

**Injustice, the Gods among us**  
**De iniustitia Deorum in nobis:**

By

H. P. Lovelace

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**You know what they say? Make plans. Destiny laughs.**

**Tu scis quid isti dicunt? Fac consilia. Fatum ridet.**

“Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster. And if you gaze long enough into an abyss. The abyss will gaze back into you.”—**Friedrich Nietzsche**

Ms. Judi Martha Dench. Prefers to be called “Marti.” This bitter old lesbian spinster reviles any girl who dares resist her creepy advances. She is truly a despicable person.

Although she’s resembles the Goddess, Judi Dench. In this universe, where magic doesn’t exist, she’s a mundane human. An ordinary human being who extends her life, and ensures her well-being, using unnatural means.

A former colonel in US military intelligence, former CIA interrogator, former OSI station chief, currently a senior security officer at the NSA. Her colleagues shun her, and for very good reason.

In addition to her sexual proclivities, this bonafide monster should be a convicted war criminal. Her side won the war, so, in a great twist of irony, she was never tried and sentenced for her crimes against humanity. She’s hailed as a war hero, instead. Victors write history and decide whose evil must be punished. A super spy, she was singularly instrumental in the victory of the Allies over the Axis Powers. Her atrocities are extensively detailed, but highly classified, kept secret so they don’t distract from the heroic public narrative.

Marti wets her lips. She pulled a lot of strings and called in a lot of favors to be the one who gets to chaperon this Kirstjen Michele Nielsen. From the pictures, the girl looks like a living doll. Photos can be deceiving though. When Kirstjen is escorted into her office, Marti’s breath is literally taken away. The girl is a physical fantasy come true. A would-be possession to be coveted.

The guard knows to leave the room, quickly, without having to be asked to do so. Closing the door behind him. The windows in Marti’s office become opaque, as if on cue. Marti makes no bones about raping the girl with her eyes.

Kirstjen is seated in front of Marti’s desk, by Marti. Then. Marti sits down on the desk right in front of the girl. Kirstjen is wearing the age-inappropriate outfit that Marti would have picked out for the girl. They chitchat, for a while.

The girl crosses her long silky lily-white legs, while smiling sternly and broadly. Chiseled legs tinted by black fishnet hosiery. But. There is none of this teasing and tossing about the long golden tresses of her lush mopp. She had to choose between long and short hair, and she chose long. Here, features are at the level of version one. Ergo. You have an outfit not an entire

wardrobe at your disposal at any given time, a very limited set of accessories, and only two hair and make-up styles.

What is Marti's ideal—her sexual objectification of Kirstjen?

Perfection, by Marti's way of thinking, would be for the girl to be wearing thick-readers and sporting a crane hairdo, with ravaged looks, bare-legged, wearing a Wednesday Addams and careys in the style of a plainclothes Catholic nun. The wearing of disfiguring thick-lensed eyeglasses, instead of unbecoming thins. The hacking off of the girl's hair into an unbecoming crane—long golden blonde tresses hacked off and styled into a crane. The doubling-down of the ravaging of the girl's looks, resulting in a face that's no longer pretty and just hardlooking and well-used; leaving her bereft of any vestiges of youthful beauty. Bare-legged, wearing a Wednesday Addams and careys, in the style of a plainclothes Catholic nun. Changes that will come sooner, not later, if Marti has any say in the matter.

Needless to say, plaintive makeup, let alone a geriatric facial, would wreck the girl's looks even further, leaving her looking hardlooking and well-used to the utmost—Marti's desired doubling-down of the ravaging of the girl's looks.

Marti. A career bureaucrat in the intelligence game—Hannah Arendt's banality of evil. Deft in the illusions and delusions of domestic and international espionage. Sixty-something. Bland. Stern. Petty and vindictive. Envious. And, as such. Blonde crane. Perls. Prudz. Koo. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and matching French-cut panties (a thong). Off-duty, she wears barbwire garters (Piranhas) and goes commando wearing Parts in place of her knickers. The age-ravaged face of a woman who in the absolute physical prime of her youth was never even remotely pretty. Thick eyeglasses—thick-readers. No make-up, the bare ugly truth.

Here, in this universe. A perl necklace means something quite different than it does in Kirstjen's universe. Ergo. It is not an agnostic expression of haute couture.

The necklace Marti wears around her neck proclaims her to be a member of the miniscule religious minority known as Judians also called Aryans. Judians are followers of the last Gnostic religion to survive continuously from ancient times down to the present day. As such, they are among the few who still worship Kirstjen's husband as their Supreme Being.

Gnostic religions view the material world as the product of a mistake in the supernatural realm, the creation of one or more inferior non-Aryan divine beings rather than Judi or Abraham or one of the other Aryan supreme Gods associated with their universe.

Gnosticism also emphasizes that human beings can become aware of this and prepare their souls to escape from under the influence of the non-Aryan, and thus malevolent, spiritual forces that created and rule this realm, so that when they die, they can ascend to the good Aryan realm that lies beyond this one.

Kirstjen's attire?

Bolshoi-bare. A Tuesday Weld. Perls, prudz, white bra, nude panties (a flesh-colored thong), and porn tights. Skimpy skin-colored thong worn underneath porn tights, for the most indecent of teases. Cilice mode for her suit and bra? No. Piranhas? No. Parts? No. Long lush uncooked hair—a luscious mopp, that’s yellow-blond and well-coiffed. None of this “Through Prehensile Eyes” shtick. Thinz, only—those awful thin-lensed horn-rimmed eyeglasses.

Kirstjen’s template?

Formally, a Sara Lance aka Tuesday Weld (template). Colloquially, an Earth-2 Laurel Lance. This is just another Marion Crane/Alice Quinn crossover—Janet Leigh’s character in *Psycho* wearing those awful thin-lensed horn-rimmed eyeglasses during that prolonged office scene early on in the movie, which preceded her getting her luscious mopp hacked off into an unbecoming crane in the brief salon scene that followed. Also shades of Jess Franco’s *Attack of the Robots* (1962).

Tuesday Weld. The suit, not its associated template. Same suitcoat from a Wednesday Addams (suit), married to a pleated B&W-plaid miniskirt. Known in haute couture as the “morbid, little black uniform (job)”—MLBJ. In Cosplay circles, this drab suit is known as the “naughty Catholic schoolgirl’s outfit.”

Wednesday Addams. The suit, not its associated template. Known in haute couture as the “morbid, little black suit”—MLBS. In Cosplay circles, when this drab suit is worn with a nun’s headpiece, it’s known as the “naughty nun’s outfit.”

A (default) Tuesday Weld is a Wednesday Addams (template) accessorized with porn tights, a pleated B&W-plaid miniskirt, and those jailbait Goth/Punk boots the ones that come with the attached black anodized post-Polio leg braces (i.e., dikes). Same suitcoat as a Wednesday Addams. It is akin to that dowdy postmodern prep school uniform of Kirstjen’s underage templates (little schoolgirl outfits), because it of course is one of Kirstjen’s little schoolgirl outfits. That morbid fixation of an ultra-drab suitcoat married to an ultra-drab skirt. Minus hosiery, a Tuesday Weld is as naughty and tasteless as any bare-legged underage template.

Undress her, with your eyes. Minus the adult touch of black hosiery. Resulting in an even more underage, and thus a creepier and an even more tasteless, look. Long, flawless, silky-smooth, lily-white legs—baby doll perks and bobbysoxers on a grownup woman, gets the porn dogs and perverts molten hot and bothered. Got wood!

Garish dikes. Those Steampunk boots coupled with that cornerstone of naughty, a high waist A-line pleated and B&W-plaid miniskirt, by Chouyatou, that looks like it belongs to the uniform of a Catholic schoolgirl. Of course, by the nature of what it is, the brief skirt still gives off whiffs of underage schoolgirl, in spite of it being worn by an adult female.

No blouse. A perfectly-shaping jacket. The same high waist A-line boxy pleated and B&W-plaid uniform miniskirt of an underage Catholic schoolgirl or an adult female’s jailbait Cosplay

costume, and dikes the same retro-futuristic Goth boots worn by The Monster in Mary Shelley's novel and in its movie adaptation.

Not a houndstooth pattern, the tartan uniform miniskirt is a drab B&W-plaid in keeping with it being the bottom part of the prep uniform of an underage schoolgirl or part of a grown woman's jailbait Cosplay costume. Other vintage swing skirt touches include its wide waist band, midcentury silhouette, crafted in a lightweight woven fabric (100% Cardin Wong), adorable button tabs on the hips lend a dash of retro embellishment while a back-zipper nips in your figure. It's simply delightful!

Sheertex aka porn tights. Black fishnet tights, by Tiffany & CO. All by their lonesome, in spite of being midriff-baring and as if they were HiRISE hosiery, the naughty XXX hosiery somehow rigorously-enforce the ridiculously-small 17-inch wasp waist of Finnish TV "Beatnik Ghoul Girl" and cult siren Vampira. A constricted waist that would be the envy of any Victorian Era lady.

The girl's large ugly mouth bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's intent. Figuratively speaking, that repeated theme of a bespectacled cold heartless bookish blonde bombshell screaming "Get on your knees and worship me, Gail Kim!!!"

This aloof Kirstjen is so bland and stiff-backed, that she exudes a suffocating banality. In point of fact, she's Victorian in her rigidity and strictness. A severity which is clearly not off-putting for White Supremacists and draconian lesbians of Marti's ilk.

Wearing eyeglasses renders Kirstjen a buttaface. Thin eyeglasses render Kirstjen a buttaface à la Kyrsten Sinema. Thick eyeglasses render Kirstjen a butterface à la Mildred Huff—thick facially-distorting eyeglasses nullify her Bolshoi-bare. Of course, not wearing eyeglasses translates into a hard, pretty face. Irregardless, from the neck down, she's hot as hell in spite of her dowdy, unbecoming attire.

Bottomline. It's what you'd expect a grown woman might wear for Cosplay who's posing as a naughty underage Catholic schoolgirl posing as a plainclothes nun.

"Let me introduce you to the others. They're all anxious to meet you."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You'll be staying with me. I'm your sponsor."

"Yes, ma'am."

There's a pleasing fantasy that flashes across the minds of both girls. Marti kneading Kirstjen's large breasts through the lacy fabric of Kirstjen's lacy white push-up bra. Kirstjen kneading Marti's large breasts through the lacy fabric of Marti's lacy white push-up bra.

In the case of both girls, a frontage that would make a "mighty fine!" bookshelf.

When Kirstjen stands up and turns around in the direction of the door. In a move that's rash and ill-advised, to say the least, not to mention potentially career ending, Marti moves up behind

Kirstjen and grabs Kirstjen's firm flat ass. Kirstjen does not rebuff her, and furthermore gives off the body English of someone who wants to tango. Marti wets herself.

If given her druthers, Kirstjen prefers old powerful degenerate shrewish women, who are part-n-parcel of Hannah Arendt's banality of evil—women in the vein of her beloved husband Judi Dench.

Additionally?

