Grune, for Karen. Mopp, for Mildred and Debra—in a sternka for Mildred and let down for Debra. Krazed, for whacked, and bald, for Seven, although Seven's hugger could be counted as a very aggressive wig. Hair is worn let down or yanked back and up into a sternka.

When the girl is Mildred, her mopp devolves into a krazed when she lets her hair down.

Hair color? Yellow blonde for standard, Alice, Debra, and Karen. Geriatric blonde for wack and whack. N/A for Seven, although if you count the hugger as a wig, then hair color is motley grey.

Danish, Copenhagen or Jersey or Southern. All of those accents are sexy, all by their lonesome. But. Their sexiness is taken to a whole nother level when they're paired with a smooth, smoky, sexy, cultured, seductive voice. The beguiling voice of a sexpot.

A mangled voice reeks of unbridled cruelty even when that's not the speaker's intent. The kind of sick cruelty normally associated with a dominatrix. A cruelty that bleeds through, even when the speaker is smiling.

Clinically, B-BDD, the BDD she now suffers from when she's wack or whacked or Seven, is the flipside of Carr's BDD, Carr's being the worst version of this BDD scourge.

B-BDD is BDD, taken to its logical conclusion and stood in its head—the pretty girl whose madness makes her see herself as ugly, but because this BDD variant in turn makes her see ugly as beautiful, she sees her ugly as beautiful. As such, B-BDD is akin to so-called reverse BDD. Therefore, there is none of this, “Make the pretty girls and boys suffer, because I'm so unattractive!”

As exemplified by Whoopi Goldberg, sufferers of reverse BDD are extremely unattractive people who see themselves as being very beautiful. Consequently, they see very attractive people as being extremely unattractive, and furthermore they deem these “uglies” as not worthy of

existing. In other words, “I loathe the ugly boys and girls, and I must exterminate them, because I’m so beautiful!”

When she atones, in the morning and evening, it’s as either wack or whacked. When she atones, and it’s as Mildred Huff instead of as whacked, she sports a krazed and is attired whack. Originally conceived as being for atonement, exclusively, whacked has become superfluous—pushed aside for her preferred Miss Huff.

When she’s in-between? Lucy feels incomplete without her Parts, lisp, and barbwire garters. She feels wrong, without her BDD. She detests her voice, because it’s not mangled. Etc. Etc. Etc. As such, she craves most being Mildred Huff, and, these days, it’s this avowed spinster bulldyke format she spends most of her time doing. Point of fact, by her way of thinking, she can’t do Mildred Huff enough. Bottomline: given her druthers, she’d rather be debasing and degrading herself as Mildred Huff, all of the time. It’s her other core—her de facto standard.

Naked. Drunk. High. Sprawled out upon her bed, masturbating. On-hold, waiting for her betters to yank her back, from Planet 9. Walter’s case is solved. Gabby’s is next.

All of which begs the question: If Mildred is her fav, and being a strung-out junkie is her go-to, why is she here in the privacy of her hotel bedroom doing Debra while getting-off as an avowed swinger?

And, as a follow-up question: Why does she plan to do her atonement, this evening, as Debra?

Debra's Zuni Fetish Doll, The Debra That Isn't

Genitorturers-INK9. The next time you notice that the kid behind the counter of your favorite fast-food restaurant has his tongue, eyebrow, or nose pierced, thank Gen Vincent. Her band, the Genitorturers, has been spreading the gospel of body modification and “alternative lifestyles” (kinky sex) for over ten years, and are one of the earliest inspirations for the current rise of body-piercing as a fashion statement.

Refreshed and healed, Lucy emerges from her after-punishment shower. Atonement was better than ever, this first time that she did it as Debra. She's still Debra. Debra with a twist: she's strapping and wearing barbwire garters, and was doing so during atonement too. As a rule, Parts and barbwire garters are not part of Debra, nor is the chronic mental illness she again suffers from, that being Carr's BDD. This is Debra's Zuni fetish doll. Externally, with the exception of her Parts and lisp, she's Debra. Internally, she's full-blown Mildred Huff.

