

I, The Jury

“In Memory of a Dream”

A Darque assassin's very faerie tales

By

H. P. Lovelace

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

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

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

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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?

Foreword

“Black Reign: That Darque, Milk Chocolate Delight”

“You melt in her mouth, not in her hands.”

Because she thought that it was good sport. Because some women aren't looking for anything logical, like money. They can't be bought, bullied, reasoned, or negotiated with. Some women. Some women just want to watch the world burn. And, God help me, those Darque women are the women that I crave.

Book One

Never Pat A Burning Dog

“Whoever we are. Wherever we reside. We exist on the whim of murderers.”— Miles Davis, “The Rock”

An original concept based upon characters and situations from the Vampire trilogy “The Endless Night” by H. P. Lovelace; dedicated to Mickey Spillane, his Mike Hammer, and the original, his “I, The Jury.” So, if you’re looking for Sherlock Holmes, Perry Mason, Nero Wolf, et al., you’d best look elsewhere. Mickey Spillane, dead, but not forgotten, never.

Cold Around The Heart, "Never trust the one you love."

"Miles. Oh, Miles. What the fuck gives? You missed our dinner date, luv, and that's gonna cost you."

As soon as she enters the hackshaw's darkened office, she's knows that things aren't on the up-n-up. Her vision goes native. She sees movement just in time to kind-of duck, missing the full impact of the blackjack. If she hadn't slipped most of the blow; she'd have been a goner for sure.

A Rock Troll flings her into a far wall like she's a sack of five pound potatoes. Her neck snaps upon impact. She drops to the floor like a ragdoll; dead as could be. The two Rocks are on her like white on rice.

"Finish the slut off."

"Then, after I make her into a stiff, I'm gonna really have some fun with her. She looks like a real class act; not like the cheap ass, limp fuck working girls that I'm used to having as corpses."

"Hurry up, then."

"Say hello to God for me, bitch."

As he raises his sap gloved fist over her broken body, ready to deliver a torrent of finishing blows, five massive shapes burst into the room. Several months ago just shy of a year the fivesome was beating Kane into a pulp in her office above Margo's spell shop, because she'd shunned their boss, Fats, in the aftermath of her at the time, recent rooking. Now, that very same fivesome is saving her life. Ain't life a bitch?

Two talented amateurs against five seasoned pros, the outcome is obvious. But it never escalates to fisticuffs let alone gunplay, 'cause the two muckers take it on the lam and pop off, teleporting to who knows where.

Diehard: “Yippee ki aye, mother fuckers!!!”—full metal alchemist

Tisk. Tisk. Tisk. There I go again. I got careless and got, got. This time, by a couple of rank amateurs. Now that I’ve resurrected, I regenerate in that nowhere place. I pass the time by recalling recalling in graphic detail, reliving it, as only faerie can remember that incident on Mars six months ago. Not our planet Mars, but the Mars of another world what humans call an alternate/parallel universe. It involved me, murder, and a douche bag named Orenthal James “O. J.” Simpson retired American football player, football broadcaster, actor, and convicted felon. Oops. There I go mixing metaphors again. This O. J. never got the chance to be a convicted felon.

Number One looks just like Lynda Carter did when that actress played Principal Powers in Disney’s “Sky High.” Number Two looks just Kelly Preston did when that actress played Josie Stronghold/Jetstream in that very same movie. Somebody has done their homework. Mondo is impressed, which was the intent. She licks her lips. And, she gets oh so very wet for this bodacious, middle-aged candy; the definition of stacked: busting loose all over.

Spade and Big Nog are already onsite. So, this is just a formality; the parley, so to speak. It promises to be short, sweet, and to the point. The Mord Sith are not known for their chattiness.

Two human males, kitted up for combat, materialize out of nowhere. They’re outfitted in familiar and the totally unfamiliar. More materialize, until a squad of them has manifested. These are off-worlders.

“Good, we’re all here. On time just like clockwork,” Number One proclaims with obvious glee. She speaks English with a thick Prussian accent. Yes, someone has done their homework indeed on our Miss Kane.

The parley is over, just like that. Number Two smiles, shakes her head in the affirmative, and makes an arcane gesture with her hands. An arc is invoked and they’re all transported to an archeological dig on Mars. This world’s Mars, of course.

Zoe Pound - Haitian, the most feared gang in Miami

Number One rears back abruptly in the bed, raising her head up from between Mondo's quivering legs, as she feels a blade applied to the back of her neck. Up until this most rude interruption to their sodomy, there was just a naked Number One and Mondo in the bed.

To be completely truthful, the agiel of Number One is nearby. And, Mondo is wearing perls. So neither woman is completely naked.

"Mondo, that isn't saliva glistening on public hair, is it?" Coco asks the rhetorical question, expecting the correct answer, and she's not disappointed.

"No, it isn't," Mondo responds as her muff goes bye-bye and she becomes a slick chick again.

Strait hair gives way to sternka. She dresses quickly in her skins, heels, bra, and plastic—plastic panties, her rubber thong. Holster and purse are clipped to her skirt, of course. Sternns and prudz complete her transformation from hottie into unattractive spinster with the killer bod.

Coco notices the puncture marks in the neck of Number One. Lynda has allowed Mondo to feed. And, the marks on Mondo's body indicated that the girl has allowed the Mord Sith to apply her agiel with extreme prejudice.

"You failed to come into your work, so I brought the work to you." Coco points to a stack of paperwork piled upon a library style reading desk in the far corner cattycorner to where Mrs. Smith stands.

Mondo sits down at the desk and begins working her backlog using the supplied tricorder. Transcription would be much quicker using her perls, but Coco left the tricorder for a reason: Coco wants it used. So, Mondo complies.

Coco holsters her vujcic. Number One quickly dresses and follows Coco out of the room and into the hallway. Big Nog is standing by the door, nonchalantly reading a newspaper from their world.

"You know better, Lynda."

"Yes I do, Coco."

"So, what's the back story?"

"Good old-fashioned murder."

"One of the escaped twenty-fours?"

"No. Here topside, they've all been accounted for by my people. And, down below in the lower levels, the off-worlders are clearing the labs, room by room; nothing is getting past them."

"When did it happen?"

"After the security breach." Lynda pauses for effect. "Your Detective Spade and her Mr. Moto are going over the crime scene."

"Has she been near it?"

"No. I've kept her otherwise occupied."

"So, one of you humans did it?"

“It would seem so.”

“Motive?”

“Maybe to sabotage our joint venture. Maybe not. Either way, we need someone neutral to do the heavy lifting, pronto.”

“And, that someone must be agreeable to all of the interested parties.”

“Too bad you made her get all *dowdied-up* and put on glasses to boot.”

Don't Fuck with Mother Russia!!!

At some point, Mondo realizes that she's not alone in the room. Although they are rotating their stealth frequencies, her body has begun to assimilate the modulation. Soon, she'll be able to see them, and what one faerie assimilates, all faerie on all worlds assimilate instantaneously: What doesn't kill one of us, makes us all stronger. The Borg are like that. So, to maintain their tactical advantage, they leave.

She continues working through her backlog. Sternns and prudz get pursed. Sternka gives way to strait hair. Her muff grows back underneath her thong. Mondo has decided to have some fun at her uninvited guests' expense. Too late she realizes that they are long gone.

Lap Dancing

Coco says nothing about the girl's appearance. And, she knows better than to ask if the girl is again sporting a muff. But, she's fuming nonetheless and makes no secret about it. And, as aforementioned, Mondo loves jerking Coco's chain.

"She's been stabbed multiple times. Breasts and crotch have been shredded. Neck was hacked up so bad that she was nearly decapitated. So, we're talking about something very personal, a lot of pent up rage on the part of the killer."

"A crime of passion?" Number Two asks rhetorically, although she already knows the answer.

"Yes and no," responds Mondo. Her voice is as cold as ice, cold and harsh. "I'd wager the killer planned this, waited for the right opportunity, and did the dirty deed when that opportunity presented itself. The twenty-fours escaped, bedlam ensued, and the killer struck taking advantage of the chaos. Whoever it was just couldn't contain themselves, their emotions got the better of them, and they lost it, hence the hack job. Then again, you already know all this. Ergo, this is a test to assuage the misgivings of the interested parties."

"We need someone to resolve this in a most satisfactory manner. Capish?"

"Capish."

The three women are in the morgue with the naked body of the murder victim lying upon one of the slabs. The slab next to it is also occupied, but it's covered; Mondo makes a mental note of that.

As usual, Big Nog is standing by the door nonchalantly reading a newspaper and Mrs. Smith is standing dispassionately in a far corner; neither tripwire says a word during the proceedings.

Mondo dowdies up herself again, even putting on her glasses. Sternka, sternns, and prudz. The muff stays; she'll only go slick when she utterly has to, for example, when she fucks Coco or Frau Boller or when she bares her crotch to Coco or Frau Boller.

"A lot is riding upon the outcome of this investigation. This is the closest you humans have come to perfecting your twenty-four solution, and it's taken the combined resources of several human worlds to do it. Needless to say, to safari a world inhabited by twenty-fours would be heaven to any faerie. But, all of that cooperation and hard work is in jeopardy because of this murder. Everything could fall apart like a house of cards depending on the who and why of this case. Hence me."

Psycho killer, crude brute, rocket scientist, she is very dangerous indeed, hence the need for tripwires if she should turn.

"What do you need next?"

"Personnel records, everybody's including those of the dead girl Nicole Brown. I will also need a liaison. A State Department gook should be sufficient and agreeable to all concern parties. And, make sure that she's cute with a name that's rife with lecherous double-entendre. Coco knows my tastes."

Lap Dancing 2

The typical number of chromosomes in a human cell is 46 - two pairs of 23 - holding an estimated 25,000 genes. One set of 23 chromosomes is inherited from the biological mother (from the egg), and the other set is inherited from the biological father (from the sperm). When you add a twenty-fourth pair of chromosomes, using genetic engineering, you produce either a superhuman or a super monster, hence the moniker of twenty-four.

Daffeny, kimchi, and Zombie Hot!!! - The Girl from Screams-r-Us

“My name is Randy, Ms. Randy Spears.”

“Why, of course you are.”

Mondo pumps the extended hand of the prim and proper girl while ogling her up and down. Randy feels simultaneously dirty, uncomfortable, creepied-out, and repulsed by the bigger girl.

Ugh, what a complete sleaze! I feel like taking a long, hot bath laced with the strongest disinfectant known to man.

Mondo, of course, has other ideas about Ms. Spears.

Jeez, I can't wait to fuck this dish.

“These are the records that you requested, Miss Kane.”

Randy hands Mondo the files. Mondo takes the encrypted disks and loads them into the viewer that's setting upon her reading desk. Then, she gets down to business. Randy watches intently, noticing Big Nog and Mrs. Smith.

“Are they for your protection?”

“No. They are for yours.”

Mondo points to the empty observer's chair. It's positioned so that Mondo can ogle the girl while working. Randy sits in the chair. For the next hour, uttering not a single word, Mondo will look up occasionally from her work and smile loathsomely at the girl, which completely unnerves Randy.

Sans sternka, sternns, and prudz, Mondo is back to her usual sexy. It's Ms. Spears who's wearing sternka and prudz, but no sternns. Mondo is the very improper to Ms. Spears very proper.

Pain Today, Agony Forever - That's my pleasure in spades

"I've narrowed it down to five individuals; three women and two men. The victim's ex, a guy named Orenthal James "O. J." Simpson, is one of the men. Odds are, it's him. A test unworthy of me, I might add."

"Analysis?"

Mondo pops a disk out of the tricorder and hands it to Randy who purses the disk.

"I'm sure that you'll have Detective Spade and Mr. Moto go over my findings with a fine tooth comb."

Mondo rests a hand on Randy's knee. Randy uncrosses her legs. Mondo repulses her at all levels and in so many ways, but she's ambitious and this case could make her career.

Big Nog leaves the room, but Mrs. Smith stays put.

"Now, get rid of that dowdy shit," Mondo snarls.

"As you wish," Randy answers back with the appropriate sheepish demure. She knows to play the submissive to Mondo's dominatrix. She lets her hair down and purses her gloves. "The pheromones will make this nice for me."

"I don't give a flying fuck about making this nice for you. So, no pheromones."

"Bitch!"

"And, your point being?"

"You can't do this to me!"

Oh no, she's going to rape me!

"The hell I can't. I'll have Mrs. Smith turn you into a junkie whore, a junkie whore who will eat my pussy and lick my ass on command."

Big Nog reenters the room along with Frau Boller. Randy breathes a sigh of relief. Mondo figured that the room was monitored.

"Having too much fun?" Frau Boller asks coyly.

"Not yet. Later though. So. Frau Boller. when do I get to see the other body?"

She is good! I'm going ga-ga over her, already.

Mondo figures she'll rape the girl later.

“If it doesn’t fit, you must acquit.”

This time, Mondo is directed by Frau Boller to uncover the slab next to Nicole’s. The guy’s body is hacked up just as bad as the girl’s. Multiple stab wounds. Almost decapitated. Chest and genitals shredded.

“Now, let’s see the murder scene,” Mondo requests, her voice inflected perfectly.

“Lets.”

“If it doesn’t fit, you must acquit.—持续”

They’re in a secondary corridor on B-Level. Frau Boller and Mondo are up front. Big Nog and Mrs. Smith pull up the rear. Coco is back on Jupiter in the “real” world.

“We figure he was standing over there, hiding in the shadows, waiting to pounce. He had the element of surprise. They never had a chance.”

“Were Ron and Nicole lovers?”

“Nope. They were just coworkers.”

“Are you positive?”

“Mondo, Ron was gay.”

“Did O. J. know that Ron batted for the other team?”

“Yep. So, scratch jealousy as a motive. It doesn’t make sense.”

“Sure it does. You’re just thinking way too much.”

“A total douche bag, by any other name.”

O. J. sits across from Mondo in the interrogation room of the base’s police station. He’s one, cocky son-of-a-bitch.

“So, you think that I bladed my wife and her faggot friend, prove it dyke.”

“You’re a spook, so was your wife and so was Mr. Goldman, so are all the other suspects who made my short list for the murders. Spies, shadow government stuff, black ops, etc., no wonder everybody’s panties are in a bunch over a simple domestic.”

He starts to get up and she shoves him right back down. He snarls, gives her an evil stare, and pounds his fists on the table. She flashes that chilling, loathsome smile of hers.

“Who the fuck do you think you are?”

“The monster you don’t want knocking at your front door.”

“Think you’re so much ‘cause you’re inhuman. That don’t mean shit to me.” Simpson’s lawyer, Johnny Cochran, bursts into the room flashing legal papers. Simpson smirks. He knows that he’s gonna walk. “Well, looks like I’m out of here, butch.”

“For now.”

“Never pat a burning dog.”

“Miss Kane. Word association?”

“Shoot.”

“Mobb Deep?”

“Human. Nineteenth Century physicist. Co-inventor of Intrinsic Mechanics. IM, which is the foundation of Exotic Science, is also the basis for Al Gore’s radical variations on Exotic Particle Physics and Koch’s Theories of Non-Relativity versus Transient Mobility and, not to mention Ms. Driver’s fundamentals in Cool Air. IM has, let us say, nefarious side effects, at least for its human users, which is why it was abandoned by the mainstream scientific community over a century ago.” Mondo pauses strategically, but she resumes her captioned regurgitation of her doctorate thesis and the addendum to said thesis. “So, may I assume from the tone of your voice and the associations thus garnered that the folly wasn’t abandoned completely by the fringe element represented here?”

“No, it wasn’t, Miss Kane. And, for the record, we’re a mix of cutting-edge scientists doing bleeding-edge research, not unschooled crackpots chasing some foolishness at the expense of our represented governments,” Number Two responds tersely, smiling from ear to ear. She’s pleased with the girl’s own razor-sharp responses.

Yes. The girl has a steel-trap mind. Beauty, brains, and brawn is such a delicious package. I must fuck her before this is all over. I fancy her as my pet.

Mondo’s thoughts are far less carnal.

I don’t know what I want to do with this douche bag more: Brain her or fuck her. So, the twenty-fours are just a cover. These fuckers are playing with dynamite.

“You used _____ to dispose of the loose ends in her own inimical way. She used surrogates which was a stroke of bloody genius on her part: The ultimate patternless pattern. Mr. Land, Ms. Driver, etc., etc., etc. your various liabilities, taken care of by either _____ or her various extensions, her stooges, and then you got me to unwittingly do your dirty work for you. I got rid of _____ for you.”

Mrs. Smith stands in a far corner of the interrogation room. Big Nog is right outside the door in the hallway; he might as well be in another world for all the good it’s doing Mondo, though. It’s just Mondo and Number Two in the room; not being a person, Mrs. Smith doesn’t count. The reverberations of O. J.’s furor have died down somewhat.

“Nice story, so tell me some more.”

“When O. J. comes after me, and he will come after me, that will be another loose end done away with. He’s gone off the deep end and become unreliable, a security risk, just like the others became when they too got Infected. He was a scumbag before he got Infected; now, he’s an even bigger one, too big of a one to let live. IM unhinges the human mind; you know that and yet you people still pursue its wanton promises which are nothing more than gilded lies.”

“So. Is that what it did to you, it unhinged your mind?”

“It has no effect on someone who’s already insane. I was born nuts, and you know it. Everybody knows it. I spent way too much of my life lying to myself about being a crazy. I kept pretending

that I was something that I never was. I kept pretending that I was sane. I'm clinically sane, which is NOT the same thing. I'm a lunatic who can function in society, just like someone who's sane. I've never been alright and I never will be. I'm Evil incarnate, and I'm as crazy as a loon: An evil looney tunes; in other words, Evil Toons. I'm a bad person."

Mondo, by implication, is admitting to her own illicit experiments in college, her own dalliances with the devil known as Intrinsic Mechanics, back when she too was very much human.

"So, the question is. Are you going to help us with The Lady?"

"I already am, aren't I?"

"Yes, you are."

"And, for the record, since this whole conversation is being monitored and recorded, it's not The Lady you're interested in anyways. You're after its long sought-after progeny. Adaptive Technology. AT ain't assimilation, but it's as close as Food like you will ever get. Your end-game is to be as close to us as you can get and still be human, good luck with that one."

Now, it's Mondo turn to smile from ear to ear. She flashes that chilling, loathsome smile of hers.

“?” The intermission is over.

Mondo emerges from the shower and realizes that someone else is in the room. She’s assimilated, so she can see him clearly. As always, the girl is wearing her perls. She slips on her bra and panties.

Of course, with the skintight fit of her plastic so tight, such a second skin fit, that they are legitimate “lip readers,” yet they’re as neuter as regular panties and the way that her thong’s color changes to exactly match her complexion, it isn’t readily discernable that she’s wearing any panties at all. Casual observation would indicate that she’s a slick chick who’s going commando.

Erratic behavior, mentally unstable, the hallmark symptoms of being an Infected. And, while you, Mr. Simpson, were in that interrogation room adapting to me, I was assimilating to you. Now, you, and whoever is watching this encounter will unfortunately realize, just how close adaptation is to assimilation. Not close at all!!!

The cloaked Simpson draws his gun and fires. Mondo shifts into overdrive. There’s a sound, muffled and distorted, like it’s very far off. Belches of gun smoke. A hail of bullets moves toward her. But, all of this is in extreme slow motion! O. J. isn’t using an MPP from her world, he’s using an “ordinary” gun from his!

He drops his gun and goes for his blade. But, by then, she’s behind him. He doesn’t get a chance to scream, yet he suffers a thousand deaths before he draws his last breath. Game Over!

Someone else enters the room. His name is Marcus Allen; one of O.J.’s ace boon coons. She’s assimilated, so she can also see him clearly. His directed energy weapon is already drawn. He’s holding a hand phaser. The light beam from his phase pistol moves slowly toward her; it moves much faster than the bullets from an ordinary gun, but painfully slow, nonetheless, from her perspective. She’s behind him. Before he can react, she takes him down. Simpson’s cohort is dead. Johnny Cochran can’t fix this one. Game, finally over!

“?” The intermission is over. 持续

They got a name for the winners in the world. I wanna name when I lose. They call Alabama
“The Crimson Tide.” Call me “Deacon Blues.”

“Deacon Blues” by Steely Dan, from their “Aja” album

“While the Saints stand confounded, call me with the Wicked surrounded.”

There I go again, back from nowhere fast.

Chapter One

There I Go Again. Back From Nowhere Fast

“While the Saints stand confounded, call me with the Wicked surrounded.”

“While the Saints stand confounded, call me with the Wicked surrounded.”

Mondo comes to herself. She’s in an alcove set into the wall of a ROOM. The ROOM is blanche white. There’s a table facing her. Three people, all Food, a man and two women, are seated at the table. She’s naked. They’re not.

She smiles that loathsome smile of hers. Her tongue moves about in her open mouth as if it has a life of its own. Before a word is spoken, her labia glisten with feverish excitement. She never ever gets wet and all animal smelling without reason.

One of the women Mondo recognizes; she’s Miles’ widow. The guy reeks of being a high-dollar mouthpiece. The dishy forty-something redhead reeks of being a special agent, one of Hoover’s G-girls. A ginger drops Mondo’s IQ at least a hundred points.

“The Boondock Saints II: All Saints Day.”

“I’m so smart, I make smart people feel like they’re retarded.”

Special Agent Eunice Bloom
(FBI, Saint Louis Office)

Mondo mimics an arcane gesture with her hands. It’s not magic, it’s vudu. She steps down onto the floor. The Federal agent gets up and walks around from behind the table. As if they are the only two people in the ROOM, the two women eye each other.

The fact that she’s one of Hoover’s goons is obvious from a mile away. Her trendy civvies literally scream out, “I’m FBI!” And in true Bureau fashion, agents look like they’re cut from the same cloth, even when they’re unrelated. The FPO is decked out in decidedly conservative Brute-HBK tweed: a form-fitting jacket with a large gun bulge under the armpit and a matching knee-length slim-skirt with a front-zip slit. Sensible shoes, a starched white cotton blouse that’s been ironed to within an inch of its life, a wide men’s tie, opaque stockings, leather gloves, and no body armor whatsoever, rounds out her outfit. Creases are Marine-sharp. Monogram undies are Austrian satin. Hose and tie are the finest Malaysian silk.

Nestled in her STEVE-O 3:16 shoulder-holster is the source of her gun bulge: a lowered Razorback.

Needless to say, it would be much cheaper to issue Hogs rather than cut-down R’backs, but expense has never been a consideration at the Bureau since its inception. The Director likes to spoil his LEOs. And what the Director wants, the Director gets.

That’s why all of his female operatives, in clear violation of Civil Rights Laws, are required by Bureau regs to be eye-popping up-front beauties. In order words, there ain’t a sub C-cup in the bunch. And male FBI agents all look like tough-guy, lantern-jaw, pulp-action hero-types right out of a Carroll John Daly, Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, or Ross Macdonald novel. Chandler, the hard-boiled school’s most articulate theorist and polemicist, is coincidentally the Director’s favorite author. So much for the concept of equal employment, let alone diversity.

“Kill today, so that you can kill more tomorrow.”

“Grimm Reaper, moi? Ha! You’re woefully out of date. I’m a private citizen, now; just like you. No more shooting reviews. No more Listings. No more oversight of any kind.”

Mondo Kane, librarian
(retired-Grimm Reaper)

Without breaking eye contact, Mondo walks over to Special Agent Bloom and extends her hand. The women shake; a handshake that’s polite, firm. Now how’s the alpha female?

Although Eunice tries her best to hide it, it’s obvious to Mondo that Eunice isn’t used to having her considerable intimidation factor turned right back on her. FBI agents are used to being the bee in the other person’s bonnet, not the other way around. But, Eunice is a quick study. She won’t make that mistake again and underestimate her adversary.

“I’m Special Agent Eunice Bloom, FBI, St. Louis Office. You already know Ms. Davis. And, the gentleman seated to her right is Attorney Percy Marion, Ms. Davis’ lawyer.”

“The Special Agent Bloom of ‘Boondock Saints: All Saints Day’ fame?”

“One in the same, Ms. Kane.”

“One. It’s Miss, not Ms. Two. I’m a private citizen, not a Grimm Reaper anymore. I’m retired. Ergo, no more oversight whatsoever.”

“This is an informal deposition, of course. We would appreciate your cooperation in this matter. A man has been brutally murdered Ms. Davis’ husband. Your friend.”

“Not my problem. Don’t care.”

“But.”

“But nothing.”

Mondo shoves her hand in her crotch, does some exploration, yanks it back out of her nethers, and licks the dew off of it.

“That’s a nasty habit you have there.”

“I’m a nasty girl.” Mondo pauses for effect. “Now, where are my clothes, or do I have to cut a nigger on you, because nice doesn’t seem to be cutting it?”

“No need for a scene. This interview is officially over.”

“By the way, what happened to Attorney Patrick McCarthy?”

“Ms. Davis decided that it was best to terminate his services.”

That’s when Mondo turns her head, breaking eye contact with Eunice, and smiles that even wider shit eating grin, directing it at the widow Davis. As if to say, “If you whacked Miles, God can’t help you.”

"Even Hell has its heroes, señor."

"Even Hell has its heroes, señor."

-- from "The Ninth Gate"

Eunice watches Mondo intently through the one-way glass. Mondo can't see Eunice, of course, but it's obvious that the girl knows that she's being watched. She removes her things slowly off the table. It took her fifteen minutes just to put on her pearls, katz, and carries. Mondo knows that Eunice derives no pleasure from seeing another woman dress, which is reason enough for the dig. Mind games, indeed.

On the other hand, Bernie Mack, Eunice's partner has no problem whatsoever watching the peep show. He's dressed in the masculine version of Eunice's getup. As aforementioned, although they are unrelated, they could pass for brother and sister. Everybody who's hired by the FBI must pass the physical; in other words, Mr. Hoover has to meet them personally to make sure that they have the right "look."

Besides the aforementioned, Mondo is sporting her black French pushup and her flesh-colored thong. Lace and latex, makes for some kinky unmentionables. She's yet to put on her body molding Koo Stark, the "little black suit," the ubiquitous snakeskin business suit with the very brief shirt. Her purse and Weirdings the module and the universal holster still set on the table. She made a point of emptying the universal onto the table; the two Tessys both version twos and the vujcic dwarf the holster.

Like her purse, the interior of the holster is many times bigger than its compact exterior would indicate possible. The hardshell vujcic purse has flap closure. Being a universal, the Weirding holster is a sealed, black plasticine clunk, a weapons generator that will only unload into the operator's hands what's been loaded into it.

"A looker kitted up with Starfleet-Borg. Hubba. Hubba," Bernie gloats.

"Keep it in your pants, will you," Eunice teases.

"I'm trying, but it's hard," the expected pause, "a very hard thing to do," Bernie pants.

"You're crossing the line."

"I did that, an hour ago."

"Ugh."

That's when things get serious. Their boss, Senior Special Agent Constance Banks, enters the room. She's also Director Hoover's personal assistant; his righthand "man" so to speak. Scuttlebutt is that she's quite a bit more than just his assistant. The vaudeville acts goes in the crapper and they stand that much sharper and upright.

Per protocol. When you're in the presence of one of your "betters"—a ranking officer of The Bureau—act accordingly. Speak only when spoken to. Speak the truth. Do as you're told.

"Having fun?" Banks asks coyly.

"Yes, ma'am," Eunice, being the senior partner, answers for both of them.

“Good.” Banks looks at Bernie. “Leave.”

Bernie is out the door, locking it behind him.

“You loath her, don’t you?” Banks asks rhetorically.

“Yes,” Eunice answers rhetorically.

“Bad for you. Get over it.”

“I presume that we’re off-book?”

“You may.”

“Ms. Kane.”

“She prefers Miss.”

“Miss Kane, then, is a principal suspect in a murder case.”

“So is the victim’s wife, and you don’t seem to hate her.”

“She’s a sader, capable any atrocity.”

“And the victim’s wife is a thrill-seeking psychopath. Both are monsters.”

“Kane is so much worse.”

“And your point?” But before Eunice can answer, Banks cuts her off. “Subject closed. We don’t have time to indulge this childishness.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Eunice swallows hard. Her pride doesn’t go down easy.

“Miss Kane used to be a Grimm Reaper. Now, she’s retired. She’s no longer in that line of work. She doesn’t even do it for Fats, the Mobster who owns her. She no longer has a PI license. That you already know. Now, tell me more. Tell me a real good story.”

Finally, Mondo is putting on her Koo. First the strait the suitcoat. Then the strap the suit’s miniskirt. Slip on the jacket, leave it open. Step into the skirt, and yank it up with a suggestive wiggle of the hips. Everything done slowly. Always the stripper at heart.

Banks watches Mondo while she talks to Eunice. Banks, whose been known to go both ways, likes very much what she sees. She’s digging Mondo and she’s digging Eunice. A straight shooter, she’d never make a move on a subordinate. But, Mondo is fair game.

“She’s still got a library card, lifetime. As such, she’s still a card carrying member of The Guild. On her tax returns she lists her occupation as ‘retired.’ No one living knows why she retired, including her. We scanned her while she was regenerating and confirmed that she doesn’t know the reason for her retirement. She solved her last three cases while Grimm solved them concurrently, solved them without loss of life. One of the cases resulted in the exoneration of Ancient Mia a.”

“Yes. Yes. I know what and who Ancient Mia is. Go on.”

“Miss Kane has been granted an ITC. It can’t be revoked. She can go armed anywhere, in the presence of anyone including the President of the United States. No weapons control laws can legally be applied to her. It’s next to impossible to get an ITC, unheard of for a professional assassin to get one, and she gets one with options. The first option, by default went to her, the

second one went to Fats, and the last one went to a Skinhead her protégée Gina Vicious.” Eunice’s voice changes tone. “I’m sorry. I get it. Forgive me for being so.”

“Already forgotten.”

“Miss Kane is to be considered beyond reproach. I will take her off the suspect list.”

“Good girl. Now, freshen up. Bill wants to see you.”

“Bill?”

“Jasper. You know J. Edgar. The Director.”

That’s when Eunice goes all deer in the headlights. Then. Snap. Composure. She leaves as quickly as Bernie did.

With Eunice gone, Banks is free to watch the whole fucking show in earnest. She slides her hand down the front of her skirt, inside her panties, into her crotch. Banks fingers herself. Those long, knowing fingers of hers. Friction. Friction. Friction.