Wearing a look of haughty disdain. The epitome of what it means to be a snob. In a word: stuck-up. Behind the extremely-thin lenses of her unbecoming readers, Kirstjen's eyes are windows to "You are NOT worthy of me!!!," that libido-fueled cocktail of madness, loathing, and disdain; what you'd expect to see in the eyes of a Borg Queen—showing disapproval or contempt toward others, especially those considered to belong to a lower social class and thus inferior. Again, Kirstjen's are the affectations of Marion Crane the sexually-repressed supercilious serial killer portrayed by Janet Leigh in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*; the role that won Ms. Leigh a Best Actress award at the Oscars.

The look and the mannerisms of that infamous, cinematic Marion Crane. That cinematic Marion Crane: a beautiful girl who wore those grotesque horn-rimmed Coke-bottle eyeglasses, e.g., thick-readers, worn later on in the film to intentionally disfigure herself—"Make yourself as ugly as I am!!!," Whoopi Goldberg preaches. Kirstjen reprising the "role" of that cinematic Marion Crane. In other words, Kirstjen willingly and willfully transformed, by her own hand, into a snooty Plain Jane. All of this turns on Marti to no end. Marti is being played, knows it, and doesn't care.

"I never was a Catholic nun, but I always had aspirations of being one. I attended Catholic school and entertained fantasies of having torrid affairs with the shrewish nuns who taught me." Marti pauses for effect, then continues. "When we're at my house, in the presence of just me and my housekeeper Fergie, I would like you to call me 'Reverend Mother' and Fergie is to be called 'Sister Prudence.' Fergie, Ms. Prudence, is an excommunicated Catholic nun and we're lovers but we're not exclusive nor are we jealous. We're swingers. Capish?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Excellent." Again, that pause. "One more thing."

"Ma'am?"

"During this roleplay at my house. You're to be known as Sarah Hux, and you will be treated as if you're my wife. Understood?"

"Yes, ma'am."

With the sole exception of their initial chitchat. Kirstjen speaks only when spoken to and keeps her verbiage to the absolute minimum. It's almost as if Marti has somehow robotized her. Again, that reference to Jess Franco's *Attack of the Robots*.



Marti's estranged wife, Sarah Hux, disappeared ten years ago under very mysterious circumstances. They had originally met on a blind date. At that time, Sarah was an escort. That polite euphemism for prostitute. Sarah was also a ubiquitous addict, but she mainly abused embalming fluid aka Bela Lugosi's Treat. Years of hardcore addiction had robbed Sarah of her youthful beauty, akin to what plaintive make-up does in an instant. As, aforementioned, ravaged looks are what Marti craves; the more ravaged, the better, which means that plaintive make-up overlaying a hophead facial—i.e., a geriatric facial—plus thick eyeglasses would do the trick, transforming the girl into a look-a-like of Marti's wife Sarah Hux.

Many of Marti's coworkers believe that the Fergie, Ms. Prudence, oft-mentioned by Marti, is really Marti's alter-ego, the direct result of transient psychotic episodes. Does Fergie exist—i.e., is Fergie a “real” person? If the answer to that question is “no,” does Marti live alone, akin to that crazy old lady with all of those cats?

**Just Sayin’: Girls Rule. And boys are fools.**

**Just sayin ‘: dominare. Puellae et pueri sunt stulti.**

A dark, dank laboratory/torture chamber beneath Marti’s house.

Raw sewage covers a third of the floor, rendering the space into a grotto of sorts. Huge sewer rats scurry about in the shadows. Buried in a pile of coal in a bin are human remains in various stages of decomposition, some of which are skeletons—i.e., boneyard customizing base resin kit.

What confronts Fergie is an all-too-familiar sight:

A facsimile of Kirstjen in that graphic disposition, in that cursed robot mode, that reeks of bondage and discipline.

The “fake” Kirstjen as a robotized Sarah Hux strapped down to the rapist, legs spread wide and arms held down rigidly at her sides, sporting a face and neck ruined by a geriatric facial, a crane, Parts, Piranhas, and thick-readers, and high as a kite on embalming fluid. All in keeping with Sarah Hux, the prostitute junkie and total submissive who has been robotized into a flesh-n-blood robot sex toy.

Across from the rapist is another self-aware machine, the automatous drone alcove that the “real” Kirstjen emerged from mere moments ago. The alcove has assimilated a large portion of the wall it’s merged into. Eventually, of its own volition, the rapist will “walk” across the room and merge with the alcove resulting in something more hideous and insidious. For the time being, they are separate entities.

The “real” Kirstjen is wearing a severe Wednesday Addams in place of a scandalous Tuesday Weld—i.e., an age-appropriate skirt, no hose, and careys, in place of those teenybopper boots the ones that come with the attached post-Polio leg braces (i.e., dikes), being the only changes to her attire, minor changes that make it suffocatingly spinsterish, in keeping with the contemporary look of a plainclothes nun. Besides being bare-legged, sporting a mopp, and no eyeglasses whatsoever.

Not the ever-loving of Sara Sidle, *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation*, gone old-maid dominatrix. In other words: not Mistress Sara.

It’s the ever-loving of Miss Debra, “the ultimate WWF/E Diva, Queen Debra and her Puppies—The Promised Land!!!,” but it’s also Miss Debra, the definitive blonde bimbo, gone old-maid dominatrix. In other words: Mistress Debra. Got wood, aplenty!

Bottomline. The nun repented for the prurience of her thoughts over and over but still couldn’t seem to get sex off of her mind. “I love Debra’s Puppies!!!”

The “real” Kirstjen briefly raises her skirt. No telltale bulge in her thong from wearing prodigious Parts. No Piranhas chewing up her creamy-white thighs. Kirstjen is coming off as “straight.”

“Sister Prudence, I must leave to complete another task for Cedric. This B-model of myself will again have to suffice in my absence.”

The girl’s voice is as stern and as severe as her outfit. A voice seething with loathing and disdain. A dominatrix’s loathsome voice, through and through. Begot by a large, ugly, cruel mouth. The loathsome mouth of a dominatrix, through and through.

“How long will this fake you last?”

Kirstjen has made improvements to the formula which should increase facsimile longevity.

“Hopefully, long enough for your pleasure, Sister Prudence.”

Fergie is dressed in the severe, 1950s, pre-Reform, traditional habit of a Catholic nun. Which means burlap undergarments. Additionally, with this being Fergie we’re talking about, it means Piranhas and Parts, and a pedantic misogynistic woman driven to androgyny by her own self-loathing. Not to mention wearing said outfit while engaging in morning and nightly sessions of erotic asphyxia, while being flogged with a barber’s genuine-leather razor strap.

The diabolical scientist Sister Prudence walks over to Kirstjen and bitch-slaps the loathsome girl repeatedly. Expectedly, Kirstjen’s only reaction is a deprived smile. Fergie reaches underneath the girl’s miniskirt and gropes her. Again, the only reaction from the girl is a Joker’s sick grin.

“Lacking your durability, the fake you will surely be dead by the time you return.”

“If so. I’ll bury her corpse with the others in the coal bin. She will be food for the rats.”

Kirstjen’s hard, pretty face. That Joker-esque smile of hers. The girl’s menacing baby-blues. Cruella, the flesh-n-blood robot dominatrix, personified. All of it, for Fergie’s delight—Fergie is being played, knows it, and doesn’t care.

Any mulligans? Yes. How many? Only one. Kirstjen exercises it to do Cedric’s bidding. Therefore.

Magic can be performed and the Prime Directive doesn’t apply to her, in this universe. Ergo: Social Democratic prerogative is nullified.

Kirstjen folds onto herself. Poof. She’s gone. Off to meet with US Senator Mitch McConnell, who is in league with Cedric.

**SOAP = Single Purpose Synthetic Person = Homunculus, and they cannot be hacked.**

**= = Homunculus SAPO unam personam Synthetica, et non detruncati.**

Kirstjen removes what's left of her fake from the rapist, drags the butchered remains over to the coal bin, and tosses them in. Food for the rodents.

The girl briefly raises her skirt.

Per Cedric's definition of Kirstjen as a sex object; a definition that lecherous Mitch McConnell shares. No telltale bulge in her thong from wearing prodigious Parts. No Piranhas chewing up her creamy-white thighs. The sizzle of lush yellow-blond tresses let down into a mopp. Thinz. No cilice mode for her suit and bra.

Kirstjen is coming off as "straight," albeit bookish blonde bombshell in the vein of a buttaface à la Kyrsten Sinema thanks to her eyeglasses. Without said eyeglasses, she's Cruella as Debra, a smoldering sexpot in a promiscuous leather spinster's stern severe getup.

For obvious reasons, "leather" Debra aka Mistress Debra is the sickest, most twisted, vilest version of Cruella.

Initially, upon her return. The girl looked quite different and behaved accordingly, per Fergie's definition of Kirstjen as a sex object. A definition that US Senator Nancy Pelosi shares.

She was a geriatric facial short of being Fergie's ideal—cosmetically speaking, just short of being that "disfigured" version of Cruella the flesh-n-blood robot dominatrix.

Cilice mode for her suit and bra. Long golden blonde tresses hacked off and styled into a crane. Thick-readers. Hung like a horse: huge, uncircumcised Parts stuffed into her rubber knickers. Piranhas chewing up her creamy-white thighs, mutilating them.

In spite of wearing Bolshoi-bare, she was a butterface à la Mildred Huff—rendered an aged prune and bitter divorcee lookalike, who had been rode hard and put up wet many times too many. Looking old, hardlooking, and used-up. Her hard, once-pretty, once-youthful face was age-ravaged by her hairdo and eyeglasses. The next logical step would have been a geriatric facial. Got wood, in abundance, nonetheless!

Per his definition of Kirstjen as a sex object. Cedric, the tentacled misogynistic deity, prefers her wearing a mopp and Bolshoi-bare, and either not wearing eyeglasses whatsoever or at worst wearing thinz. He also dislikes her wearing Parts, Piranhas, and a geriatric facial. Both he and Fergie prefer her in a Wednesday Addams.

Insanely jealous, the possessive Cedric often spies on the girl via jackware while she parades around as Cruella in the basement with Fergie. Cedric is being played, knows it, and he doesn't care.

Insanely jealous, the possessive Fergie craves the girl parading around as Cruella in the basement with her. Fergie is being played, knows it, and she doesn't care.

For her part, Kirstjen toys with the idea of keeping her hair hacked off and styled into a crane. That appeals to her, greatly, and it wouldn't be a dealbreaker for Cedric. There are other aspects of Fergie's Cruella, and Marti's own sexual objectification of her, which also appeal to her. The trick is to not go too far Mildred Huff and turn off Cedric completely.

Of course, if Cedric were done away with, any objections of his would be moot, and she would be free to go as far as she wants to go with her self-mutilation, disfigurement which she derives intense sexual satisfaction from.

Of course, finishing off Cedric is not on her menu. Doing away with him would upend the status quo that she's here to maintain.

As such. The reason she was purportedly sent here is pure subterfuge. She's here to protect the interests of The Gods at all costs. Therefore. If extreme measures are deemed necessary, she will exercise them. After which, her orders are for her to stay put and lay low, for a while. The girl likes it here a lot, anyways.