It's the answer to the question. When is Debra not really Debra? When she's Debra, The Fetish Doll, of course.

When she looks at herself in the mirror, she sees Mildred Huff minus thicks. And, when she hears herself, she hears Mildred's mangled voice with its ugly Old Prussian accent. Neither of which is true. They're delusions.

By her twisted way of thinking, as a fetish doll. Ravaged aged face and a turkey neck. Severe, creepy, not sexy, deadpan, and plain. A pariah. The abhorrent, personified. Resulting in a creepy, repulsive, frumpy cunt.

She slips on her thicks, perls, careys, and corselette, and then she orgasms. The orgasms trigger her hair to change from a yellow-blonde mopp to geriatric-blonde krazed. Aged hair that she yanks back and up into a sternka. Just as quickly, she changes her mind and lets her hair back down. Ruined hair is part-n-parcel of Mildred Huff, so it was bound to manifest itself on its own in this Zfd, eventually. Her sexual climaxes only hastened the inevitable.

As such, Debra is a hardcore swinger. But the fetish doll is a strung-out junkie whore, addicted to the drink and to the juice—in essence, a bitter, spiteful, alcoholic/drunken hi-mileage-divorcee junkie whore, who is akin to a manhating bulldyke who is also an envious spinster.

The woman behind the disfiguring eyeglasses, and in spite of the now ruined hair, she remains ravishingly beautiful. The woman she sees reflected in the mirror? Much older looking, used up, akin to a bitter, spiteful, fifty-something divorcee who's pushing very hard toward sixty after having been rode hard and put up wet many times too many.

This fetish doll allows her to be Mildred Huff underneath the façade of Debra. In public: no thicks, no Parts, no lisp, no barbwire garters, no ruined hair, Carr's BDD—Mildred Huff hiding in plain sight. In private: thicks, Parts, lisp, barbwire garters, ruined hair, Carr's BDD. Either Zfd venue: the delusions of a disfigured face, neck, and voice, stemming from her BDD.

Bottomline? Externally, in public, Zfd and Debra are identical. Internally, they are worlds apart.

Watching Lucy as Zfd through a peephole from what used to be Jaspers' hotel suite is Baba Yaga. In her native Witch form, BY looks every bit the part of the filthy baglady, and is easily

mistaken for a junkie baglady prostitute, and for all intents and purposes, that is what she is in that form. But here, in these palatial soundings, she's doing her Kathy Tyus. And. Thanks to the conspicuous wealth that BY flashes in the hotel, she passes herself off as rich, old, and eccentric, which in fact she is. She was sent here to do a root clause analysis, but seeing the girl like this as a Zfd, she now has other things on her mind as well. BY will do the root clause, but she also has some very mean intentions planned. She'll collaborate with Nine on how to twist the girl even more, for their collective delight.

Then, Lucy does something out of the blue that stops BY dead in her tracks, and forces her to rethink her recreational plans entirely. Lucy's Zfd gives way to Debra. In public and in private: no thicks, no Parts, no lisp, no ruined hair, and no BDD and none of its silly-ass delusions. Classy lassie, not a wanton lush. A hardcore swinger, not a drunk strung-out junkie whore. The epitome of propriety and sobriety.

Lucy's hair reverts to a yellow-blond mopp. Parts, barbwire garters, and thicks get pursed. She puts on the rest of her outfit and leaves. But, before she exits stage right, the girl looks in the direction of BY's peephole, smiles, and blows the Witch a kiss.

"I definitely can't wait to give her the business," BY whispers to herself.

Once she's outside her suite in the hallway, Lucy momentarily contemplates the trifecta of Kim Dawson/Jayne Heitmeyer/Sarah Kustok. And, she sighs as she longs for her missing Parts, lisp, and barbwire garters. Mostly she mourns her dearly-departed Mildred Huff. Longing and morning that peak, for a split second, as the deepest despair. Then, just as suddenly as it began, her sexual interlude is over. No more longing for her missing Parts, lisp, and barbwire garters. No more morning for her dearly-departed Mildred Huff. No deepest despair for those absences, either. Those vestiges of The Fetish Doll are gone. All that remains is Lucy as, Debra.