Mondo briefly goes jagged, baring her drinking live fangs and needle teeth, and flicking out that long wicked abomination that she calls a tongue. She clips her Weirdings and purse to the waistband of her short tight pencil skirt. Purse and tricorder, side by side, grip the waistband in the front on the leftside, the librarian side. Universal goes in the back, of course. She squeezes her bra-plumped tits and buttons her jacket. Then she does something really sick. Her hair goes back up into a sternka: Spinster hairdo. She slips on her sternns: Spinster eyeglasses. Prudz gloves her: Spinster gloves. The stripper with the strait—long straight shoulder and breast draping—very yellow blonde hair, bare handed, no eyeglasses, has given way to a staid librarian. Either way, with her hot bod, still a walking orgasm.

"What about Jersey Shore's Jenni 'JWoww' Farley?"

I don't know if it was real, or, a lucid dream, but it sure felt real to ME!!!

"Excuse me, but. You remind me of someone."

"Patricia Arquette in 'Lost Highway?'"

"Yes. That's it."

Why do I always remind FBI agents of Patty in that seminal David Lynch noir? Patty in her absolute physical prime. The pinnacle of her attractiveness. Back in the day. Sigh. Now, she's a mere shadow of that former self. Double sigh.

Mondo's response to Bernie's game play is the personification of sarcasm. Players beware. 'Cause she's the shit!

"Except that my very fakelooking dime store fun bags are a whole lot bigger. My legs are much longer. I got a harderlooking face that's prettier with a larger, more loathsome mouth. My baby blues are colder, ice cold, frigid. Yellow blonde hair instead of platinum; not shoulder-length. golden tresses draping my shoulders and those aforementioned fun bags. Etc. Etc. Etc." Then, Mondo adds even more sarcastically as if that's possible after that short, expected pause: "Yep, I look just like Patty in 'Lost.'" This sets the tone for the rest of the trip in the turbo lift. In a word, silence.

Although they look like elevators, there are no elevators in modern Federal buildings. There are just turbo lifts that whisk you quickly and quietly between floors.

You can egress a Federal building via "special" means—teleportation, spoofing, etc.—if you have the correct cipher a cryptic which is rotated regularly but you have no such ingress. You have to use physical means. For example, a "real" door.

And. You would expect no less in this the latest incarnation of the long, illustrious line of J. Edgar Hoover Federal Buildings.

Undeterred, Eunice's partner continues to give Mondo the once over. The full-blown "Mack Daddy" treatment. You know. The way straight guys, even very shy ones, can fantasize about fucking a girl all the while they're discussing quantum physics or some other such business-related, no-nonsense, serious nonsexual shit with that very same girl.

I got to fuck this bitch. Fakelooking nails. A fakeass weave. And, a matched set of very fakelooking dime store fun bags. But, none of it is fake!!! This heifer is one-hundred-percent. REAL!!! Drink me live, please!!!

“I have a dream. Hee. Hee. You, on the other hand, have a nightmare!!!” aka
Jack the Ripper – Part 3

Flashback. It’s yesterday, all over again.

Abandon all hope. Yea who enter. The Dark Night - Agony Begins.

And so it begins. The Dark Knight cometh.

Her compact whisks itself off of the nearby examination table. No arcane gesture, subtle or otherwise, is needed to accomplish this manipulation. The well-trained device is merely anticipating its mistress’ cravings without having to be “asked” by said mistress to satiate ‘em. It hovers in front of her and mops her face. Mopp, that dreadful “pancake” makeup favored world-wide by old maids of all persuasions, is applied heavily. Heavily-applied mopp, as if to imply there’s any other way to apply or wear mopp? When it finishes its task it will return to its resting place.

The unflattering makeup is part of her plain, after all. Age lines, drawn in by the mopp, make her look like a bitter, forty-something divorcee who’s been “rode hard and put up wet” several times too many: Bitter divorcee overlays her usual baseline of loathing and disdain.

Sooner, not later, the harlot spinster will also be sporting the expected sternns in addition to the mopp, which will make her look even harder and more schoolmarmish. Sound familiar?

Examine table. Why is her compact lying on a table instead of inside of her purse, you ask? Ritual, is the answer. Where is her purse, you ask? Oh yea of little faith.

She’s strapping her purse. To digress, her spellbound cigarette purse made from the real McCoy: vampiir. The hardshell clutch is no bigger than her hand; in fact, it’s the size of an oversized cigarette case, which is why it’s called a cigarette purse. But thanks to a simple spatial displacement spell, its interior is many times larger than its compact exterior would indicate possible; therefore the purse is a universal. The spatial for her clutch was the very first one a young Mildred Most learned to weave. Margo Miller was Most’s magic teacher, a tradition that continues with daughter Mondo.

To digress. In the voluminous interior of the purse, Mondo keeps her cash money, toiletries, the usual assortment of girlie stuff, and the lethals peculiar to any female who is an avatar of Death. The slim purse is strapped to the outside of her right thigh, as is tradition.

The Vampire flashes her jagged pearly-whites. Here. She never stoops to the pretense of blunting her teeth. Of course, jagged for a Vampire, like for all faerie, is long, crooked, flesh-rending needle teeth, and, of course, blood-drinking fangs, the ones all faerie have, are also bared!

Here, never the lie that is sexy. Just plain and dirty. Just the crazed harlot spinster addicted to Kum and Borg and killing and agony. That loathsome cow. Not the other one. The Others. The girl. Just the truth and nothing but the truth.

“Jack. There is a very special place in Hell, for people like us, because even Hell has its heroes, señor.” Mondo pauses, that maniacal grin painted on her face, then she continues: “But, right now, at this very moment, I’m going, going, going back, going back to Heaven. MY HEAVEN and you get to go back to YOUR NIGHTMARES!!!”

Jack shudders. This is how it is for his victims. Now. This is how it is for him. He's bound and gagged, naked and vulnerable: superglued à la Showtime's "Dexter" to a stainless steel dissection table, bright red ball-gag shoved in his now-toothless mouth. She knocked his teeth out the first time 'round and won't let them regenerate.

The first time she duct-taped him, but it kept getting in the way: An experiment that went south, quickly. And, clear plastic wrap just wouldn't do; she'd been down that road with a previous "guest" of the room. Been there, done that. So, this time, she went back to what brought her to the dance, so to speak. She went back to Elmer's best.

They're alone in that very special place of hers; the place where only one person ever leaves alive. This, that very private annex of her ROOM. Agony paints the stark, dimly-lit interior. This is the horrific place where Mondo can be Mondo, the REAL HER. Agony today, agony forever. Totally insane. A room soaked in agony. A room that permeates agony. A room where you can almost hear the screams past, present, and future. Suffocating agony!!!

She's near-naked and quite sweaty. Sweating profusely: Glowing. Aroused. Her nethers: All glistening; wet and animal smelling. Her nethers dripping with that "honey." The morning dew drops, so to speak. That sweet Georgia peach of hers.

She is an animal-predator dressed in blood and guts, his. She is an animal-predator dressed in pearls and a very brief, black PVC apron. She is an animal-predator, all dirty and smelly. She is unclean. A very, very, very dirty girl. Head lice. Fleas. And, crabs. A very, very, very sick girl. Death's baby girl.

Insanity disfigures her face. Her hands klaw, when idle; like the grasping talons of a bird of prey. Knobb, that creepy black mole, sprouted from the rightside of that otherwise creamy-white perfection that is her neck.

Knobb. Her one, obvious, Borg implant: a small, black, star-shaped "mole" on the rightside of her creamy neck. It's the Borg equivalent of a neck boltz, and like all things Borg, it looks creepy—makes your skin crawl. The creepy is called a knobb—hob knobbing—for that reason.

A far corner of the room this room within her ROOM is assimilated by her Borg alcove. The alcove with all those Kum and _____ tweaks of hers. Her other alcoves like to feed on her; after all, alcoves are supposed to like to feed upon their occupants. This one likes to rape her. And. She, craves to be violated by it. She craves to be violated by anyone and anything. She craves to violate anyone and anything. Perversion unbound. No limits, whatsoever. A very sick, very dirty girl, indeed.

She's sporting a lunatic krazed in the place of her usual severe, orderly, strait hair. Krazed. That long, chaotic hairdo favored by the deranged female inmates of insane asylums. A frayed T-shirt, torn and ragged, butchered into a cutoff that barely covers her tits. A stained, blood-spattered cutoff top that's so dirty, it's stiff. It also stinks just like she does. Meat gone bad, smells better than Mondo and her duds. Scum-covered teeth. A long, filthy tongue. Her cockroach-infested hair hangs about in limp stringy rattails. Filth-ingrained skin; skin that's ashy-black in places. It's as if she's joined the ranks of the mentally-ill homeless she once treated.

She makes an arcane gesture, vudu again. Back in the day, it would have been magic or, on occasion, majick. Nowadays, it's only vudu. Oh, my God, not again, he thinks! All serial killers have a ritual, and she's no different. Rusty hardened shackles—leg irons, manacles, and a leashed collar—fly off a table—that nearby examination table—and bind her. Yes. The ritual: The Cycle.

That seemingly endless cycle where, Mondo becomes The Others (the girl), followed by, The Others (the girl) become Mondo.

She degenerates, again. First, she shrieks. Then, she rants and raves in First Language. This sounds like disturbing Prussian gibberish to those who aren't fly.

Kane's thigh holster opens up lengthwise, forcefully ejecting a Sashka which slaps into the palm of her waiting hand.

A Sashka is the brand of choice for a vujcic, the traditional inhuman sword. Folded, it's an instrument of blunt trauma, akin to brass knuckles. Unfolded, looking like a hideous version of a katana, it's a suitable instrument for torture, maiming, and, of course, death.

In strict accordance with demonic shoot-fighting tradition, Kane wears her vujcic in a holster strapped to the outside of her left thigh. She has added that most modern of touches to this most tradition-bound and sacred of Infernal weaponry, though. The vujcic's sword belt is a Kendo, the Wahl of sword belts. Like her beloved Wahl, Kane's equally-loved Kendo is all Nylonex webbing, Fastex fasteners, and a well-ventilated plasticine holster. And, also like her Wahl, her Kendo is done up in most sinister black.

Underneath her apron, we find minion-strapped thighs Kendo strapping the left, purse strapping the right, with filth as the only thing between those creamy-whites and the minions strapping them, and, that's "strapping"—"tightly cinching"—of course. Of course, she can access them without having to raise her skirt.

Needless to say, the holster that tradition dictates to use is a Kuhn made from vampiir (vampire python-anaconda). Vampiir, as bps: black, reticulated snakeskin!

The gleaming multi-segmented Strange-steel blade of Kane's Sashka spews forth from the "business" end of its long slender hilt, extends to its full four-foot length, and locks into place, all in less than the blink of an inhuman eye. Its point is inches from Jack's privates. Listen carefully, and you'll hear the hypnotic that's graphically depicted in the lurid engraving of its mirror finish and the lewd detailing of its ornate hilt.

All of that sounds familiar, right?

Kane devolves even more. Mondo Kane goes away, again. And, just like before. She's gonna be gone for a very long time. Her Id has taken over. It's in complete control, once more. Ego gone. Super-ego, never had one, and being a sociopath, she's incapable of having one. Kane gives way to Seven-of-Nine (The Others). Kum cow and Borg drone. Seven (The Others). The girl. Consumptive, junkie, whore. Not consumptive—someone with tuberculosis. Consumptive—a sader. Evil incarnate. Death. Agony. Totally fucked up. Sick, very sick. Da shit!!!

And, then there's that walk of hers. That stern, sexy walk of hers, a walk that's equal parts stiff, sexy, and mechanical. Hers is the walk of a hottie automaton: prude meets stripper meets showgirl. Somethings never change.

All trace of emotion drains from her insanity-ravaged face. Yet, paradoxically, her face seethes with loathing and disdain, thanks to that large loathsome mouth of hers. Somethings never change.

Her look recalls the thoughts of Hell the machine, not the place. Hell—"Living Hell"—the abomination that looks just like Dame Julia. Dame Julia's avatar. A "real" thing—a "living" machine, whose name is "Living Hell." And, of course, Living Hell thought that.

She's so deliciously stoic, just like a Machine is supposed to be. A face totally devoid of emotion; a hard, pretty face that's ravaged by that loathsome mouth of hers, that mouth made for fucking and sucking. The large, ugly mouth exudes loathing and disdain. A cold, calculating voice; a voice totally devoid of emotion that comes off as harsh and ugly and by doing so also exudes loathing and disdain. And, of course, there's that loathsome edge to her otherwise emotionless voice that bespeaks Borg; it comes off as vulgar and dominatrix when she does it, though. And, last, but surely not least, the harsh, severe, sexy affectations, walk, and mannerisms of a dominatrix: Their severity, that sexy "stiff back" severity, severity befitting a Borg automaton or a dominatrix. This drone I possess will enjoy worshipping her new god The Machine. I know that she's not machine, but she's sadomasochist nonetheless and that's all that matters to her new god The Machine.

"The blade of a vujcic has three distinct edges. One's jagged. One's serrated. And one's straight. All of 'em so sharp a surgeon's scalpel is blunt in comparison. You'll learn the name and the meaning of each before we are finished with you." More of the girl's ritual. Having reverted to Borg, she refers to herself in the third-person plural. "We will cut flesh from you. Skin you alive. Flay the flesh from your bones. Eviscerate you. Eat your flesh, drink you live. Eat your bones. Crunch. Crunch. Crunch. To the very brink of extinction. Almost destroy you. Then. Let you regenerate. Then, it begins again. Each time we let you come back a little less. Extinction by inches. Prolong our orgasm."

Another arcane gesture. Her sternns slip on her face. Her katz pierces her right earlobe. Face-hugger. In here. The resting place for her personal stuff like her sternns, katz, face-hugger, shackles, etc., of course, is the exam table, resting along with her compact until they're needed. Why aren't they in her purse, you ask? Negro, please. We've covered that already.

To digress. Katz. That medieval trinket of ill repute. It's, of course, in the guise of a sterling-silver diamond-cut hoop earring that's piercing her right lobe. Hanging from this engraved clang-n-bang is an assortment of lockpicks: the kind you use on someone's doorlock and the kind you use on someone's mind! And even a novice wouldn't mistake this katz for a piece of jewelry.

To digress. Like a face-hugger in one of those lurid Alien movies, a something that's hideous, obscene, and vaguely biomechanical wraps the lower half of her face. It's a deadringer for the restraint mask worn by Hannibal Lecter in "The Silence of the Lambs." This strapless muzzle, a gift from Olin, is an obvious trap. Like the strait and strap of her conspicuously-absent Koo Stark, it's an authentic insane asylum restraint used on patients. It will orifice so that she can eat and drink, otherwise it stays closed.

But. No high heels. No kock fused seamlessly to her nethers: No she-male. No gloves. No glazed complexion. No dead eyes. No three pendulous triple-E tits, with the right tit being moog. No graveyard lichens and sewer moss growing here and there on her filth-ingrained skin. No ink: Not one tattoo. A tongue that's not killer. A geriatric muff that's not kyte. A geriatric mane of hair, not venomous snakes (gorgon's-hair) or drinking-live slugs. Yes. Geriatric mane and muff, of course. But, no prune-danish. She keeps it basic and dirty, and insane. Then again, it isn't like she has a choice in the matter. Obsessive compulsive. Madness.

She's a cow in spite of not having the telltale dead-eyes, "transformed" right breast transformed into a moog, of course, and glazed-white complexion. That said, she's an addict, nonetheless. Wretched. Pathetic. Deadly. Insane. Inhabitable. Addict.

To digress. Dead Eyes. Eyes are cloudy. They look like the marbled peepers on a boiled fish. This linc-eye signifies that the junkie is in a fugue-state, as if a glamor has been placed upon them.

To digress. Glazed complexion. It looks like glazing has been applied to the junkie's skin from head to toe; glazing being that mauve white pancake makeup with a little purple powder mixed in for effect. Only, it's not glaze, it's the addict's complexion, a complexion that makes the addict look like they've been entombed.

To digress. Moog. A breast that isn't really a breast at all. In place of a nipple, the teat has a tri-claw surrounding a mouth lined with needle teeth. On a Kum, it's the giant slug's other sucker.

To digress. Prune-danish. Pendulous triple-Es; luscious tits that are E-cup perfection, a faerie assessment that a human would disagree with since they're waist-length and they have horrendous stretch marks and horrid "string bean" nipples: Shades of The Thing, that most popular, and most emulated, myth of urban folklore among Furies. Tits with horrendous stretch marks and horrid "string bean" nipples are called prune-danish!

To digress. Kyte. Hairs of a geriatric muff, that's severely-straight and motile, reaching down to the floor and sweeping it. That a fuller-brush effect called kyte.

To digress. Killer tongue. A tongue which is a bloodlusting, self-sustaining organ.

Geriatric mane and muff: her honey-blond mane is liberally streaked with grey and white; her muff is grey and white, with blonde specks. The paradox of being twenty-something and having insanity-ravaged looks. The paradox of all young-adult female insane asylum patients.

To digress. A krazy is a lunatic whore's hairdo, that frightwig, a shock of fried, shoulder-draping bleached blonde hair with ragged split ends and long bangs. Hair that looks like it was hacked off by a deranged beautician.

But, as aforementioned. She's sporting a krazed. A krazed is a krazy without the bangs; the hair hangs over the face, obscuring it, like, for example, the mop hairdo of Cousin Itt from the Addams Family TV show and movies. For her, the krazed enhances the euphoria produced by torture, her torture or someone else's, that is.

She removes his ball-gag. She goes to work. Nips his scrotum with the tip of her sword; slicing open the sack with a flick of her wrist, one of his testicles and its fixings oozes out: Ouch!!! Oh. Ah, finger food. Oysters Rockefeller, she thinks as she smacks her lips. His shrieks fill the room. The room soaks in his sounds, recording them for posterity, later playback to enhance its mistress' rekall. Underneath the mask, she smiles even wider. She cums. Orgasm The Big "O" sweeping over her like a tsunami in breath-stealing waves, wave after wave, unrelenting. Oh, baby.

"That's right, baby. Scream all you like. There are only you and us to hear them," the girl states very matter-of-factly, just like the Borg drone that she is. She is beyond taunting her helpless victim. She's much too busy for that. She's in Heaven! "Saw" has nothing on this bitch!!!

A naked Mrs. Smith moves out of the darkness of a corner. The Kum exclusively assumes its native form, in here. Since it is an "it" and not a person, it doesn't count. Jack and the girl are technically alone in the room.

To digress again. Known as Kum (*cum*), these bloodsucking behemoths are overdrive capable, immensely strong, and very resilient. Although they're bipedal, they prefer to slither; the exception being the queens, who prefer to go bipedal. Their long, shoulder-draping, geriatric hair is a liberal

mix of grey and white, and it's krazed. They're the size of a grown woman. They have labia. They're often mistaken for women; that is, until you take a gander at the grotesque face concealed by that krazed. They have three pendulous triple-H tits, a monstrous face that looks like a hideous parody of a woman's face, the sex organs of a man and a woman, a killer tongue, wild zodiac eyes, klaw, rapiers, a limegreen muff, and a needle-teeth lined sucker for a mouth. But, make no mistake about it, they are female. Having zero personal hygiene means they have head lice, fleas, crabs, sludge ticks, and sewer moss, and entrails smear their tits, chest, and torso. In place of a nipple, their left teat has a tri-claw surrounding a mouth lined with needle teeth; the left teat is a tit and it isn't really a tit at all, it's the slug's other sucker; in other words, this left breast is actually a moog. The center and right teats, which are real tits, have stringbean nipples. Their prune-danish is like that of The Thing, Mondo's goddess, but The Thing's are many times worse.

There's variations depending on the subspecies of Kum, and whether it's a drone or a queen of that subspecies. For example, combining the manes of a queen Kum and a Kum drone, a Gilder has a shoulder-draping mane of venomous snakes and geriatric hair. The mane makes it look like the goddess Medusa. Closer inspection reveals that those snakes are actually slugs.

Fleshtone for their albino kind is a glazed-white complexion. A complexion that their cows oft exhibit.

Kum look like a cross between a Hag, an albino leech, and The Thing; they are voracious parasites. The queens, like the drones, are "dumb" beasts; the queens are not sentient, with genius IQs, in spite of what the uninformed would argue. Like all Kum they are mindless parasites with sexual appetites to match. Like all Kum they are part and parcel of a Hive Mind, the Kum one, not the Borg one, of course.

When the girl finishes Jack off again, for the umpteenth time, then it's its turn at bat. It will feed on what's left of Jack, the table scraps so-to-speak, leftovers from the girl's handiwork. It will also feed on the girl. After all. It is the girl's Kum and the girl is its cow. And when it feeds on the girl, its cow, said cow will devolve completely. The girl will have a killer tongue, a muff that kytes, a glazed complexion, prune-danish, a moog, dead-eyes, ink, graveyard lichens, sewer moss, and be a she-male via a kock decorated with a matching geriatric muff fused seamlessly to her crotch. In other words, the girl will become the monster on the outside that she always is on the inside!

In potent of that final transformation, a giant tick it's palm-sized, crawls up the girl's leg, arm, and shoulder, and attaches itself to the leftside of her neck underneath her big filthy hair. Slimy to the touch, it's called a tic; it's a parasite's parasite. A second tic crawls up her other leg, traverse her torso, and attaches to her abdomen left of and just below her navel, the so called sweet spot. Technically, a tic is slug, a member of the leech family: Very creepy!

When the tics are actively feeding, Mrs. Smith will be able to remote-control the girl. Remote control what's left of the girl, that is.

Once she's fully transformed, the girl is pretty to the Kum that she is cow to. She willfully and willingly allows herself to be used by the leech. She's sold herself to the slug. Here, the junkie slut can indulge her Borg and Kum to their utmost while she's being worn by her addictions of choice.

Addictions come and gone, but her addictions to Borg and Kum remain. A loathsome Borg cow is how she prefers to be worn!

Ink. On her back, a black dahlia, dripping purple blood, will ink her left shoulder blade, and a black pentagram, dripping red blood, ink her right shoulder blade. A pair of pouting red lips will ink her right buttock.

Ink. Barbed wire tattoos: SEX & VIOLENCE. A barbed wire tattoo spelling out the word SEX will encircle the right bicep. A barbed wire tattoo spelling out the word VIOLENCE will encircle the left. Both of 'em are inked deep purple, the color of a devil's blood.

Ink. Her crotcher is black barbed wire dripping red blood, spelling out the word PROFANITY, which encircles the left thigh at crotch level.

Ink. A barbed wire tattoo will appear around Mondo's right ankle. The inking is black, dripping red blood, Sapphic style.

Ink. The barbed wire tattoos are an inch high, and are easily mistaken for the nasty, generic barbed wire tattoos that would look right at home on some ten-dollar skank.

Ink. Encircling right ankle, left thigh, and both biceps, her barbed wire tattoos give her the appearance of being stitched together like The Monster, Doctor Frankenstein's Monster. In more ways than one, she's Doctor Frankenstein's other Monster, The Bride of The Monster.

Ink. A unique inking, which looks like a Tim Vigil masterpiece. This inking used to be of Spike as a mostly-nude, female Grim Reaper: a Grim Harlot. In the fashion of that snake tattoo of well-known porno starlet Viper, this "harlot" of Spike's covers a lot of territory. This over-buxom Grim Reaper scripts the leftside of her torso, wraps around to her back, reaches upward onto a portion of her breast, and reaches downward onto her upper thigh and into her crotch. For an interim period it was a GVGH, that decidedly Goonish visage, a sickening Goon version of Kali's Grim Harlot tattoo. "I'm a cheap, easy woman," never looked to good! But, that GVGH has long since morphed into a NiS, an obscene image in ink of Number Six that Kum she was once cow to in its native form. The NiS is lurid and graphic in ways that her GVGH could never be. A naked Kum inked on her body in place of a GVGH, screams out "Leechwoman!"

Ink. Said inkings are luridly detailed, brightly colored, and so vivid you'd swear they were alive, which they are.

Tit for tat. There's always tit for tat, when the girl is involved. So. When the slug has finished with Jack, and, the slug is finished with the girl, the girl gets to use the slug, the girl gets to feed upon the slug, the girl gets to do the slug. Tit for tat.

The girl using Mrs. Smith is Mrs. Smith's favorite part. So, is the girl cow to Mrs. Smith or is Mrs. Smith cow to the girl? Who is using whom? The answer is, "yes." "Yes" to what, you ask? "Yes" to everything.

“I meant to hurt your feelings. I’m a bigot, and proud of it, my words are supposed to hate.”

Having gotten his second wind, once they reach the morgue, Bernie goes at it again. A player to the end.

“Give a brother a chance,” He flashes those trademark pearly-whites of his. They never fail him. “You’re so fine. I’ll take you anyway that I can ‘legally’ get you. You game?”

“Trust me. You wouldn’t like the REAL me.” Mondo pauses. “Jack didn’t.”

“Who the fuck is Jack?”

“Somebody I used to know.”

“An old flame?”

“Something like that.” Again, that strategic pause. “He was my brother.”

Awkward moment. Very. Awkward moment.

Her answer obviously embarrasses him. He’s visibly uncomfortable with the implied subject matter. She revels in his discomfort, and makes no bones about it; so screams her body language. And, she plans to milk it his discomfort for all that it’s worth, before she lets him off the hook.

“Oh,” he finally manages to get out nervously after a very prolonged silence.

“Jack, was. My brother by-Embrace, so, incest wasn’t involved. Besides. I didn’t fuck him in the way that you were obviously thinking anyways.”

“Was—the past tense. So, he’s dead—destroyed?”

“I tortured him to death. He ain’t coming back. That’s my idea of REAL fucking. Still want me, baby?” She smiles wide, toothy, and mischievous. He swallows hard. This bitch is a total wack-job, he thinks to himself. And, after a very, very, very long pause. “I’ll pass. Sorry I asked. Didn’t mean to bother you.”

“Are you sure? ‘Cause. I really like to fuck. And. I got a certified red-snapper.”

“I’m sure you do, but it’s not the fucking that bothers me, it’s the FUCKING, that I got to pass on.”

She gives him a playful peck on the cheek. He shivers. She likes that. Sick, dirty bitch indeed, that she is.

“Then we’ll just fuck. No FUCKING. Girl Scout’s honor. Cross my heart and hope to die. Capish?”

“Like I said, I’ll pass. That’s way too much nigger for this here brother.”

“You say that like you have a choice.”

Before things go any further into psycho-stalker territory, they reach the post-mortem area that’s stationed by one Smitty Jones.

Jones is a flaming queer and makes no bones about it. Take it or leave it. It’s who and what he is. He personifies, “I’m gay and I’m proud.” This human craves men. But, if you think less of him as a

man because of his predilection—he’s light in the loafers, so to speak—beware. He’s all man. He can kick ass and take names with the best of ‘em. He’s FBI and a by-God American, not to mention a decorated Vet! As such, a kickass queen, this bent is immune to Mondo’s charms, that is, until she’d release those pheromones that all faerie possess.

Upon the exam table lie the remains of Miles Davis. Private Eye. Police detective. Father. Son. Lover. Husband. Jazz icon. Musical genius. Birth of The Cool. The father of Cool. A very nice guy a credit to his race, and the human race, a great human being, who had a sweet tooth for beautiful murderesses. Even the best of us have our vices.

The two men sneer at each other. Heat and distance. Smitty fires the first salvo.

“Nigger.”

“Faggot.”

“Cracker.”

“Half-Dago.”

“This dago-nigger-wop just might kick your limp-wristed, lisping, wing-flapping, lily-white WASP ass.”

“I’m here, who’s holding you back, half-breed-wannabe-Negro-passing-for-white?”

Their usual male bonding. Mondo yawns. How’s the alpha male? Pretty good I’m sure. They were in combat together, same squad. Those are unbreakable bonds. Fuck with one of ‘em and you might as well have fucked with both of them, because if you wrong one you have to fight both of them. They were at each other’s wedding. They and their respective spouses are the godparents of the other’s kids.

“I don’t have time for this shit. The clock is ticking, Smits.”

“Smits. You know this sickass bitch?”

“Yes, I’m sorry to say.”

“And. He knows me Biblically too,” Mondo coyly teases.

“What? You don’t do rugs!”

“You say that like I had a choice,” Smits confesses sheepishly.

Long pause. Very long pause. Finally, Smits winks at Bernie, letting him off the hook. Mondo, winks back for Bernie at Smits, because Bernie is much too shocked at first to do so himself. Mondo and Bernie hi-five. Bernie lets out a sigh of relief. The mood appropriately lightens.

A direct descendent of Julius Augustus Caesar, half-Italian/half-Sicilian, Bernie isn’t fazed easily. But, Mondo has given this flavor a lot to pause about. Yet, in spite of this, in spite of everything that’s transpired between ‘em, something is growing inside of him, gnawing at his innards. He beginning to wonder in earnest just what it would be like to be inside of her. His big salami stroking that hot, tight, wet, pussy of hers. I bet it’s real sweet and juicy too, he thinks.

Mondo flashes him Bernie a coy smile, moistening her lips with her tongue. She can almost feel his piston inside of her. His body language says to her that, his misgivings notwithstanding, he’s hooked. Down and out before the end of the week, she thinks. Best of all, she can tell that she still gives him the creeps. Back to the business at hand.

“Verdict, Smits?”

“He was beaten till his bones were mush, hell of a way to die.”

Mondo pulls out her tricorder and does a quick scan. She makes a face; not a good sign. Then she does deeper scan, slowly, before holstering her W.

“Hell of a way to die, but, we both know that’s not what killed him. I’m not amused.”

“I wasn’t trying to be funny.”

“He was dead before they did this to him.”

“Yep.”

“I hear you’re refusing to help us with our investigation?”

“It’s none of my business. I don’t care about your investigation.”

“So. I don’t care about yours, Miss Private Citizen.”

Bernie is saying nothing during this increasingly heated exchange between Mondo and Smits. One minute they were giving him a hard time, all in good fun, like a couple of boon coons playfully ribbing a third. Now things have gone nigger, and the jesting is over.

Things get serious, deadly serious, as Clyde “Smitty” Tolson walks over. Bernie steps back from the table and makes small, very small. This other much older Smitty was with the Bureau of Investigation for which Hoover was also the director. The Bureau of Investigation was the predecessor to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Yes. This is The Clyde “Smitty” Tolson, who along with J. Edgar Hoover, Royal Miller, and Senator Joseph McCarthy, constitute the so-called Amigos. But, even the scandal sheets know better than to go there.

It’s said that crime boss and Mafia groupie, Meyer Lansky, obtained photographic evidence of Hoover’s homosexuality and tried to use this to stop the FBI from looking too closely into his own criminal activities. Of course, we’ll never know for sure, because shortly after that rumor was reported by Hedda Hooper in her gossip column, Mr. Lansky mysteriously disappeared. And, to date, those photos have never surfaced not a single, solitary one. Hooper’s career was never quite the same. At least she’s still alive.