If the powers-that-be, here in Alice's Wunderland, had bothered to ask, they would have been told that she would never be sent here to unearth the truth. Quite the contrary. Kirstjen is here to make sure that the truth, whatever that truth might be, never sees the light of day.

There was no need for their attempted meddling in Prime, the home universe of Kirstjen. There is no need for their King David Gambit. There was no need for their Plan-B. Etc.

Kirstjen will make sure that the current timeline is never rebooted, by thwarting discovery and the resulting mitigation.

Part of Kirstjen's mission has already been accomplished. The US Congresswoman, Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, also known by her initials AOC, who could have blown the lid off everything. AOC's intentions were discovered in time, and she's been dealt with.

Like all holy-than-thou know-it-all Progressives who are left of Bernie Sanders, AOC refused to be reasoned with. That proved to be her ultimate undoing. She had the opportunity to walk away unscathed. It was her choice. All she had to do was keep her mouth shut and give up her evidence. But that would mean betraying her lofty principles to save her own skin. What a fool she was. As misguided a Liberal as they come. Now her mouth is shut forever, and her evidence was discovered anyway and destroyed.

Molded into a facsimile of Kirstjen and butchered by the rapist, AOC's corpse was buried in the coal bin and was food for the huge sewer rats, before the planet's three suns set? Nope. AOC befell a fate far worse than that. Beaten at her own game by the loathsome, depraved, degenerate Kirstjen, agent provocateur.

**Stop listening to the Haters - Shout it from the rooftops, "I'm White and I'm Proud!!!"  
– Love Supreme**

**Auditum hostes - ita summa procul villarum culmina vociferamini tradidit enim, "Ego sum, et non sum Tarquinius Superbus Alba !!!" - Amor Summa**

This a place, quiet and discreet, where older lesbians, of power and wealth, come to mingle.

Rosa Klebb is a boney creepy-looking sour-faced old biddy, with large pendulous tits. Looks like a Gorgon in human form. Waxen complexion. A she-male by virtue of the Parts she's strapping, she's human, with some distant Harpy ancestry. Crane. Pearl necklace, prudz, Piranhas, and flats. Plaintive makeup applied heavily to an already age-ruined face and neck. Thick-readers. Cilice mode for her suit. She's doing a borderline Number 3. Very masculine ways and means. She fits the bulldyke stereotype to a tee.

A Number 3 aka Colonel Rosa Klebb. Klebb is basically a Mildred Huff with substitutions, mandatories, and the usual et cetera. Substitutions: flats in place of high-heels, a boned-cup horsehair bullet bra in place of a corselette, and a Kaye in place of a Koo. Mandatories: thicks, blonde Grune, and no panties. Plaintive makeup heavily-applied to a face that is already ravaged and aged without any makeup applied. What makes Ms. Klebb's Klebb borderline Number 3c is that she's wearing a crane in place of the required Grune, hence the nomenclature the "c" suffix.

Physically and sexually, she's identical to the Rosa Klebb of Kirstjen's universe. As such, Ms. Klebb has no use for young, pretty girls. So, if you start off that way, her handiwork ensures that you don't end up that way. The result is always a used-up hag.

She's seated in her usual booth in the back of Club Lily. Sipping on her martini. Ms. Klebb is in-between girlfriends. She has a clear view of the front door.

Kirstjen enters. On time for their first face-to-face meeting. They've met each other virtually, but never in the flesh. This is also their first meeting that's not entirely business related. Not quite a date, but primarily social in nature, nonetheless. The thing is, what Kirstjen doesn't know is that their "social" meeting is in reality almost 100-percent business-related. Ms. Klebb has invited her here under "somewhat" false pretenses.

The girl is sporting thick-readers and a crane, per Ms. Klebb's request. With the rest of her outfit being otherwise pure leather Debra. Ergo. No Parts or Piranhas, and no cilice mode for her suit and bra. Just the tease of the girl's buttaface resulting from disfiguring eyeglasses and a nun's severe unbecoming hairdo. It's only a starting point, but it's a starting point that gets Ms. Klebb wet. She undresses the girl with her eyes. Of course, the girl will be most attractive to Ms. Klebb after being properly disfigured.

The girl sees Ms. Klebb and walks straight over. Ms. Klebb stands up and extends her hand. In a shameless public display of Ms. Klebb's obsession with Kirstjen, she is visibly trembling with excitement. The bulldyke's unnatural cravings for the girl are painfully obvious.

Very strong for her size, almost Goon strong, the frail-looking Ms. Klebb figures that she can easily manhandle Kirstjen if the girl's acquisition requires that kind of physicality. Maybe, just for the fun of it, she'll manhandle the girl even if it's not necessary. Ms. Klebb likes to play it rough with her sex toys, a roughness that borders on, and is sometimes indistinguishable from, rape.

Senator Mitch McConnell has ignored the numerous ethical issues in play here, of which handing Kirstjen over into the custody of someone who so openly craves the girl in the worst way, is by far not even the biggest of those issues.

So far, no laws have been broken, though. Although, quite a few have been bent to the point of being mangled, but nothing a slick district attorney couldn't gloss over with ease in court, if this case ever gets to court that is.

They shake hands and sit down. Kirstjen starts to say something, then wisely decides that's it's best if she keeps her mouth shut. Speak only when spoken to, and "when you do talk, keep it to the barest minimum."

Ms. Klebb has clearly asserted herself as the alpha in all of their previous interactions. Which explains Kirstjen's deference to the much older woman who is Senator McConnell's executive office administrator.

Their server comes over, as if on cue. Ms. Klebb orders for both herself and Kirstjen, that includes a martini for the girl.

The wheels have already been well greased. As such. Unbeknownst to Kirstjen, her drink is doped with heavy doses of three of the most powerful and potent date rape drugs: Rohypnol, GHB, and Ketamine. Ms. Klebb isn't taking any chances on Kirstjen exercising her right of refusal.

Besides. The senator, needs for her to interrogate the girl about AOC's sudden change of heart, anyways. And. However this goes down. The senator will have complete and utter plausible deniability, since he never "asked" her to "question" the girl about AOC, let alone in such a coercive manner.

The best laid plans of mice and women. Much to Ms. Klebb's dismay, as the evening progresses, Kirstjen fails to show any effects whatever of the Mickey Finn that she's been slipped. In fact, more than once, the girl lets her facade of being the submissive fall, and she openly toys with Ms. Klebb, lewdly pursing her lips, giving Ms. Klebb coy little winks, and even lewdly flicking out her long, facile, well-educated tongue.

Yet. The girl never uploads her thick-readers back into her features. She never lengthens her hair and lets it down into a mopp. Kirstjen remains the butterface that Ms. Klebb requested. It's cat-n-mouse, for sure, but they are not peers. Nor is this give-n-take. Implicitly, Kirstjen is telling the matronly Ms. Klebb that she wants to be taken however the bullyke defines that.

Finally, after their meal has been served and leisurely consumed, and they are just as leisurely eating dessert, the parley begins in earnest.

“So, you’ve figured out that my intentions are not honorable?” Ms. Klebb asks, rhetorically.

“Quite understandable.” Kirstjen pauses. “You crave me, and I, for my part, want you to fuck me up bad.”

Consensual sex between two adults. It will look like rape, but it won’t be. And. At no time is the senator’s name ever brought up.

They move closer in the booth and French kiss. Ms. Klebb shoves her foot between the girl’s legs, up the girl’s dress, and into the girl’s crotch.

Engrossed by Ms. Klebb’s forceful seduction, Kirstjen is too distracted to notice their server maneuver behind her in the adjacent booth.

The server removes a syringe from up her uniform sleeve, plunges the hypodermic’s needle into the girl’s neck, and empties its fluorescent lime-green contents into the girl’s jugular vein.

Straight, no chaser. Kirstjen is shot up with an extremely large dose of a cocktail of Thorazine, Lithium, and Prozac. A mix of mind-numbing drugs which reduces her to a catatonic. The girl collapses into Ms. Klebb’s waiting arms.

Ms. Klebb yanks the girl’s head back to confirm the desired affectations. And, she’s not disappointed.

That deer caught in the headlights look. Eyes wide open. Staring blankly ahead. Kirstjen’s mindless eyes are those of a zombie. It will take hours for the effects of this mind-numbing cocktail to wear off.



## **Last Sunday**

### **Novissima Solis**

Akin to that dire predicament of hers in that insane asylum beneath the surface of Mars in her universe. An abandoned automated insane asylum, conscripted for Ms. Klebb's nefarious use. Here, Ms. Klebb is Matron Klebb, a patient trustee.

Kirstjen collapses onto the floor as she gets off the bare stained mattress of a rusting cot. The mattress is filthy, smelly, and well-worn. The floor is just as dirty and odorous. She is just as dirty and odorous. Her features are being suppressed, somehow by someone or something. Her head aches from an enlarged pineal gland.

Scar tissue covers her forehead, from several crude brain surgeries which have cut up her brain, her frontal lobes are swisscheesed. Mathematical formulas have been carved into her left cheek. She is boney. Geriatric facial. Spiked padlocked dog collar and attached leash. Thick-readers, prudz, perls, Parts, Piranhas, and careys. Straitjacket. Hand-bra. Leg irons. Oral restraints—ball gag and muzzle. The oral restraints tenaciously grip the girl's face; even more disfigurement ensues, as a result. An icepick lobotomy in addition to chemical lobotomies and the aforementioned prefrontal lobe surgical procedures. Daily shock therapy. An enlarged pineal gland, one of the nastier side effects of the lobotomy serum used on the girl.

Worst. She's strung-out on embalming fluid. As if she's a hardcore junkie in need of a fix, ASAP. Because, she is a hardcore junkie in need of a fix, ASAP.

Left alone, to her own devices. Kirstjen begins to kick her drug habit, sober up, and heal. But Matron Klebb will have none of that. Novocain floods the room, when the girl succumbs the Novocain is sucked out of the room via exhaust vents. The bolt on the room's door is thrown. The depraved bulldyke enters, walks over to the girl, and injects another mind-numbing cocktail into the girl's neck. Grabbing the girl's leash, Matron Klebb drags the limp body of the subdued unconscious Kirstjen across the floor, through the door, and out of the room for more treatments, corporal punishments, and rape "sessions."

Matron Klebb is equally undressed and deranged looking. High as a kite on embalming fluid. Geriatric facial. Spiked padlocked dog collar and attached leash. Thick-readers, prudz, pearls, Parts, Piranhas, and flats. Hand-bra. Leg irons. Oral restraints—ball gag and muzzle. The oral restraints tenaciously grip the old woman's face; even more disfigurement ensues, as a result. Scar tissue covers her forehead and mathematical formulas have been carved into her left cheek, all of it self-inflicted. Filthy and smelly. Mad as a hatter. Just as much a patient as the girl is.

Having finally gotten who she craved for so long, the bulldyke has gone off the deep end. With no way back. She's reprogrammed the asylum's AI to keep she and the girl here, like they are, forever.

But. For confinement of Kirstjen to remain in force, it must be unrelenting. As Kirstjen just demonstrated, if it gaps for even an instance, she risks escape or at the very least risks turning the tables on her captors. She is very much a live dog in this fight. And when you have a live dog in a fight, it's never a matter of "if," it's always a matter of "when," it gaps. In other words, never play with your food when it has teeth, because sooner or later you will get bit.