In public, regardless of whether she's doing standard or one of those sexpot formats. Proper, upstanding, stiff-back, and wanton. Haughty and aloof—"Get on your knees and worship, me!!!" Hard, pretty face. Banging body. Long, flawless legs. A large, ugly, cruel mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's intent. A mouth that looks like it's made-to-order for those oral perversions of cunnilingus and fellatio at the deep end of the swimming pool—deep diving and deep throat, respectively. An "enthusiastic" rug muncher and sword swallower, par excellent. The kind of girl who looks like she can make a Gay atheist go straight and see God.

Lucy never makes it to the elevator. Someone else gets to give her the business. They beat BY to the punch due to a previously-made roleplay appointment.

The Strange Case of Merriam Webster

house detective (plural house detectives)—A person employed by a privately-owned establishment, such as a hotel or large retail store, with the job of preventing wrongdoing and apprehending violators of laws or other regulations.

Hotel detective—Hotel detectives are often retired and/or ex-police officers with some training. They have prominence in certain noir fiction, especially in the works of Raymond Chandler, and sometimes referred to as “House Dicks.” The term “hotel detective” is no longer used as most hotels today employ uniformed security staff who leave investigations to law enforcement.

Lucy’s mind reboots. She vaguely remembers leaving her suite as Debra, passing out in the hallway on her way to the elevator as she short-circuits her own brain, regaining consciousness momentarily, and then being dragged feet-first through a secret panel in the wall before blacking out completely again.

In the here and now. The girl is still Debra; the sole discrepancy is that she’s now strapping Parts that bulge in the crotch of her flesh-colored rubber undies. She gets up from the bed upon which she is laying, and stumbles a bit before quickly righting herself. She’s hungover, the result of forced imbibing. Her normal sexy walk, no lisp whatsoever, walking in high-heels with total ease as if they were flats—the way women walk in heels when they know what they’re doing, because they’ve been well-trained and brought up right, and that means raised Old School.

There’s someone else in the room. Sitting in a comfy chair in a far corner is a thirty-something pushing a very hard forty for the last 1000-years, with large juicy tits befitting Kate Upton that are gathered up and holstered properly in a lacy white bullet bra serving up those milk-white orbs as delicious projectile breasts. She’s mostly-human, with faint undertones of some distant Ogre and Crone ancestry. Her name is Ms. Merriam “Gladis” K Webster. Ms. Webster is the house dick, and this is her playroom that doubles for those very private interrogations.

Gladis is sporting a jet-black moe, and is wearing perls, wurms, the aforementioned fancy French-cut torpedo bra, and her birthday suit. In a past life, she was porn queen actress and superstar Candy Samples. Therefore, this Gladis is the answer to the question: “Whatever happened to Candy Samples?” A very long time ago, she had another name and was worshipped by millions of fanatical followers, this youngest sister of the god Apocalypse.

“I prefer you this way as the pretty girl who upstages my looks,” Merriam reveals. She’s smoking a Havana cigar. Legs crossed, but you can clearly see that, thanks to the Parts she’s strapping, she’s a well-hung she-male. “Please sit over there. Speak only when spoken to. I ask the questions.”

Lucy sits down where indicated. Fully-clothed. Phone, purse, and holster are still on her. Her coat has been unbuttoned and her tits are sore as if they have been kneaded like bread dough by a pair of very powerful, needy hands. She leaves her coat open. Exposing her corselet and her abused tits bulging in the bra cups of said corselette.

Per their agreed upon script. After having taken the fallen Lucy in the hallway and bringing her here, the house dick got her drunk and high, and then assaulted her, repeatedly. Drunk?