Hoover appointed Tolson as the Assistant Director of the FBI, shortly after it was formed. A position he holds to this day. As such, he oversees the crime lab, and it’s not unknown for him to still get his hands dirty doing autopsies and accompanying CSI on cases, doing forensics in the field.

“Having trouble with our Miss Kane, Smits?”

“Seems like she’s still steadfast in her refusal to play ball with us. She seems hell bent on pursuing her own agenda instead of pooling her resources with ours.”

The younger Smits Smith Jones is the nice guy that you invite over for barbeques, parties, etc. The older Smits Clyde Tolson is the tough titty, mean-spirited, hardtack, no-nonsense son-of-bitch that you stay clear of if you can help it and who you never want to be on the wrong side of.

“This is a very big building, Miss Kane. We wouldn’t want you to get lost.”

There it is. Right out in the open. Bernie swallows hard. He doesn't like where this is going one little bit. And, whether he likes it or not, he's right smack dab in the middle of it.

Mondo weighs her options. Anyone can be killed, even her, But. She has pull and friends also, very "big" friends, as well as her being inhuman, her peeps being inhuman, and they're "only" Food. It's a matter of pride: This in her book means that it's not worth it. She's the one who's being stupid. Her feelings about Miles' murder are clouding her judgment. She's butting heads with one of her closet boon coons. Clyde fucking Tolson!!! So, she just flicks that switch in her head and turns all of that burning rage and vengeance off.

"You're right, Clyde, we need to pool resources. Sorry for my rudeness. Miles' murder had me off track. I'm back, now."

"Good girl."

"Besides, if I got lost, Bernie here would never get a chance to get into my panties."

Tolson breaks out into a broad smile and chuckles. The mood lightens again. Bernie breathes a sigh of relief, as does the younger Smits.

Long before Frank Sinatra had his Rat Pack, Hoover had his Four. The Rat Pack has its girl, Shirley MacLaine who was born Shirley MacLean Beaty; Shirley being the solitary female member. The Four have That Girl not Marlo Thomas, either. Mondo Kane used to be Connie Smith is That Girl. Shirley's membership is well known, it's a matter of common knowledge, it's public domain. Mondo's is not. The smart money "says": Those in the know suspect Mondo's duplicity, but only The Four know it to be fact or fiction. As Mondo or Connie, critics see the girl as just another sick groupie whose adulation of The Four is something that the Four indulge for their own nefarious ends.

Of the Four, opponents typically fear Hoover the most; usually misjudging Tolson as a secondary character at best. But, it's Tolson that any and all should by far fear the most. Notwithstanding, that, all four men are correctly judged as the toughest SOBs, to be sure. Royal is the most sophisticated of the bunch; he's a dandy. Tolson is the crude lout, and no amount of fine clothes can hide that, nor does he try.

Four confirmed bachelors. Four men who are very much human and very old. Yet. They are vigorous, vital, and alert, just like a very fit twenty-year-old. No one knows the secret of their youthful longevity. Many have tried to divine it. All have failed. Somethings are better not known.

Tolson and Mondo hug. She gives him a peck on the cheek. He smiles even wider. Mondo reaches through her jacket, as if it isn't there, and pulls out her tricorder.

"A peace offering."

Tolson accepts it, graciously. But, interjects, uncouthly: "Oh. My. My. It's still warm."

"All broken in, just for you."

"Starfleet gets issued all the best toys, these days. And, that just won't do."

The United Nations Initiative or UNI, is known commonly as Starfleet. Starfleet is the deep-space exploratory, peacekeeping, investigative, and military "service" maintained by the United Nations. It is the principal means by which the UN conducts its exploration, defense, diplomacy, international law enforcement, and research.

Multinational, the UN has always had extremely deep pockets. The United States was its major contributor providing most of its funding and by doing so exerted a lot of clout on the Security Council: The Golden Rule – Those who have the gold, make the rules. That all changed a year ago, and the pockets of the UN became virtually bottomless, when it went multi-world, accepting membership from all human worlds, over the vehement objections of the United States. Going multi-world is what made Starfleet preeminence possible.

We're talking world (universe). It's the way faerie see creation. In contrast, humans refer to alternate/parallel universes, using whatever universe they originate from as their point of reference.

"Later, after we've had dinner with Billy and the others, I'll show your lab rats down here how to build their own using vudu. Once they've mastered the konstruk used, they can spread the wealth. Then, all your boyz and girlz in The Bureau can have theirs."

"Too bad that your perls can't emulate its functionality."

"Too bad, indeed. Then again, no trix can."

Tolson hands the Weirding module back to Mondo who reaches through her jacket and holsters it. Koo being selectively permeable body armor, of course.

"And the Weirding holster? What of the konstruk to build that?"

"I'll keep that, of course. Its kind is of no use to you, anyways. Better to stick with conventionals as standard issue, unless you want a lot of your people turned into drones."

"Point taken."

"The module is manageable an acceptable risk, the discreet fanny-pak is not."

"So, there is a risk of assimilation associated with the module?"

"Of course, that's why in Starfleet only those who are already Borg or who wish to be use them."

"Then, respectfully, we'll pass on both of the Weirdings."

"Pussy?" Mondo asks, coyly. Talking the talk that she knows her Clyde loves.

Did she just offer Assistant-Director Tolson a piece-of-ass? Or is she calling him out, accusing him of not having a set of brass ones because of his trepidation about risking assimilation from using Borg tech? Or both? Jesus Christ, this girl has stones!

Clyde catches the double-entendre and smiles even broader, flashing one of his rare toothy grins. Mentally, he smacks his lips. He's heard she's a whore now, and a junkie to boot, which is straight up his alley. Junkie whores describes the prostitutes he uses exclusively.

My God. Tolson thinks it's funny! I thought that he had some limits. I guess that I was wrong. He's a total degenerate!

"I'll be back around eight."

"It's a date."

Tolson leaves the three coons to their briar patch. The younger Smits turns off the table's bio filters. Mondo syncs up with her tricorder via her perls, this time, for hands-free operation. A virtual display appears before her eyes, seemingly. Actually, the information is being beamed directly into her brain.

For the next hour, she makes a painstaking inspection of the cadaver. Occasionally, she resorts to handling her tricorder. Mostly, though, her scans with it are done hands-free. By law, as an “interested party,” she only has an hour to do her inspection, and she makes the most of her sixty minutes.

Bernie is impressed. And, that’s no mean feat. The girl obviously knows her stuff, he thinks to himself. Only in the presence of this handiwork, when I see her work, do I wish to be straight, thinks Smits.

Neither of them is too distracted to miss the obvious. The katz piercing the girl’s right earlobe. The knob sprouting from the rightside of her neck. Hands that klaw, when idle. Her vaguely marionette that passes for dominatrix. That hint of The Machine. The girl is Borg. A drone. Ex-wife of Two. Owned by a Mobster. A spinster librarian. That Girl. A walking fucking orgasm.

“The Four – American by birth, White by the grace of God.”

Hoover’s office is on the top floor. A penthouse with a view. It’s ornate and expansive, befitting a man of his power, stature, and prestige. This is where he does photo ops with the press. This is where he meets Presidents. This is for “the show.”

His working office is in the middle of the building. A nondescript office: small, neat, and orderly; nothing special. A southwest view. Partitioned into a reception area and an office proper. It is indistinguishable from the other middle-tier/middle-management offices on this floor and so many other “middle” floors. This is where they The Four meet and have dinner, late nights together, like clockwork. This time, Mondo serves them instead of Hoover’s OA. His Office Administrator has the night off, for a change, much to the joy of her husband and kids.

Four hard, tough men, that built the FBI into what it is today. Four hard, tough men, who were themselves produced by a far more brutal Age.

Here, in this room sits four badass old white men who determine some would say, control the most powerful human-only institution in the world.

Here, for the Four, their public lie that collective lie gives way to their individual private truths. Eccentricities aside, and there’s a whole lot to ignore in Tolson’s case, their diehard “fans” see them as champions of the common good. This is the public persona that they actively cultivate.

Hoover, their de facto leader, is the only morally incorruptible one. A momma’s boy to the bitter end; he had a close, loving relationship with his now-deceased mother, a mother who became a widow when he was three-years-old. He grew up quick. He became, at a very early age, the man in a house of six women: one mother, three sisters, and two cousins. He had to quit school early and go to work to help support the family. As such, he finished high school, but he never went on to college. Nonetheless, he made sure that all of his sisters and those two live-in cousins did and he made sure that they all got good husbands. His public gambling habit is just that. He loses a lot of money and always pays his tab. His detractors claim that in actuality the Mob “forgives” his debt on the QT, makes it look like he’s the one who’s paying the bill, and by this mechanism and other unnamed blackmail methods owns Hoover. That’s why, they claim, Hoover has never broken the back of the Mob, and he never will. Bullshit! No one owns Hoover. He’s also much more than just a “good ole boy,” an image he cultivates. If the Liberals didn’t hate him so much, they would see what a crafty, old coot that he really is. It the gambling is a ruse: Let your enemies see you with a vice that you don’t really have, a feigned weakness, a shill that’s a trap. You become less in the minds of your enemies. A shortchange that you can exploit to your benefit as you see fit; that’s Bible. Hoover has no vices. He is the Boy Scout, in spite of what the Liberals claim.

Tolson is at the opposite end of the moral spectrum. He’s, plain and simple, a total douche-bag. Vile. Sick. Crude. And, corrupt. A heavy smoker and drinker, he’s a very nasty drunk; nasty—violent. Violent temper. A violent man. An abusive womanizer. He never knew his father. It’s very doubtful that his mother knew or even cared who his father was. A bastard, unlike Hoover whose parents were happily married. His relationship with his abusive prostitute mother, who was also a violent drunk, was unsavory: She liked to beat both of her kids, long, hard, and often, usually with a barber strap, the strap barbers use to sharpen their straight razors, there was “other” abuse as well, you get the picture, no need to say more. Like Hoover, his mother is dead, but his twin sister Gladis is very much alive. He’s been known to take her to social functions and introduce her as “my wife,

Mrs. Tolson”: Totally inappropriate, which his supporters pass off as a joke made in very bad taste by a Politically Incorrect palooka without any sordid intent. Tellingly, his childless sister, a teetotaler and retired librarian, has never married. Abusive and spiteful toward men except for her brother, her close friends are all “feminine” dykes. Her look and mannerisms are that stern butch stereotype. If she isn’t a bulldyke, the avowed spinster might as well be one. His mother, who he and Gladis loathed, something they make no bones about, died under very mysterious circumstances. The Tolson family Mother Tolson, AD Tolson, and his sister make The Comedian in the Watchmen movie serials look like an absolute saint, in comparison.

Royal and Joe McCarthy fall somewhere in between. The urbane Royal is morally ambiguous, bordering on apathic. Little is known of Royal. Even his age is a question mark. No birth certificate can be found for him. But, it’s believed that he’s the oldest of the four.

Joe McCarthy is Joe McCarthy, in other words, he pursues his own agenda personal agenda, at all times. Like many politicians, Joe is a sociopath. Like all successful politicians, he’s an opportunist. His Communist witch hunt during the 1950s is legend in political circles. It put him on the map.

Hoover is the administrator. The moral compass of the group. The public face of the FBI. Presidents of the United States feel uneasy in his presence; JFK was the only exception, and we see what happened to him. We see what happened to all of those Kennedy boys. Their father, President Joe Kennedy, who always gave Hoover his due, fared much better. Coincidence?

Senator McCarthy controls the purse strings. He’s Oversight Committee chairman. Oversight funds the FBI, NSA, OSI, CIA, etc. Oversight also monitors those very same Governmental law enforcement and intelligence agencies. All of ‘em answer to Oversight.

Royal lends advice, both tactical and strategic. The slant is always what’s practical and expedient, albeit “best spin.” He’s also Hoover’s choice sounding board: Hoover’s favorite person to bounce ideas off of. He is Merlin to Hoover’s King Arthur.

Tolson is damage control. He’s the one that Mondo as a human Connie worked for/with directly, on a daily basis. As a human, Mondo was a virgin, but otherwise, she and Tolson were two peas in a pod. Mondo as an inhuman Connie, on the other hand, is sexually depraved; a complete and utter whore, just like Tolson. Tolson’s vices are much too numerous to name in the short, as are Mondo’s. Mondo Connie’s “future me”, Connie Mondo’s “past me”, and Tolson: Sadists. They are Evil. They are the “necessary” Evil, by Hoover’s way of thinking. Among the chartered inductees of Hell’s heroes. The twist is. Mondo is the Evil that aspires to Heaven. Tolson is the Evil who’s just fine “Thank You” with Hell.

But, don’t make the mistake of thinking that only Tolson gets his hands dirty. All four men are very capable of doing their own dirty work. In fact, they prefer it that way. Everyone has their specialty, their “role,” so to speak. But, in the event of the unforeseen catastrophe, each can perform the other one’s function competently, albeit maybe not as good as the person normally tasked with doing it, but good enough. One survivor can rebuild the whole, the same or better than it was.

Unbeknownst to The Four, they are the archetype for The Directorate. An institution that will become synonymous with The End Times. An institution that is not even a glimmer, right now, in the eyes of its founder. But, that’s a subject for a different time and a different place. That’s for the story of that necessary evil.

“Stratusfaction Guaranteed”

Bespectacled and severely dressed, Mondo is sporting her debras in place of her careys, and for good reason. She’s sporting ink. Her cloths conceal all of her tattoos save for one, and the ankle strap of her right shoe conceals that one. The prudish tattooed bride: One of Tolson’s most indulged fantasies. And, after dinner, it’s her intent to indulge that fantasy with Tolson. He won’t need a prostitute, tonight.

To further tempt her Clyde, she’s sporting that severest variation of her usual plain. As aforementioned, bespectacled and severely dressed. Max Factor, in place of mopp for foundation. Sternka. Sternns. Borg affectations, in spades. Prudz. Klaw and knobb. Severest dominatrix: Pussy worship me your white goddess, now! A femme dyke, just the way her Clyde likes ‘em. Increasingly, it’s also the way Mondo likes herself. A look that’s far more stringent than that of Ann Coulter’s, Sarah Palin’s, or ubiquitous Borg. And just as sexy.

Her sternns are something special. Not stock, Kum, or Borg, like her previous pairs. Something else, entirely. Stock frames. But the lenses are a custom grind. Two passive modes: clear the default and a very dark tint so dark it looks opaque that effectively morphs the eyeglasses into sunglasses. As sunglasses, the sternns, in effect, become heads—Edith Head’s trademark shades. What they are not are aggressive readers that can be used to unmake. What they are not are aggressive readers that can be used as directed anti-matter weapons. What they do not have are Black Hole lenses. What they do is not to unmake. What they do is far worse than that. They are “ordinary” readers; just like the ones that _____ wears.

The serving table is in a far corner. That is where she sits eating when she’s not serving courses of the meal. She sits stiff-backed, tippi, and quiet, as if she is a butch’s private secretary. She listens attentively. Ready to sate their culinary needs. It’s been a long time since she’s been here, doing this. It feels like she’s never left. As faerie she sees them as Food and very close friends: The usual dichotomy.

She and her Clyde will whore tonight for the first time. She will feed on her Clyde for the first time also. But, she has other sick ambitions. Regardless of what Gladis’ sexual preference may be, she plans to make Clyde’s sister her “lover” too. She is, first and foremost, a demon. The ultimate predator. The ultimate defiler. The ultimate undoing. No matter how civilized and Mundane her kind may choose to appear, they are always going to be that feral, blood drinking, flesh-eating monster mentioned so vividly and so often in the Bible. Not to be trusted by any mortal. Their beauty is the most beguiling, but it’s only skin deep, their evil is to the bone.

For Gladis she will try a different tact. She will sport that stern-sexy variation of her usual plain. Bespectacled and severely dressed. Max Factor, in place of mopp for foundation. Careys. Coulter: strait hair in place of sternka. Palins, in place of sternns. No ink, whatsoever, of course. Just miles and miles of creamy-white perfection. No Borg affectations, whatsoever. Dollz: black prudz. No klaw and no knobb. Sternest dominatrix: Worship me your white goddess, now! A femme dyke, just the way Gladis likes ‘em. Increasingly, it’s also the way Mondo likes herself. A look that’s far more stringent than that of Ann Coulter’s, Sarah Palin’s, or ubiquitous Borg. And just as sexy. Gloria Marie Steinem and every other card-carrying feminist would be proud. Since it is, after all, their look. Yes, that Gloria Steinem: (born March 25, 1934) American feminist, journalist, and social and political activist who became nationally recognized as a leader of, and media

spokeswoman for, the Women's Liberation Movement in the late 1960s and 1970s. Incidentally, Gloria and Gladis are very close "personal" friends.

Her palins are something special. Not stock, Kum, or Borg, like her previous pairs. Something else, entirely. Stock frames. But the lenses are a custom grind. Three passive modes: clear the default, that provocative rose tint, and a very dark tint so dark it looks opaque that effectively morphs the eyeglasses into sunglasses. What they are not are aggressive readers that can be used to unmake. What they are not are aggressive readers that can be used as directed anti-matter weapons. What they do not have are Black Hole lenses. What they do is not to unmake. What they do is far worse than that. They are "ordinary" readers, just like the ones that Sarah Palin wears.

Fucking aside, she's lost neither her focus nor her craving to avenge Miles' murder. Hence, the "ordinary" palins and sternns: regular spectacles with custom grinds. Someone is going to pay for Mile's violent demise, no matter who or what they are. And, what if the who turns out to be Fats, you ask? She'll cross that bridge when she comes to it. It sounds suicide, then again. Maybe not.

She's not known for being Don Quixote fighting the proverbial wind mills, and for very good reason. She is not that heroic knight of pure heart and intent on that noble quest, either. She's not that tough palooka with the heart of gold. She's not even that most modern of contrivances: the badass anti-hero, who's really a standup hero after all. She's the dark night who felled her brother Jack the Ripper.

Her unshakeable resolve is reflected in what's well-hidden underneath her clothes. Underneath her skirt. Strapping her left thigh, holstering her vujcic, is her Kendo. Underneath her jacket. In addition to her Weirdings. Strapping her torso, holstering her Hogs, is her Wahl. Hogs and Tessys, she's loaded to bear. Purse and Droid smartphone clipped to, as gripping, the waistband of her skirt: Side by side on the rightside in the front SSb, just not for librarians. Needless to say, she doesn't have to open her jacket or raise her skirt to access her purse, phone, or any of her conventional holsters. Needless to say, hands-free for her phone thanks to her perls. New wave meets/versus old school: The eternal dilemma, for her.

A woman can be an artist in anything: food, fashion, music, whatever. It depends on how good she is at it. Your art is death. The first time that I saw you kill; I knew that you had it all, the gift, the curse, and the madness about you. There is no one or nothing that you cannot kill.

They say that a bullet never lies, that it always tells the truth. This will be your next one. The lull before the coming storm. Tonight, you begin work on your greatest masterpiece, a masterpiece painted in blood. And I, your Clyde, will be instrumental in your painting of its first death strokes. And God cannot help them!

Someone else in the room has other, far more ominous thoughts about her: *What she is, is a "nervous breakdown," an invalid, trapped in delusional fantasies that often turn extremely violent.*

A third-party's thoughts about her are far more straightforward than either of the above. Their thoughts cut to the chase: *Neutralize the junkie, and it will be child's play to do away with the others.*

“I Spit on Your Grave”

Game play? A junkie prostitute and her well-heeled john. Mondo enters the room and locks the door behind her. The hygiene mode for her clothes switches off. She sits in a chair by the door like a butch’s private secretary should: bolt-upright, with her legs crossed in the seductive, teasing, ultra-sexy, ultra-ladylike manner that is the trademark of silver screen goddess, Swedish actress Tippi Hedren. She’s tippi. In other words, she sits tippi.

Clyde smiles, kicks off his shoes, and lies down on the bed. Hands behind his head. Legs spread lackadaisically. A big shit eating grin on his face. Come hither and blow me.

One foot on the floor. He’ll keep one foot on the floor. Yep. He’s THAT old school. He’s the good ole boy that Hoover only pretends to be. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Big city, cock-teasing whore. The girl gets up and walks across the room, hips switching. The click, click, click of stilettos stabbing the hardwood floor. She knows how to walk in high heels. Once a stripper, always a stripper. Things go from a slow burn to a simmer. Deep throat cometh.

Kneel before the altar of your phallus god. She crawls onto the bed, between his legs. He rustles, anxiously. She sighs. She prays to her god phallus. He smacks his lips. She unzips his pants and yanks them down, slowly. He’s wearing boxers. She smiles with anticipation. The girl pauses. He smacks his lips again. She pulls down his BVDs, slowly, an inch at a time. She breathes in his animal scent, savoring the moment. Neither coercion nor enhancement is needed, please. No pheromones, whatsoever.

Miss. Oh, miss. Miss, cheese and crackers, please. Clyde is uncircumcised. Her long wicked tongue flicks out and exposes the head of his penis. Its glans glistens with her saliva. She goes jagged.

Knob job? She sucks the head of his penis like an all-day sucker. Hands behind her back, for the duration. Jism squirts into her mouth. She swallows. Employing circular breathing, she doesn’t miss a beat. Her technique is flawless. Any porn star worth her saltines would be jealous.

He doesn’t go flaccid. He stays rock hard and ready, as if he’s wearing a cock ring. And, he continues to ejaculate like the proverbial geyser. It’s as if he were faerie, instead of human.

Human and inhuman DNA resonates at different frequencies. And, Clyde’s DNA, like that of the other members of the Four, resonates at the human frequency. As aforementioned, The Four are quite human.

Would you like a slurpee? Yes, of course. Tea bag, please. She alternates between worshipping his penis’ glans and worshipping his scrotum. Between services, she briefly rears back and allows him to semen her. So, he’s either cuming in her mouth or he’s cuming into her face and/or hair. Or, he’s just cuming. Time passes quickly when you’re having fun. When she slurps his balls and he has some pretty big ones, she does them, individually and together. He’s hung, like a horse.

The person whose scrotum is being stimulated is known as “the tea bagger” and “the tea baggee” is the one giving the stimulation: “A tea bagger dips sack; a tea baggee receives dipped sack.”

Of course, it wouldn’t be a slurpy unless she did his shaft too. So. She doesn’t just polish the head and matching balls, she does a close up and waxes the shaft. Her tongue dances along the axis

of his penis' shaft, lengthwise circumferentially, from its frenulum to its base. Everything gets spit-shined all sticky and wet.

The pharyngeal reflex or gag reflex? Nope. Wrong county. Ergo. Then, the disappearing act. His penis fucks her mouth. She goes down on him. She deep throats his thick, long, hefty shaft with ease. Linda Lovelace would be proud. Her teeth rake his shaft, leaving those nasty red skid marks. She sucks him retarded. Dark meat does it better. Once you go Darque, you never want to go back.

Foreplay? Knob job. Blow job. Deep throat. Tea bag. Fellatio galore. Her sharp, pointed teeth and fangs do not break the skin. They prick, but they don't penetrate. They tease. Cock tease. Pussy tease. Depending on the teasee. Depending on the teaser.

Every time she hits bottom, her tongue plays paddle with his balls. Bourbon is fine, but sour mash is so much better. Every fifth stroke is rock bottom. She gobbles up his cock and his balls.

Sexplay? When are you going to mount me? Get on top. Take control. Shove me inside of you. Fuck me retarded. Her thong slithers aside to expose her pussy and its dew. As if she's double-jointed or a snake, she rears back, shifts her position, and mounts him, in one fluid motion. Slap nuts? She pounds him. He pounds her. Ramrod. She's feral. Mindless. A drinking-live, fucking machine. Rapture. Beyond orgasm. Rapture. Gore whore. Dirty, filthy, slut. Bad girl. Very bad girl.

Will you eat me alive? Mrs. Smith slithers out of a corner and up to the bed. It's naked and in its native form. It's here to make sure that in the throes of Rapture things don't get out of hand. It'll prevent its Mondo from inadvertently and violently terminating Clyde.

Feeling game, today? But it's not just her pussy he gets to fuck. She shifts positions again. He gets to fuck her in the ass, as well. Three holes for the price of one. An old white man getting some "action" from a young white woman. One is human; one is not.

If you're Food. Want to know what it's like to really get off? Fuck a faerie. Biblically know one. Biblical performances from both you and them of epic proportions are one-hundred percent guaranteed. And better than a fifty-fifty chance that when they climax, they will eat you alive. Run of the mill when you go faerie.

Once you go faerie, you never want to go back. Fucking another human being will never ever be enough again. You'll never ever be satisfied with that mere mortal again.

When it comes to faerie. A secretion for every situation and circumstance. Unlike humans, not all saliva, penile secretions, and vaginal secretions are the same. Some can make. Some can unmake. Some is caustic. Some is sublime. Some lets you see too much. Some gives you clarity. Some makes you insane. Some makes you sane. Your undoing, regardless.

Bottomline. His performance is due entirely to her. Due to the effects of her choice of saliva; her choice of vaginal secretions. Her performance is due entirely to her being faerie.

But, the downside is a total bitch. For the next few hours after the act of fucking this sickass bitch. He'll be sore, stiff, achy. Runny nose. Feel rundown. Etc. As if he has a bad case of the flu. He'll feel like a red-hot poker has been shoved down his dick and molten-hot pliers have vise-gripped his nuts. His privates will feel prickly and shredded. When he pisses, it'll feel like the clap. In other words, it'll burn like he's pissing fire when he urinates. He'll feel like. He can't wait to do it all over again.

It's not just about the body though. It's also about the mind. Mind games, that is. She improvises. Her tattoos go bye-bye. Palins swap with sternns to and from her purse. Careys swap with debras to and from her purse. She can feel his body respond. Things tilt. Palins purse themselves. No eyeglasses, whatsoever. Wrong! Too much. She can feel him go the other way, the wrong direction. So, the sternns slip back on her face from her purse.

Prudz. Klaw. Knobb. Borg affectations. She knows for sure not to touch them. The uninked prude Borg drone: Clyde's newest favorite fantasy. This is what she'll try out on Gladis, when not if she seduces Clyde's spinster sister.

“Spellbound - Black Magic Woman”

Sometimes it's better to be lucky than good. But, it's best to be good. Mondo's Weirdings are not clipped to the waistband of her skirt. Nor are they setting on the nightstand by the bed. They are clipped to the waistband of the skirt of Mrs. Smith's Koo. Clyde is in the bedroom freshening up. With the hygiene mode for Mondo's clothes switched back on, her clothes freshen up themselves and her. Clean and pristine, in a jiffy. But she'll still bathe later at home out of habit and just for the sheer pleasure of it.

Mrs. Smith, who's back in its inhuman form, is dressed. It stands motionless in a far corner, watching the two people. It can see Clyde through the open bathroom door. He's primping his hair; hair slicked back to within an inch of its life.

She sits in the chair by the door. Patiently waiting. Gloves and eyeglasses pursed. Hair down. No Borg affectations whatsoever. Neither klaw nor knob. Her usual. The expected sexy. Not strait hair, though. Hype hair. The madness. Big, long, shredded wheat with those trademark China-Doll bangs straight cut bangs of hers. Chaotic yellow hair draping her shoulders and breasts. Things have come full circle, indeed.

Being in two different rooms doesn't deter them from conversing.

“You know, why.”

“Why?” He asks, rhetorically. Already knowing the answer.

“Because, like you, I never walk into a place that I don't know how to walk out of.”

You make me proud. I taught you well, pretty girl.

“The desk clerk is never without his family. But, tonight, they were nowhere in sight.”

“I wonder which one of us they're after.”

“Could be just a random thugging.”

“That too.”

He walks out of the bathroom. Fresh as a daisy. Ready to kickass and let God sort 'em out.

“I hope it's niggers. I haven't fucked up one of them in a while.”

“Picnic?”

“You know your Clyde is always ready to pick-a-nigger. Too bad we can't lynch 'em anymore.”

An avowed racist and dyed-in-the-wool Segregationist, Clyde is an anachronism in this modern, post-Civil Rights world. Born below the Mason-Dixon Line, he feels uncomfortable, totally out of place in the New South. He felt like dancing in the streets when Martin Luther King was assassinated. He fantasizes about a 1920s America when the most powerful political force in the United States was his beloved Ku Klux Klan.

Back in the day, anyone who ran for President had to curry the favor of The Klan, if they wanted to get into office. And once they got elected, they had to keep the KKK happy, if they wanted to stay in office. When you can rally, at will, well over two million registered voters to march on

Washington DC, you are a force to be reckoned with. It meant something to be a Grand Dragon of the Klan, back then. It meant something to be white. American by birth. White by the grace of God.

Today, the Klan who he's a card-carrying member of is a mere shadow of its former self. The organization is irrelevant. The Oracle was right. Not even the assassinations of JFK and MLK could prevent the inevitable. Now, his way of thinking, his very way of life, is fringe, the minority.

The thing breaks its silence and interrupts.

"Goddess, they are talking to them, again."

"And, what are they saying to the Weirdings?"

"Gibberish, goddess. But. Enough to keep them busy."

"And if I was wearing them and wanted to use them?"

"My goddess. They would be useless to you. The weapons would not load into your hands from the holster. You could not scan anything with the module nor would its Borg shields deploy around you. The module would also be useless as a phone."

"And, if having figured out what was happening, what would occur if I tried to remove them from my person?"

"They would assimilate you, goddess."

"Assimilate posthaste?"

"Yes, goddess."

"But, with you being a thing wearing them?" She asks, rhetorically. Already knowing the answer.

"They will function just fine for me, goddess. And, they cannot assimilate me, of course."

"Excellent."

He interrupts. "This fleabag scans everybody for weapons upon entering, so they know that we're armed. Then again, when you patronize a place like this, you'd better be packing."

She turns her attention back to her Clyde.

"What they'd cipher is a junkie streetwalker, her trick, and the Kum she's cow to. They got to be thinking: easy pickings."

"The lull before the storm."

"Time to kick ass and chew bubble gum. And I'm all out of bubble gum."

"So am I."

They exit the room that's rented by the hour. In this flophouse, the long stay rooms rent by the week. A dirty, old Crone stares at them from an open doorway. They can smell the stomach-churning stench of her pungent effluvia down the hallway. Clyde takes point. Mrs. Smith brings up the rear. Time to rock-n-roll.

Clyde's whimsical: *Basically, it's about this elderly misanthrope who ends up confronting the world in order to save her only friend, a neighborhood girl.*

Mondo's: *Time for this girl to kill again. Time for her to kill a lot again!!!*

“In time, this world shall be mine!”

“I’m Deckard, Eli. Blade Runner. 26354. I’m filed and monitored.”