## Telefunken Blues

### A Cappella Telefunken

**Misandry** (/mɪ'sændri/) is the hatred of, contempt for, or prejudice against men or boys in general. Misandry may be manifested in numerous ways, including social exclusion, sexism, hostility, gynocentrism, mockery, belittling of men, violence against men, and sexual objectification.

What is beefcake?

Kirstjen comes to herself strapped down to a rapist; she's being molested by the table which is running on automatic. The girl's arms are by her sides, and her legs are spread wide. Her features are no longer being suppressed.

Ms. Klebb lies sprawled on the floor, nearby. She would be otherwise facedown, but her head is twisted 180-degrees. The back of the skull has been caved in, for good measure.

The tortured nude body of the server from the club who helped Ms. Klebb abduct Kirstjen has been rammed headfirst into a wall as if she were a human dart. Her head also has nearly been twisted off.

The mind of the asylum's AI has been wiped after its CCTV footage has been extracted.

All of the loose ends have been tied up with surgical precision. So, it's safe to assume that finishing off the girl was never an option. Else she too would be dead from decapitation or a round-the-world broken neck.

The table finishes running through its cycle and shuts itself off. Its restraints release. Kirstjen is freed. She gets up off the table and stands on shaky legs. The girl makes no attempt to divine what went down. There are instructions written on a pad of paper as to where she can cleanup, where her clothing is, and her best-case egress. She recognizes Marti's handwriting. Having read the note, it combusts on its own.

Full recovery is slow and painful. When she finally emerges from the asylum, she is clean and pristine, looking like she did in the club except that she's wearing a mopp and she isn't wearing any eyeglasses, although she has a strong craving to wear a crane and thick-readers. She also craves a geriatric facial in place of her Bolshoi-bare.

A security team arrives, as if on cue. Kirstjen is driven back into town in one of the squad cars and dropped off in front of Club Lily. Waiting there for the girl is the Mrs. Gretchen Corey Carson III from her universe.

Coco is dressed the same way Ms. Klebb was dressed when Ms. Klebb abducted Kirstjen with the exception of a perl necklace in place of a pearl necklace, a lacey bullet bra like Kirstjen's in place of a horsehair one, and no Parts or Piranhas.

They embrace. Coco gives her friendly pat on the butt. Kirstjen grabs Coco's ass. They enter the club holding hands and sit in what used to be Ms. Klebb's favorite booth. Dinner is delicious, but uneventful. The sex afterwards in one of the upstairs rooms is great, but hardly explosive. Coco never divulges why she is here, and Kirstjen doesn't ask. Obviously, their quickie was just an aside.

After they fuck, the old lady returns home (Prime). The girl catches a streetcar for the seediest part of town in search of fun that's sick and rough. By now, she's back to sporting a crane. Still not the facial and neck disfigurement of thick-readers and a geriatric facial. She'll leave that choice to her sex partner whomever/whatever that may be.

But. Kirstjen is not so engrossed in anticipated depravity that she doesn't notice she's being tailed. And, tailed expertly by real pros.

In this universe, under the jackboot of the Prime Directive. Kirstjen doesn't have more advanced technology at her disposal. And, she can't perform magic. But, she's Noom, and therefore still quite formidable.

As she strolls casually about skidrow, she loses her tail but through no effort on her part. They simply drop off.

When Kirstjen walks past an alley, the girl notices a baglady wearing a tattered overcoat, prudz, pearls, and battered knob boots. Rummaging through a dumpster for food, the baglady finds a partially-eaten sandwich. Parked next to the old lady is her shopping cart filled with all of her worldly possessions of the day—the garbage of interest that she's retrieved today.

Kirstjen strolls over to her. The old woman looks up from her meal. It's obvious that the girl wants to hire her. It goes without saying that only super sex freaks want the hag's ride.

“Hello, my name is...”

“You're much too pretty, even with that nun's hairdo and getup. Not interested.”

Kirstjen downloads her thick-readers onto her face from her features.

“Better?”

“Much.”

“As I was saying, my name is...”

“She's called Sally, Sewer Sally, and Sally don't give a fuck what your name used to be. Sally gonna name you. Understood?!”

“Okay.”

“You a nun?”

“Nope. I just prefer to wear my hair this way and dress like one.”

Sally wolfs down the sandwich, licks her gloved fingers clean, and briefly opens her overcoat flashing the girl since she has nothing underneath but her birthday suit.

“Want to fuck Sally for twenty dollars?”

“Yes. How much extra for it being rough?”

The old biddy smiles wide. Exposing a dirty tongue, receded gums, and two rows of rotting snaggle teeth. Her breath is foul. She’s filthy and smelly, as if she lives in the sewers which in point of fact she does.

“Rough is Sally’s specialty. Sally do you rough for fifty.”

Kirstjen hands Sally a fifty which she stuffs in a coat pocket.

“You a user?”

“I like to get high.”

Sally bitch-slaps her. Almost knocking her glasses off.

“Liar! You’re a junkie! Now, say it!”

“I’m a junkie.”

“Turn off the hygiene mode for your features, Mildred.”

Kirstjen does as she is told. Evidently, per Sally, her name is now Mildred.

“Sally talk, Mildred don’t! Understood?!”

The girl nods.

“Money changed hands. Sally owns Mildred, now!”

Sally hurls Kirstjen against the wall of one of the buildings they are standing between. She unbuttons the girl’s coat and unhooks the girl’s bra. Kirstjen’s tits are not so much groped as they are brutalized. She sucks on the girl’s nipples like a starving infant, biting and chewing on them. Kirstjen’s skirt and thong are yanked down, and the girl is finger-fucked vaginally and anally, and fist-fucked as well. Kirstjen loves fisting, and Sally is quite good at it. Sally also uses Kirstjen’s torso for a punching bag. Then, out of the blue, Sally picks up a nearby brick and slams it into the side of Kirstjen’s head, killing the girl outright.

Sally drags Kirstjen’s corpse over to her shopping cart, empties the cart, stuffs the dead body into the now empty cart, and pushes the cart down the alley in the direction of her subterranean home.

Kirstjen doesn’t stay dead for long. But she continues to feign death as Sally pushes her around in the shopping cart. From Kirstjen’s point of view, although she has never met Sally

before there is something disturbing familiar about the old woman besides being the girl's preferred physical type for a sex partner. That gut feeling is soon confirmed once they reach their destination. Just before they reach their destination, Kirstjen blacks out. Even when she wakes up, her mind is still in some sort of fog. It's as if she's somehow been given a date rape drug that proved effective.

"You can open your eyes; Sally knows Mildred is pretending."

As if on cue, Kirstjen's mind clears, she opens her eyes and realizes that something is very wrong. She can't speak. While she was blacked out Sally severed her vocal cords. There is a crudely-stitched wound across her throat where her voice box is located, also her throat feels rough as if an oversized instrument has been inserted into her larynx.

Sally smiles at Kirstjen's failed attempts to speak.

"It will be very long time before Mildred can heal Mildred's voice. While Sally owns Mildred, Sally will keep Mildred's voice butchered. Now, get out of the cart."

Kirstjen complies.

"Mildred getting a lot for Mildred's fifty bucks."

That's when Kirstjen finally realizes who Sally is, or rather used to be, in Kirstjen's universe. Otto Rahm, the Nazi "Indiana Jones" who was behind the Third Reich's hunt for the Holy Grail.

"Strip to please Sally."

Per Sally's direction. Kirstjen uploads everything she's wearing back into her features except for her eyeglasses, pearls, and prudz. Her features are then suppressed, somehow by someone or something, just like they were back in the asylum. Sally bitch-slaps her for good measure, just because.

"Sally have crabs, and fleas, and head lice. Mildred gets infested from Sally. Sally and Mildred get high. Eat garbage out of dumpsters. Doing the nasty, wallowing in the filth of using and getting used in the roughest, dirtiest, and lowest ways possible. Sally is too legit to quit, Otto Rahm is the lie. Mildred is too legit to quit, Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is the lie."

Sally knows who Kirstjen really is. But. This is not a trap, per se. Evidently Kirstjen's mission has been determined by her higher-ups to be over, and this is how they've decided that Kirstjen will stay put and lay low, for a while, maybe forever. Hiding out in plain sight, so to speak.

Of course, the "real" Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is rigidly conservative as aptly demonstrated by her penchant for staid hairdos, staid eyeglasses, and a nun's plainclothes get-up.

Sexually, the girl is as twisted and deprived as they come, an absolute degenerate, regardless of her guise, as aptly demonstrated by her craving for thick eyeglasses, butterface, and doing the nasty, wallowing in the filth of using and getting used by other people and other things in the roughest, dirtiest, and lowest ways possible.

As a killer, she's elite, a premier artist of Death, who, given enough time and opportunity, sky's the limit on who and what she can dismantle. And, she's only answerable only to the Gods.

## Girls Rule, Boys Lose

### Regula puellarum, perisse perditum ducas Pueri

**Misogyny** (/mɪˈsɒdʒɪni/) is hatred or contempt for women or girls. It is a way of keeping women at a lower status than men. In other words, misogyny maintains and enforces sexism.

Women who reject subordination are punished by misogyny. Examples of punishment are sexual harassment and violence against women which includes domestic violence, and in its most extreme forms, femicide and misogynist terrorism. Misogyny also operates through coercion and psychological techniques aimed at controlling women, and by legally or socially excluding women from full citizenship. In some cases, misogyny rewards women for accepting an inferior status.

In feminist thought, misogyny also includes the rejection of feminine qualities. It holds in contempt institutions, work, hobbies, or habits associated with women. It rejects any aspects of men that are seen as feminine or unmanly. When directed against LGBT people, it may take the forms of homophobia and transmisogyny. Racism and other prejudices may reinforce and overlap with misogyny. Misogyny can be understood both as an attitude held by individuals and as a widespread cultural custom or system.

Misogyny has existed throughout recorded history. It can be found in mythology, philosophy, and religion worldwide. It was noted as a disease in Classical Greece, from which the English word misogyny is derived. The word was rarely used until it was popularized by second wave feminism in the 1970s.

Woman hater.

What is cheesecake?

Where? Brakebills. Which universe? Prime. Where, specifically? Her campus apartment in the faculty residence, on the Earth of her home universe. Capish?

Kirstjen luxuriates in the shower. For cleanup, she prefers the traditional—soap and water. So. Likewise. When having to choose between a shower and a bath, all things considered, she'll always choose the bath. Therefore, as a rule, she showers before classes in the morning; she bathes in the evening after classes. Explain? Known for her punctuality, and in order to reduce the amount of time it takes to get ready in morning, she showers; she prefers to relax and clean herself well the night before, she bathes. Still confused?

Her sexual tastes are predictively run-of-the-mill, and her sex drive is just as pedestrian. In other words, she is neither sexually adventurous nor is she sexually imaginative. Worse: in bed, she is bland, a bit of a cold fish. Best described as: She doesn't look happy to me and she seems



stiff, almost bland, yet she's physically beautiful—the proverbial ice princess. Back in the day, a good Catholic schoolgirl, who did her proper sums for the nuns who taught her.