Using a funnel, alcohol was forced down the throat of the unconscious girl, who swallowed it reflexively. High? That was even easier—shot her up with reagent-filled syringes.

“There is a Witch snooping in the suite of the alleged serial killer. Who is she?”

“Baba Yaga.”

“Apologize for not addressing me, correctly.”

“I’m sorry, mistress.”

“Much better. Irrespective of the fact that you’re a dominatrix, like myself. You’ll make me a very fine slave. I plan to use you, extensively.”

There’s a ball gag on a nearby end table. Mistress Webster points at it. Lucy slips on the gag. The dominatrix extinguishes her cigar in the ashtray setting atop a nearby end table, gets up out of her chair, and walks over to the girl. She feels the girl up, kneading Lucy’s big juicy tits again. Mistress Webster rudely spreads the girl’s long legs, sliding her eager knowing hand up Lucy’s short, tight skirt. She gropes the Parts-bulging crotch of the girl’s latex goodie bag, causing the girl to cum, get hard, and ejaculate. At the same time that she’s assaulting the girl’s nibblets, she feeds on the girl. Demi-Goddess Gladis cums, gets hard, and ejaculates all over Lucy.

Reminiscent of comedian and actress Amy Beth Schumer. The tricenarian bulldyke is stocky, with just a hint of sensual Cross-Fit muscular that isn’t the least bit masculine—a heavyset “young” woman with that sexy athletic build. A hard, pretty face that compliments and contrasts with her butch hairdo. Not the stereotypical bulldyke, whatsoever. Sexy feminine wiles, ways, and mannerisms. She walks sexy in high-heels, no lisp whatsoever, you can’t tell that she’s well-hung unless you can see her dick. Her normal sexy walk, walking in high-heels with total ease as if they were flats—the way women are supposed to walk in heels when they know what they’re doing, because they’ve been well-trained and brought up right, and that means raised Old School. Thick, forever-young, and smoking-hot.

Before they are done for the evening, Lucy strips down to her perls, careys, and corselette. The ball gag gets removed so that Lucy can best return Gladis’ sexual favors. And their roles get reversed: Gladis becomes the submissive of dominatrix Lucy. What’s good for the goose, is good for the gander.

The Strange Case of Michael Kors III, American fashion designer

Michael David Kors III is an American fashion designer. He is the honorary chairman and chief creative officer of his brand, Michael Kors, which sells men's and women's and ready-to-wear, accessories, watches, jewelry, footwear, and fragrance. His current girlfriend is celebrated Danish Jazz singer and B-movie actress Gail Wynters of "Snap Your Fingers Danish" fame.

Lucy reemerges into the hallway from the secret panel in the wall. Very pleased, but not quite satisfied. She'd prefer that Gladis were a septuagenarian or better yet an octogenarian, and were a depraved, possessive, wanton Ogre juicer reeking of Crone and Witch ancestries—some obsessive-compulsive junkie hooker, oozing with steroid-fueled masculinity, who could double for Gail Wynters. If Lucy can't scout one in the bar, the girl will slip the doorman Caleb a fifty to get hold of a hotel prostitute made-to-order. Caleb is a whiz at procuring lunatic butchcake horny deranged she-male beefcake of the taste that Lucy has a craving for. Tellingly, although she's still Debra, she's paradoxically still strapping Parts and thus hung-like-a-horse, and now she's also wearing barbwire garters and her hair is yanked back and up into a sternka. And, when she's strapping, that discerning lesbian etiquette: in public, no accompanying lisp whatsoever, but, in private, an exaggerated lisp.

Many hours later:

"Go ahead, pay the man," Joe Smith commands in her deep, husky, accented voice as she crudely grabs Lucy's ass.

Lucy forks over a hundred to the desk clerk Amos, a shifty-eyed Gnome who promptly flashes two rows of rotten snaggleteeth. They're in an absolute dive, dimensionally not adjacent to and quite distant from the hotel.

Joe is a slut-for-hire dressed in prudz, perls, bullet bra, Kaye, and flats, with very masculine ways, means, and mannerisms.