The huge black man flashes his badge and two rows of pearly-white teeth. His shiny-black skin glistens under the fluorescent lighting. He’s a member of one of those special police units called Blade Runner Units. Just like in that cult movie of the same name, Blade Runners hunt replicants. But, what’s a replicant-hunter doing here, confronting them?

Mondo glides down the stairs behind Clyde. Mrs. Smith hangs back out of sight. She changes her hair by the time her feet touch the floor. Big, long, straight, severe hair with her trademark China-Doll bangs in place of that shaggy ‘do with the same bangs. Strident. Strait hair. The significance of her change in hairdo is not missed on Deckard.

“And I’m AD Tolson—Assistant-Director Tolson, FBI.”

“I know who and what you are.”

“Then, have a better one, officer,” Tolson sneers. Mentally substitute “boy” for “officer.” Deckard does, which is Tolson’s obvious intent.

Strait hair goes back up into a sternka. Sternns. Prudz. Knobb. Klaw. Borg affectations. Very strident, indeed. The expected reversion. She moves casually from around her Clyde and meanders over to the front desk. She smiles at Deckard, winks teasingly, her tongue moving about lewdly in her large open mouth.

She leans against the front desk, nonchalantly. But. She makes sure that her back is not to the desk clerk or the other man, the man who is stealth standing beside the clerk. She makes sure that Clyde is not between her and Deckard. She stands seductively wide legged. Something is definitely in the air. Something feral. A hush.

Like Clyde and Mrs. Smith, she pretends to not see any of the stealth individuals. Better to play it safe and assume that everybody who’s cloaked is involved and not just nosy onlookers.

Mondo purses her gloves and her eyeglasses. She lets her hair down. Knobb and klaw go bye-bye. No more Borg affectations, whatsoever. Faerie wear body armor for decoration, seduction, privacy, etc. Rarely do they never wear it for protection. Their bodies are their preferred protection.

An old building that’s seen much better days, there is an obsolete Tannhäuser Gate in the lobby. For a brief moment, it seems to catch the girl’s attention. She sighs. Her coat unbuttons and falls open, exposing the deception. Obviously, she’s figured out the tell. Deckard swallows hard. The jig is up. Meanwhile, upstairs.

Jacob decloaks and confronts the worm. Freddie stays stealth. Mrs. Smith’s coat unbuttons and falls open. The problem with a two-way conversation is that it’s two-way. Mondo’s still conversing Weirdings are clipped to the waistband of Mrs. Smith’s skirt. Tricorder in the front on the leftside alongside its purse. Universal holster in the back. No Kendo and no Wahl, of course; Mondo is strapping them.

As aforementioned, technically, a universal holster isn’t a holster at all, it’s a weapons generator. But, it can only generate weapons that have been loaded into it. It looks like a larger version of a cigarette purse a purse like Mondo’s, Mrs. Smith’s, etc. except for the fact that it’s plasticine instead of hardshell vampiir, and there’s no flap closure or any closure for that matter; it’s a

“sealed” unit. It can easily be mistaken for a tricorder or the transmitter of a wireless microphone; take your pick. It utilizes brand-specific _____ technology for its dimensional compression. So, there’s no telltale when a weapon goes from holster to hand and vice versa. And, the transfer cannot be blocked by a jammer run-of-the-mill or otherwise.

Jacob would guess that the slug has two Hogs and a vujcic loaded in that universal of Mondo’s. Actually, it’s two Tessys; Mondo has her vujcic. As aforementioned, Mondo had figured out the skill as well. Besides, her universal is partitioned to only store her Tessys and vujcic; nothing more and nothing else.

Mrs. Smith dispenses with the façade of a crossdraw. Mondo’s pistols load into its hands, quicksilver fast and buttery smooth.

Back downstairs:

“Tick. Tock. In time, this world shall be mine!” Mondo’s cue to her Clyde to get out of harm’s way. She crossdraws, violently shifting position laterally at the same time so that her back is to a wall. Both men react, accordingly. As such, Clyde almost loses an arm, but is left otherwise unscathed. Deckard loses a chunk of his side, but he does get a chance to draw his weapon, for all the good it does him.

It’s called “dirty shooting.” And. In its purest form, as practiced by its most famous practitioner. You shoot anything that moves. There are no friendlies, just foes. Discretion is a risk that you cannot afford. It’s how one person can fight off many in a heated gun battle and survive to tell about it. It’s how ace gunslingers did it in the Wild Wild West, the “old” West. It’s how lone gunslingers do it now. It’s how Marshal James Butler Hickok lost a beloved deputy in a gunfight. The deputy ran to Wild Bill’s aid when the marshal was attacked in the main street of Deadwood a city in South Dakota by outlaws who were hell bent on revenge. Bill started slinging lead, gunning down anything that moved. His deputy bought it. After the smoke had cleared, seeing what he’d done to his close childhood friend, Bill wept over the body of his fallen comrade. Bill had killed six men, plus his deputy and four bystanders, in less than two minutes with his trademark twin, single action, Colt Navy 1851s!

And, like Hickok, her strapping two pistols is not just for show. She’s equally proficient read: deadly with either hand. So. While she’s ventilating Deckard, she’s smoking the clerk and the cloaked figure that had moved behind him when the shooting started.

Alvin made the mistake of using the clerk as a human shield. This time, his military training betrayed him. Maybe. In spite of the risk, he should have gunned her down while he still had the chance, or at least tried? The kicker is, if he had tried, he’d likely have ended up just as dead, only sooner.

For a big old man, Clyde is quick. Agile as a cat. Some white men can jump. He tucks and returns fire at Eddie, a cloaked standing by the archaic Tannhäuser who’s firing upon him. Bullets sear the air in both directions during their short, lethal exchange. There’s no such thing as collateral damage. He’s no slouch at dirty shooting himself. Another one bites the dust, thanks to Mr. Tolson. Mrs. Smith is upstairs doing its own brand of mayhem and destruction. Two more die at its hands. Someone, Joe, the last perp, bolts for the door. Tolson bags his second of the night, shooting Joe in the back. Everybody gets two. Six against three, isn’t even Cincinnati odds for this crew. It’s like shooting fish in a barrel. And that’s the problem. It’s way too easy, for real fun.

Mrs. Smith peeks over the railing and waves. Mondo and Clyde holster their weapons and smile at each other.

“That was quick.”

“Everybody knew how to shoot.”

There were no good guys in this exchange. Everything and everyone was fair game. Twelve “innocent” bystanders also bought the farm, including an infant and two kids. It’ll take a shooting review to sort out the totality of who shoot whom.

“June, a bikini, & the beach”

An hour ago the place was swarming with cops and FBI. The scene was a slaughterhouse. Things are getting back to normal. Normally, gunshots can be heard mere blocks away, even in broad daylight. But, for now, violence quiesces, waiting to erupt again in the hood. Ain't nothing but a chicken wing. Here, life is a daily struggle.

Saint Louis PD and its elite SWAT are gone. An FBI Rapid Response Team is still onsite, when Eunice and Bernie arrive on the scene. With an RRT in control, Eunice studies the apocalypse, while Bernie collates his notes. They studied the dailies on their way over from the office. So, they're up to speed. They walk the scene.

“What a mess.”

“You said it.”

“You know what bothers me, don't you?”

“The perp that used the clerk for a shield.”

“You got it.”

“Great minds think alike.”

“That one definitely acted like a soldier.”

“Definitely.”

“Thanks to Starfleet and its Pax Federa (Latin for “Federation peace”); there are a lot of unemployed soldiers up for grabs, these days.”

“Yes there are.”

“Deckard was a dirty cop. IA was investigating him.”

“This ties him to a string of similar armed robberies that have been plaguing this area for the past few months.”

“No wonder the witnesses always clammed up, when the police arrived. Deckard was the police. And, the prominent victims had a lot to lose if the press got wind of their nefarious comings and goings.”

“Yep. It never ceases to amaze me about the rich and powerful who frequent dumps like this to get high, laid, etc.”

“But, as a rule, flops like this used to be luxury hotels, back in the day.”

“So, the interiors are always hardened.”

“Therefore ghosting is out of the question. Security is tight, yet liberal, looking the other way when it needs to, which paradoxically leaves exploitable holes, like monitoring at the discretion of management to protect the privacy of the well-heeled clientele.”

“Which means interior monitoring is ‘selective,’ at best.”

“And, most likely, the traffic cams are spotty, if not disabled.”

“We’ll check the security recordings, anyways. Places like this always pipe them into a secure room.”

Mondo and Clyde watch them from the second floor balcony. She’s reverted somewhat. Fleisch (*flesh*), which are cuffed fleshtone prudz; like her thong, they change to exactly match the complexion of their wearer. Gloves, with that dull plastic sheen, which make it look like her hands are prosthetic and molded from living plastic. Sternka. But. No sternns, knob, klaw, or Borg affectations, yet. Not bespectacled, but severely dressed. Of course, a Koo Stark is concealed-carry, which you would expect of a business suit, so you have to pat the wearer down to see if they’re packing. Ergo, you can’t tell just by looking at her that she’s strapping a Wahl underneath her suit coat or a Kendo underneath her skirt. Nor, can you tell just by looking at her that underneath her suit coat, her purse and Droid phone are gripping the waistband of her skirt. Yet the suit is form fitting and figure revealing; hugging every curve.

An oversized flip phone, her Droid is easily mistaken for a Weirding module. It even gives you the heebie-jeebies when you touch it, just like a Weirding does.

“Funny how the police department misidentified their own man, isn’t it?” Mondo asks coyly. “I mean it’s one thing for him to lie to us, it’s another for them to.”

“You knew he wasn’t Deckard from the git-go, didn’t you?”

“Deckard is a white guy. Besides, I knew Mark Henry,” Mondo teases. It’s the way she says “knew” that gets Clyde’s Irish up.

“You fucked a nigga.”

“Yes. Sexual chocolate was one of my numerous lovers. How does it feel to get a nigger’s sloppy seconds?”

Clyde loses it and drops her hard with a stiff right hand. Mondo gets up smiling. A sader, she likes to get hurt and she likes to hurt others.

“Nigger-lover!”

“Guilty as charged,” Mondo brags, digging even harder.

Mrs. Smith walks up, interrupting. “They are still talking, my goddess. I cannot pinpoint the source, but it is somewhere in this building.”

“Excellent.” She turns her attention back to her Clyde. “Time to spring the trap and see how smart your Eunice is.”

“Trap?” He asks.

She ignores his question, altogether.

“Want to hit me, again? You know I like it rough.”

He storms off in disgust. She makes those slight, final adjustments; not all of them, just some of them. No sternns, knob, klaw, or Borg affectations, but.

Her purse morphs and migrates. No longer strapless, the slim purse straps itself to the outside of her right thigh, underneath her skirt. Needless to say, you can’t tell just by looking at her that she’s strapping a hardshell cigarette purse underneath her skirt. Thigh strapping minions are once more both just that.

Her Droid migrates to gripping the waistband of her skirt on the leftside in the front SSb, for librarians. She changes her mind. The oversized smartphone morphs to please her unspoken fickleness and ceases to be grippable. She removes a slide from her purse; it's twin to the one that holsters her Weirding module that Mrs. Smith is now wearing. Mondo performs the handoff, without having to touch the phone or its new holster. As featured in "Star Trek: Voyager," the phone is now cradled in a Starfleet Mark IX tricorder holster; a "conventional" black plasticine slide holster that's now gripping the waistband of her skirt in the front on the leftside SSb, for librarians.

Of course, its rabid "fans" would argue that thanks to its near-infinite expandability because of its downloadable firmware apps, a Droid can be fashioned into a lot more than just a phone smart or otherwise. They would further argue that it can be fashioned into something quite beyond a Weirding module!

“Mirror Image(s)”

At first, she’s much too busy playing with herself to notice her mother’s approach. Not the mortal who birth her, but the Vampire who made her. Blood always calls to blood, though. Her distraction ceases. Her mother being here tells her that it’s time to spring the trap, with enough lead time built-in for some heavy petting. Knowing what her mother likes. She lets her hair down. Comely. A hard, pretty face. Knowing what her mother likes. She stays gloved. The creepy affectation of prosthetic hands.

Tellingly, underneath her golden tresses, her katz is missing. It’s on the night stand by the bed. Her perls are running a vudu app that emulates her katz, making it superfluous.

Tellingly. Knobb, klaw, and those Borg affectations of hers, have all gone bye-bye. But. She’s still Borg, a drone, in spite of what those omissions would otherwise indicate.

After her minions had sorted themselves somewhat, Mondo had retired to the by-hour room that she and her Clyde had fucked in. She had resorted to masturbation to pass the time, keeping her fleisch on, of course. Gloved masturbation, how nice, how very nice, indeed.

Mondo gets off the bed and makes herself decent in the most indecent fashion. Her mother shuts the door and ogles the girl. Most quickly traverses the room, once her daughter is dressed. They embrace and French kiss, followed by quick grabs and gropes. Fondling is mandatory. Foreplay, if not sexplay. “Support Cannibalism – Eat Me!” After all, this is all part-n-parcel of why Most made her in the first place. Of course, incest doesn’t apply. They’re mother and daughter by-Embrace, not by-birth.

When Most first entered the room, she invoked a privacy spell. Nothing that would raise the suspicions of any prying eyes, considering the situation. Just maker and made doing the do, discreetly.

In the end, Mondo ends up spartan. Her purse morphs and migrates, again. Once more strapless, the slim purse grips the waistband of her skirt alongside her “generic” non-Borg universal in the front on the leftside SSb, for librarians. Hogs and vujcic are loaded into said universal. The Droid phone is gone. Her perls are running a vudu app that emulates the Droid, making the phone superfluous. Her conventional holsters are also gone. Mrs. Smith still has her Weirdings and her Tessys. From a corner, said slug silently watches mother and daughter. It covetously watches the daughter, but knows better than to argue jurisdiction with the Vampire’s mother. It will get its later.

Most revokes the privacy spell and leaves. She carries with her, Mondo’s Wahl, Kendo, katz, and holstered Droid phone. They will be returned to Puck’s shrine, his shrine for his pain goddess Mondo. It is Most who brought Mondo’s “regular” universal from that same shrine.

With her mother gone, she begets her wanton disfigurement. She begets a mirror image. Mirror image one. Her hair yanks back into a sternka. Sternns. Strident. Plain. A ravishing body that just won’t quit. With a face that’s rendered into a shrew’s by that unbecoming hairdo and those unflattering glasses, a face that now only a dyke or someone else who’s otherwise “off” would fancy. Hardlooking. Not a hard, pretty face, anymore. A face that’s just hard and no longer pretty. No longer comely. A ravaged face, that looks as if she has looked upon the Gorgon. A stone face. Disfigured. Harsh. Severe. Loathing and disdain. Creepy. Creepy looking. “She gives me the creeps!” Bespectacled and severely dressed. A big mouth. A hard, loathsome mouth. A mouth

made for fucking. A shrew. But. A well-endowed shrew, nonetheless. Definitely the fodder of bulldyke or bent, and they reciprocally are hers. An avowed spinster and retiree. The quintessential librarian, in residence or otherwise. Machina Bibliotheca – The librarian who is machine.

There is a flipside to all of this. It's the other mirror image. Mirror image two. She purses her sternns. Palins slip on her face. Like the sternns that the palins supersede, they too are spinster spectacles which are paradoxically flattering and unflattering: They say, "Sexually repressed, stay back" and "Come hither, fast!" Some call them "old maids." Bespectacled and severely dressed. Comely. Hardlooking. A hard, pretty face. Strident. Sexy. A ravishing body that just won't quit. Harsh. Severe. Loathing and disdain. A big mouth. A hard, loathsome mouth. A mouth made for fucking. A well-endowed shrew with the breathtaking face of a pneumatic, bleach-blonde, 1950s movie starlet. Definitely the fodder of bulldyke, bent, curved, curious, experimental, and straight. Still. An avowed spinster and retiree. Still. The quintessential librarian, in residence or otherwise. Still. Machina Bibliotheca – The librarian who is machine.

These days, like a lot of trix users, her trix run a plethora of vudu apps. Pockets, purses, holsters, slings, phones, backpacks, tricorders, etc., a lot of stuff, is superfluous because of those apps. Often times she will wear something for the express purpose of her perls' vudu apps "learning" the functionality of that something in the context of what best suits her. If she saw fit, her perls could again replace her purse and any/all of her holsters. If such were to happen, then "pursing" and "holstering" all tenses would again become archaic usages for her.

Trix: trick perls and their arcane likenesses, for example, bix. Maybe, it's these insidious vudu apps that are the mechanism by which trix wrought the technological upheavals that were foretold in the modern assimilative civilization of Mondo's world.

Out of the blue, she has a yen for a nice, juicy chili dog. *Where's a phallus male or she-male when you need one*, she thinks. She leaves the room, in step behind her Mrs. Smith.

The dog she has in mind has nothing to do with Ball Park – Bun Size Beef Franks. Nope. Not that food that is commonly composed of a hot dog, a bun, and chili; toppings such as relish can also be added. It's the act many would say the perversion of shitting a female's chest and proceeding to titty fuck her. A disturbing type of scatology in which a man/she-male defecates between a woman's breasts and then proceeds to tit fuck her using the waste as a lubricant. The penis is the hot dog, the shit is the chili, and of course the breasts are the buns. When a woman lies back, offers her full supple breasts to a man/she-male, who then proceeds to squeeze out a mass of diarrhea shit all between her breasts, making sure to evenly coat them for best taste, then puts his/her penis between her shit-covered breasts and fucks her tits, which implies a "chili dog" effect to their love-making. A.K.A. The New York Chili Dog, it is the fine art of taking a liquefied or sludgy dump on the chest of the gutter slut of your liking. The ass-spatter makes up the "chili," with your man/she-male-hammer being the hotdog and tits being the buns. Afterwards, you proceed to titty-fuck prior said trashy pig. When you shit on a girl's chest and then you tit fuck the shit outta her. A sex act wherein a man/she-male shits on a woman's tits and then tit fucks her. Ad nauseam. It was invented by former Stanton California police officer Anthony Sperl in the Skid Row section of Los Angeles in the late 1980s and is very popular with the homeless population.

It's the sick craving of a very sick girl. A total bitch of murderous intent. A textbook sado-masochist. In other words, a sader. Death Dealer. Whore. In the guise, now, of a well-endowed shrew. Borg drone. Dominatrix. Vampire. Demonatrix: A demon dominatrix. Not to mention, disturbing and despicable. And, a secondary sociopath, to boot.

A switch toggles in her mind. She opts for mirror image one. It's the most inconspicuous of her looks. Sporting it, the most anyone ever remembers of her, unless they are paying very close attention, is a buxom, leggy blonde with a ravishing body and a ravaged face; in other words, the kind of dyke you give a wide berth to unless you're of a certain inclination. Sporting mirror image two, she's still recognizable as herself the luscious Mondo Kane, albeit with a Sarah Palin slant.

The toggling represents her subconscious mind nudging her conscious one. Her Id has noticed something that her Ego has missed. Right now, she's flaying around without direction. Groping in the dark for answers, so to speak. But. Crude brute that it is, her Id has a notion, seen a clue, and devised an interim stratagem based on good ole women's intuition.

As if on cue, entering the lobby, Eunice and Bernie come onto the scene. Mondo sees them from her balcony perch and smiles.

Time to ditch the distractions and get down to the business at hand. Time to solve the case and let God sort out the rest.

“Clue #1: A riddle for Lara Croft, Tomb Raider”

“To see a world in a grain of sand. And heaven in a wild flower. To hold infinity in the palm of your hand. And eternity in an hour.” – William Blake—Clue #1: A riddle for Lara Croft, “Tomb Raider”

“The Great Unknown”

Mondo descends the stairs and greets the FBI agents. Her Mrs. Smith is nowhere in sight. It’s around and about triangulating the source of the signal.

“Ms. Bloom. Mr. Mac. Tempus fugit,” Mondo coyly teases.

“Yes, time flies,” Eunice parries.

Oh, my God – Ugh – She gives me the heebie-jeebies: Eunice’s reaction to Mondo’s look is golden for her.

I don’t know whether I want to fuck her, barf, or both, thinks Bernie. Another golden one for Mondo.

Girl, do I want to pork that: A stray thought from neither agent that pegs Mondo’s meter. Whoever they are realizes their error and buttons down their mind, pronto. It worked. As she had hoped, someone has given themselves away. So. Having served its purpose Mondo chooses door number three, so to speak. She dispenses with her glasses, pursing them. The fleisch gloves and Nazi hairdo stay. Sexy and severe. Shades of the leggy, buxom, blonde hottie in the first Hellboy movie. She “feels” less of the tight-bodied, armor-clad presence. This time, whoever they are doesn’t catch their mistake, likely because it’s an unconscious reaction. Mondo made herself less attractive to them, and they reacted accordingly. Now, Mondo has a frame of reference.

“Time to solve the case?” Mondo asks, rhetorically.

“Yes,” Eunice answers, expectedly.

“Then we shall return to the scene of the crime.”

The trio leaves. Someone leaves with them. Someone unseen and undetectable. A presence that cannot be assimilated? Only time will tell.

Nothing and no one should have gotten this close to me unnoticed. I needed a hunch to figure this out! Fats was right. I’ve lost my edge. Time to get it back. Else I will get ate, most likely by her.

The dirty, old Crone mentioned earlier, the one with the pungent stomach-churning effluvia, watches the trio intently as they leave. She’s in the lobby. Her name is Countess Lulu-Picasa Evelyne. She’s Woad (a licensed flesh peddler who dabbles on the black market). Countess Evelyne’s gaze is covetous when it comes to the tight-bodied, armor-clad Mondo. It has been like that ever since she first laid eyes on the girl. She has “designs” on the girl. She prefers them girlie, very girlie. This makes sense since she’s the “man.”

Sternns. Krazed. Cow. Junkie whore. Klaw and Borg affectations indicate her Borg past. Then again, once Borg, always Borg. The knob on the leftside of her neck indicates that Countess Evelyne was once a Borg queen. A kock fused seamlessly to her nethers makes her she-male. Her sexual preference makes her a bulldyke. Fleisch gloves fused seamlessly to her hands. The creepy affectation of prosthetic hands.

As Mondo steps out of the hotel onto the street, she digresses some more. Sternka gives way to strait hair. She lets her hair down in all of its glory. Seeing this, Bernie gets hard. He gets hold of himself, so to speak, before he shows any wood and he quickly suppresses his boner. Tellingly, well hidden by her hair, underneath those golden tresses of hers, her katz sprouts from the rightside

of her creamy-white neck. The knob on the rightside of her neck indicates that Mondo was once a Borg drone. Transient? Maybe. Maybe not. Tellingly. The knob goes bye-bye. Tellingly. Still no klaw and no Borg affectations. Tellingly, her fleisch get pursed. Tellingly, the presence lessens even more. But, is it just because she's even more unattractive to this unknown or is it also because of some other reason(s)? Again, she lets her feminine intuition make the call on that one. And, by doing so, she begins to fathom who this presence, this unknown, really is, and, more, importantly, what this "situation" is all about. Why was Miles murdered? If we know why, will that tell us who? Etc.

Her hair goes back up, yanking back into a sternka. Prudz glove her lily-white hands. Puritanical. The gloves might as well be fleisch. Vintage Rochas Paris half-eye reading glasses slip on her face. They look like a 1950s half-lens version of palins. Old Maids. The other heads from Edith Head. Once more, she's bespectacled and severely dressed. Strident. That staid whore. Once more, like those before them, they get pursed. Trading places. Fleisch glove her instead of prudz. Creepy fleisch gloves and that severe Nazi hairdo. Severe. Severely dressed, but no longer bespectacled. Strident. That staid whore. Always an ass-kicking babe in this case, svelte and sexy. This constant tweaking of her look, by her, for her causes the presence to momentarily vacillate. Then, voila. The gravest lapse of all. She gets a brief whiff of the presence's blood!

Glimpses of foibles and fables. Not machines. Not magic. Not vox. Not arcane. Not psi. Not majick. Not. Etc. Etc. Etc. Not, even, vudu. Is. By definition. The manipulation of Creation God's creation without having to "employ" an interface, named or otherwise, for example, like those aforementioned. The Ninth Gate. We're entering uncharted territory, here. We're taking the road that leads to equality with God!

The presence has other, much more parochial thoughts: *I am the woman whose destiny will replace your legacy.*

“Clue #2: A riddle for Lara Croft, Tomb Raider”

“Return the iron to the stone’s embrace, the wheel of heaven will turn. Exhume the light from its watery grave, to receive the gift of heaven, as you are condemned to the depths of hell. Translation? Right. So. Basically. Pretty much touch anything and you get your head chopped off.”—Clue #2: A riddle for Lara Croft, “Tomb Raider”

“When Cold, Nipples Hard!”

To the Unsighted the three of them would seem to vanish into thin air. In actuality, Bernie, Eunice, and Mondo shift into overdrive. Access. Ingress. Traverse. Egress. Emerge from an event horizon. But, this is their city overdriven like they Bernie and Eunice have never seen it before. This is their Saint Louis as if it were The End Times, the time of The Endless Night. Perception filters partition the undriven from the overdriven, effectively masking this from that. People populate this “other” Saint Louis, but the Federal agents look to be the only ones in it that are mortal.

From an immortal’s point of view, what mortals call overdriven is their “natural” state. In other words, overdriven is their undriven. And, what mortals call undriven is underdriven to them. This is the great “unspoken.” Ergo. That which can never be revealed to the Unsaved by the Saved. Such was the case for millennia until Adolf Hitler did the unthinkable during a speech at a roast of Kaiser Wilhelm II 9th King of Prussia and the 3rd Emperor of Germany back in the 1920s, and by doing so Hitler stood etiquette on its collective head. That very public revelation aside. To this day, it’s a subject that’s never mentioned in “mixed” company by those who adhere to the tenants of “polite” society, people who abhor the rudeness that in their mind is personified by Hitler’s infamous disclosure, a discourse that was internationally televised.

The presence is gone. Our Miss Kane feels like her old self again. She’s not surprised. Her hunch was right on the money. This explains a lot. The pieces are starting to fall into place. But, as “old” questions are answered, new questions are born.

“Stay close. Although your badges do have currency, here, I wouldn’t push it,” Mondo cautions, although both agents could guess as much. “How long will your stimms last?”

“We can stay overdriven as long as you do,” Eunice boasts.

I guessed as much. They’re using those new X-stimms.

“Come. Come. You know as well as I do that you would burn out long before then,” Mondo counters. “You can bend those laws all you want, but they cannot be broken.”

“Don’t bet on it, sister,” Eunice throws right back into Mondo’s face, so to speak.

Mondo’s response is a sly grin. Immortals can stay overdriven forever. And, most gods do just that. As aforementioned, this is the natural state of demonkind. Ergo, for a mortal to equal them driving, would mean staying stimmed forever, which is physically impossible. For obvious reasons—ROE—immortals often feign limitation when in fact there is none.

They walk back into the fleabag, only it’s not a fleabag anymore. It’s a grand hotel in its heyday. The Tannhäuser Gate in the lobby is emitting a low, pleasant hum. Not so obsolete anymore, this is the source of the perception filters for several city blocks. There are backups and redundancies built into the system, so one such device going offline would interrupt nothing. A system responsible for encompassing the entire metropolitan area, the “deception” is nurtured by a robust infrastructure. Most such devices are well-hidden. This one is hidden in plain sight.

They walk up to the front desk. The desk clerk looks vaguely familiar. Eureka! It’s Lulu. She’s all cleaned up. Clean and pristine. Koo. Perls. Mules. No bra or panties. Strapping, of course. No klaw. No knob. No Borg affectations, whatsoever. No cigarette purse gripping the waistband of

her skirt underneath her suit coat. Her perls are running a vudu purse app. Ergo, her purse is virtual. You can't get more concealed carry than that, for a purse or a holster or anything else for that matter. The purse app is the final release version. Her lush, big, geriatric locks aren't draping her shoulders and breasts. Her hair is yanked back into a sternka. Sternns. Bespectacled and severely dressed. Fleisch. No holsters. At least, no "real" holsters. Her perls are running a vudu app, the virtual holster one. The holster app is the beta version. The final version having yet to be released. This app looks very promising, even in its preproduction form. It could very well obsolete universal holsters altogether. Lulu packs twin Tessys in concealed carry, virtual holsters.

Mondo slips on her sternns, completing her transformation into the dyke's "insanely" coveted ingénue. Fleisch. Sternka. And, now. Bespectacled and severely dressed. As if it were possible, Lulu looks at her even more covetously. The sexual tension between them is so thick that you can cut it with a knife. But, before things can come to a head, so to speak, Mrs. Smith emerges from the nowhere fast of an event horizon and walks over to Mondo who is its cow and its goddess, but obviously not its queen. The Kum was led here in its search for the source.

Running vudu apps gets around the known storage bug of trix. That in turn has led to a revolution in how trix are used. Taken to its logical conclusion, trix are used as a bare bones framework: They do nothing. If you want to add functionality to your trix, you use specialized vudu apps, specialized—single-function. This approach is likely to bring about the social and technological upheavals that were the promise, the destiny, of trix.

"Mrs. Smith, did you find what you were looking for?"

"No, my goddess."

"I'm sure something will turn up." Mondo turns her undivided attention back to the countess. "Strapping underneath that skirt of yours?"

"Of course."

"They did a piece last year in Cosmo, 'Ingénue Dykes in Hollywood.' Your name came up, frequently."

"As well it should."

"Today, Schnettgoecke named senior St. Louis site executive for The Boeing Company."

"As well he should. It was about time for Van Gels to step down."

"Change of pace, s'il vous plaît." Then, Mondo adds, while doing that "thing" with her tongue, her teeth, and an open mouth: "Cause I like it personal. Very personal. So. Make it personal. Be the man. You got the big, brass ones."

"I admire you as a fellow librarian, albeit retired like myself, particularly your adherence to violence as a necessary adjunct to the job."

A less sharp pair would interrupt the exchange between Mondo and Lulu, deeming it as being off-topic nonsense. But, these FBI agents are top notch. They see a method to the madness.

"The Guild needs smart women like us."

"The Guild needs direct women like us." They kiss, politely. No groping, of course. "It's good to have you back."

"It's good to be back."

“Looks like Fats won’t have to keep watch over you anymore.” Then, out of the blue, Lulu hauls off and smacks Mondo across the face. Mondo smiles that smile. “You know better than to come to me after you’ve been with a man. I don’t cotton to sloppy seconds, especially a man’s.”

Mondo’s tongue flicks out, sopping up the blood from her busted lip.

“Want to hit me again? Maybe harder this time? Much harder?”

“What for? You’d like it way too much.”