Somehow through the machinations of those parochial school nuns who taught marriage class. Another Catholic girl who grew up to be a sexually-proficient robotgirl in bed for her husband. Only in the boudoir, and only for her husband, that mindless, unfeeling, autonomous sex toy—the ideal Catholic wife. Chaste in public, a whore with porn starlet proficiency in bed for her spouse.

Reset to monogamy and sobriety. Magic, not sex or drugs, is her sole passion. Basically, she is psychologically and sexually a Jeri Ryan—a Seven-of-Nine, Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One. A buxom two-legged calculator, who derives no pleasure whatsoever from having sex or getting high.

A cold fish. This Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is rigidly conservative as aptly demonstrated by her penchant for staid hairdos, staid eyeglasses, and a nun's plainclothes get-up. She's the epitome of severity.

Akin to a Borg drone. Her voice can be a robot's numbing monotone, at times. She can refer to herself in the third-person, at times, just like Sewer Sally does all of the time.

Kirstjen will never reboot psychologically or sexually, and regain her original mentality or libido, one iota. Akin to the Niffin the morally-neural and therefore morally-reprehensible species she was once a member of, she cannot feel remorse. Nonetheless, this Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is impossibly close to the original, and she pleases Dame Judi Dench her God husband to no end.

The shower's timer alarm goes off, stopping the water. She steps out of the shower stall, garbs a bath towel, and quickly dries herself. Features are invoked. Her outfit is a Wednesday Addams with careys, thick-readers, and a crane, make-up is Bolshoi-bare, cilice mode for her suit and bra, Parts, and Piranhas—her default. When she's around her husband and others of that ilk, who prefer her looking otherwise, it's either thinz or no eyeglasses, a mopp in place of a crane, no Parts, and no cilice mode for her attire. Staff and students alike can't get used to her doing this creepy Harpy-centric Mildred Huff guise on campus. None of them understands her penchant for the buttaface of Mildred Huff and the attendant ugly of Whoopi Goldberg. A penchant which borders on being an obsessive-compulsive craving for this Nordic beauty.

It's as if in an act of self-loathing Kirstjen is punishing herself for being so beautiful. Whoopi Goldberg, an extremely unattractive celebrity, is quite vocal about loathing beautiful people, and advocates that they should be punished for being beautiful by being transformed into ugly people using disfigurement. "Make them as ugly as I am!!!," Whoopi preaches.

The personality disorder is known as the Whoopi Goldberg Syndrome (WGS). WGS? In a nutshell, Kirstjen is the ugly girl trapped in the pretty girl's body. And in identifying as ugly, she loathes beautiful people and craves to punish them for being beautiful. To mitigate some of her

own self-loathing, since she is, after all, beautiful herself, she makes herself as unattractive as she's allowed to be. She also punishes herself for being so very beautiful via auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA), self-flagellation, and the cilice.

A geriatric facial is worn by Kirstjen when she's left to her own devices, beyond the prying eyes of those who forbade her from wearing it in their presence.

## Groundhog Day

### Groundhog die

**Lord & Ann Taylor** was an American department store chain, which has now become an e-commerce retailer. It was America's oldest department store, staying in business from 1826 to 2021. At the time of its closure, the company maintained 38 stores and one outlet store. The flagship store at the Lord & Ann Taylor Building on Fifth Avenue in New York City operated from 1914 until 2019.

The chain became a subsidiary of Le Tote, an online clothing rental company, in 2019. It went into liquidation in 2020 and Lord & Taylor's stores were closed. Saadia Group purchased its assets and revived the brand in 2021 as an online store.

Where? Brakebills. Which universe? Prime. Where, specifically? Her campus apartment in the faculty residence, on the Earth of her home universe. Capish?

Kirstjen luxuriates in the shower. For cleanup, she prefers the traditional—soap and water. So. Likewise. When having to choose between a shower and a bath, all things considered, she'll always choose the bath. Therefore, as a rule, she showers before classes in the morning; she bathes in the evening after classes. Explain? Known for her punctuality, and in order to reduce the amount of time it takes to get ready in morning, she showers; she prefers to relax and clean herself well the night before, she bathes. Still confused?

Her sexual tastes are not run-of-the-mill and her sex drive is not pedestrian. She is sexually adventurous and she is sexually imaginative. Therefore, in bed, this Nordic beauty is anything but bland. Best described as: She's as sexually proficient as a porn starlet and she's physically beautiful—the proverbial smut princess. Back in the day, a good Catholic schoolgirl, who did her proper sums for the nuns who taught her.

Somehow, in spite of the machinations of those parochial school nuns who taught marriage class. Another Catholic girl who grew up to enjoy sex, inclusive and exclusive of her husband. Ergo. None of this: Only in the boudoir, and only for her husband, that mindless, unfeeling, autonomous sex toy—the ideal Catholic wife. Nonetheless: Chaste in public, a whore with porn starlet proficiency in private—the ideal Protestant wife.

Monogamy and sobriety? Sometimes, sometimes not. Magic is just one of her passions. Psychologically and sexually, she is not a cookie cutter Jeri Ryan—not an imitation Seven-of-Nine, Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One. A buxom two-legged calculator, who loves to fuck and get high, when she's off the clock and is on her own time.

A cold fish. This Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is rigidly conservative as aptly demonstrated by her penchant for staid hairdos, staid eyeglasses, and a nun's plainclothes get-up. She's the epitome of severity.

Kirstjen will never reboot psychologically or sexually, and regain her original mentality or libido, one iota. Akin to the Niffin the morally-neutral and therefore morally-reprehensible species she was once a member of, she cannot feel remorse. Nonetheless, this Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is impossibly close to the original, and she pleases Dame Judi Dench her God husband to no end.

The shower's timer alarm goes off, stopping the water. She steps out of the shower stall, garbs a bath towel, and quickly dries herself. Features are invoked. Her outfit is a Wednesday Addams with careys, thick-readers, and a crane, make-up is Bolshoi-bare, cilice mode for her suit and bra, Parts, and Piranhas—her default. When she's around her husband and others of that ilk, who prefer her looking otherwise, it's either thinz or no eyeglasses, a mopp in place of a crane, no Parts, no Piranhas, and no cilice mode for her attire. Staff and students alike can't get used to her doing this creepy Harpy-centric Mildred Huff guise on campus. None of them understands her penchant for the buttaface of Mildred Huff and the attendant ugly of Whoopi Goldberg. A penchant which borders on being an obsessive-compulsive craving for this Nordic beauty.

It's as if in an act of self-loathing Kirstjen is punishing herself for being so beautiful. Whoopi Goldberg, an extremely unattractive celebrity, is quite vocal about loathing beautiful people, and advocates that they should be punished for being beautiful by being transformed into ugly people using disfigurement. "Make them as ugly as I am!!!" Whoopi preaches.

The personality disorder is known as the Whoopi Goldberg Syndrome (WGS). WGS? In a nutshell, Kirstjen is the ugly girl trapped in the pretty girl's body. And in identifying as ugly, she loathes beautiful people and craves to punish them for being beautiful. To mitigate some of her own self-loathing, since she is, after all, beautiful herself, she makes herself as unattractive as she's allowed to be. She also punishes herself for being so very beautiful via auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA), self-flagellation, and the cilice.

A geriatric facial is worn by Kirstjen when she's left to her own devices, beyond the prying eyes of those who forbade her from wearing it in their presence.

## A connoisseur of Eros

### A Eros sui cupidum

**Planet Clearing Weapons Systems (PCWS) aka Whitespikes also White Spikes—** Accurately depicted in Amazon's *The Tomorrow War*. They breed like rats, covet like cockroaches, and are raised like cattle. Eat, sleep, reproduce, and kill is the sum total of their existence. Originally, they were a gift from Eros to his beloved Ares, as atonement for their epic lovers' spat, an argument that Eros started.

Where? Brakebills. Which universe? Prime. Where, specifically? Her campus apartment in the faculty residence, on the Earth of her home universe. Capish?

Kirstjen luxuriates in the shower. For cleanup, she prefers the traditional—soap and water. So. Likewise. When having to choose between a shower and a bath, all things considered, she'll always choose the bath. Therefore, as a rule, she showers before classes in the morning; she bathes in the evening after classes. Explain? Known for her punctuality, and in order to reduce the amount of time it takes to get ready in morning, she showers; she prefers to relax and clean herself well the night before, she bathes. Still confused?

Her sexual tastes are not run-of-the-mill and her sex drive is not pedestrian. She is sexually adventurous and she is sexually imaginative. Therefore, in bed, this Nordic beauty is anything but bland. Best described as: She's as sexually proficient as a porn starlet and she's physically beautiful—the proverbial smut princess. Back in the day, a good Catholic schoolgirl, who did her proper sums for the nuns who taught her.

Somehow, in spite of the machinations of those parochial school nuns who taught marriage class. Another Catholic girl who grew up to enjoy sex, inclusive and exclusive of her husband. Ergo. None of this: Only in the boudoir, and only for her husband, that mindless, unfeeling, autonomous sex toy—the ideal Catholic wife. Nonetheless: Chaste in public, a whore with porn starlet proficiency in private—the ideal Protestant wife.

Monogamy and sobriety? Sometimes, sometimes not—a swinger, by definition. Magic is just one of her passions. Psychologically and sexually, she is not a cookie cutter Jeri Ryan—not an imitation Seven-of-Nine, Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One. A buxom two-legged calculator, who, when she's off the clock and is on her own time, loves to fuck, get high, and do a whole lot of other fun things too.

A cold fish. This Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is rigidly conservative as aptly demonstrated by her penchant for staid hairdos, staid eyeglasses, and a nun's plainclothes get-up. She's the epitome of severity.

Akin to a Borg drone. During classes, while lecturing, her voice can be a robot's numbing monotone, at times. Also, while teaching, she can refer to herself in the third-person, at times,

just like Sewer Sally does all of the time. An instructor's voice that can be as stern and severe as her outfit, at times.

Kirstjen will never reboot psychologically or sexually, and regain her original mentality or libido, one iota. Akin to the Niffin the morally-neutral and therefore morally-reprehensible species she was once a member of, she cannot feel remorse. Nonetheless, this Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is impossibly close to the original, and she pleases Dame Judi Dench her God husband to no end.

The shower's timer alarm goes off, stopping the water. She steps out of the shower stall, garbs a bath towel, and quickly dries herself. Features are invoked. Her outfit is a Wednesday Addams with careys, thinz, and a mopp, make-up is Bolshoi-bare—her default. When this Nordic beauty is around her husband and others of that ilk, she drops the eyeglasses.

This Kirstjen Michele Nielsen wearing a severe Wednesday Addams—miniskirt, no hose, and careys, and no blouse, of course. Bullet bra and nude thong, worn underneath her form-fitting age-appropriate suit. Suffocatingly spinsterish, in keeping with the contemporary look of a plainclothes nun. Bare-legged, sporting a mopp, and no eyeglasses whatsoever. Teasing glimpses of those puppies and their cleavage. The ever-loving of Miss Debra, the ultimate WWF/E Diva, Queen Debra and her Puppies—The Promised Land!!!, but it's Debra, the definitive blonde bimbo, gone old-maid dominatrix. In other words: Mistress Debra. Got wood, aplenty!