Lucy is still doing Debra. Doing Debra, but still well-hung and thus still a "fake" she-male thanks to the Parts bulging the crotch of her rubber panties, still wearing barbwire garters, still sporting a sternka, and still practicing that discerning lesbian etiquette. Additionally, thicks and B-BDD, but not Mildred Huff, either externally or internally, in spite of these affectations. She's something much worse than Miss Huff. She's Zfd taken to its logical conclusion. In other words: Dar Deich, The Dyke, in the German she-male gender tense.

Most world languages have nouns that are either masculine or feminine. **German** goes them two betters, and adds a third and a fourth gender form. The masculine definite article ("the") is **der**, the feminine is **die**, the neuter form is **das**, and the she-male form is **dar**.

Joe has a geriatric moe and is a "real" she-male no Parts needed for the role. A lesbian octogenarian and one better a goddess too. Depraved, possessive, wanton Ogre juicer reeking of Crone and Witch ancestries. An obsessive-compulsive junkie hooker, oozing with steroid-fueled masculinity, who could easily double for Gail Wynters.

The girl craves a fix much worse than she craves getting rape-fucked by Joe. She and Joe are both hardcore junkies, as is Amos. Joe is strung out and in desperate "need" of a fix also.

The desk clerk hands Joe their room key. Joe and Amos exchange knowing winks. The desk clerk has dibs on Lucy after Joe is done with her. Lucy hands over her purse, holster, and phone to Amos who locks them up in one of the shielded safety deposit boxes lining the wall behind him—SOP in flops like this. Joe gropes her some more as the degenerate, gender-bending couple ascends the stairs to their room. A very old god, Joe is obviously a regular here, probably getting a handsome kickback from the fleabag’s admin for all of the junkies the hooker steers this way—the price of doing business paid out in cash, dope, or both.

What neither the god Joe nor the desk clerk Amos notices is Lucy deft sleight of hand befitting Harry Houdini himself which puts the girl’s phone, purse, and universal holster back underneath her suitcoat clipped to the waistband of her skirt. Sometimes you feel like a nut, sometimes you don’t. In this situation, for some reason unbeknownst to her, her female intuition is telling her that she needs to be loaded for bear. Hence the switch out with the safety deposit box.

Once they are in their room and Joe has locked the door, Lucy cold cocks Joe, the first chance she gets. The girl reverts to classic, full-blown Debra—hair lets down into a mopp, Parts and thicks get pursed, B-BDD gets tossed, barbwire garters get pursed. Using Joe as bait, Lucy sprawls the older woman in front of the door.

Her mopp gives way to the outdated 1960s hairdo worn by Marion Crane the lead character in Alfred Hitchcock’s *Psycho* (1960) as played by actress Janet Leigh. Debra has given way to that imploded Zfd, namely a Marion Crane, another expression of a Noom gone SLOOTH—another expression of this girl with the LGBTQ look and the centrist role of a Kyrsten Sinema. Eyeglasses either thicks or thins, Parts, and barbwire garters are optional for a Marion Crane. For this outing, Lucy exercises all three options, and choosing the wearing of thicks, resulting in her transformation into a drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt. Her accent is now cultured Manhattan, the very same dialect used by Janet Leigh for Leigh’s portrayal of Marion Crane. With this format, the wearing of eyeglasses is always paired with a particularly-nasty, convoluted flavor of BDD. With this format, it’s that discerning lesbian etiquette, when Parts are worn, by a doll.

Hollywood Hair 1960. Janet Leigh (born Jeanette Helen Morrison) has one of the most casual, attractive hairdos in Hollywood today. Her hair is cut short in shaggy petals which she sets quickly and easily in rows of pin curls. To add height to her hair, she rolls the top and sides on small rollers (under, as for a pageboy, and tight to her head). When she takes out the pins and curlers she brushes like mad, then she finger-combs her hair into its soft looking, tousled pattern. So chic.