Lulu’s head says, “Pack it in.” Her heart says otherwise. Her head wins. Lulu reins in her temper. Vengeance? She’ll degrade the girl, later. Just to make herself feel better, even though she knows that the sick cow will enjoy every minute of it. DH (degradation and humiliation) is one of Lulu’s specialties. In point of fact, it’s her forte.

Mondo. Lulu. Neither woman is the least bit masculine. But, Lulu is clearly the “man” of the pair. And, Mondo is clearly the “chick.” Mondo is acey-deucey: The norm. Lulu is ducey: The exception. It always comes back to this: Mondo and a much older chick, usually a fifty and typically a dyke. Twenty-something Mondo—Dominatrix. Fifty-something Lulu—Dominatrix. Fill in the blanks.

“How are they hanging, Lulu?”

“Down around my ankles.”

Bernie chuckles; then, catches himself. The countess gives him one of those evil, dyke stares. Undaunted, he asserts himself, giving her one of his “go fuck yourself” grins. Eunice’s body language says, “I’ll back him up to the grave. Now. Is your eternal life worth risking putting this matter to the test?” Lulu wisely doesn’t push it. Woefully outnumbered by immortals, not less. Mondo or no Mondo. The FBI agents are granite, as expected. They don’t back down for anyone.

“You good pals with the DA?”

“Yep. Sure thing. We’re real tight. His trying to get me kicked off the force last Xmas was just a joke between friends.”

“Did you know that he was a swish?”

“Nope.”

“I’m paying Reynolds a fin to have sex with him. We catch it on tape. Maybe a nice scoop for the paper. Maybe even blackmail. Reynolds is broke. An out of work actor who’s acey-deucey.”

“Food?”

“He’s as human as the DA. But, unlike our straight-arrow DA, he’s a hop head. Likes to get juiced in the same places that you frequent.”

Mondo lets her hair down. She purses her gloves and her glasses. Looks like Lulu is going to have to take a raincheck on that DH with the girl.

“Three Other Girls”

Like a lot of demons, especially of her “older” generation, she was show folk in a past life. Back in the day, she was known as Greta Thyssen. She retired from show biz shortly after her TV show “The Girl from A.U.N.T.I.E” went off the air. In 1967, after five years as the top-rated television show, a runaway hit with the critics and audiences alike, she decided to pack it in and gracefully bow out on a high note, before the inevitable staleness crept into the series and rabid fans turned against this staple of the networks. Audiences can be very fickle, and they are always hungry for something new. The demise of her action-adventure drama ushered in an era of unparalleled popularity for its chief rival The Avengers. The Avengers, to this day, along with Dr. Who, are staples of BBC TV.

For a while now, she’s been Countess Lulu-Picasa Evelyne. The aristocrat has a popular gossip column in Cosmopolitan magazine. When she wants to, which is rare these days, she can be the mainstream beauty that she was in her Greta Thyssen heyday.

Normally, the blue-blood is either the dirty hop head or the bespectacled and severely dressed dowager. Either way she reeks of being a dyke.

“The Plot Thickens”

The partners noticed the change in the girl almost immediately. It was as if there was just something about her that was missing, which is there now. What they could not know is that it happened when she came here. It was not triggered, as they suppose, by the verbal exchange with Lulu. Mondo is just choosing to “tell” them now.

Being movie buffs, they know that the verbal was lifted almost word-for-word from “L.A. Confidential.” Significant or not? Only time will tell.

Mondo: “Time for us to go.”

An event horizon manifests itself in the lobby. It’s keyed specifically to Mondo, Bernie, and Eunice. Being here is not just about being overdriven. A “gated” community, so to speak, you have to be allowed access. RVSP, only. To enter and to leave. Needless to say. Residency is by private lottery. Now, that’s exclusive.

Mondo and Lulu partake of a kiss and a grope. Mondo, Bernie, and Eunice walk back into the lobby and exit via EV. They leave together; Mondo emerges into the undriven world alone. A Starfleet away team assaults her. She’s ripped to shreds by multiple Tessy “beams.” Mondo expires on the spot. She never gets a chance to react, let alone draw a weapon.

Bernie and Eunice emerge from the EV, chinning and grinning. Bernie spits on Mondo’s corpse. Eunice adds injury to insult and kicks the girl’s corpse. The smug pair of FBA agents is proud of themselves.

Eunice: “Thought that you blood-bags were so smart, huh?”

The FBI and Starfleet. Who’d have thunk it? Circumstances does make strange bedfellows. And, those are not the only players in the mix.

A mile away, a pair of Army snipers, who have a bead on the scene, are told to stand down via an encrypted transmission. Simultaneously, a cloaked Warlock class heavy-destroyer, in geo-synchronous orbit miles above the city, is also told to stand down via another encrypted transmission. The starship belongs to the U.S. Army. Officially, the Army is not supposed to have such a weapons platform. Officially, only the United States Colonial Marine Corps is supposed to have Warlocks. The Warlocks are so new, that their very existence is still top secret. Head to head, a single Warlock against a pair of Berserkers, the Berserkers wouldn’t stand a chance!

“Waterboarding anyone?”

Mondo comes to herself in one of those rooms beneath the J. Edgar Hoover Federal building where unrestricted interrogations (torture) are carried out on “terrorists.” Officially, rooms like this don’t exist. Officially, our Government doesn’t torture people, let alone American citizens, either.

Her pearls, purse, holster, and shoes are gone. She is bound to a chair via those “pick proof,” “unbreakable” plastic ties that are so favored by law enforcement. Her strait is unbuttoned. Her bra unsnapped. Her panties and skirt pulled down just enough to expose and give access to her crotch.

She has been beaten severely. Broken jaw. Broken legs. Broken arms. Broken hands and feet. Cracked ribs. Teeth knocked out. Bruises and cuts. Deep lacerations. Finger and toe nails yanked out. Nipples cut off. Sodomized—raped—“pussy” fucked with various inanimate objects, many of them very sharp, jagged, and pointy – mostly broken glass soda pop bottles.

There’s just Bernie alternately wielding wood and aluminum baseball bats and Eunice wielding a rusty lead pipe in the room with her, taking turns working her over. And, she’s enjoying every minute of it, as expected, much to the frustration of her captors. Douche bag Clyde watches the proceedings through a two-way mirror glass in the wall. He’s jacking off.

Clyde is not alone. There’s someone else in the booth with him. Her name is Dr. Harleen Frances Quinzel aka Harley Quinn to the nurses and inmates at Arkham Asylum where she’s on staff as a psychiatrist and clinical psychologist. With her pronounced British accent and haughty air, combined with a naïveté and bleeding heart that she proudly wears on her proverbial sleeve, it’s no surprise that when she first hired on at Arkham, a betting pool started on just how long the girl wonder would last. Right now, if you look at the wagers, odds are she won’t last probation—twenty to one against!

Needless to say, her moniker of Harley Quinn is a term of ridicule, not endearment. Aware of the slight, and being true to her convictions, she wears it like a badge of honor. A Left Winger to the bitter end. Liberalism forever. Death to Conservatism. You can never be too Left of Right.

Bespectacled and severely dressed, living up to the alias of her comic book namesake, Harleen voices her objections, which Clyde continues to ignore as his gets his rocks off. Dr. Quinzel is appropriately shocked by the sordid proceedings. An expression of condemnation paints her face. But, as the level seven cleared clinician on duty, she’s required to be here.

The FBI and the local police force, among others, source a lot of their shrinks from Arkham. That includes for routine psych evals. The asylum has a top-notch staff, many of them with high security clearances, and the rates that the private hospital charges are very competitive. Arkham LLC is a wholly owned subsidiary of Blackwater Worldwide, and having a former Vice President of the United States on its board of directors doesn’t hurt business either.

“Thought that you could play us! Not so smart now, bitch!” Eunice screams as she lays into Mondo for the umpteenth time. “I don’t care if you’re enjoying this you sick junkie whore, I’m gonna fuck you up real good!”

In spite of her broken jaw, Mondo manages a toothless grin sort of. A red light in the ceiling begins to flash. A siren begins wailing. The FBI agents stop in mid track and step back. A force field envelopes the girl. Water douses her from the vents in the floor. The electrodes stuck in her

body go live again, juicing the girl with mega doses of voltage. The girl begins to shriek and convulse. She cums. Orgasm after orgasm.

“Act 1 ends, intermission.”

The juice shuts off. The force field drops. A metal bolt shots from the wall, goes in through one ear, and explodes out the other. Mondo dies, instantly. Scrubbers sponge the water. The red flashing light stops flashing. The siren shuts off.

She begins to resurrect and regenerate. To expedite the process, nozzles in the ceiling douse her with fresh human blood taken “live” from the occupant of another such “nonexistent” room. Needless to say, the “donor” will expire long before they are completely drained. The cycle begins again.

“Time to take a dump on your face.”

Days later. A windowless black van dumps Mondo’s ravaged ravenous body onto the street, never bothering to slow down let alone stop. Once it is out of sight, tires screeching, some of the homeless scurry over to investigate their newfound windfall. When they see what has fallen into their laps, they drag Mondo into a nearby abandoned warehouse with every intention to do her.

A baglady, pushing the proverbial shopping cart filled with her worldly belongings, follows them. But, she “politely” doesn’t enter the building. She stands outside patiently waiting for her turn at bat, so to speak. Once they are distracted by their rape of the girl, she will enter and take them unwittingly from behind, taking them out at her leisure. Unlike those homeless inside, she’s not human. Unlike those homeless inside, she’s a god. Since the dawn of human cities, a percentage of the homeless have always been gods.

At some time in their life, everybody grows up. They have to. Sometimes it’s an epiphany that triggers it. Sometimes it’s a catastrophe. Even the most immature person grows up at death.

When Mondo was Food, she killed gods. When she was Food, she was a virgin, undistracted by, and at one point in her life totally uninterested in, what we straights call “regular” sex. It wasn’t that as a human she was asexual or sexually repressed; for her, sex was about something else entirely. Sex was about killing, plain and simple. In that way, she has always been like the Vampire. Her cherished virginity was a byproduct of that.

A Vampire is never really unarmed. A Vampire should always be considered armed and extremely dangerous. They are predators by nature, by desire, by design, and by predilection. They are the ultimate killing machine. They are Walking Death.

When the Food drags her into the building they have every intent of having their way with her, sexually and culinary. Yes. Some of them are cannibals. Yes, those stories that you’ve heard are true. At an alarming rate, an increasing percentage of the homeless are resorting to cannibalism as if they were Goon. It doesn’t matter. Nothing matters. Because, she’s Lost.

She stops playing possum and easily breaks free of their clutches. To the undriven, she seems to disappear as she shifts effortlessly into overdrive. The interior is hardened, but vandalism and decay has compromised it, allowing her to exploit those natural flaws inherent to anything that’s manufactured. She ghosts into the floor.

Two of the humans jack up on stimms and shift into overdrive. One of them has a gun and he flashes it menacingly. Here, unseen by prying eyes, the lies give way to the truth. The gun is meaningless to her. The driven gun wielder is a Gulf War vet. He knows what he’s doing. He’s no push over. She comes out of the floor behind him and takes him with ease. Needless to say, the other driven with the club goes down like child’s play.

Like calls unto like. The god enters prematurely as if compelled by the unseen force of mayhem. She enters into the fray and kills the undriven. Being a faerie who keeps her vision in the demonic, she sees the driven Mondo. She feasts aplenty, ignoring the girl, otherwise. There’s more than enough for both of them. Neither Vampire intrudes on the other’s turf.

Outside. Eunice, Bernie, and an FBI Fast Response Team watch and wait for the demons to exit the building. Their orders are very explicit. Don’t interfere, whatever happens inside!

Human or inhuman, people like Mondo never lose their edge. Someone made her into a person who did just that. Someone made her into a person who thought that people like her could lose their edge and that losing it was a natural consequence of whatever. Someone made her into something less than herself. That someone was herself.

Legally and officially, humans aren't supposed to play them. So, the authorities turn a blind eye unless things get out of hand. So, this is about. Not the short game, which humans can play so well. Not the intermediate game, the so called David Lynch named after the surrealist movie director, where humans are at a distinct disadvantage. This is about the long game. God help us all.

“Right To Remain Violent”

An away team, the same one that previously murdered Mondo, beams down outside of the derelict building. They transported from that very same galaxy-class dreadnaught, the USS Enterprise (NCC-1701-D). This Enterprise, unlike its predecessors, has been refitted to include a third nacelle, cloaking ability, and large phaser cannons on the saucer section. It is in geosynchronous orbit miles above the city. Counter to it is the previously mentioned Warlock class gunboat. The Army sniper team is not onsite, this time. In country, so to speak, it's just Starfleet and the FBI with boots on the ground, for this dance.

Mrs. Smith steps out of a wall and walks over to the mayhem. It avoids the feasting god.

“They are here, goddess.”

“Excellent,” hisses Mondo.

Mondo has had enough, anyways. She's healed. The hygiene mode for her clothes switches back on. The clothes clean her and themselves, while mending themselves. In a jiffy, they and she are clean and pristine, as if none of the previous “unpleasantness” ever happened.

Kum and goddess cow move away from the god allowing her to gorge herself on the spoils without competition.

Mrs. Smith hands Mondo her pearls, purse, and holster. The black patent-leather shoes that Mondo retrieves from her purse and puts on are debrahs, the mule version of her deborahs; as such, these backless D'Orsay style shoes with closed toes have the same pointed elongated enclosed-toes, 6-inch razor heels (6-inch stiletto heels), and a vamp cut. The shoes were made world famous by actress Elizabeth Mitchell, that Texas beauty and star of “Lost.”

When you know how to walk in mules, and Mondo knows how to walk in mules, they're flip-flops when you want them to be and it's as if they're superglued to the soles of your feet when you want them to be.

“New World Order, Part 1 - The Sky Shall Swallow Them”

Prudz glove her, and the creepy unsettling illusion of white ungloved prosthetic hands. Strait hair yanks back taunt from her forehead into a sternka; bangs still sweeping her forehead, of course. She slips on her flattering/unflattering/becoming/unbecoming disfiguring sternns. Her transformation into spinster dominatrix is almost complete. She could easily pass for a funeral director or a librarian. All she needs is those shoes.

Of particular note is Mondo’s casual attitude about all of this “purse” traffic with her prey literally just outside the door. Uncharacteristically careless of her. A rookie move. Or, is there more to it than meets the eye? Do you smell vudu cooking?

Mrs. Smith, who’s still sporting Mondo’s Weirdings, will work the back door, so to speak. It will attack the rear. Mondo will take the front. Collectively, they will squeeze whoever is in the middle.

Being that Mondo is Mrs. Smith’s cow and therefore Mondo is an extension of Mrs. Smith, and Mondo is Mrs. Smith’s goddess, and at Mondo’s behest, her Tessys will function for Mrs. Smith, just like before.

Appearances notwithstanding, Mondo really loves her Tessys. They make killing way too sweet. Their carbine and rifle configurations are concessions to the military. The default config for Tessys is pistol, and for very good reason. Tessys were designed by a gunslinger for the express use of a gunslinger.

Mondo loves her Hogs, universal holsters, et cetera for similar reasons. They also make killing way too sweet. It’s a love-hate relationship, really. Tessys, Hogs, universal, etc., make killing way too sweet, so sweet in fact that she hates to part with them for any length of time. They’re also a most sinful indulgence.

“New World Order, Part 2 - The Land Shall Burn”

Mrs. Smith ghosts back into a wall. Mondo goes back into the floor; just before she does so, she switches from mules (debrahs) back to pumps (careys). Now, she’s wearing those shoes, again.

The god continues her eating and drinking to complete oblivion. Do not disturb! Mondo is counting on it. If things work out the way Mondo has planned, the girl intends that the baglady is their secret weapon. That needed distraction, tactically speaking, of course.

Mondo’s short game is flawless. Her intermediate is the impeccable David Lynch. It’s the long game her Harley Quinn that she needs to work on. Although an assassin by trade, she’s still, paradoxically, way too impatient to draw things out appropriately, when it comes to game play. It’s all in the sell.

Knobb sprouts from the rightside of her neck. Once Borg, always Borg. Hands klaw. After all, they are idle, and she is back to her “old self.” Her long facile tongue wets the thin ruby-red lips of her ugly generous mouth. She’s fed, so her jagged teeth could blunt, but they stay sharp. A razorblade smile. In spite of being fed, her tongue is still killer, a killer tongue, a tongue which is a bloodlusting, self-sustaining organ. That predatory back in the day when we were dead things look craves the drone’s hard, pretty face. Everything else stays the same. Bespectacled and severely dressed. Explicitly Borg. Implicitly devolved. She can still pass for human, if she doesn’t open her mouth. Equally creepy and fetching. Spinster dominatrix. And, no less the total babe.

Then, the inevitable occurs. Knobb and klaw go bye-bye. Her teeth blunt. Her tongue ceases to be killer, but it stays long and facile. She purses her sternns, which like the previously-noted traffic to and from her purse, does not give away her position of concealment because of vudu apps. She slips on her palins; vudu apps mask their egress from her purse.

“The Speechless God”

These apps which cloak the comings and goings of her purse are not proxies being run by her perls at the behest of and for the benefit of her purse; they are being run by the purse itself. She lets her hair down, and then reverses herself. Strait hair yanks back taunt into a sternka. Everything else stays the same. Bespectacled and severely dressed. Implicitly Borg. Implicitly devolved. Fetching and no less creepy. Spinster dominatrix. And, no less the total babe.

Unlike when she wore a badge, unlike when she killed for Fats, unlike when she did the dirty deed, so to speak, at the behest of someone else’s rules, here she kills for the first time in a very long time with no rules whatsoever and likewise no oversight. Vendetta!

As a side note, if one were to run a diagnostic on Mondo’s palins, you would discover that her glasses are running that same agnostic vudu app that Sarah Palin runs on hers. When asked what the app does, Ms. Palin indicates coyly that, “mum’s the word.” The press takes the vacuous answer, of “The Vacuous One” as cute. The Liberals dismiss it as just another example of why she’s called “The Vacuous One.” Republicans in general and Conservatives in particular, hid their heads in utter shame, when this bird opens her mouth and gems such as that come out. No one seems to really get her.

There’s the other “Vacuous One,” of course. Gertrude “Vance” Crabtree, the current Vice-President. So, the Democrats have their own ball and chain.

Mondo’s sternns run the very same agnostic vudu app. But, their affectation is quite different than that of her palins. It’s the same affectation for the very same app that her Weirdings and vujcic now run.

Mules switch with pumps. She lets her hair down. She purses her palins and her gloves. No klaw and no knobb. Just miles and miles of flawless, creamy-white flesh. Bright, yellow blonde hair draping shoulders and breasts. Cold, blue eyes. Long, shapely legs. Basic. Primal. Obscene. Merged seamlessly with the floor. Mrs. Smith a perfect extension of her. Something Goon this way comes.

“Spreading Ground”

A narrow strap, with no visible close no buckle or any other type of close for that matter, encircles her ankles: very Goon, let alone very fetish, indeed. These spaghetti straps are binding in idle, and strangulation in pain mode. The ankle straps give Mondo’s mules the CLAF of debras, and that is quite telling. The shiny, black patent-leather straps are not part of the shoe proper; they are “satellite” accessories, which is what couture calls them. These detached ankle straps are known commonly as debs—tramp straps. Still, debrahs plus debs does not equate to wearing debras. Ergo. They represent slavery, not enslavement.

Her debs go bye-bye. They go back in her purse, lickedee split. Pumps switch with mules. Careys represent domination, the enslavement of others. Finally, she’s properly dressed for the occasion. She waits, patiently. She doesn’t have to wait for very long.

RSVP. Flash-bangs go off seconds after they’re tossed through the building’s front entrance. The very same away team that assassinated her previously, broaches the site. They fan out quickly, much too quickly. They’re not on x’s like the FBI, they’re on z’s. The undriven world has, for all intents and purposes, become irreverent for them. Z’s, also known as omegas, are humans’ bid for equality with God!

A secondary team, also on z, broaches the rear behind their own flash-bang invitation. Like the first, this team also fans out quickly, much too quickly. Neither team ignores the baglady, but Mondo is clearly their focus.

Mondo can hear the crackle of their encrypted comm traffic. The Vampire, the ultimate predator race, smiles. *Time, to bring a knife to a gunfight!*

Overdrive is an absolute. You’re either driven or you’re not. There is no such thing as degree. Advocates (stimm devotees) speak to prolonging the effect before burning out, so to speak, from the affectation. X’s, z’s, etc.

“Blue-Rays for Cold Days”

The new stuff seduces with the promise of never having to come down. But, unless you're faerie or Kum, you have to come down, eventually. And, the longer you stay up, the harder you come down. Stay up long enough, and you will crash.

And then, she does the totally unexpected thing, and comes out of the floor, unarmed – hands raised in surrender. Her universal has been left in the floor. All this buildup has led to this. In her mind she had killed them all, and for the first time in her life, that is enough. In their minds, they had killed her, the god, and the slug, and for them, that is enough. Both parties, figuratively, declare victory. Both away teams let their slung weapons drop to the rest position on their slings, at the ready. Mrs. Smith comes out of the wall, its Tessy holstered, at the ready.

As a parting shot, the agnostic vudu app being run by various of Mondo and her slug suddenly abend, and then reboot. Starfleet had used their hack. Automatically, Mondo's counter had kicked in, permanently closing that backdoor.

The girl grins as she lowers her hands. She makes an arcane gesture, invoking entropy, passively. Her universal “pops” out of the floor and clips itself to the waistband of her skirt alongside her purse underneath her jacket. Sternka. Sternns. Prudz. But, no knobb or klaw. Creepy enough, nonetheless. Bespectacled. Severely dressed. Matronly. The disfigurement of prude that she craves so relentlessly, these days. Still fetching to boot. Matronly. 1950s proper – pneumatic blonde bombshell—that bespeaks dyke overtones in contemporary parlance. Absolutely nothing is lost in the translation.

Matronly. As the sinful Nazi prude, Mondo is rather leaden and robotic. Her clipped, pause-filled, heavily-accented speech only reinforces the animatronic nature and “modus operandi” of this particular “presentation.” There is staid and then there is staid. Slim, stacked, and matronly.

“The Wolverine: Path of a Ronin, Unleashed”

She’s finally come to the dance. No longer the wallflower. She went from the game’s opening act being over before it really got started, to assuming that measured pace where the curtain has just gotten raised. Whodunit?

The wife is the logical suspect. But, Mondo needs proof, the kind that will stand up in a court of law. Vendetta de proper – the proper revenge. Neither sader nor thrill killer, Catherine gets her thrills from getting away with murder. So, she always employs a foolproof exit strategy based on prior disclosure usually in one of her novels, a well-chosen scapegoat with whom she’s had a prior personal relationship, and a homicidal accomplice who fixates on her. And, that, Mondo hunches, is the key.

So very notorious, isn’t it? Murderer versus murderer. Mondo will pit her murderous intent against Catherine’s. A contest that she’s sure that Catherine has waited a long time for. Be careful what you wish for. Because sometimes you get it.

Mondo walks out of the building with Mrs. Smith. The slug goes its own way. Mondo walks toward the FBI. Starfleet makes its egress and beams back up to the Enterprise. The god stays inside and continues to reveal in her repast.

The girl experiences a flashback of sorts. She is Valentina, the heroine of Guido Crepax’s “Baba Yaga.” As such, she “lives” a review of the movie adaptation of the S&M comic strip by noted film critic Brian Lindsey.

“Europa Report”

Baba Yaga - The groundbreaking adult-themed comic strips of pioneer artist Guido Crepax is brought to life in this mod, hallucinatory mélange of fashion, fetish, and the supernatural. It doesn't have much of a plot—and what plot there is isn't really explained—but avante garde editing and a surfeit of style make it worth a view for anyone with tastes off the beaten path.

French actress Isabelle De Funès plays Valentina, heroine of Crepax's late '60s strip named for the character. A celebrated fashion photographer living the jet-setter lifestyle in Milan, she hangs out with models, directors, artists, and leftist intellectuals. One night, while walking home to her studio flat after a party, Valentina is almost run down by an antique Rolls. The driver is a mysterious older woman screen legend Carroll Baker dressed in the black garb of a Victorian widow. Valentina accepts the woman's offer of a lift home; as the car pulls up to her apartment building the stranger suddenly reaches up our heroine's skirt to snatch a garter snap from her thigh. Enigmatically, the strange woman informs her that she needs a personal possession of Valentina's—for reasons unexplained. She promises to visit her the next day and return it. Before driving off, she prompts Valentina to remember her name: Baba Yaga.

Valentina is both repelled by and drawn to the mysterious Baba Yaga. Immediately after their encounter she begins having bizarre dreams of being marched semi-naked by Nazis to the edge of a bottomless pit, then jumping in. The next morning, as she completes a photo shoot with a topless model, Baba Yaga shows up at Valentina's door to return the garter snap. During her brief visit to the apartment Baba makes it abundantly clear that she's interested in Valentina in a sexual way. Before departing she also fondles Valentina's favorite camera in a particularly odd manner. Later Valentina discovers that the camera seems to be cursed. People she takes photos of with it either suddenly become ill or die, and other photographic equipment nearby seems to fail when she uses it. Accepting Baba Yaga's invitation to visit the mystery woman's dark, rambling manor house, the enterprising Valentina uses the place as a backdrop for a series of photos. While there she makes a bizarre discovery: a large hole in the floor, concealed by a rug, which seems to have no bottom! Is it the black abyss of her Nazi-themed dreams? Baba Yaga presents her with a gift, a creepy-looking doll in S & M gear named Annette. Valentina takes the doll home, after which things really start to get weird.

“Gods and Monsters”

“Weird” being the operative word here. Though framed by a simple story, director Corrado Farina’s approach to the film is every bit as avante garde and surrealist as its source material. Baba Yaga is obviously a witch, yet her motivations are never really clear. Is it simple lesbian lust? What’s the deal with the Nazis and, in their stead in one dream sequence, soldiers of WWI-era Imperial Germany? What does the bottomless hole signify—the doorway to the netherworld, the emptiness of becoming a commercial sell-out, or both? To wit: During a street protest in Milan, Valentina snaps a photo of a hippy demonstrator with her cursed camera, upon which he immediately drops dead. Later she has a dream in which she’s escorted to a boxing ring by female models in Nazi uniforms. Baba Yaga seems to be her ringside manager. For an opponent Valentina faces the long-haired protester she saw collapse in the street. With a single blow she knocks him to the canvas, dead. Is Farina trying to say that fascism commercialism? leads artists to destroy liberal, revolutionary ideals? Your guess is as good as mine.

While the plot had me scratching my head in bewilderment, compelling visuals kept me watching. The film is superbly edited, giving it a rhythm that is the story, in a sense. The soundtrack contains some sublime pieces of music, particularly the psychedelic rock theme—used again during the fashion shoots—and the ‘dueling saxophones’ jazz number accompanying the sequence in which Valentina and new boyfriend Arno The New Barbarians’ George Eastman make love. Another terrifically edited moment and perhaps the visual highlight of the film. Gorgeous Eurobabes sashaying about topless are always a plus in my book, too. Ironically enough, the movie really only stutters and stammers when the title character is on screen. As the witch Baba Yaga, Carroll Baker is rather leaden and robotic. Her clipped, pause-filled, heavily-accented dialog only reinforces the animatronic nature of her performance. The character also gets a sappy piano theme, the worst passage of music in the entire film.

In my limited capacity as a wordsmith I’m in something of a quandary as how to best sum up this film. It’s certainly more “art house” than “Eurotrash”—and to be honest, appraising tits ‘n’ gore for exploitation’s sake is a damn sight easier. So I’ll conclude by saying that watching Baba Yaga is akin to peering through a kaleidoscope. It looks pretty, it’s interesting, but does it ultimately serve any real purpose?

“Aguirre, the Wrath of God”

She comes back, with none the wiser. No one seems to notice her lapse. During which, she made note of the clues revealed to her by her. The flashback was a mnemonic device: One that she liked to use, back when she was human. She took memories from herself for reasons she may never know, and in their stead left enigmatic clues. She’s playing with herself? No, she’s mind fucking herself.

I am the most intelligent, conniving, and ruthless person that you will ever meet.

Matronly. A hottie in the Valkyrie from Old Norse valkyrja “chooser of the slain” mode. A sader. Depraved. No oversight, whatsoever. With god-killers as policy weapons. All in all, she’s a particularly nasty piece of work. In the movies, she’s the “disposable” security officer or the security chief with the sinister, hidden agenda who enjoys hurting and killing people.

She walks over to Eunice and Bernie. She lets her hair down. Thick yellow rivers of hair once more drape her shoulders and breasts, emphasizing her overstuffed hard-working bra and the encasement of her bulging jacket. Svelte, otherwise. Tiny, short skirt. She gets her share of gawks. She is quite the fetching lass. Her leg-baring skirt amply advertising her bare white legs. It adjusts for immodestly. In other words, whether sitting, standing, running, walking, whatever, the skirt is always mid-thigh length a “legitimate” miniskirt. The default for a Koo’s strap. She purses her sternns, but not her prudz. She stays gloved. Bared legs and gloved. Now she knows for a fact jack that she’s got Bernie’s undivided attention in spite of his well-founded misgivings about her.

“Woyzeck”

“The debut UWF match, ‘First Blood,’ will take place at New York’s famed Hammerstein Ballroom at 311 West 34th Street in Manhattan on June 3rd and will be filmed for a dynamic national pay-per-view special, which will first air on Sunday, June 26th at 8:00pm EDT 5:00pm PDT with an encore presentation at 11:00pm EDT 8pm PDT.”

To the initiated, it’s obvious who her words are directed at.

Bernie swallows hard, as if the Vampire’s words have just hit him smack dab in the middle of his chest just like a sledge hammer. He tries his best to hide it, and he’s got a hell of a poker face when it comes to his numerous “indiscretions,” but Eunice has been his partner too long and she knows him too well to miss his true feelings no matter how well cloaked.

The three of them begin to stepping through this tough titty neighborhood, away for the rest of the FBI.

“Eunice, you need to stop covering for him. His foibles will be the death of you.”

“I take your advice to heart.”

“Hey. I’m standing right here. You’re talking about me like I’m not here.”

“Please do.”

“I have some for you.”

“Please share.”

“Fast is good. Accurate is better.” She pauses for maximum effect then completes this most famous quotation of Wyatt Earp. “The trick is learning to take your time when you’re in a hurry.”

“It’s best to be both. As for taking your time,” Mondo smiles that smile, then continues. “You wouldn’t like the toll. This is why Wyatt Earp never crossed Doc Holliday, Wild Bill Hickok, let alone, Agnus Crabtree. Then again, nobody and I mean nobody, ever crossed Miss Crabtree and lived to tell about it, that is.”