Bottomline. The nun repented for the prurience of her thoughts over and over but still couldn't seem to get sex off of her mind. "I love Debra's Puppies!!!"

On campus?

No penchant for the buttaface of Mildred Huff and the attendant ugly of Whoopi Goldberg. A penchant which used to border on being an obsessive-compulsive craving for this Nordic beauty. Staff and students alike are glad to see her no longer doing that creepy Harpy-centric Mildred Huff guise.

No thick eyeglasses. No cilice mode for her suit and bra. No Parts. No Piranhas. No Whoopi Goldberg Syndrome.

Off campus?

No geriatric facial when Kirstjen is left to her own devices, away from the prying eyes of those who forbade her from wearing it in their presence.

This Kirstjen Michele Nielsen, on or off campus. Worse case: wearing thin eyeglasses which render Kirstjen a buttaface à la Kyrsten Sinema, along with wearing a crane à la Marion Crane.

How long this will last is anyone's guess. She's a well-documented seesaw.

Dominatrix affectations while a teacher in the classroom?

Still a large ugly mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's intent. Figuratively speaking, when she's wearing thinz and a crane, that repeated theme

of a bespectacled cold heartless bookish blonde bombshell screaming “Get on your knees and worship me, Gail Kim!!!”

At times, this Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is so bland and stiff-backed, that she exudes a suffocating banality. In point of fact, she can be Victorian in her rigidity and strictness. A severity which is clearly not off-putting for Boos who are White Supremacists and draconian lesbians.

At times, wearing a look of haughty disdain, when she’s wearing thinz and a crane. The epitome of what it means to be a snob. In a word: stuck-up. Behind the extremely-thin lenses of her unbecoming readers, her eyes are windows to “You are NOT worthy of me!!!,” that libido-fueled cocktail of madness, loathing, and disdain; what you’d expect to see in the eyes of a Borg Queen—showing disapproval and/or contempt toward others, especially those considered to belong to a lower social class and thus inferior.

During those Marion Crane times of hers, hers are the affectations of Marion Crane the sexually-repressed supercilious serial killer portrayed by Janet Leigh in Alfred Hitchcock’s *Psycho*; the role that won Ms. Leigh a Best Actress award at the Oscars.

The look and the mannerisms of that infamous, cinematic Marion Crane. A beautiful girl who wore those grotesque horn-rimmed Coke-bottle eyeglasses, e.g., thick-readers, later on in the film to intentionally disfigure herself—“Make yourself as ugly as I am!!!,” Whoopi Goldberg preaches. In other words, willingly and willfully transformed, by her own hand, into a snooty Plain Jane. All of this turns on Boos to no end, who are of that ilk. Boos who know they’re being played, and they could care less.

At times, when disciplining a student, in front of the class. Her voice can suddenly seethe with loathing and disdain. A dominatrix’s loathsome voice, through and through. Begot by a large, ugly, cruel mouth. The loathsome mouth of a dominatrix, through and through.

The buttaface of Marion Crane’s, with its thinz and crane, makes her somewhat invisible. Almost hiding in plain sight. Boos who lust for this Plain Jane of hers, only remember what she looks like from the neck down and only make note of her face as something that isn’t all that and thus anonymous—Boos don’t make passes at girls who wear glasses.

The buttaface of Mildred Huff, with its thick-readers and crane, makes her invisible. Hiding in plain sight. Boos who lust for this Plain Jane of hers, only remember what she looks like from the neck down and only make note of her face as something that’s shit—Boos are rude to girls who wear glasses. Often sniggering and derogatory comments will be made in earshot of her about her face. For example: “How drunk do I have to be to wanna fuck that?” “How high do I have to be to wanna fuck that?” “That’s a double-bagger. Two bags over her head, just in case one bag splits from her ugly while I’m fucking her.”

## Basic Instinct

### Basic Instinctus Naturalis

“Sharon Stone’s version is impossible,” Paul Verhoeven told Variety. “She knew exactly what we were doing. I told her it was based on a story of a woman that I knew when I was a student who did the crossing of her legs without panties regularly at parties. When my friend told her, we could see her vagina, she said, ‘Of course, that’s why I do it.’ Then Sharon and I decided to do a similar sequence.”

“She belittled him to his face, and he did nothing?”

“Michael did his usual huffing and puffing, to no avail.”

“She was unmoved by the bluster of an Archangel, let alone that one?”

“That’s just Kirstjen, she’s hard to intimidate. Woman’s so cool, she’d make an ice cube shiver.”

“But, finishing her off will not be a problem, for you?”

“Nope.”

“Excellent.”

“I’ll wait till she cracks to sic the Hellhounds on her. She binges in skid row. It’ll look like she was attacked by a pack of rabid strays. Dog attacks happen all the time in that part of town.”

“Most appropriate.”

They share a laugh.

Calvin, of course, has no idea who his boss is. Known only to him by the alias of Mrs. Jones. They always meet face-to-face just like they are doing now, scheduled via an unlisted drop box. Afterwards he cannot recall exactly what she looks like, only remembers her as being a woman of average build, with an average face and voice. Nothing specific. He’s sure he could pass her on the street and not recognize her. Clearly, she’s tampering with his memories of her, somehow.

Sooner than later, Kirstjen has to go Mildred Huff. The hellhounds will take her out of the picture, and Calvin will get his final payment. Then he can put this all behind him and retire on what he’s getting for this job.

Kirstjen rides to skidrow on the bus. None of the other passengers takes much notice of her, except to maybe point and snigger. She finally broke late this evening, after her last class of the day. Hence the source of others’ mocking of her appearance. It’s been a while since she went Mildred Huff, let alone took it this far. Crane, thick-readers, Parts, cilice mode for her suit and



bra, Piranhas, WGS, no hygiene mode for her features, and a hophead facial. The facial is most appropriate since her affectations are those of a strung-out junkie. Smoking-hot body, ruined face. Every girl needs a habit to feed. Mildred is hers.

A drunk tried to hit on her, when she first got on the bus. He shoved a hand up her short skirt. When he discovered that she was hung, well-hung—huge uncircumcised Parts stuffed in her scant rubber knickers, he recoiled and left her alone. She's seated at the back of the bus, and he's moved up front closest to the bus driver.

At the Hampton Avenue stop, she gets off. As the bus speeds away, naysayers and ne'er-dowells give her a passing look-see. None of them approaches her. They don't interest her; she's laser-focused on finding a filthy smelly baglady to fuck and get high with.

But. Kirstjen is not so engrossed in anticipated depravity that she doesn't notice she's being tailed. And, tailed expertly by real pros. Sound familiar?

This time around her tail is in a nondescript white panel delivery van. The van slowly drives by her and makes a left turn onto Lost 12<sup>th</sup> Street after stopping briefly at the stop sign on the corner.

The Lost Streets. Designations born out of the genius of urban planners. Take skidrow and other despicable portions of the city, and fold them into Lost. Like sweeping dirt under the rug. Problems solved by "hiding" them.

She feels the anticipation that befalls an ambush. Pleasure becomes just business. As such, she dumps some of her distractions. Parts, cilice mode for her suit and bra, Piranhas, and WGS, all go bye-bye; none of which is noticeable. So, likewise, for the reason of being detectable, the hophead facial, Coke-bottle glasses, crane, and junkie affections, stay put, and her features' hygiene mode stays gone. The look without the sizzle of being degenerate and depraved.

Kirstjen spies a coon-ish baglady, with shopping cart, rummaging in an alley dumpster. Nappy hair, huge tits, a bubble butt, shiny jet-black skin, and coarse features. A straight-up Negro. The girl walks over to the Nubian hag. For a second, just for a second, as Kirstjen gets close to her intended, the old biddy momentarily shapeshifts into a Whitespike: huge, hairless, albino complexion, well-muscled, with the crimson markings that are characteristic of a female of its species. But, for some reason, the girl's gut tells her that the Sambo is not the planned bait for the anticipated trap. Her Spidey sense turns out to be all wrong, this time, but not exactly in the way you might be thinking.

Although clean and pristine, not smelly and dirty and infested, the baglady is still bait for her Id's Mildred. The author of her downfall couldn't have scripted it better himself. Therefore. Coincidence, not premeditation. Ergo. Unplanned bait, used by her murderer to his advantage on the spur of the moment.

## **The old “Wizard of Kronk” Emanuel Steward**

### **Senex “Veneficus de Kronk ‘n senescallo**

Pavlik-Taylor II was a more sedate, cautious affair than the first fight. Pavlik continued fighting in his plodding, mechanical style, catching with his right glove and shooting the jab. The pace of the fight was more suited to heavyweights, what former champ and commentator Paulie Malignaggi calls “Your turn, my turn,” in which, rather than jockeying for the play, each man lets the other unload before firing his own shots. It was fistic call-and-response, boxing’s version of Marco Polo.

An enslaved Kirstjen doesn’t even remember bits and pieces of her life before her abduction. The girl only remembers her life as always being this way. Her selective amnesia is maintained by the creature and the freakish cravings of her own Id’s Mildred.

A filthy smelly infested room of sorts formed by the haphazard junction of two sewer passages.

The girl is lying face-down on a bare mattress. Hogtied. Jacket sleeves hide what look like a hardcore junkie’s needle marks. They’re actually bite marks.

As if it is some type of Vampire, which technically, members of its species are. The creature bites through her jacket sleeves and into her arms when it feeds off of her.

Likewise, bite marks on the inside of her thighs, partially hidden by her skirt, look like the marks of a junkie’s syringe needles—more lookalike hophead hickeys.

Kirstjen is pumped full of the creature’s addictive venom which is also a very powerful, corrosive, mind-numbing narcotic. She’s clean and pristine, unlike her surroundings.

No Parts, no cilice mode for her suit and bra, no Piranhas, and no WGS. Bolshoi-bare. A disheveled mopp. No eyeglasses. Hygiene mode for her features. She’s gone from doing an almost full-blown Mildred Huff to doing a very feral Mistress Debra—a Dirty Debra. The creature prefers the girl clean and pristine, and very pretty; not even somewhat a buttaface. Hence the extreme makeover.

It grabs a hunk of her long golden hair and yanks her head back, yanks up her miniskirt, yanks down her thong, and rams its dick up her rectum. Crazed, awash in insanity and addiction, she makes feral sounds, the same ones the creature is making while fucking her.

Her narcotic-soaked brain, with a now grossly-enlarged pineal gland. She remembers only herself as the creature’s junkie whore mate. A down-n-out white chick. Herself a baglady living in the sewers with her significant other who is a Whitespike disguising itself as a human female in the guise of a baglady.

The White Spike's venom acts like a chemical lobotomizer, stimulating the pineal gland causing the gland's enlargement, shutting down/suppressing the upper brain, and stimulating the lower brain the so-called lizard brain causing it to enlarge as well.

Very soon, its venom will reduce her to a Vampiric creature of pure instinct, just like her blood-sucking mate. Shades of zombified ghoul girl Vampira in *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. Already she has the empty gaze and blank expression of that cinematic Vampire.

How long this will last is anyone's guess. She's a well-documented seesaw.