Lucy sits cross-legged on the bed of the darken room, and waits. She doesn’t have to wait for long to have her hunch proven correct. There’s an instantiation. Joe fades from view. Countless eons elapse. A kaleidoscope of events come and go, spectral and fleeting. Sordid squalor gives way to rampart decay and desolation.

Her mind drifts back to a previous conversation with SG-1, not that long ago.

“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.

Her mind comes back from her recall. A shadow passes underneath the door, uninvitedly crossing its threshold, and solidifies into a very familiar shape. It’s BY.

“It took you long enough to get here,” BY announces as she laughs, manically. Not in her native Witch form.

BY’s pretense is that of Kathryn Chinn. As Kathryn, she is wearing a Kaye, perls, prudz, flats, a white lacy bullet bra with a matching white satin half-slip, barbwire garters, cigarette purse, and no panties. The well-hung she-male prefers going commando.

Lucy gets off the bed and walks over to her better. They French kiss as they grope each other. As long as she wears her thicks, the girl’s looks cannot upstage BY’s. Plaintive makeup applied heavily to the girl’s face and neck is an acceptable Marion Crane variation, and that would seal the deal. BY, for now, gives no indication that the variant is desired.

There’s another instantiation. Now, they’re both sitting on the bed facing the door. Legit she-male BY is wearing a flesh-colored rubber thong its crotch bulging with her abundant pineal womanhood. Fake she-male Lucy’s thicks have gone bye-bye and been pursed, wearing thins instead, resulting in the girl’s transformation into a drab, creepy, attractive, frumpy cunt. The doll’s looks upstage BY’s.

A third and last instantiation brings them to Day Zero, the singularity betwixt The End which is always The Beginning. There’s scratching at the door. As if in response to this wordless request for entry, plaintive makeup heavily applies itself to Lucy’s face and neck berefting both of beauty and youth, and thins get pursed and thicks slip themselves on her now ravaged aged face. Removing her holster and phone, the girl gets off of the bed and walks slowly with a noticeable lisp toward the door. Uninvited cometh, the door opens.

Backlit, framed in the doorway are two figures. One is a comely forty-something brunette magician by the name of Barbra Steele. She’s wearing a bronze gothic torture mask identical to the one she wore in Hammer Films’ Black Sunday back in the 1960s when she still was an actress. The thirty-something blonde bombshell standing beside her is Kirstjen Michele Nielsen.

This is not the Kirstjen Michele Nielsen who was, until her recent resignation, the Department of Homeland Security Secretary for current U.S. President Sarah Louise Palin.

If that Kirstjen Michele Nielsen who headed the DHS lacked the border bona fides prized by the right, she possessed other qualities needed inside a White House lacking discipline and overwhelmed with infighting—namely, a directness and an intense focus. Sources within the Palin White House told POLITICO early in her tenure that she was “dismissive and lacking in collegiality.” One of their nicknames for her: “Nurse Ratched.” She’s also been called “brusque” and “sharp-elbowed.” Frank Cilluffo, who heads George Washington’s Center for Cyber & Homeland Security, where Nielsen served for seven years as a senior fellow, more politely describes her as “a very no-nonsense person.” Similar things can be said, and are said, about this Kirstjen Michele Nielsen.

This is the Kirstjen Michele Nielsen who is related to German supermodel and Victoria’s Secret icon Heidi Klum, and she’s related to the Swedish climate activist turned eco-terrorist Greta Thunberg.

This is the Kirstjen Michele Nielsen who is better known by her stage name: Olivia Taylor Dudley.

In Mario Bava’s gothic horror movie masterpiece *Black Sunday* steeped in rich atmosphere, condemned witch Princess Asa (Barbara Steele) returns from the dead two centuries after her execution and wreaks vengeance on her killers’ family. Possessing the body of a descendant who happens to look just like her, Asa pulls out all the stops to exact her revenge. This was Bava’s credited directorial debut, and it catapulted Steele and him to stardom.