“Cobra Verde”

“Anybody can be killed if someone wants them dead.”

“And your point being what?”

Again that smile. Those cold, deep, soulless eyes of hers.

“Point taken.”

“You haven’t asked where we’re going. Let alone why we’re walking there.”

“And you don’t seem surprised in the least little bit.”

“Good catch. We are going to get along famously.”

“Violet, thin-lipped and husky-voiced, seduces Corky, I am not. Nor is the Vampire. Well, scratch that. She is husky voiced. And, we’re both thin-lipped.”

Of course. The public image of these two women brings something else to mind. At the age of 36, Mr. Burtman candidly describes his sexual interests in his nationally-distributed *Exotique* publications. He provides the magazine’s direction and creates content as well, writing some of the prose and taking many of the photographs.

While the ancient and some would argue irrelevant Mr. Hefner continues to produce images of his own female ideal innocent 1950s beauty, usually blonde, Mr. Burtman’s dream goddess knows more about his sexuality than he does. She understands how to tease a measurable response from a nearby fetishist male or female—sports a severe hairdo with an implicit center part, thick-lensed pixie eyeglasses “old maid” cat-eyes, long bare flawless legs, a loathsome mouth, and generous breasts at least double-Ds, and dresses in tight gloves, high heels, and a figure-shaping business suit that’s akin to a foundation garment. A hard, pretty face. Fair-haired. A “good”—AWESOME body!!! Bespectacled and severely dressed. Twisted, curvy Barbie doll.

“Nosferatu, Phantom der Nacht”

And, except for the absence of unflattering eyeglasses and severe hairdos, this describes Eunice and Mondo at this immediate point in time to a tee.

The overlap in the ideal of Mr. Hefner and Mr. Burtman? Of course. Attractive. Great rack. Nipples like pencil erasers.

“In a speech in Cape Town, South Africa, on June 7, 1966, Robert F Kennedy said that.”

“Live fast. Fight well. And, have a beautiful death.”

“You and I both know that JFK never said that,” Eunice chuckles. “That’s a line from the Roger Corman classic, ‘Battle Beyond the Stars.’ Sybil Danning said it.”

“Touché.” Uncharacteristically or not, Mondo lets Eunice have the last word. “So, finish your sentence. What did JFK really say?”

“There is a Chinese curse which says, ‘May you live in interesting times.’ Like it or not, we live in interesting times.”

Books and Writers – THE LOST GENERATION: AMERICAN WRITERS OF THE 1920s
Hemingway, a quote from the movie, “Predators,” and the philosophy of demons

“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.” (from ‘On the Blue Water’ in Esquire, April 1936) -- Ernest (Miller) Hemingway (1899-1961)

“My Best Fiend”

Mondo’s hair changes as they walk. Her strait hair lengthens in the front, losing a Vampire’s trademark China-Doll bangs. It’s as if her hair is a stern version of krazed. Yet, unlike a krazed, its implicit center part, a cosmetically smooth front hairline, and the faintest suggestion of a widow’s-peak prevent her straight hair from obscuring her hard, pretty face. So, paradoxically. Sans bangs, her forehead is left exposed. Flat hair that, in spite of what its moniker implies, is neither plain nor lifeless. A simple parlor trick or a portent of increasing instability?

She smiles mischievously at the Food. A wide, toothy grin. The FBI agents are a momentarily unnerved, to say the least. It is a minute lapse on their parts, as aforementioned, and quite understandable considering the situation with them being human and all. They regain their composure without missing a step, so to speak.

Her mind slips. Momentarily devolving. As if she is a dead thing; an “it” instead of a person.

Trunks: These androids are ruthless; they delight in causing pain and chaos. Living on Earth in my time is like living in a nightmare. Always running and hiding and looking for a way out.

Then, just like that, Mondo is back. Whether she’s coming or going, of the two Vampires Mondo who is not a god vs. the baglady who is a god, she by far is the deadlier.

Her flat hair gives way to a bouncy, square-layered hairstyle a Rachel aka The Rachel. She purses her gloves. Then, she just disappears, from the point of view of those watching her from orbit. She doesn’t ghost, spook, cloak, invisible, etc. She just knows how to make herself blend into her in this case urban surroundings to elude detection, or at the very least make her detection very difficult, by orbitals or long-range snipers. How? She goes Old School, of course. In other words, she employs a plethora of advanced “old school” evasion techniques, not technology. The most profound part of this exercise is that she’s pulling this off while she’s walking with two other people. Her stalkers are put on notice.

“The Agony and the Ecstasy”

Too much makeup. Too much hair. Too much _____ showing. Too much etc. Don't be fooled by her looks that shallow, vacuous, self-absorbed, and immodest Miss Debra look: No-talent diva, hired eye candy, and ditzzy bimbo don't apply. This girl is a real pro. Fuck with her at your own risk.

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, square-layered hairstyle the “Rachel Cut” aka The Rachel named after and inspired by the character played by 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, a cosmetically smooth front hairline, and the faintest suggestion of a widow’s-peak 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*.

“Fitzcarraldo”

The weakness of the assassin. Flush them out in the open. Don't be enticed by their deception. And, you will be the victor. But, here she is out in the open, bold as she can be, as deadly and formidable as if she were hidden. Spitting in the face of conventional wisdom. But. How?

For one such as her, being out in the open isn't her preference and it makes her highly uncomfortable, but she's hardly a fish out of water. She's skilled in CQC aka CQB. She's the complete package. This is why she can spit in the face of conventional wisdom.

Close quarters combat (CQC) or close quarters battle (CQB) is a type of fighting in which small units engage the enemy with personal weapons at very short range, potentially to the point of hand-to-hand combat or fighting with hand weapons such as swords or knives. In the typical CQC scenario, the attackers try a very fast, violent takeover of a vehicle or structure controlled by the defenders, who usually have no easy way to withdraw.

Because enemies, hostages/civilians, and fellow operators can be closely intermingled, CQC demands a rapid assault and a precise application of lethal force. The operators need great proficiency with their weapons, but also the ability to make split-second decisions in order to avoid or limit friendly casualties. CQC is defined as a short-duration, high-intensity conflict, characterized by sudden violence at close range.

Criminals sometimes use CQC techniques, e.g., in an armed robbery or jailbreak, but most of the terminology comes from training used to prepare soldiers, police, and other authorities. Therefore, much CQC material is written from the perspective of the authorities who must break into the stronghold where the opposing force (OPFOR) have barricaded themselves.

Although there is considerable overlap, CQC is not synonymous with urban warfare, now sometimes known by the military acronyms MOUT (military operations on urban terrain), FIBUA (fighting in built-up areas) or OBUA (Operations in Built Up Areas) in the West.

“Shadow of the Vampire”

Urban warfare is a much larger field, including logistics and the role of crew-served weapons like heavy machine guns, mortars, and mounted grenade launchers, as well as artillery, armor, and air support. In CQC, the emphasis is on small infantry units using light, compact weapons that one man can carry and use easily in tight spaces, such as carbines, submachine guns, shotguns, pistols, swords, battle axes, and knives. As such, CQC is a tactical concept that forms a part of the strategic concept of urban warfare, but not every instance of CQC is necessarily enveloped by urban warfare—for example, jungle and guerrilla warfare are potential stages for CQC.

As you can imagine, when it’s a faerie-only affair, CQC gets cranked up a notch or two or three. It gets taken to a whole nother level indeed. It’s as if we’re watching a Hong Kong wuxia film a cinematic martial arts fantasy showcasing excruciating wire and harness work choreographed by the likes of legendary fight choreographer Yuen Wo-ping. Wire and harness work that in turn requires meticulous “digital wire removal” in post-production before the wire-fu movie can be shown to an audience at the theater.

In Their hands, the requisite fight scenes of this non-movie reality, this real life conflict fought by exclusively faerie opponents are masterpieces of lethality where the inhuman participants soar with balletic grace and dignity. As if combatants exist in a time set aside when wire-fu acrobatics are the norm—providing action sequences that were visually impressive but incredibly artificial. This combination of grace of movement, physics-defying feats of agility, and the lack of wires or CGI assists makes the action genuinely thrilling. Non-stop action. Gravity-defying artificiality, notwithstanding. Action that is the real deal. Gritty. Raw. Fresh. This is CQB as an art form, a homicidal one, but an art form, nonetheless. Called Roku. You might call it the demon equivalent of a Chinese wuxia epic which has been infused heavily with the karma the realism, the “realistic” elements of a Thai opus by martial arts masterminds Tony Jaa or JeeJa Yanin, Prachya Pinkaew directing, Panna Rittikrai handling fight choreography. It is the purest expression of the only pure art form of demonic origin.

Chapter Two

“Nothing says ‘Fascist’ like a pair of Aerosoles women’s With Pride black/gray riding boots.”—*Alice Beatrice Krige*

“To dykes and to those who look bulldagger”

Alice Beatrice Krige—The former chief adjudicatrix female adjudicator for the U.S. State Department—a petty bureaucrat, bitter and vindictive, the sour-faced spinster is the quintessential severe covetous matron—every B-movie women-in-prison sexploitation film should have at least one. Kaye, perls, prides or flats, on occasion, a thigh purse clipped to the waistband of her skirt, prudz, a sternka, sternns, mega-lingerie brand’s black Body bra, and a schlong. Harsh unbecoming makeup that’s been heavily applied.

An actress, on occasion, she is currently playing the character of Jojo Ladro in the comedy “Love and Other Dilemmas” directed by Larry Di Stefano. She is also part of the cast of the Canadian sitcom “Corner Gas.” Neither of which is allowed to interfere with her day job as housekeeper.

Tall boots by *Shop You Way Shoes*. In the words of Alice Beatrice Krige: Nothing says “Fascist” like a pair of Aerosoles women’s *With Pride* black/gray riding boots. Her prides are not only her preferred “go to” footwear, they are her trademark. More than that, the boots are a window into her very dark soul—a human soul much darker than that of J. Edgar Hoover’s, and that speaks volumes.

Description?

If you like the classic tall style of riding boots, then you’ll love these women’s *With Pride* equestrian boots from Aerosoles. This knee-high, contoured boot features a gray fabric and black synthetic leather upper with a chic wraparound buckled ankle strap. A double zipper entry, one being full length, allows the calf to extend its width by up to two inches for a better, more comfortable fit. The Diamond flex sole provides support while flexing with your every move.

Knee height
Double zip closure
Shaft height: 16 in.
Shaft circumference: 16 in.; 2 in. extension
1 in. block heel
Fabric and synthetic leather upper
Round toe
Padded footbed
Treaded rubber outsole
Care: Wipe clean
Imported from Mars

Specifications?

General Features

Heel Height	Low (1/2 to 1-1/2 in.)
Heel Height (in.)	1
Juniors Shoe	No
Occasion	Dress
Comfort Technology	No

Upper Material	Synthetic
Style	Fashion boots
Style	Riding Boots
Shaft Height	Knee
Extended Calf	Yes

Scary and creepy, not to mention hateful and hate filled—“the bizarre one.” Her animosity is especially directed toward women who are younger and more attractive than her.

“Kate Upton? Megan Fox? June Wilkinson? Miss Debra? Et al.? That ilk? I hate beautiful women, especially the young ones, and crave their disfigurement by remaking them in my image” kind of girl.

In spite of how she looks, her masculine ways and mannerism, she is not a lesbian. Nor is she straight, for that matter. Alice’s sexuality is not so parochial, and she is much too insatiably promiscuous for that. She will cluster fuck a man or a woman in the ass with her prosthetic penis and she will derive equal pleasure from those respective violently-depraved acts.

The unattractive fifty-something blue-eyed blended-haired blonde’s too large, ugly frown of a mouth bespeaks of loathing and disdain and that is always its wearer’s intent. Goonish tastes, but not a Goon. An immortal, ageless human.

Blended-haired blonde. Geriatric blonde hair. Blonde hair that’s liberally streaked with grey and white. Colloquially: xev also zev.

Lately, when Alice vacations, her travelling companions are Senator Jane Wright and whoever is the Senator’s private confidential secretary at the time.

When she was ousted from her position at the State Department and forced to retire, Alice assumed the role of the Senator’s housekeeper, making sure that everything is just so in the Senator’s household whether that be at the Senator’s personal residence or wherever they might be staying on a trip.

She and the Senator have very specific exacting needs—hence the high turnover in the Senator’s private confidential secretaries. Hopefully this next girl will prove to be a permanent addition to their “family,” and be the one—the private confidential secretary who stays around forever.

One, large, manly, big-boned woman U.S. Senator Jane “Lorca” Wright. That’s what confronts Mondo when she enters the hotel suite, summoned here by a note left downstairs with the front desk by a hotel guest. The desk clerk who handed it to her told her the guest’s room number, 456, and the guest’s name, Alice Krige. Mondo knows of an Alice Krige, but has never met that woman formally.

The note was obviously written by someone who knew all the right cues to put in the invitation to get Mondo to come to the hotel room and to follow its addendum to the letter without the slightest deviation. There were specific instructions about the dispositions of Special Agent Eunice Bloom and Special Agent Bernie Mack. They could accompany her up to the suite, but they were not to enter for any reason.

“You were expecting, the matronly Alice Krige. Instead, you get me,” quips U.S. Senator Jane “Lorca” Wright who’s seated by an open window of the hotel suite, casually sipping from a frosty

glass of cold milk. She's dressed matronly in perls, a Kaye, and sensible flats. The Senator is sporting a moe. Her harsh, heavily-applied makeup is very unbecoming, then again, she's not an attractive woman in the "normal" aka mainstream heterosexual usage of the word. Prudz. Her trademark sternns are hanging around neck via a tortoise link eyeglass chain in the dowdy style of a librarian or a stereotypical spinster take your pick, both apply. No bra. And underneath her skirt, she's wearing a prosthetic strap-on, a schlong, of course.

Lorca Wright is a large, manly, big-boned woman—a very husky woman. Sharp features. A brutal smile. An equally hateful mouth. The openly Gay divorcee, who recently came out of the closet, ditching husband number two and a marriage of just over a year to him in the process, is the honorable U.S. Senator Republican from the great state of Minnesota—"honorable" being an adjective associated with of her title, not a statement about her personal character. She is immortal, fifty-something, ageless, and still very much human—neither supernatural, nor superhuman.

Hers is the tale of the twists and turns of a "mature," politically powerful woman of great means going through midlife crisis. Thirteen months ago, a sexually straight Lorca Wright abruptly dumped her faithful, loving husband after thirty years of marriage in a quickie Reno divorce. A week later, after a whirlwind courtship, she was married at The Little White Chapel to her twenty-year-old tanned muscled boy toy, a performer a male stripper in the Thunder from Down Under show at the Excalibur Hotel and Casino.

Six months ago, rightly or wrongly, she decided that losing her heterosexuality was a small price to pay for immortality and never aging—hence the reason for her becoming a cleric of the Pagan god Lesbos. Becoming that creepy goddess' ecclesiastic, it was an offer just too sweet to pass up, by her way of thinking.

Besides perverting her sexuality, Lesbos had made the Food Senator Wright into Foul. Thus, no supernatural beings except for Goons or the Goonishly-inclined, of course finds her eatable or drinkable anymore. Barring those exceptions, she is anathema as cuisine.

Security, of the Secret Service favor, suddenly materializes in the room. The adjunctive "seemingly materializes" applies, but their appearance is the result of switching off their active camo, not the result of their teleportation into the room. They were present in the suite from the git-go, but inaccessible to "ordinary" sight, until now.

Of course, being demonic, Mondo could see them as soon as she entered the room—her vision switching from ordinary to demonic automatically and immediately when she came into their presence. It was an instinctual reaction of her supernatural nature. Nothing conscious on her part was needed to trigger this appropriate and very expected reaction.

An added note. The suite is completely shielded. So the suits couldn't have teleported into the room anyway.

"You know who I am?"

"Yes, Senator."

"You don't like me very much. I have a sixth sense about that sort of thing."

"With all due respect, Senator, I don't know you well enough to have formed any opinion about you. I only know of you, in point of fact."

“You may sit down.” Senator Wright points to the comfy chair across from hers. She’s smiling, a very friendly confident smile, but her mouth implies menace. It’s the kind of smile a seated U.S. President sports to a visiting dignitary when that high official’s country has done something that displeased the President in question.

“I’d rather stand.”

“I’d rather that you sat down.” Senator Wright adds needed emphasis to her request, this time. Mondo capitulates.

“Thank you, Senator.” The Vampire sits down in the indicated chair.

“Would you like some milk, or would you prefer blood?”

“I’m good.”

“Now that we’ve gotten the pleasantries out of the way, let’s get down to brass tacks.”

Mondo starts to say something, but the Senator cuts her off with a frown. The frown switches back to a smile when Mondo wisely chooses to not utter another single word.

“You will do as you’re told. You will speak only when you’re supposed to. You are an attractive, well-mannered, travelling companion. Finish your current task, and then you shall be with me for a while when Congress breaks session for the summer. You may speak, now.”

“Am I to assume that I am to be shared between you and Frau Krige?”

“In a way. Yes. You see Alice Krige is my housekeeper. So you will be joining my house staff on a permanent basis as my private, confidential secretary as well as assisting Alice in the kitchen as her indentured servant to be used by her at her whim. And I will assume that you will confirm this after I dismiss you today after this first informal orientation meeting. We will have two more informal ones this week, and then the formal ones begin next week. None of which will interfere with your current assignment task, or any other aspect of your personal or public life. Capish?”

Mondo says nothing. The Senator smiles broadly at this. The menace erases from her smile. She is pleased by the Lost’s reaction. So far, everything that she has heard about the Vampire has proved to be true. This is much better than she could have hoped for.

“You may speak.”

“I understand.”

“Alice and I have a long-standing relationship. We have travelled much together over the years. Discretion is key. The proper clearances and the need-to-know will always apply. Elder claims on your time will always take precedent over mine. Again. It goes without saying that. You will confirm all of this to the letter.” The Senator senses that her new resource has a question. “You may speak.”

“When we three you, Alice, and I travel together, will either Ancient Mia or Madame Yun, be accompanying us, from time to time?”

The question makes the Senator’s heart flutter. “*This girl really is everything and the kitchen sink, too,*” the Senator thinks.

“Yes, one or both of the two Dragons will be accompanying us in those ‘singular’ situations.”

To wit, Mondo is reminded of Adolph Hitler's infamous catchphrase: "Injustice, the gods among us."

"I'm in the mood for a bit of storytelling," Senator Wright casually proclaims.

Knowing their cue by heart, the Senator's Secret Service detail leaves the room, taking up their assigned security positions outside of the hotel suite. The last agent out the front door locks it.

The Senator sets her glass upon the small table by her chair. She crosses and uncrosses her big bare legs, flashing nothing untoward in the process—the swish-swish of her meaty thighs rubbing against the other. A nervous tell, that's actually a ruse which she has spent years cultivating. The Senator is a very experienced politician. So, when it comes to her body English, you only read what she wants you to read, nothing more and nothing else. And, like a lot of successful politicians and business people, she's a borderline sociopath, which compounds the difficulty on getting an accurate read of her true emotions.

By the way, it's worth noting that when it comes to legs, the Senator is genetically blessed in that area. Her robust gams are devoid of any hint of imperfection.

"So, does my fable bore you?" The Senator leans forward in her chair, and in doing so, the ugly, lecherous cow tastelessly flashes a mouthwatering glimpse down her creamy expanse of H-cup cleavage. In a rare show of what she's actually feeling, her jowls quiver with excitement.

"If only debauchery would ensue," the Senator thinks.

"No it does not, Senator."

Unsolicited, based solely on Mondo response and what the wanton bulldagger has gleaned from the girl's dossier and most of all based upon what she covets, the Senator places her large hand upon Mondo's knee. Although this would clearly be seen as sexual harassment in the outside world; here, behind closed doors, neither woman sees it that way. It's seen by both as part of a needed feeling out process which is quite a bit more than just sexual in nature. This is about the determining the boundaries of power that will define their business relationship.

"High praise indeed. I'm flattered. I know you're a junkie whore of the first order, a complete degenerate, and Borg to boot. I was so in fear that my parochial story would not hold your interest, especially with it being so bulldyke, masculine, and direct and me making it up on the fly so-to-speak. Because it's improvised, I never end up telling it exactly the same way when I orate. Been doing the little bugger since I got turned into the life the lesbian lifestyle and got swinging phallus at the fences slang for being a predatory lesbian."

"I must say that you do it well, Senator."

The Senator wets her lips, nonchalantly.

"Do you find me physically attractive?"

"Yes, Senator."

"Not too masculine and domineering, for your tastes?"

"No, Senator."

"Good to know. Good to know. I had heard that you were that way. Now I have confirmation from the horse's mouth so-to-speak. Of course, I make it no secret what my proclivities are."

As always, sternness is implicit in the Senator's voice.

The Senator briefly and lovingly squeezes Mondo's knee, then she removes her coveting hand—she's got the hams of an NFL linebacker—and leans back in her chair. Momentarily she opens her frown-of-a-mouth enough so that you can see her tongue thrashing about like a restless snake in her large, ugly maw.

“Velvet Love. Girl on Girl.”

Mondo emerges from the room, closing the door behind her.

To Special Agents Eunice Bloom and Bernie Mack, Mondo is a different person—looks the same, but is different, nonetheless. A hunch. A feeling. The gut instincts of two trained, experienced investigators.

To Mondo, she is finally herself again. No more Mondo mind-fucking herself, so that this game of cat and mouse could be drawn out for her own amusement. No more Mondo being a caricature of the real her. Cold, callous, loathsome bitch—comes to mind in spades.

The Secret Service dutifully moves back into the hotel suite. The Senator has more auditions of promising perspectives tonight to be entertained by.

Mondo, Eunice, and Bernie move back down the hallway toward the bank of elevators. Only this time around, Mondo and Bernie are the twosome, and it's Eunice's turn to be the third wheel. In a word, Eunice follows them a few steps back and still in earshot and keeps her trap shut.

Based upon another one of those hunches, Bernie discreetly slips his hand in and out his pocket. In the cycle he flicked the switch on a small device. He's activated a jammer for any “casual” listening devices that might be in their proximity. For two minutes, they will have complete privacy from any broadband electronic intrusion.

He coughs two times, and wipes his mouth briefly. A known tell, for any experienced operator. He, Eunice, and Mondo all qualify as that.

Ergo. The implication of what he has done and why is not lost on the two girls with him.

“Time to spring the trap. Bernie, let's take a gander at that love nest of yours,” commands the Vampire.

Mondo's voice is appropriately harsh and disdainful. Bernie's reaction to the tone of her voice is telling.

Bernie is simultaneously taken back and turned on. It's as if she's his dominatrix and he's her submissive.

“It's room 356.”

Right under the Senator's. No doubt that it's not a coincidence.

They grab an elevator. The back wall of the elevator is glass. Eunice positions herself to block anyone from lip reading remotely the conversation that ensues between her partner and the bloodsucker.

“Show me how smart you are, Bernie. Was it Sina Weibo, a Twitter-like service?”

“Nothing like that. Only the wives of Liberal Democrats or moderate Republicans in the Senate. No spouse of anyone who is allied with the Director or who might even be remotely considered of like political leanings, of like mind, of the Director.”

“And only the dishy ones, of course.”

“Yes, the younger, attractive ones. The sole exception to that is in her fifties and she's quite nice piece of, even at that vintage.”

No need to guess who the exception that he's referring to is.

"The ones married to much older, less attentive sexually unfulfilling husbands."

"Yes."

"You personally always—you serviced them yourself—or did you also employ a doppelganger?"

"Sometimes him, it, sometimes me."

"One you grew yourself. Or one you purchased?"

"I grew it myself."

"From raw chemicals or from a blank purchased either wholesale or retail?"

"Raw chemicals."

"Where was the cooking done?" Bernie gives her a look. She smiles. That was evidently the answer she wanted. "Whatever or whomever we find in the room, we will report this incident immediately to the authorities."

Anger flushes Bernie's cheeks.

"This bitch means to hang me out to dry!"

But, this isn't Bernie's first rodeo. The moment of feeling betrayed just as quickly passes as it appeared.

"She's telling me to activate whatever appropriate contingency I'd better have in place based upon whatever or whomever we find in that hotel suite, and she will back me to the hilt."

The two minutes expires. They exit the elevator and make a beeline for room 356. The door is ajar. Inside is a nude, dead body: Bernie's doppelganger. It's been brutally murdered—bludgeoned to death with a heavy paperweight—its skull smashed to mush. The bloody murder weapon is in the hands of Kate Upton-Jeffords, the wife of Senator James Merrill "Jim" Jeffords. A disoriented Kate is naked and standing over the body. It's a textbook frame. And verbatim from the latest of Catherine's salacious, bestselling novels.

Eunice takes care of disarming Mrs. Jeffords and getting her to sit down in a chair. The pupils of the Senator's comely wife are extremely dilated and she's exhibiting other classic symptoms of being drugged—probably, some type of potent hallucinogen.

Extremely dilated pupils, warm skin, excessive perspiration, and body odor. Distorted sense of sight, hearing, touch; distorted image of self and time perception. Synesthesia: the "seeing" of sounds, and the "hearing" of colors. Depersonalization, acute anxiety, and acute depression.

Jeffords, a moderate Republican U.S. Senator from Vermont, is notorious for two things: caucusing with Independents and Liberal Democrats in the Senate, and his outspoken opposition to J. Edgar Hoover. He tried on three separate occasions to have legislation passed which would have retired Hoover.

Bernie shows his expected mettle. He invokes a contingency plan for just such a situation. Calmly, he in calls in the murder scene.

"This is Special Agent Bernie Mack. I'm reporting a murder. Location particulars are as follows—grid two-four-ninety—room 356. We have a VIP involved, the wife of tango delta five.

My partner and I, along with a neutral observer, while on an unrelated investigation came here in response to an anonymous tip. Further details will be given upon your arrival at the crime scene.”

“Essential Art House: Loves of a Blonde”

Bernie’s contingency turns out to be the truth. A decision which saves the career of himself and his partner. He comes clean, falling on his sword. Complete and utter transparency.

When the Director strides into the hotel suite, he walks directly over to Mondo and gives her a big bear hug ignoring everyone else who’s present. She’s standing in a corner next to the bathroom’s open door.

“It’s great to have the real you back, even if you are still one of those things.”

“And you, Mr. Director, are as sensitive and politically-correct as ever.”

They share a chuckle. No one else mistakes this situation for anything other than dire, in spite of the levity being displayed by these two. Then, just as suddenly, Hoover acts as if the only non-human in the room, Mondo Kane, doesn’t exist. He turns his attention to a standing Special Agents Eunice Bloom and Bernie Mack.

Eunice and Bernie are framing a sitting Senator Jeffords. The Senator’s head is down, cradled in his trembling hands. He’s at the mercy of his archenemy J. Edgar Hoover, and the worst of it is, Hoover has a well-deserved reputation for showing no mercy whatsoever to political opponents when he has them by the shorthairs.

When Jeffords finally does look up, he has the expression of man resigned to his fate. Hoover will have none of it, though. Fortunately for Jeffords, although he sees Hoover as his worst enemy, and Hoover sees Jeffords in the same way. Hoover also sees Jeffords as redeemable.

Hoover sees Jeffords more as misguided than a zealot, and as such a potential resource to be exploited. By Hoover’s way of thinking, all Jeffords needs is a little coaching to steer him in the right direction—joining the J. Edgar Hoover “kiss my ass” fan club. Failing that, Hoover will use this incident to end Jeffords’ political career, forever, and see to it that Jeffords’ wife does hard time in a Federal maximum security prison where Hoover will make sure that she becomes some hardcase butch’s cellmate and wife. Hoover’s long reach extends throughout the American penal system.

“You two can expect six months administrative duty, and a notation in your jackets. Since you’re partners, you’re equally culpable for the misconduct of the other whether you knew about the nefarious doings of the other or not. Adultery is not grounds for dismissal from The Bureau, else you Special Agent Mack would be fired. Understood?”

“Yes, Director.”

“Understood, Special Agent Bloom?”

“Yes, Director.”

“Special Agent Mack, in your sworn deposition, you admit to receiving gratuities from these numerous married women in the course of your dalliances with them. Gifts in the form of stocks, bonds, cash money, and other personal items like Rolex watches. But, no coercion, extortion, or blackmail was involved. These were presents of affections—voluntary given and totally unsolicited on your part.”

The tone of the Director's voice changes and the expected tongue lashing begins in earnest. That's when Mondo discreetly exits into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

She removes her gloves and places them on the rim of the face bowl. Her hair yanks back into a sternka. Vampires have a cleanliness-bathing fixation/fetish, which Mondo proceeds to indulge, washing her face and hands in the cold, clean, sparkling-clear water streaming from the mouth of the motion-sensor faucet.

Once she's refreshed, Mondo grabs one of the soft, fluffy towels hanging from a towel rack. As she dries off her face and hands, the room stutters. She hears a faint, unintelligible voice behind her. The girl turns around. Her perception of reality blinks as she's unceremoniously yanked from her world into another.

The bathroom looks different. Her first clue that's she's not where she was. Mondo's gloves are gone from the vanity. They stayed behind to act as her return ticket. She opens the bathroom door and steps into a bedroom that's she's never seen before. In a corner is a large custom wardrobe. The Vampire has an idea what's or rather who's inside.

Mondo is in the Bree, at the corner of Euclid Avenue and Maryland Avenue, Margaret Teele's apartment. But she doesn't know that. She doesn't know where she is or why she's here. Or even who brought her here.

The girl seems unfazed by her predicament, though. And tangibly overconfident. Unlike, for example, the fictitious Batman of DC comics who needs prodigious and elaborate planning beforehand to overcome any foe who's formidable, e.g., the Justice League, Mondo intuitively knows how to destroy any person, place, or thing upon first encounter having no knowledge beforehand of that opponent. It's as if she were Death incarnate.

The Vampire notices that this room, just like the other one, is overlaid by a ROOM. An unlisted one. Mondo also owns a ROOM, except that it's registered it's numbered.

She hears loud voices and the sounds of a struggle from the other side of the bedroom door that she presumes opens to a living room or hallway. The noise stops. Deathly silence follows. Then deranged laughter, and a woman's voice bragging.

"This is the best that she could send against me! I told the old nanny goat that in this ROOM, I'm muther fuckin God!"

The bedroom door swings open, and the bragging voice's owner enters the bedroom. Behind the braggart is her newest just acquired additions to her clothes that are people. A surprised Margaret Teele stares into the face of a snickering Mondo Kane. Margaret reaches out, psychically, to the unexpected newcomer in an attempt to wear the Lost Girl. Not a good idea. Not a safe idea, either.