The Perils of Pauline, bondage and discipline, degradation and humiliation, sadism and masochism. Stoned out of her gourd. And, just plain and simple, being used every which way.

## **Panzer Ace: Megan Fox, Nazi Germany's Black Baroness**

### **Ace Panzer: Megan Fox, Nazi Germania scriptor Nigrum Baronissa**

**Family-run chaebol.** A *chaebol* (/ˈtʃeɪbəl, ˈdʒɛbəl/, Korean: 재벌; lit. “rich family”; Korean pronunciation: tɛɕ.bʌl) is a large industrial conglomerate that is run and controlled by an owner or family in South Korea. A chaebol often consists of many diversified affiliates, controlled by an owner whose power over the group often exceeds legal authority. The first known use in an English text was in 1972. Several dozen large South Korean family-controlled corporate groups fall under this definition.

Chaebols have also played a significant role in South Korean politics. In 1988, a member of a chaebol family, Chung Mong-joon, president of Hyundai Heavy Industries, successfully ran for the National Assembly of South Korea. Other business leaders also were chosen to be members of the National Assembly through proportional representation. Hyundai has made efforts to contribute to the thawing of North Korean relations, but not without controversy. Many South Korean family-run chaebols have been criticized for low dividend payouts and other governance practices that favor controlling shareholders at the expense of ordinary investors.

Bolshoi-bare. No Parts, no cilice mode for her suit and bra, no Piranhas, no WGS, and no eyeglasses. Careys. Lots and lots of flaxen hair—a luscious mopp, that’s well-coiffed. Clean and pristine. With a Wednesday Addams as the only leftover from that last particularly-nasty outing as Mildred Huff.

Wearing a Wednesday Addams and careys, in the style of a plainclothes Catholic nun. The ever-loving of Miss Debra, the ultimate WWF/E Diva, “Queen Debra and her Puppies—The Promised Land!!!,” but it’s Debra, the definitive blonde bimbo, gone old-maid dominatrix. In other words: Mistress Debra. Got wood, aplenty!

Bottomline. The nun repented for the prurience of her thoughts over and over but still couldn’t seem to get sex off of her mind. “I love Debra’s Puppies!!!”

The tranquilized creature, captive in a plexiglass cage.

“A proof-of-concept?”

“Maybe. Then again it could be a discarded production model.”

“Nonetheless, a Judas Goat?”

“So-to-speak.”

“You were the target, and it was just conveniently there, a spur of the moment bait for your Id’s Mildred. The intended murder weapon was a pack of hellhounds, that you and it laid waste to. Afterwards, you let it abduct you.”

“It would seem so.”

They’re in one of the laboratories underneath Brakebills’ Alcatraz Biology Building. Labs off-limits to most students and faculty. It’s just Kirstjen, her teaching assistant Gina Holden, and the unconscious creature who is phasing between its native form and its human form.

“Why would you allow yourself to be taken by it?” Gina asks, rhetorically.

Kirstjen simply ignores the question, and continues the conversation as if it was never asked.

“It’s immune to magic being used directly against it, but it can perform magic. It’s male and female. It can transmute to look and scan human, and it has access to something akin to features so it can dress like a human. None of which is the case for a ‘normal’ White Spike. Not to mention its Whitespike abilities are amped up to the max.”

“Who made it?”

“We don’t know.”

“Its place of manufacture untraceable as well?”

“Oh, we know where it was made. And have a pretty good guess when.”

“Any place I know?” Gina asks, jokingly. Figuring that she’s reached the limit of what she can be told.

“That’s need-to-know.”

“And I don’t need to know?”

“Correct.”

The thing kept Kirstjen pumped full of its addictive venom as its mate for the better part of a week. By the end of which she was a zombified ghoul girl akin to Vampira in *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. And functionally, she was a Whitespike disguising herself as a human female in the guise of a baglady.

Although she was reduced to a mindless homicidal junkie slut, she remembers every moment of her captivity in vivid detail. And, in spite of being Noom, because of her corrupt Id’s Mildred Huff there’s a risk of flashback.

A flashback to what?

A flashback to a likeness of Kelly Tshibaka. When she’s a likeness of Kelly Tshibaka. Kirstjen can pass for 100% human, until she opens her mouth or she shows you her tits. A mouth with receded gums, large long crooked serrated teeth, and a well-educated killer tongue. The right tit is the giveaway; it’s a moog. It’s as if gene splicing has rendered her 60% human and 40% Gorgon. A Vampiric creature. A White Spike trapped in human form, functionally. Mindless. Wanton. Homicidal. None of which is germane, until it is, and in her case, it maybe never will be.

“So, its DNA matrix is encrypted?”

“Correct.”

“An encryption which has been broken?”

“That’s need-to-know.”

“And, again, I don’t need to know?”

“Correct, again. You’re three-for-three.”

“The plot thickens.”

“Exactly.”

Gina doesn’t have to ask Kirstjen why she named it Aunt Jemima. The only human visage the creature can assume is that of a look-a-like for Nancy Green the original Aunt Jemima.

The night of Kirstjen’s successful abduction and failed murder attempt, the body of a noted middleman who specialized in covert bag jobs was found dead in his condo of an apparent overdose although he was not known to be a user. Coincidence, or not? Someone covering their tracks by tying up loose ends?

**I quit my job to write a book about dominatrixes.**

**Me quieti meus officium est scribam librum de dominatrixes.**

The Emily-357A or the Emily-357B?

Either of these platform boots will up the ante for Punk, Cosplay, or Goth. But. The Emily-357B: with their thick orthopedic soles and heels, this footwear duplicates the boots worn by SHE aka Mildred, The Monster, Doctor Frankenstein's first monster, the gender-fluid she-male one. The Emily-357B, with such a nefarious pedigree: very disturbing, indeed. But. Whether it's the Karin Luna or the Demonica. Steampunk boots coupled with that cornerstone of naughty, a high waist A-line pleated and B&W-plaid miniskirt, by Chouyatou, that looks like it belongs to the uniform of a Catholic underage schoolgirl. Of course, by the nature of what it is, the brief skirt still gives off whiffs of schoolgirl, in spite of it being worn by an adult female.

Bolshoi-bare. A Tuesday Weld, which means, in place of careys, those jailbait Goth/Punk boots the ones that come with the attached black anodized post-Polio leg braces (i.e., dikes). And. Perls, prudz, white bra, nude panties (a flesh-colored thong), and porn tights. Skimpy skin-colored thong worn underneath porn tights, for the most indecent of teases. Cilice mode for her suit and bra? No. Piranhas? No. Parts? No. Lots and lots of long lush uncooked hair—a luscious mopp, that's yellow-blond and well-coiffed. This time, no eyeglasses whatsoever. Therefore. There's none of this "Through Prehensile Eyes" shtick. It's strictly diva "WWF/E Queen Debra and her Puppies—The Promised Land!!!," but it's Debra, the definitive blonde bimbo, gone naughty underage schoolgirl. In other words: Got wood, aplenty!

Bottomline. The nun repented for the prurience of her thoughts over and over but still couldn't seem to get sex off of her mind.

Kirstjen's template?

Formally, a Sara Lance. Colloquially, an Earth-2 Laurel Lance.

The night of Kirstjen's successful abduction and failed murder attempt, the body of a noted middleman Calvin Hill who specialized in covert bag jobs was found dead in his condo of an apparent overdose although he was not known to be a user. Coincidence, or not? Someone covering their tracks by tying up loose ends?

Kirstjen is here on the crime scene to determine what's what at the behest of the High Council. CSI is done with forensics. The police have approved her onsite.

The second bedroom has been converted into a gym. Out of place, standing in a corner is an item of interest that rivets her attention. It's a rapist with aspects of a drone's alcove, as if resulting from a cascade merger. Being a rapist, it's at a 45-degree angle. As if resulting from another hostile takeover, its forehead, neck, wrist, ankle, upper-torso, and waist restraints, are

suggestive of a queen's segmenting central alcove. Implied reorgs producing something more hideous and insidious.

For a moment, she's memorized by its depravity and is reduced by to a total degenerate, this grown woman dressed like a naughty underage Catholic school girl.

A pro, the girl is not too distracted to not notice that she is not alone. Her queer observer would be invisible to all but the most elite of supernatural beings and the most advanced of human tech. Easily mistaken for world-renown astronaut and nun Wally Funk, his name is Bruce, Bruce Almighty, and he's wearing a Catholic nun's penguin outfit.

The old-fashioned black-and-white habit of a cloister nun from the 1950s right down to the burlap undergarments; cilice-only mode for his penguin outfit and chaste underwear. The knob boots of a nun circa 1950. Perls. Piranhas. Thick-readers. Prudz and penguin outfit.

Homosexual. Crossdresser. Misogynist. Misandrist. Not transgender. Sixty something. Fetish devotee. Sadist. A Coptic Christian, of the ultra-orthodox Catholic flavor. Back in the day, he was the first Coptic See.

Coptic See?

The head of the Orthodox Christian church and the See of Alexandria is the Patriarch of Alexandria on the Holy See of Saint Mark, who also carries the title of Coptic Pope.

"Good. You do not waste time pretending to not see Bruce. Bruce is pleased."

His voice is worse than fingernails on a chalkboard. And. Almost a dreaded monotone.

"Now you know that Bruce is the reason why the High Council instructed you to come here dressed this way. Again, Bruce is pleased."

Kirstjen has yet to speak.

"Come over here, girl. Let Bruce have a closer look at you."

Kirstjen does as she is told. Bruce raping her with his eyes. When she is within reach, his well-educated gloved hands roam freely over her ripe body. He unbuttons her jacket and squeezes her plump bra-holstered tits. He reaches up her skirt and gropes her.

To gain his cooperation, Bruce, of course, has been lied to. He's been told that Kirstjen is transgender—in her case, a biological female who identifies as male.

"Get on the table."

The rapist belongs to Bruce, not the deceased Calvin Hill. It will fold itself up, and he'll take it with them when they leave.

Foreplay?

Kirstjen gets on the table and plugs herself in. She's hooked up like Frankenstein's Monster. She's bound: The table's restraints strap her down. Then she's gagged—a leather and silicon



BDSM horse-penis bit gag by Etsy, as if she's a ponygirl Karen. Lastly, the table's arms go to work lobotomizing her with large-bore vascular drills.

Sexplay?

She dies when the table's dissecting waist strap bisects her. Its mechanical arms then proceed to imaginatively and depravedly desecrate the halves of her corpse. Mutilation supreme. Jack and Jane, the Rippers, would be quite envious of this handiwork. Handiwork that causes Bruce to have an erection and ejaculate; he's in the throes of ecstasy.

This torture of the girl, the taken, by the table, the taker. Pre and post mortem. All of which is the doing of this depraved AI in the form of a prosthetic table; none of it by Bruce's direction. Which makes perfect sense, because rapists are intrinsically sadists and haters. Alcoves, by design, are about bondage and discipline, degradation and humiliation. Combine these two robot species into one mechanism results in a hybrid, which is a sadistic enslaver that practices holistic degradation and humiliation.

Because she's a Noom, the table can safely take things much further with her than it ever could with Bruce. For example, the bisection alone would have finished Bruce off for good.