Olivia Taylor Dudley is a Danish actress. She is known for her horror film roles such as *Chernobyl Diaries*, *The Vatican Tapes*, and *Paranormal Activity: The Ghost Dimension*, and for her television roles such as the Syfy fantasy series *The Magicians* (as Alice Quinn) and for her work in the internet sketch group *5-Second Films*.

Species: *Homo Resurrectus Niffinitus* (metaphysically, a Niffin trapped in a human body)—the same semi-supernatural “human” species as Olivia’s character Alice Quinn. These so-called half-Niffin are colloquially known as Noom. Also, like her character Alice, Olivia was made not born a Niffin. Noom can perform magic at an extremely high level, just not at the Niffin level of course, but magic cannot be used against them.

Maker: Dame Judi Dench, the goddess who changed Olivia into a Niffin, at Olivia’s behest. Judi, the conjurer who Olivia was bound to as that deity’s Familiar while she was a Niffin. Judi, a God of indeterminate race and age, who prefers buxom blondes of Olivia’s Nordic extraction. Judi, who Olivia willingly and willfully entered into a blood pact with. One year of indentured servitude to Judi as a Niffin, after which the girl would be fashioned into a Noom. The pre-pact Olivia was a gifted, formidable, amateur magician. The post-pact Olivia is on a whole nother level entirely when it comes to performing magic.

Olivia is one of the stars of the Syfy fantasy series *The Magicians*. Olivia’s character Alice is always despairing about no longer being a full-blown Niffin; going on drunken drug-fueled binges with bulldyke Witches during which she degenerates into a crazed ravaged-looking drunken junkie whore who is no longer the least bit pretty, craves to be used any way imaginable, is sadomasochistic, a clinical dominant-submissive, obsessive compulsive, suffers from full-blown-BDD, and has psychopathic tendencies with dominatrix overtones. In other words, a depraved, evil-ass bitch, who is really fucked up. After the binge is over, her Noom metabolism restores her back to her normal beautiful appearance. Her character’s disdain and

loathing for humans and being human is palatable; an intense hatred craved in her hard, pretty face. Additionally, Alice is a Neo-Nazi and a distant relative of Adolf Hitler, giving an entirely new meaning to the term White Nationalist.

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. During a binge, Alice 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 "ugly." Alice would forget that she too is beautiful when she's not binging. Even when she's undressed, and looking at herself in the mirror, the binging girl sees herself as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker-hiding-in-plain-sight with a killer body that she is.

Barbra is wearing a Kaye, perls, prudz, flats, a white lacy bullet bra with a matching white satin half-slip, barbwire garters, cigarette purse, and no panties. The well-hung she-male prefers going commando.

Olivia is doing a Marion Crane, and doing none of the options. Also, no holster, of course. Only a phone and cigarette purse firmly gripping the waistband of her suit's miniskirt.

Barbra removes her mask. She's smiling, broadly. And voices something cryptic.

"Your future is our past."

As if in wordless response, Lucy's plaintive makeup removes itself from her face and neck. She removes her thicks. No more lisp. The girl is again beautiful and youthful.

BY gets off the bed and walks up beside Lucy. She grabs the girl's ass.

"Our past is your future," BY responds, equally cryptic. She's smiling when she says it.

Neither girl says a thing. They remain seen and not heard, and resolved to let their betters do all of the talking. As it should be.

"Then we are agreed?"

"Yes."

"As such, your peril passes to us. You are free of it. Your safety assured."

"Always good to do business with you."

"Likewise."

From the perspective of BY and Lucy, in their Creation, the duo of Barbra and Olivia disappear, returning to the Creation from whence they came.

And. From the perspective of Barbra and Olivia, in their Creation, the duo of BY and Lucy disappear, returning to the Creation from whence they came.

So. For the here and now of Barbra and Olivia, Day Zero, their Creation. They're sitting on the bed in the room where its sordid squalor has given way to rampart decay and desolation. It's their unconscious Joe, being used as bait, sprawled in front of the door. There's scratching at the door. Uninvited cometh, the door opens.

The End