“Passion and Romance: Scandal”

You wouldn't expect an omnipotent undead to fight against the mortal champions of planet Earth, yet that is the path The Undertaker has chosen.

Bray Wyatt is a fine young wrestler, but he is a wrestler and nothing more. Any ethereal presence that he holds is nothing more than parlor tricks and a charlatan's words. Bray Wyatt thinks he is facing the same Undertaker that was bested last year. He must instead prepare for so much more. As far as The Undertaker is concerned, anything is possible.

Mondo exits the bathroom and is back into the political fallout that permeates the hotel suite. She's on her Earth, again. The Director is still berating his two Special Agents.

Any person even vaguely familiar with Evangelical subcultures will recognize the trend of copying and sanitizing whatever pop culture is doing. This trend belies a certain impulse within Evangelical Christians to separate the entire world into two categories: sheep and goats, wheat and chaff.

In that Evangelical spirit of segregation and categorization: there are four new additions to those in the room. Three are supernatural. One, a US Congressman, is mundane.

The beautiful, sophisticated, forty-something Dragon is Freddie Krueger. Most people are very familiar with her equally-dishy twin sister Li Xiaolin. The older of the twins by a minute, Li Xiaolin is the chairwoman of China Power International Development and as such is commonly known as the “Power Queen.” Although of royal blood and members of the Dragons' Principal House, neither sibling has ever publicly expressed aspirations to be Empress.

As expected, Freddie is wearing a Koo and heels. She's gloved, heavy becoming makeup, and her hair is yanked back into a sternka. Her look is sexy, strict, and no-nonsense. Freddie eschews wearing underwear.

Then there's Krueger's quintessential fifty-something lady friend, Ms. De'Ann “Tangerina” Power. For reasons of her own choosing, this loathsome harshlooking severe Crone prefers to align herself with the Principal House of the Dragons. But, when it comes to the Dragons' Major and Minor Houses, she gives them the cold shoulder.

Wagging tongues claim that the torrid romance of the two women, Freddie and Tangerina, is “consumed by a transcendent, destructive love while living in an era of ever escalating imperialism and governmental control” and as such is ill-advised. This gossip flies in the face of a steadfast reality: Yes, Freddie and Tangerina are very good friends, but they are not “a serious item.” They are business partners and they do share many non-business interests—sometimes those non-business interests are each other and sometimes not.

Tangerina's penchant for wearing a Kaye and sporting an equally severe moe, the harshest make-up, prudz, flats, and oftentimes sternns, belies the fact that her door swings both ways: she fucks males and females with equal ferocity and opportunity. She fucks men, they do not fuck her. She uses her strap-on, a kock, to fuck her male lovers in the rectum. Additionally, there is just the faintest hint, the slightest suggestion of muscularity—a tone and fitness, which implies she's got some Goon in her. Her big ugly “bass” mouth and smart tongue, imply other ancestries and

proclivities, as well. Absent is her trademark: a private, confidential secretary a personal assistant, who is always a twenty-something female.

If Tangerina were to remove her jacket, you would see the fresh needle marks in her left arm. A hardcore junkie, who has been hooked for eons, she prefers to mainline her smack in the left arm. Needing something to take the edge off, she shot up shortly before they arrived on the scene. No longer in withdrawal, she' rock steady, until she needs another tweak. Hopelessly hooked. Incurable. Assimilating her way out of drug addiction is not an option, even if she wanted to be rid of her habit and she has no interest whatsoever in getting rid of it. Her Id craves the stuff too much. And having taken it for so long her body cannot rid itself of its need for it. Tangerina craves being a junkie. Psychologically, she was hooked from Day One—the first time that she got high. Physically, it took several millennium, for her body to get hooked, but eventually it too followed suit. When she wants to get really lowdown and dirty, she's been known to employ a Klapp and its harness while shooting up on binges that last for days. The Klapp feeding on her for the duration. Degradation and humiliation at its max—Team Used Extreme.

Lastly, there is the handsome, dashing Congressman Pierce Brosnan. A recent divorce makes Capital Hill's resident #1 lady-killer again "officially" available for his throngs of female admirers—some of whom are of the "marrying" kind, most of whom are not martially-inclined whatsoever. Congressman Brosnan, who was attending a soiree in the main ballroom downstairs, is wearing his tuxedo.

It's Tangerina who catches Mondo's eye. She hardly gives the lady-killer more than passing glances, and only then to be polite. Tangerina reciprocates. Fixing her attention on the Vampire. Freddie notices their covetous exchange and smiles.

“Double or Nothing - Passion and Romance”

When she's not in Coco's presence, Mondo always refers to Coco in the third-person as Frau Mueller. She never ever refers to Coco as Ann Miller, Coco's stage name. Humans refer to Coco as either Ann Miller or Coco, depending on how well they know the Vampire.

Mrs. Smith only calls Mondo, goddess, when they are alone doing the nasty. Otherwise, Mrs. Smith refers to Mondo as Fraulein Kane. When Mondo and Coco were married for all of a day, Mrs. Smith only referred to Mondo as Frau Kane no matter what.

Four new additions? But, so far only three have been accounted for: Freddie Krueger, De'Ann Power, and Pierce Brosnan. A miscount?

Literally and figuratively, in-between and betwixt the choices of Tangerina and Congressman Brosnan, is Ann Miller, that blast from the past. Tonight, Mondo is being offered so many choices, e.g., Tangerina and Brosnan, and being given so many commandments, e.g., Jane “Lorca” Wright and implicitly the Senator's Alice Beatrice Krige. But, the decision is still up to her, regardless of what Lorca said.

As hopelessly smitten with Tangerina as she seems to be, Mondo is aware of Ann, nonetheless. After all, she's Miller's ex. They were married for a day.

Ann smiles at the girl and purses her lips. She mouths the words: “My friends call me Coco.” The cherry on the cake: Coco moves her tongue around in her mouth like it has a life of its own.

The elegant seventy-something Vampire is wearing sternka, trix, an expensive black SATIN Adele Simpson pantsuit her trademark, and switchblade stilettos, e.g., debrahs. The classy heels by Naughty Monkey are the mule version of deborahs; as such, these backless D'Orsay style shoes with closed toes have the same pointed elongated enclosed-toes, 6-inch razor heels (6-inch stiletto heels), and a vamp cut. The shoes were made world famous by actress Elizabeth Mitchell, that Texas beauty and star of “Lost.”

In a past life, the now-retired plainclothes officer was Ann Miller (Ann Mueller) born Johnnie Lucille Collier in Chireno, Texas—that famous raven-haired, long-legged actress and dancer whose machine-gun taps won her stardom during the golden age of movie musicals.

She sports a sternka, because she's a prude—prim and proper to a fault. Stiff-backed and strident. In a word: aristocratic. A commoner, Coco is easily mistaken and often mistaken for a blue-blood. She's gloved, because there's a correct time and place to wear gloves, and this is definitely one of them. Emily Post would wholeheartedly approve.

As she did back in '01, when Miller returned to the big screen for a role in director David Lynch's “Mulholland Drive” as Coco Lenoix, Miller imparts an air of old Hollywood glamour into the hotel room just like she did in that film Mulholland Drive that was meant to expose the illusions that Hollywood can create.

Junkie whore Borg drone. Or the Vampire that Mondo should be. Mondo is at a crossroads. She's being asked to choose. Playtime is over. Choose wrong, and you disappoint us at your own peril.

Once upon a time, Tangerine was also asked to make the very same choice by the Eldest Ones—those Oldest Things. She made the wrong choice. And flushed her life of great promise down the drain.

Coco pushes the issue in the elegant fashion of the grand dame that she is. The Elder Vampire begins playing with her promise ring. Not to be confused with a “purity ring,” which is worn to pledge sexual abstinence until married. This ring is worn to advertise much more wanton and ambitious desires.

Which finger, in promise ring etiquette? Promise rings can be worn on any finger, sometimes on the engagement finger (left ring finger) especially if it is used as a pre-engagement ring.

It is also common to find that the promise ring being worn on the middle finger on the left hand or the ring finger on the right hand to prevent confusion with an actual engagement ring.

Unless there are not romantic intentions, friendship-style promise rings should avoid ring fingers and worn on any other fingers.

So the general rule is, the closer to marriageable intentions, the more it should be worn on the ring fingers, especially the left hand, if the engagement ring should be replacing your promise ring within the next 2 years. Otherwise, if you have a long way to go before marriage but have high romantic intentions and expectations, the ring finger on the right is also acceptable.

Coco is wearing her promise ring on the engagement finger. She wants she and Mondo to not be exes anymore. Again, she wants exclusive use of the girl, Fats’ eternal preexisting claim notwithstanding. Not necessarily a marital hookup, mind you. But. More in the area of exclusive contract services. In other words, a personal confidential secretary—a girl Friday—a personal assistant. A female “employee” who has a wide range of duties, usually including secretarial and clerical work, and, in Coco’s case, homicidal.

By Mondo’s way of thinking. Why choose between evils, when you can have them all? Junkie whore Borg drone. And, the Vampire that Mondo should be. There’s no need to be exclusive, when you can just as easily be inclusive. There’s plenty of her to spread around. Be greedy. Eat the whole cake and the cherry on top. Do the dirty, till death do ye part and you’re holler hot. A total degenerate who can affect the façade of civility when need be. She chooses door number three: get used by and use wantonly while in the employ/service of Lorca, Alice, Tangerina, Coco. And. while she’s at it. Hump that insanely-cute Brosnan dude, too.

“Possession or Repossession, which is it?”

As a nice Jewish girl, I’d like to weigh in.

Interesting. Not translating “dibbuk” (or “dybbuk”) was a nice touch. It refers to the soul of a dead sinner transmigrated into a living person (according to cabalistic folklore). I couldn’t find a translation for “keselim,” but it appears to be a term used in Turkish folklore—and seems to have been more recently applied to Dubya, Tony Blair, and Avril Lavigne. We would probably not be too rash to speculate that it refers to something not far removed from “demon” or “evil spirit,” but I could be wrong. There’s doesn’t look to be anything especially odd about the candleholder, but the description lends itself well to the Mythos air of the story. I don’t read Hebrew, but I don’t doubt that the word on the piece of granite is “shalom,” which I believe means “peace”—the stone appears to be part of a larger marker of some sort, so we don’t know what else it may have said; it could be anything from a grave marker to a lawn ornament, but it doesn’t seem at all sinister in itself.

I call it a hoax, but a well-executed and entertaining hoax. It may be worth the price to the purchaser just for the tall-tale value of it.

Yes, the shema is a common prayer. Think of it as the Jewish equivalent of Our Father. It’s fairly short and makes a statement of faith.

Keselim? Off the top of my head, the only thing I can offer is that the “im” suffix indicates a plural.

The hair? I am familiar with a version of this. I’ve heard that it exists in other cultures as well. At a child’s first haircut, the mother should keep a lock of hair. As long as this is kept safe, so is the child.

The ribbon? The same Jewish mothers who mentioned the lock of hair insisted on a red ribbon of some kind being on the crib. This wards off Lilith and other evil spirits.

Dibbuku/Dybbuku, in general? The dibbuk described in the eBay page is far nastier than any I’ve come across in Jewish folklore. Often, the dibbuk is more lost than anything else. The Yiddish opera *The Dibbuk* even features the title character mistaking a very pale girl for another ghost and haunting the house because he’s fallen in love with her.

From “Do They Keep Kosher On Mars?” I quote: “But Jewish tradition abounds with stories of supernatural creatures, including demons who crave the letters of the Hebrew alphabet in much the same way as vampires crave human blood, and Dybbuku who may be the souls of sinners, trapped in a netherworld that is neither death nor life.”

There are a variety of ways of discouraging demons in Jewish folklore, including the wearing of phylacteries and the brandishing of glowing torches.

The mezuzah upon the doorpost is also a great way of keeping out Dybbuku.

If you should have dybbuk problems that you can’t resolve on your own, it’s best to seek the aid of a zaddik, a righteous man. With a combination of faith, knowledge of Jewish law, and various Kabbalistic procedures he’ll take care of it.

“A box that is a BOX, e.g., dybbuk or dibbuk”

The **dybbuk box**, or **dibbuk box** (Hebrew: קופסאת דיבוק, *Kufsat Dibbuk*), is any BOX that is haunted by a dybbuk. A dybbuk is a malicious, homicidally-inclined, usually restless spirit who is capable of haunting, possessing, and even wearing the living. This predatory species of BOX gained notoriety when one of its kind was auctioned on eBay with an accompanying horror story written by Kevin Mannis, and is the original inspiration for the acclaimed indie documentary film *The Possession* Grand Jury Prize Documentary winner, Sundance Film Festival.

Shadow: Dead Riot: Special Edition—Ann Mueller and Margaret Baker were very well cast as predatory lesbian guards who set their sights on pretty female inmates like Misty Mundae and Ruby Larocca. But aside from some brief conversations, nothing ever happens! There’s not one halfway decent girls-molesting-other-girls scene in this entire film! Obviously the decision was made to get right to the stupid zombies instead. The only saving grace was stock footage spliced in from *Obie Jones*, *GO-4-ZERO*, *&Ampersand Week*, and *The Possession*.

“Hurry up, make your choice. You know how impatient I can be.” That’s clearly directed at Mondo. Then, as Coco heads for the door, she casually adds this parting shot: “If anyone here knows the guys in Mastodon, tell them to title their next album *Big Slabs of Hoss*.”

In other words, Coco is declaring victory before Mondo has made her choice known to anyone including Coco in the room. Overconfidence on the elder Vampire’s part? Yes. But, not unfounded. Coco and Mondo are exes who know each other so very well. Even though the marriage was only a one-day. When you’re soulmates you can learn volumes about someone in a mere 24-hour period of matrimony. Besides, this choice of Mondo’s above all things is about and thus involves ROE. To a “proper” supernatural, especially a demon, ROE is supposed to supersede everything. For all of her perversions and depravity, Evil incarnate and the personification of Death notwithstanding, the total degenerate Mondo Kane is first and foremost a proper supernatural being.

The proposal involving U.S. Senator Jane “Lorca” Wright and her right-hand Alice Beatrice Krige is the height of conceit. Yes, the two are immortal. Yes, the “deal” was presented to and blessed by the supernatural powers-that-be at the very highest levels, but the Senator is still mundane and there are in place the binding the unvoidable claims of supernatural beings. Politeness dictated that the Eldest go through the motions. It is up to Mondo to make her choice according to Hoyle. What is in place must remain in place, superseding while not voiding her use by the Senator and the Senator’s right-hand. Greed: feed me, now!

The proposal involving the Dragons is as simple as pie. Yes, Dragons are supernatural beings—the second darkest, second oldest Children of God. Yes, Freddie Krueger is a Dragon. But there are existing claims against Mondo Kane which are demonic in nature. Demons are the darkest, oldest Children of God. Therefore, per ROE, the claims of demons supersede any Dragon’s claim levied against the Vampire Mondo Kane. Fats owns her; nothing can ever change that, nor does Mondo want that to ever change. Yes, what the Dragon is implicitly proposing is that Mondo will be covetously used by both Krueger and Tangerina, and thus by implicit proxy Tangerina will inclusively, not exclusively own Mondo, and all Mondo has to do is agree to this in its totality and it will be according to ROE since Krueger and Tangerina are both supernatural, additionally the being Tangerina who is seeking Mondo’s ownership is a demon and an Eldest one at that, and

Mondo's ownership by Tangerina will be an addendum. Per ROE, ownership can either be of an exclusive or of an inclusive nature, that persuasion must be decided with the first ownership, and that original ownership type must be persevered by each succeeding ownership. What is in place must remain in place, superseding while not voiding her use by Freddie and Tangerina, and she'll throw in doing Brosnan, because she just so wants to do him on the fly. Greed: feed me, now!

Wordlessly, Mondo exits the hotel suite. Coco is nowhere in sight. Special Agents Eunice Bloom and Bernie Mack are officially off the case and on desk duty. Mundane hands are being wiped of the entire matter. After all the sidetracking, red herrings, etc. It's back to where it all started: Mondo Kane and whoever or whatever killed one of her closest friends, the Food who was Miles Davis. Whoever or whatever? Where did the "whatever" come from?

When she got back to being the real Mondo Kane, complete and whole, she knew who the culprit was. Everything fell into place and was crystal clear. Then the totally unexpected happened.

A BOX phased very briefly into the hotel suite upon a nightstand near Tangerina while Krueger was making her proposal. Mind you. It wasn't just any BOX. It was a dybbuk box. Because this surprise guest appearance involves a dibbuk. That can't be a coincidence. Maybe it's not Catherine, after all. Maybe the BOX is culprit. They're known to like to watch and wander amidst their mayhem.

Down the hall, a hotel maid exits a room rolling her cleaning cart. Intent on what she's doing, she locks the door, once her egress is complete. Then, totally out of character for a hotel domestic, she turns her head to look directly at Mondo and smiles inhumanely wide and toothy. No longer bent over the cart, she stands bolt upright.

Physically, she looks like a cross between the uber-strident Alice Beatrice Krige and the junkie whore Ms. De'Ann "Tangerina" Power. There is a knob on either side of her neck. Her hands klaw upon dropping to her side.

Voices, the voices of The Borg Collective, suddenly crowd the Vampire's head. Mondo is overwhelmed and blacks out. Just before she completely loses consciousness, she hears maniacal laughter deafen the voices.

"Finally, you are mine. And you are mine, forever!!!"

“Temple of Flesh”

Zalman King’s Red Shoe Diaries Movie #16: Temple Of Flesh—What doesn’t kill one of us, makes us all stronger. A young woman finds herself in Mexico with the weight of her mother’s impending death upon her. She becomes fascinated by a mysterious masked Mexican Wrestler. She is drawn by his strength and power. Unaware that he is also drawn to her, she sets out to seduce him. They fall in love. She leaves him, unable to separate the man from the mask. Then, Mrs. O’Hara’s promise to do a strip-tease dance on their one-year anniversary takes her and Mr. O’Hara down a road they never thought their limousine would venture. They meet Adam and Eve, two hippies who share the ride as well as their insightful view of life and happiness. They also share a lot of champagne, and in the end Mrs. O’Hara mistakes a synagogue for a club where she truly becomes the life of the party. Finally, out on a country road, a young cyclist is injured during a training ride and finds himself being nursed back to health by the spirited and very amorous daughter of a vineyard owner. Though reticent to her advances, the cyclist can’t help but adore her charm, and in the end, all healed up and ready to race, he falls in love with her.

“Don’t experience Toy’s mishap by underestimating her. A pathetic wretch: yes. A junkie harlot: an emphatic yes. Both notwithstanding, she is Evil, a primary evil, not a secondary one like you or I. And. She is Death incarnate. What’s so funny? You think what?! Ummm. Go ahead. Have a laugh at my expense, but I kid you not. Once she tires of your degradation and humiliation of her, eventually and inevitably finding you not imaginative or inventive enough, she will turn the tables on you. Mark my words. You’ve been duly warned. You’ll be the mouse that she the cat toys with.”

Paula Broadwell (the “crazed” mistress)—Her impressive resume includes accolades from West Point, the U.S. Army and Reserve, Harvard’s John F. Kennedy School of Government, and the FBI’s Joint Terrorism Task Force. But Paula Broadwell is perhaps best known to the public as the former lover of General David Petraeus.

According to a January 2015 report in The Charlotte Observer, Broadwell had been lying low in the North Carolina city with her husband, Scott, and their two sons since her affair with the venerated general became public in 2012. Broadwell seemed to be successfully avoiding the scandal—which, at its most salacious, painted her as a jealous, cyberstalking ex-mistress—by working with returning veterans, consulting on leadership and global affairs, and advocating for physical fitness programs in her community. That is, until the FBI and prosecutors with the Department of Justice called on Attorney General Eric Holder to bring felony charges against Petraeus for sharing classified information with Broadwell while he was head of the CIA.

Jill Kelley (the dispassionate socialite)—In the summer of 2012 Jill Kelley complained to a friend in the FBI about a series of anonymous, harassing emails and launched the investigation that ultimately led the FBI to Paula Broadwell.

Often referred to as the Florida socialite at the center of the scandal, Kelley, forged friendships within the U.S. military’s upper echelons by throwing lavish parties at her Tampa mansion. But around the time the affair went public, the home where Kelley and husband Scott mingled with Petraeus and his ilk reportedly went into foreclosure.

Kelley's finances weren't the only thing to unravel in conjunction with the Petraeus scandal. In investigating Kelley's cyberstalking claims, the FBI uncovered hundreds of other email exchanges between Kelley and other high-ranking officials, including Marine General James Mattis and Vice Adm. Robert Harward, U.S. Central Command's commander and deputy commander, respectively.

In 2013, Kelley sued both the Department of Defense and the FBI for leaking the contents of her emails—and her identity—to the press, claiming a violation of privacy. In September 2014, a federal judge ruled that Kelley could pursue her suit against the government.

Rain, nonstop. The musty smell of rotten wood that's never allowed to dry. A leaky roof, that's quite porous. Thunder and lightning—loud clashes that momentarily illuminate the stormy night being presented through the dirty panes of a window at the end of the hallway. Stormy weather that is a lie, an illusion wrought for the amusement of her adductor(s)?

Decay abounds. It's a netherworld version of the Watergate Hotel from which she was abducted. Posed in a pool of its own spent blood, Catherine's mangled body is sprawled at her feet. The corpse's dead eyes come to life. Its torn mouth forms a too-wide grin, too wide that is for a mere human to form. Broken limbs reach up toward her. Maimed hands grasping for her. Disembodied gaiety. There's laughter, but not from the corpse. Shadowy figures ingress and egress the open doors to rooms that line either side of the hallway. Coming up from behind her, menacing things crawl on the ceiling and they mean her only ill will.

A Dragon's "tear" that place between places where Dragons commit the unthinkable. They dare to hunt Vampires.

Faced with the impossible and the improbable, the seemingly direst situation by a mundane's way of thinking, the Lost Girl quips.

"The Dragon, Wu Xia, 'The Whoremonger,' and her brother, Keselim Li 'The Beguiler.'"

"Arrogant as fuck, showing off because she wants to and when it gets serious, she just attacks you out of nowhere, nothing you can do, heck you won't even be able to react. Then, she vanishes. Just. Like a ninja."

Taunts a female voice overlaying the pungent laughter. A mocking voice that is everywhere in general—simultaneously from nowhere in particular—yet from somewhere specifically over there. It's almost a duplication of the Vampire's own grating, shrew voice. Fingernails scraping across the chalkboard. Screech!

She falls through the floor into the bottomless pit that is The Abyss. Game over? Not quite. It swallows her whole. Devouring the wench with delight. Then It makes the mistake of reaching into her mind, a mind that the Vampire has left exposed on purpose. Too late, It realizes the extent of the trap It is now in. Her evil devours Its evil—primary easily consuming secondary.

Checkmate?! Not quite. More like check. Because, by the time she returns to the hallway, having fallen down the "pipe" to end up where she was, where she started that is, Catherine's keselim is gone.

The prudent thing to do is to leave. Yes. In spite of her feint, she could have left anytime. But. That leaving is the furthest thing from her mind. Instead. Her mind wipes itself. She becomes The Other—her truest self. Her outfit vacates the premises. Naked, except for her perls and her strap-on. Fingernails extend into daggers. Toenails thicken, lengthen, and hook. Bloodshot eyes. A drooling

mouth that is grinning way-too-wide to be human. A long, facile, forked tongue. Gums recede to reveal even more of her serrated teeth—long, crooked, and pointed. Klaw. Knobb. Krazed. Kock, fused seamlessly to her nethers. Face disfigured by the ravages of madness. Drone, Borg, junkie, whore. Deranged. Depraved. Degenerate. Extreme. Indistinguishable for something which is not sentient. Her version of The Master. The hunted has become the hunter. It's her deranged laughter that now fills this lie that poses as a world.

“The School of Flesh”

The School of Flesh—Fashion executive Dominique’s obsession for Quentin, a young bisexual hustler, fills her desire for physical love but leaves her taxed emotionally. Twists and turns in the relationship, along with the man’s violent and abusive nature, force Dominique to reconcile the conflicts created by her passion. (French with English subtitles)

“L’Ecole de la Chair” (School of Flesh), a candidly modern take on the search for intimacy, is the basis for a sensuous, sexy, and painfully passionate love affair between an older woman and a younger man. Dominique (Isabelle Huppert), a career-minded, well-off older woman meets Quentin (Vincent Martinez), a young street hustler with a mysterious background. From the start, and in spite of herself, Dominique responds to Quentin’s obvious signs of interest, and they strike up a “deal”: an affair, with no strings attached. Watch as these two beautifully sad beings duel for control and fight to entrap one another. Do they have a chance at love? I’ll never tell! A subtle yet powerful movie, with characters you’ll never forget. Quintessentially French in many ways, this is a fabulous dramatization of Yukio Mishima’s Japanese novel (roughly translated as “School of Love”), adapted to modern-day France. “The School of Flesh” will not be liked by everyone, of course, but if you’re looking for a quiet, painstaking anatomy of the intricacies of heterosexual love, especially of the May-December variety, this is the movie for you. Buy it TODAY! This is a difficult DVD to locate. For movies that explore a similar topic with various settings and characters, also check out these movies: *Indochine*, *Un Coeur en Hiver* (A Heart in Winter), *Nettoyage à sec* (Dry Cleaning), *Entre Nous* (also with Isabelle Huppert).

The mundane fantasy that refuses to die. Research done by late professor Shi Tianjian, a Dragon elder of their Principal House, shows that Supernatural culture favors inequality, authoritarianism, totalitarianism, fascism, tyranny, and dictatorship et al., even as “ordinary” people as “mundanes” desire and adopt Western-style liberal democracy. The only Betters who have shown any inclination toward egalitarianism, liberty, equality, personal freedom, and the abolition of caste—are the youngest, the least powerful and least influential, and they are few and far between. They are seen even by their chronological peers as misguided fools who will eventually reap their comeuppance from their racially-inappropriate modus operandi.

Of course, what plays out in her mind is something else entirely. Predatory behavior turns inward. Degradation and humiliation. Subjugation and carnality.

In other words: plan-A failed, but plan-B worked like a charm. Catherine always has a backup, and this is it. The girl willfully and willingly enslaves herself, forever. Ergo. She might as well be dead.

The Park Lane, 4907 West Pine, on the corner of West Pine and Euclid, in the Central West End. Mondo ends up in its subbasement, which has been turned into a grotto by the raw sewage which has overtaken most of it. The sewer’s expectorant submerges a majority of the floor. Noticeably skinnier than she was when she was first abducted, the Vampire lies in a rotting coffin propped up against one of the slimy walls. Foul water swarming with parasites and plague laps at the foot of the wooden box she spends most of her time lying in.

Akin to her kock, a Klapp's biomechanical harness is hooked into of her spine for its entire length cervical to coccyx and bursts through the back of her suit's jacket. There are puncture marks in her left arm; some are very fresh and some of the liaisons are very old, so old they are scabbed over. A Klapp is poised on her chest, its long, retractile proboscis shoved down her esophagus into her stomach. It's feeding, voraciously.

The worst state of affairs, for her, on a binge taken to the exponential. Shades of The Master and its ilk. As such. Things grow on her. Things live on her. Things feed on her, besides the Klapp and its harness. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Graveyard lichens and moss grow here and there on her pale filth-ingrained skin; skin that's so filthy it's ashy-black in places. Her chest barely moves, as if she no longer needs to breathe. She smells like rotting meat that has been left to hang too long. Teeth that are so scummy they look rotten.

Cockroach-infested hair hangs about in limp stringy rattails, draping shoulders and breasts. That shock of filthy blonde rattails, which is liberally streaked with grey and white, erupts from her scalp. A scraggly muff on her strap-on that's just as geriatric and just as infested as her mane, carpets her vile, reeking crotch.

To digress. Killer tongue. A tongue which is a bloodlusting, self-sustaining organ.

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

She's still wearing her perls. She also wearing what's left of a dead, diseased Kaye—rotting and falling apart. Ragged hemline. Ripped seams. Tattered. Torn. More rags than garments. Right sleeve: frayed cuffs, a gaping hole that leaves her elbow exposed. Left sleeve: shredded for easy access to her arm—hence the puncture marks.

Layer upon layer of blood paints her mouth, lips, and chin; some of it is fresh, some of it is not. Layer upon layer of blood paints a red boulevard down her front; some of it is fresh, some of it is not. Giblets, the ghoulish leavings of an unlife spent eating as well as drinking live. Bits of flesh, muscle, bone, nerves, ligaments, fat, sinew, various tissues, tidbits of this and that, embedded in that red carpet of death and decay.

What do the undead junkies care of hygiene?

Sunken cheeks. Ravaged looks. A crooked, too-wide frown of a mouth. Dark circles around the eyes.

She looks like something that has died and been buried, and has dug her undead self out of the grave.

The Vampire stepped out of the Dragon's Tear into this, willfully and willingly. And has wallowed for weeks—six weeks to be precise. The best that Catherine knows: Mondo never escaped the tear alive and perished in that well-crafted trap or Mondo is still alive and has enslaved herself into a never-ending addiction to Klapp without end and thus is as good as dead. Either way, Catherine figures to have won.

“Temptress”

Temptress—Sexual temptation, betrayal and a precipitous fall are central to stories that traverse the 17th, 19th, and 20th centuries. Lilith and not Eve was Adam’s first wife. (Russian with English subtitles)

Spaces for blows are only available for a split-second. Manny may be able to uncover gaps in Mayweather’s guard by use of decoys in the form of feints and fakes.

“Sergey Kovalev is the meanest fighter I’ve ever known. He’s meaner than Sonny Liston in the ring. He’s meaner than Ray Robinson outside of it.”—Don Turner

Week eight. No Catherine. Obviously, she has no intention of coming. Too bad for her. She continues to underestimate me. It must be her ego that’s blinding her to the truth.

The Klapp mounting Mondo mindlessly feeds, same as ever. Mondo looks emaciated. Too bad, so sad for the parasite the Klapp whose meal the Vampire in question looks so wasted—bones in a flesh bag with a pair of big floppy tits—and yet looks so completely satisfied.

It’s time. The time when all good things must come to an end.

Vampires are both predator and parasite. Some mundane experts on the supernatural would venture to say that the Lost are Creation’s apex parasites. So. When you feed on them you have to do something special to get and keep their attention. On top of that, Mondo is quite finicky when it comes to such depravity as this.

And I was having so much fun!

The bloodsucking junkie whore never grew jaded with being the Klapp’s repast. Her new hobby never become her new bore in rapid succession. Parasite the Vampire devours parasite the Klapp. It tries to pullout its retractile proboscis. But the girl’s gullet will have none of that rejection. No matter that its feeders are anchored deep into Mondo’s slack, wasted flesh.

Resistance from the Klapp as it pulls back, straining with all its might. In reverse, away from her all-consuming mouth which stretches ever larger. But. Retreat is not an option. Strips, sections of the girl’s flesh are ripped from her body as the Klapp attached to her is eaten whole by her the Vampire.

Ravenous, she also directs her attention to. The things that grow on her. The things that live on her. The things that feed on her, besides the Klapp and its harness. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Graveyard lichens and moss. Etc. These too must be her victims as she has been theirs.

She steps out of the coffin. The raw sewage, as if it is alive with a mind of its own, recedes. Out of fear? But, it’s not alive, correct? Here, in this place, it is. Here, in this place, it does have a mind of its own. This place is as much about evil as it is about muck and mire.

Mondo reaches back, grabs hold of the Klapp’s harness, and rips it off of her back. That is glorious agony personified for her. Its spikes which are left behind in her are “eaten” by her spine.

Her tongue flicks out, Klapp still in her mouth by now half eaten, wraps the harness and she scarfs the harness into her already-occupied maw.

She walks toward a closet. Its rough-hewed, rotten wooden door opens by itself for her. In inside the decay is a rusty wire clothes hanger. She peels off the Kaye and hangs it up for next time. There will be many next times to come. Bet on it.

The girl “likes” it here. It suits her to a tee. In time, she will teach it how to use her in every which way. That will take many lessons, but she feels that for a first try, this place did well, and shows great promise.

She gulps down the last of the fritters—her Klapp-harness “what all” meal. Fleshed out, clean and pristine, she walks slowly toward the creaky wooden stairs. They too are rough-hewed and rotten.

At the top of the stairs is a rusty metal door. It’s faded lead paint peeling off—paint so old that its original color is unfathomable. There’s a loud clunk as its bolt is thrown on the other side. It opens on its squeaky hinges. Framed in the doorway is Kunnilingus, a Series One. The automaton looks like a decrepit version of The Maschinenmensch. You can clearly see corrosion leaking from its skull seals. What’s left of its original finish is dull and lifeless. There are patches of rust, also.

Scanning the robot as part of, for example, an police investigative procedure would prove fruitless. As such, interrogating Kunnilingus to glean evidence of Catherine’s culpability in all of this would be an exercise in futility. There is no way to prove that this trap was Catherine’s doing.

The Maschinenmensch (German for “machine-human”) is a fictional character in Fritz Lang’s film *Metropolis*, played by German actress Brigitte Helm in both its robot form and human incarnation. She is a gynoid (female robot or android) created by the scientist Rotwang. Named Maria in the film, and “Futura” in Harbou’s novel, she was the first robot ever depicted in cinema.

Mondo reaches the stairs and ascends them very slowly, each step creaking profoundly. She savoring every moment of her noisy egress. Solving the murder case of paramount importance to her, notwithstanding, she’s in no particular hurry to leave. As aforementioned, boredom never reared its ugly head the entire time. She had the time of her life recreating here. Being used and using. A symphony of addiction, for eight straight weeks!

The Maschinenmensch has been given several names through the decades: Parody, Ultima, Machina, Futura, Robotrix, False Maria, Robot Maria, and Hel. The intertitles of the 2010 restoration of *Metropolis* quotes Rotwang, the robot’s creator, referring to his gynoid Maschinenmensch, literally translated as “Machine human.”

Kunni opens the shielded safety deposit box that it’s holding. Mondo is suddenly clothed and shod. But, her phone, purse, and holster remain within. She will have to retrieve them herself. The girl does just that when she finally reaches the top of the stairs.

“Borg drone Seven-of-Nine will be returning soon?” Kunni asks in broken English with a thick German accent.

“Not soon, but I will be returning.”

“Good. Our entertainment suits you to a tee. Maybe next time you will stay longer.”

“Maybe so.”

“Enslavement becomes you.”

“As does enslaving become you.”

“Last Gasp”

Through Prehensile Eyes—This massive hardcover art book collects Robert Williams’ paintings from his shows at the Tony Shafrazi Gallery in New York.

The images range from Williams’ familiar lowbrow and biker culture, stretching deep into a faux science of quantum mechanics leaving the viewer in a world of scientific mind play.

After singlehandedly becoming the model of Lowbrow art, Williams has now penetrated the inner sanctum of the fine arts movement.

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“A highly-anticipated new collection of 58 of Robert Williams’ most recent paintings, many from his past three shows at Tony Shafrazi’s Gallery in New York. The images range from Williams’ familiar lowbrow and biker culture, and delve deep into a faux science of quantum mechanics, leaving the viewer in a world of scientific mind play.”—**Amazon.com**

A quote from the Spiderman movies that I often adopt, matches well here: *with great power comes great responsibility*.

The concavity resets, and does so in such a fashion that had Mondo been mundane, she would have been sheared. This means that Kunni must be supernatural too. Because the “robot” doesn’t shear either. This means that the robot isn’t really a robot. Because no robot, not even the vaulted peerless beyond-category Toy, is supernatural—machine, not flesh, let alone that kind of flesh. Kunni must be the avatar for a disembodied spirit. In other words, Kunni is possessed. The question is: “Who, or rather what, is the machine’s possessor?”

Kunni morphs into a well-dressed Representative Ann-Margret Democratic Congresswoman for the state of Nevada. Still a knockout at seventy-four.

Ann-Margret (born Ann-Margret Olsson; April 28, 1941) is a Swedish-American actress, singer and dancer. As an actress, she is best known for her roles in *Bye Bye Birdie* (1963), *Viva Las Vegas* (1964), *The Cincinnati Kid* (1965), *Carnal Knowledge* (1971), and *Tommy* (1975). She has won five Golden Globe Awards and been nominated for two Academy Awards, two Grammy Awards, a Screen Actors Guild Award, and six Emmy Awards. In 2010, she won her first Emmy Award for her guest appearance on *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*.

Her singing and acting careers spanned five decades, starting in 1961; initially she was billed as a female version of Elvis Presley. She had a minor hit in 1961 and a charting album in 1964, and scored a disco hit in 1979. In 2001 she recorded a critically acclaimed gospel album, and an album of Christmas songs from 2004 continues to be available.

The concavity morphs into the Congresswoman's lavishly furnished Capitol Hill office. As if in response to this transformation and transfiguration of edifice, underneath Mondo's skirt her flesh-colored panties substitute for the grotesque biomechanical strap-on which was up till now fused seamlessly to her nethers.

The two women are surrounded by deep-red walls, gold wall sconces with black candles, and pheasant feathers. A Federal-style bull's-eye mirror with an eagle perched on top. And this is just the Nevada Democrat's outer office. The ornately-decorated room is based off the set of the popular PBS period drama, "Downton Abbey," as disclosed by Ann-Margret's interior decorator, Annie Brahler-Schock, in a recent interview with Washington Post reporter Ben Terris.

During the Post reporter's interview with Ms. Brahler-Schock, whose company is called *Euro-Trash*, she guided him at the Congresswoman's behest from the outer office to Ann-Margret's private office, revealing another dramatic red room. This one with a drippy crystal chandelier, a table propped up by two eagles, a bust of Abraham Lincoln, and even more massive arrangements of pheasant feathers.

Terris' story was funny, and widely shared, but certain aspects created suspicion initially and later an onslaught of scrutiny. Like the fact that Ann-Margret's dapper digs certainly must have far exceeded the House's basic furniture and paintjob budget for new members. After all, in spite of what her advanced age would imply, Ann-Margret is only a sophomore Congresswoman.

But. Terris' interest in the decorations didn't spark an inter-office crisis on the Hill. Nor did it get him labeled persona non-grata, by the leggy strong-willed no-nonsense legislator. On the contrary, it ultimately got him his much sought-after interview with the Congresswoman. Full disclosure. Complete transparency. One-on-one. Unrehearsed. Unedited. Cameras rolling. Live on national TV.

Rep. Ann-Margret, is one of the Democratic Party's fastest-rising stars, only half-way into her second term in Congress.

The 74-year-old from Nevada appears to have it all: celebrity, past stardom on the stage and in movies, a blossoming political career that includes first-class trips across the country, celebrity friends like the Pope and Ariana Grande, not to mention one of the bangingest female bods on Capitol Hill or anybody's hill for that matter—all of which she's documented for her 18,300 Instagram followers.

With Ann-Margret's most recent expenditures not yet available to the public, USA Today dug through earlier Congressional expense reports and found, before giving her office the Downton treatment, the Nevada Democrat had spent over \$100,000 of taxpayer money on previous office renovations that included hardwood floors, granite countertops, and leather furniture.

Before his own face-to-face with her, Terris had decided to take a closer look at Ann-Margret's notoriously extravagant spending habits. For most politicians, the campaign trail is lined with budget hotels. Even the President still stays at the Holiday Inn. But, Ann-Margret prefers to stomp in style. She regularly stays at some of the country's most exclusive—not to mention expensive—hotels and, Terris discovered, she has spent over \$90,000 in campaign funds on private flights, usually traveling with a personal photographer in tow. Then there was that London trip.

Smoking gun?! Nope. The lawmaker had disclosed all gifts related to the London trip in her annual financial-disclosure forms to the Office of the Clerk, U.S. House of Representatives. And, had later revealed that she was a guest at a number of lavish dinners, including ones hosted at

Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. The lavish lifestyle she's grown accustomed to, after a lifetime as an A-lister in Hollywood.

"For the duration I have inhabited this body, no one seems to notice the switch of landladies. Not even her closest friends. Not even her husband—a spouse she's not estranged from, who she engages in sex with on a regular basis. They have quite the love life, I must say."

"How was she taken? Was it during a near-death experience? Or did she die outright? The short fall or the long goodbye? Maybe an automobile accident? Plane crash? Motorcycle take a fatal spill? Hunting accident? Shooting accident at the range? Whatever? Her soul vacated the premises and you stepped right in after her, taking up residence? Never missing a beat?"

One of the lawmaker's aids enters unannounced shouldering some papers to be signed. The Congresswoman waves the young man out. The aid's egress is as quick and abrupt as his ingress was.

"Now, where were we before we were so rudely interrupted?"

"You were about to tell me how was she taken?"

"Bite me."

"Fair enough."

"Ask me another question. One that I might answer."

"Tell me your name."

The Congresswoman gets Mondo's dry wit immediately and begins to giggle. You see, to know the name of a thing is to potentially have power over that thing; an essential element for any exorcism to be successful.

"Hehehehe. Good try. No dice, though. That would make it way too easy for you."

"Can't fault a girl for trying."

"Nope. Not at all. Especially when that girl comes with such an exceedingly delicious French poodle Gay slang for pussy."

"Corruption. Corruptor. Depraved. Degenerate. Defiler."

"You've described me to a tee. Bravo. Now, it's my turn." Dramatic pause, then: "You shall never first-encounter a person, place, or thing whose demise you cannot cipher. Though sometimes, for example God, what you ascertain as the steps necessary for the undoing of another might be steps that nobody except for God can perform."

“Hers the braggadocios persona portrayed in the media?”

Lyrics-und-ubersetzen.com —

John Williams - The Long Goodbye (performed by Jack Sheldon)

Songtext:

There's a long goodbye
And it happens everyday
When some passerby
Invites your eye
To come her way

Even as she smiles
A quick hello
You let her go
You let the moment fly
Too late you turn your head
You know you said
The long goodbye

Can you recognize the theme?
On some other street
Two people meet
As in a dream
Running for a plane
Through the rain
If the heart is quicker than the eye
They could be lovers
Until they die
It's too late to try
When a missed hello
Becomes the long goodbye

“I know. I know. It’s an old building. Strange noises are to be expected. It just sounds like someone is walking across the hardwood floor when no one is there. That’s just the building settling, the way old buildings do from time to time. Bullshit! You’re not the one who’s down here, working alone! I’ve had enough! I quit!”

With the niceties now out of the way. What Rep. Ann-Margret expects next is her immediate demise—the death of someone who is already technically dead and who is now a ghost. What she gets is an impish smile instead from the stacked gumshoe.

“You were mistaken. Unbeknownst to you, some of the humans did notice the switch. The humans the mundane powers that be know what you are, or rather, they know who you are not. They know that you’re not Congresswoman Ann-Margret.” Now, it’s Mondo’s turn to exercise her version of a dramatic pause, then: “They don’t know nor do they care who you were when you were alive, and could care less where you came from.”

“So, by your ‘could care less where you came from’ remark. May I presume they at least know I am a supernatural being of extraterrestrial origin?”

Normally, in a situation like this one, Mondo would double-Dutch the other woman with some catty smart-ass cryptic reply. Instead, Mondo is straight with the ghost. She likes this spook that much.

Mondo walks over to the older woman, locks lips, sticks her deep down the lawmaker’s throat, wraps her arms around the Congresswoman’s slender waist, grabs a hunk of ass, and squeezes some produce. Any lounge lizard worth his/her salt will be green with envy at her shameless display of the pickup artist’s most lavish technique.

When their embrace ends another one, a Vampiric one, ensues. Mondo bares her fangs, bites down hard on the lawmaker’s creamy-white neck, and feeds. When this Lost embrace ends, the Vampire steps back, her inhumanly-long facile tongue licks her maw clean. Capish?

“They’ve known from the git-go that you’re the spirit of some dead alien astronaut from another universe? If that’s what you’re asking?” The answer is: yes.”

Tit-for-tat, and then some. Casper the friendly ghost, et al., have got nothing on this tallish girl with the front ripe melons.

“Just never run for President?” Ann-Margret asks half-jokingly.

“Run to your heart’s content. You just never will live to hold that office. In other words, you get to die twice, only this time for good.”

“You know something?”

“You came here underestimating the humans, expecting them to be easy pickings. Don’t make that same mistake again. You might not survive it.”

“Advice taken and appreciated. I won’t pry anymore.”

“Tonight, during what will be his last State of the Union message, President Joe Kennedy, a Democrat, will step down, abdicating his office to Vice President Sarah Palin, a Republican. The newly-appointed President Palin will pick the controversial Ann Coulter, an ultra-right wing Tea

Party Republican as her new Vice President. You will be Palin's choice as Secretary of the State Department. You will act surprised, when you are officially informed of your new appointment by the new President, at the White House, after the announcement of the change in power. You will continue to act surprised to the press, at a photo-op that follows, organized by the White House."

"I'll remember to act surprised."

Ann-Margret mistakes Mondo. You can tell it in the tone of her reply. She thinks that the tall girl with the big tits is kidding.

"Please do." It's the way that Mondo says it that tips Ann-Margret off that Mondo is not kidding. "I was aware of you. I just didn't know about your flip?"

"My what?"

"Flip. Your other life. Your alias as Kunni. Capish?"

"I get it."

"President Palin will prove to not be the ditz that her critics think she is."

"God, I hope not. We've already had one dingbat in the White House. And once was quite enough for me."

The mood lightens. The two gals share a laugh.

"Time for me to go."

"I know you have your hunches. But female intuition is not proof."

"Go on."

"You didn't ask me if I as Kunni was Catherine's trap."

"Just now, you told me you were."

"How else would I know about Catherine and a trap? Huh?"

"Exactly."

"And seeing how things are going for me. I wouldn't be able to testify in court against her anyways?"

"You got it, doll."

"That's your way out to get where I bet you want to be." The lawmaker points at a side door.

"Thanks."

"Until next time." Ann-Margret blows Mondo a kiss.

"Ciao."

Mondo opens the side door and steps through the doorway into what appears to be a dark spiral stairwell. She closes the door behind her and ends up stepping backwards into a stark, well-lit hallway of the Quest Diagnostic Lab in the basement of the Park Lane apartment building. There is no door on this end. Just a featureless white wall that smells faintly of disinfectant.

Almost running into Mondo, who wasn't there from her perspective a moment ago, a startled lab tech drops the tray of blood samples she's carrying and runs off screaming.

For two months, Mondo was kept in the basement that is several feet below this one. There is no physical connection between the two basements. But. There is a metaphysical one. An interpretation of which is that humans perceive the lab as being haunted. The lab tech thought that Mondo was a ghost, who had manifested to take possession of her.

Haunted? The usual unexplained phenomena, unexplainable when humans remove an explainable inhuman non-ghost culprit from the equation: apparitional comings and goings, things moving without anyone touching them, cold drafts where there shouldn't be one, noises that sound like ghostly voices, hair standing on end, goosebumps, feeling a hand on your shoulder and there's no hand there, etc.

Humans believing in a haunting in a world where they know that supernatural beings exist. And in this case the superstition is partially correct. A ghost is involved, but the lab is not haunted.

“Him a paper champion fabricated to be her complete antithesis?”

Lyrics-und-ubersetzungen.com —

John Williams - The Long Goodbye (performed by Jack Sheldon)

Übersetzung:

Es ist ein langer Abschied
Und es passiert jeden Tag
Als einige Passanten
Lädt das Auge
Um ihren Weg zu kommen

Selbst als sie lächelt
Ein kurzes Hallo
Sie haben sie gehen lassen
Sie haben damit der Moment fliegen
Zu spät, du würdest drehen Sie den Kopf
Sie würden wissen, dass Sie gesagt haben
Der lange Abschied

Können Sie erkennen, den Schmerz
Auf einigen anderen Straße
Zwei ppl gerecht
Wie in einem Traum
Laufen für ein Flugzeug
Durch den regen
Wenn das Herz schneller als das Auge
Sie konnten Liebhaber sein
Bis sie sterben
Es ist zu spät, um zu versuchen
Wenn eine verpasste hallo
Wird der lange Abschied

A **bodyguard (close protection officer)** is a type of security operative or government agent who protects a person or persons—usually public, wealthy, or politically important figures—from danger: generally theft, assault, kidnapping, assassination, harassment, loss of confidential information, threats, or other criminal offences. The group of officers who protect a VIP are often referred to as the VIP’s security detail.

Most important public figures such as heads of state, heads of government and governors are protected by several bodyguards or by a team of bodyguards from an agency, security forces, or police forces, e.g., in the U.S., the United States Secret Service or the State Department’s Diplomatic Security Service. In most countries where the Head of state is and have always been also their military leader, the leader’s bodyguards have traditionally been Royal Guards, Republican Guards and other elite military units. Less-important public figures, or those with lower risk profiles, may be accompanied by a single bodyguard who doubles as a driver. A number of high-profile celebrities and CEOs also use bodyguards.

The Sandman—In ancient pre-gun times, it was considered unseemly for secular and Church elites to carry weapons for protection, while traveling on long, perilous journeys between castle Keeps or PUVs. That’s why the sandman was created.

Initially, sandmen were culled from the population of knights who were temporarily without the employ of a regular liege. But, in short order, being a sandman became a full-fledged profession. With its noble tradition of upper-crust personal protection, the profession of the sandman flourishes in these modern-times of universe-spanning outer space trips.

Nowadays, it’s considered unseemly for the elites to defend themselves with anything, but a blade, while they’re on their star treks.

Needless to say, their sandmen must carry guns. ‘Cause, romantics aside, blades may win a skirmish or two, but they’ll never win the war. Guns are the ultimate martial art.

In the end, Mondo is able to calm the hysterical lab tech by convincing the woman that Mondo is not a paranormal not a ghost and that she is only a run-of-the-mill supernatural being, an everyday Vampire. Finding the mundane, who was hiding in a closet, and the job of convincing said lab tech that she’s not a haunting spirit, eats up a half-hour.

Mondo ascends a short flight of stairs and emerges from the Euclid Avenue entrance of the Quest Lab. Coco appears out of nowhere and walks over to the girl. Ms. Miller’s gait is brisk and non-nonsense. Mondo doesn’t have to be a mind reader to tell what’s up.

The girl’s hair yanks back into a sternka. Prudz glove her. She slips on her sternns—those most unbecoming eyeglasses. This bulldagger swerve gives way to her Miss Debra—the female face of WWF’s Attitude Era.

Her flat, severe hair lets down and gives way to a bouncy, square-layered hairstyle a Rachel aka The Rachel. And what’s a Rachel without Heads? Not erectile-inducing nasty enough, of course. Her sternns get pursed. In their place: her tricked-out ultra-tweaked heads—those most becoming Atomic Age shades.

The girl's attire adjustments brings a smile to the much older Vampire's face. A smile which fails to soften the severe-expression perpetually worn by Coco. A smile which likewise fails to lessen the severity of the harshest makeup heavily applied. A smile which bespeaks of loathing and disdain, even when that's not its wearer's intent. That wide, ugly mouth of hers when smiling it tries to emulate a bass looking for bait—a mouth meant to be fucked. Hence the source of that smile's inability to soften the severity of her facial expression or makeup.

A severe expression and the harshest makeup heavily applied, a tandem which Mondo emulates with the deft assistance of her compact. By the time Coco reaches Mondo, her sandman guise is complete, per Coco's known desire and design.

Why no mention of a strap-on underneath the girl's skirt? That's not part of the deal. These days, like so many countless days before them, Coco is much too much of an avowed carpet muncher to let a prosthetic even such a prodigious one get in the way.

Eat and be eaten. Devour with the best of 'em. Leave no cock left which has not been deep-throated. Leave no pussy left which has not been plowed holler by your wanton tongue.

As dyke as she can be at times, Coco, like most female supernaturals, plays for both/every team imaginable that's allowed. In other words, she's omnisexual—fucking she/he/she-male supernaturals who are consenting adults—fucking any mundane of any age or gender or sexual orientation with complete and utter abandon, which she can get her hands on, that ROE allows, whether it be consensual or not.

“Obie Jones, a Bachelor in Paradise”

Penelope—“This morning I went shopping, and then I went to the Museum of Modern Art. They have a marvelous new exhibit there. After which I had lunch at the Plaza: Palm Court—eggs Benedict. A few minutes before three o’clock I stuck up my husband’s bank.”

“And one more thing: This is America, not Europe. Our attitude toward women is different.”

“Sex hasn’t gone out, has it?”

“No, of course not.”

“I’d heard it had been replaced by television.”

Catherine was expecting a lot of things. What she wasn’t expecting in her wildest dreams was the sight of Obie Jones lying unconscious on the living room floor, submitted by the application of a most viscous armbar. Mr. Jones’ left arm is broken in several places. The sharp ends of the bone breaks jut through his flesh. His wrist and elbow have been destroyed. A pouting, angry Jenny Miller, Mondo’s Elven roommate and main BFF, is perched in a chair staring straight at Catherine saying nothing.

The formidable Elf, a former Marine Recon USMC Force Recon, United States Colonial Marine Corps Force Reconnaissance, currently a Sky Marshall with Pan Am, is wearing her favorite nightgown, bathrobe, and pink bunny slippers.

Startled, Catherine steps back out of the apartment and reaches into her purse. She never gets a chance to draw her gun. She feels the muzzle of someone else’s pistol in the small of her back.

“Leaving so soon. And the party was just getting started,” Mondo whispers in Catherine’s ear. “Going after my best friend. The dirtiest spiteful trick. What a predictably vengeful bitch you are.”

The sandman shoves Catherine back into the apartment, the front door closes and locks itself behind them.

Jenny gets out of her chair, walks over to the captive Catherine, and hugs the employer of her would-be murderer in a “glad to see you in a coon’s age” manner. In a break with kayfabe, she’s smiling.

“Not counting an out of it Obie, it’s just us girls,” Jenny announces playfully as she skips into the kitchen to prepare breakfast. “How many places should I set, Mondo?”

“Let’s be optimistic and set three. Have you called an ambulance for Obie?”

“Yep.”

“I see no need to involve the police and press charges against him. We’ll chalk it up to horseplay that went awry. Hence the mishap with his arm.”

“I totally agree.”

Mondo shoves Catherine over toward Obie. Catherine sits in the chair that Jenny was sitting in. The Vampire holsters her gun.

“Miles always knew that in the end, you’d murder him. And I do believe that you truly loved him.” Then in a very demeaning manner, Mondo adds: “But. No matter how hard it tries, a scorpion cannot change its nature.”

The addition does what it’s meant to do. It rattles Catherine’s cage, somewhat.

“Think you’ve got the better of me, huh?”

“Honey, you’d lost before the game ever started. And don’t delude yourself into thinking that this was ever a competition between the two of us. It was a game that I was always gonna win.”

“Bullshit.”

Catherine smiles, wily. Mondo reads her to a tee, and smiles wilier. That’s when Catherine realizes that she’s been had.

“Go ahead, call them.”

Catherine pulls a phone out of her purse and checks. Sure enough, every contingency that she had in place and had put in motion for the endgame has been skillfully thwarted. Game over, she’s lost!

“I’m at your mercy,” a dejected-looking Catherine finally concedes. A rhetorical admission on her part.

“And unfortunately for you, I have none. This you already know, which is why your concession is rhetorical at best.”

“Yes, as you say, I was being rhetorical.”

Postgame. Time to poke you again.

“Yawn,” Mondo feigns disinterest to get Catherine even more off her nut.

The murderess hates improvising, not being very good at it. She prefers doing everything according to her meticulous game plan. Losing was not part of the plan, though. Worse: she’s never lost before. Postgame is uncharted territory for her. Ergo, for her, postgame is a complete and utter improvisation.

“So now that you’ve won, you kill me in revenge for killing Miles.”

Maybe a random elder, e.g., some old thing, is remote viewing. Just passing the time. Channel surfing and they come upon this, our conversation. Grasping for straws, she’s hoping that this is about me avenging Mile’s murder and I get got by said eavesdropping old thing for admitting my transgression. If this is Catherine’s “Hail Mary” pass. It too will fail.

“If this had just been about Food killing Food, I wouldn’t have intervened, even when it involved Food that I cared about so much. Miles was a big boy, an adult, and he knew exactly what he was getting into when he married you. So, when you finally did decide to do him in, as he knew you eventually would, he wanted me to make the murder investigation into a most fun adventure for me the investigator and for you the investigatee. To cut to the chase. There is no revenge motive on my part. Miles coopted my involvement by invoking a binding promissory.” The Lost pauses and smiles even wider. Then she continues. “Hopefully, up until your defeat, it was as much an A-list experience for you as it was for me.”

“Now what?”

“Look in the drawer of the nightstand by you. There’s a manila envelope.”

Catherine does as she's instructed. Inside the envelope are copies of the circumstantial evidence against her. It's copious to the point of being obese, but the evidence is nothing her lawyer can't make mincemeat of.

"The originals are with the District Attorney. You will be arrested and charged with Miles' murder, when you leave this apartment building. The police are waiting outside."

"There's a catch, isn't there?"

"Of course. As you can see, based upon the evidence, you'll easily beat the rap. But, after the case is tried, you will sign custody papers in the office of my attorney, Attorney Felicity 'Perry' Mason."

"Custody?"

"You're going to give custody of your children to the in-law that you loathe so much, Miles' sister. You will have supervised visitation with the children, of course."

"I will do nothing of the sort!"

"Then Jenny and I will devour you and Obie here. Neither of you will leave this apartment alive. Miles' sister will get custody of your kids by default. If you verbally agree now to relinquish custody of your children and later renege on signing the custody agreement after you've been judged innocent at your trial—absconding with the kids and disappearing off the grid with them—the children's godparents will hunt you down and do worse by you. Per the custody agreement, there is an order of succession for determining who will get custody of the kids if anything happens to Miles' sister, and you're not on that list, but the godparents are."

"Godparents?! They have no godparents!"

"On the contrary. It's something else that Miles arranged without your knowledge or consent. Their godparents are Wraiths. And you know how possessive Wraiths can be about their godchildren."

Wraiths are inclined to be over-possessive about all their personal relationships. They are also very adept at simulating malevolent spirits. That combination lends itself to some pretty nasty personality traits. Benevolent, they are not to those who cross them.

Catherine swallows hard. Very unpleasant images are being entertained in her head.

"I see, now."

"So, do we have an agreement?"

"Yes, we do."

"Good. Then we eat. Unfortunately for Jenny and me, breakfast won't be you and Obie."

“Joie de vivre”

Yoko Ono—“I dunno. I think ‘I drive a Cadillac’ has a certain Joie de vivre about it. But only in America, maybe.”

Against the urging of the United States, on Tuesday, Germany, France, and Italy followed England in joining the Chinese-led Asian Infrastructure Investment Bank, also known A.I.I.B., an new organization that could come to rival to the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund.

By doing so, the European Union is attempting to establish itself as a major economic and financial block with global reach. To not be a part of this effort would lessen its role in the world.

Furthermore, America has dominated the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund from their inception at the Bretton Woods conference in the 1940s. Here we are seeing countries attempting to create a place for themselves to be influential in the world, something that the United States has not fully allowed in the other international investment banks.

Announcing the association between China and Germany, France and Italy, was Wolfgang Schäuble, Germany’s finance minister. This seems consistent with the German leadership of Eurozone efforts. It speaks of how the countries of the union are attempting to position themselves within global trade and finance. And, doing this independently of the United States, exhibits the fact that Europe must achieve its own position in the world if it is to be a fully functioning economic union.

This move can also help European economies as China serves as a major trading partner of the Eurozone, with China being Germany’s fourth-largest trading partner. Furthermore, Europe is expecting to be an even larger destination for Chinese investments.

It must also be noted that three senior members of the Principal House of the Dragon Empress have an as yet unspecified stake in the A.I.I.B., but the Dragon Empress herself does not. It is known that their ownership is not controlling, consisting no more than 25%.

“Jailed for life without chance for parole in Hades-Kahn super max prison on Mars. Ouch.”

“Who’d have thunk it?”

“It’s just goes to show that the old saying is true. You can never predict how a jury is going verdict.”

“Quite so.”

It’s raining. A nice, steady April downpour. They’re strolling leisurely on the sidewalk. Mondo adjusts the umbrella to keep Coco dry.

“It was very White of Catherine to sign over custody of her children to Miles’ sister.”

“Yes it was.”

“Then again, it wasn’t like she really had a choice in the matter.”

“Not any choice at all.”

“After beating the rap so many times before. Catherine, the proverbial Teflon murderess, finally got-got. I think the difference this time was not the evidence so much as it was the presentation, attack, and due diligence of that new ADA who tried the case. Even with the turncoat’s testimony, the evidence against Catherine was circumstantial at best and thus weak fodder for any first-rate defense attorney let alone the elite barristers that Catherine had in the employ of her legal defense.”

“I think so too. Somehow, without a plea bargain or promise of immunity, the ADA got Obie to turn state’s evidence and testify against Catherine. But with Obie being such a total douche bag, and thus his word clearly being suspect, his testimony could not even remotely be construed as the real trump card that put teeth into the prosecution. The ADA herself was clearly the difference maker.”

“She used to be a defense attorney, didn’t she?”

“Yes.”

“Didn’t she used to be your attorney?”

“She still is.”

The End