Later. Much later. She resurrects. Blank stare. Empty expression. Robotgirl. Drone. Shades of zombified ghoul girl Vampira in *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. Already she has the empty gaze and blank expression of that cinematic Vampire. Looks mindless, but isn't—looks can be, and in this case are, deceiving.

Bruce has tweaked her outfit, too. To further match what he considers beautiful, at this given moment and place in time.

Hophead facial. Thick-readers. A crane. Parts. WGS. And Piranhas. Cilice mode for her suit and bra. The restraints release. Stiff-backed, she steps off the table, unplugging herself from it by doing so.

“Now that you are a proper assistant, we can begin the investigation. Bruce will call you Mildred, Miss Mildred Huff. That is your designation.”

Again, the girl says nothing.

Every girl needs a habit to feed. Mildred, Miss Mildred Huff, is hers.

The table's habit is the girl, who it designates as Mildred, Miss Mildred Huff.

## **Puppet Master**

### **Pupus Magister**

Bruce is so into Kirstjen, that for a split second, here and there, he drops his guard. Allowing Kirstjen that briefest glimpse into his mind revealing that someone or something is behind the scenes pulling some but not all of his strings. Ah. The finger-puppet and the puppeteer. But the girl is unable to discern who or what this Puppet Master is. Mind you, Bruce is not being worn and he does have freewill, hence the reference to “some but not all of his strings” being pulled. So whatever accommodation is going on, it’s consensual. So. This Pinocchio is downright scary and quite the head scratcher.

Kirstjen is back doing a Wednesday Addams and careys, in the style of a plainclothes Catholic nun. Bare-legged. Bolshoi-bare. Cilice mode for her suit and bra? No. Piranhas? No. Parts? No. WGS? No. Long lush uncooked hair—a luscious mopp, that’s yellow-blond and well-coiffed? Yes. No eyeglasses, whatsoever? Yes. Bolshoi-bare? Yes.

As if Bruce can’t make up his mind. At Bruce’s behest, she switches back and forth between a zombified Sara Lance and a smoldering Mistress Debra for his assistant Mildred Huff.

Between and betwixt?

Sometimes, though, it’s as if she’s got to feed Mildred. Resulting in a Mistress Debra wearing thinz, Parts, and Piranhas, sporting a mopp, and suffering from WGS, but no cilice mode for her suit and bra, no thick-readers, no crane, and no hophead facial. Self-inflicted disfigurement galore albeit moderated.

Nonetheless, still the empty eyes and blank mind of a drone with undertones of loathing and disdain, and self-loathing (WGS). A feral robot matron: Robot Debra. Fitting punishment, by Bruce’s and his Puppet Master’s way of thinking. In clinical circles it’s called “bleed thru.” Bait for her obsessed captors, too?

Thick-readers, a crane, a hophead facial, and cilice mode for her suit and bra, would shove this Mistress Debra into an Ugly Debra.

Back in the here and the now?

Kirstjen is wearing a severe Wednesday Addams in place of a scandalous Tuesday Weld—i.e., an age-appropriate skirt, no hose, and careys, in place of those teenybopper boots the ones that come with the attached post-Polio leg braces (i.e., dikes), being the only changes to her attire, minor changes that make it suffocatingly spinsterish, in keeping with the contemporary look of a plainclothes nun. Besides being bare-legged, sporting a mopp, and no eyeglasses whatsoever.

Not the ever-loving of Sara Sidle, *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation*, gone old-maid dominatrix. In other words: not Mistress Sara.

It's the ever-loving of Miss Debra, the ultimate "WWF/E Diva, Queen Debra and her Puppies—The Promised Land!!!," but it's Debra, the definitive blonde bimbo, gone old-maid dominatrix. In other words: Mistress Debra. Got wood, aplenty!

Bottomline. It's as if she's caught in that endless ecclesiastical loop: The nun repented for the prurience of her thoughts over and over but still couldn't seem to get sex off of her mind. In other words: a Möbius loop. "I love Debra's Puppies!!!"

When Bruce and his Puppet Master look into Kirstjen's mind they see the blank mind of a drone ruled by a corrupt Id which they exploit to their fancy. In other words, they only see what the girl wants them to see. Although the corruption of her Id is true, it's not a robotgirl truth that they fully understand.

This is a game of cat-and-mouse, and Kirstjen is not the mouse. They are playing chess. She's playing Go. Being Judi's wife means she handles all of the God's shady jobs. Therefore, the girl has a whole lot of experience participating in The Hunt—real-life Go played for the highest stakes imaginable.

**Go** or **Weiqi, Weichi** (Chinese: 围棋; pinyin: wéiqí) is an abstract strategy board game for two players in which the aim is to surround more territory than the opponent. The game was invented in China more than 2,500 years ago and is believed to be the oldest board game continuously played to the present day. A 2016 survey by the International Go Federation's 75 member nations found that there are over 46 million people worldwide who know how to play Go and over 20 million current players, the majority of whom live in East Asia.

The playing pieces are called stones. One player uses the white stones and the other, black. The players take turns placing the stones on the vacant intersections (points) of a board. Once placed on the board, stones may not be moved, but stones are removed from the board if the stone (or group of stones) is surrounded by opposing stones on all orthogonally-adjacent points, in which case the stone is captured. The game proceeds until neither player wishes to make another move. When a game concludes, the winner is determined by counting each player's surrounded territory along with captured stones and komi (points added to the score of the player with the white stones as compensation for playing second). Games may also be terminated by resignation.

The standard Go board has a 19×19 grid of lines, containing 361 points. Beginners often play on smaller 9×9 and 13×13 boards, and archaeological evidence shows that the game was played in earlier centuries on a board with a 17×17 grid. However, boards with a 19×19 grid had become standard by the time the game reached Korea in the 5<sup>th</sup> century CE and Japan in the 7<sup>th</sup> century CE.

Go was considered one of the four essential arts of the cultured aristocratic Chinese scholars in antiquity. The earliest written reference to the game is generally recognized as the historical annal *Zuo Zhuan* (c. 4<sup>th</sup> century BCE).

Despite its relatively simple rules, Go is extremely complex. Compared to chess, Go has both a larger board with more scope for play and longer games and, on average, many more alternatives to consider per move. The number of legal board positions in Go has been calculated to be approximately  $2.1 \times 10^{170}$ , which is vastly greater than the number of atoms in the known, observable universe, estimated to be about  $1 \times 10^{80}$ .

## Are you juicing?

### Juicing tu?

The breadcrumbs lead to Simon Sez aka Dennis Rodman, a Grendel of ill-repute. He looks just like his namesake taken straight out of the Anglo-Saxon epic poem *Beowulf*.

Bruce is doing his nun thing, of course. Kirstjen is doing her homage to Mildred: Ugly Debra. In this case, her homage is a bribe for Simon. He refuses the bribe. One thing leads to another, a fight ensues. Kirstjen gains the upper hand. She ends up coldcocking him. At no time does Bruce become involved in their altercation. The old faggot just stands by and watches.

Simon comes to himself naked and face down on Bruce's table. He is bound: strapped down to the table. And he's gagged—a leather and silicon BDSM horse-penis bit gag by Etsy, as if he's a ponyboy Kenneth.

Bruce is nowhere in sight. Simon doesn't recognize the room. A full-length magic mirror positions itself so that he's afforded a view of what she's doing behind him.

Sporting the cold heartless stare of infamous mob-connected and former heavyweight boxing champion Charles "Sonny" Liston. Kirstjen unbuttons her jacket very slowly. Then she abruptly yanks up her skirt and yanks down her knickers. Not a stripper's usual bump and grind.

She's still Ugly Debra, and thus well-hung. The girl rams her unlubricated dick up his ass, ripping and tearing the tissues of his virgin anus. Sheer agony. Excruciating pain. Pain that is so bad he loses consciousness. She rapes him, unabated—Donkey Kong, raped ape style. By her way of thinking, he must be punished for desiring her, such is the twisted reasoning of someone afflicted by WGS. When she's finished with her debauchery, she'll question him in earnest with Bruce present.

There's something else afoot. Something novel. As if she's transgender, she feels envious of Simon because he's a biological male and she's not. As if she's a transgender dominatrix, she feels compelled to punish him for his transgression of being born male. So, on the spur of the moment. The girl decides to subject him to forced feminization, which will include her hacking off his penis and testicles. She'll make sure that he stays conscious during his emasculation.

But, is this the "real deal" or is it more bait for her obsessed captors?

## **Buy This, Not That**

### **Buy hoc, quod non**

A week later. Physically healed, but still psychologically traumatized by his “extreme” torture at Kirstjen’s hands. Simon cracks. He commits suicide. Never warning his co-conspirators.

So engrossed are they, the puppet and his master, in Kirstjen that they fail to see the writing on the wall. She owns them, from hence forth, they just don’t know it yet?

Not coincidentally, it’s also at this time that Mistress Debra becomes Kirstjen’s exclusive guise. This template being a not-so-thinly disguised dominatrix “presentation.” Cold calculating blue eyes. Large ugly cruel mouth. Stiff-backed. Harsh demeanor, liken to the stern headmistress. Severe manner, akin to the austere disciplining plainclothes Catholic nun.

The retro bookworm’s nerdy stiff-backed librarian dominatrix. That repeated theme of the cold heartless bookish apex blonde bombshell screaming: “Get on your knees and worship me, Gail Kim!!!” Always described the Niffin her, as well as now describes the Noom her, to a tee. An emphatic, “Not just bait, the ‘real’ her, anyway you slice and dice her?!”

No thick-readers, Parts, Piranhas, or crane. No suffering from WGS. No cilice mode for her suit and bra, and no hophead facial. No transgender dominatrix. No self-inflicted disfigurement of any persuasion, which means no thin eyeglasses. But. Ugly Debra is lurking in the wings, biding its time. Because, sooner or later, Miss Mildred Huff must be fed.

And. What if she were to feed Miss Mildred Huff, at this point in time?

She’d be channeling pure unadulterated Alice Quinn. As such. There would be none of this between and betwixt. Resulting in a Mistress Debra wearing thinz as her sole self-inflicted disfigurement. Therefore. No thick-readers, no crane, no Parts, no Piranhas, and no suffering from WGS. No cilice mode for her suit and bra, and no hophead facial. Not a transgender dominatrix. But. A decidedly dominatrix vibe. Not Ugly Debra. A G4TV’s Gaming Goddess. Not to mention interstitial debates about, for instance, whether the phrase “tighty whities” is racist.

She’d still be the retro bookworm’s nerdy stiff-backed librarian dominatrix. That repeated theme of the cold heartless bookish apex blonde bombshell screaming: “Get on your knees and worship me, Gail Kim!!!” Always described the Niffin her, as well as now describes the Noom her, to a tee. An emphatic, “Not just bait, the ‘real’ her, anyway you slice and dice her?!”

Hook, line, and sinker?

Progressive independent-minded emancipated career women must be punished for their sins. Especially, when they are successful. Finger Puppet and his Puppet Master are pleased with the verdict.

## **I heart you, forever**

### **Ego cordis vestri, usque in sempiternum**

Another week passes. It's as if Kirstjen is on hiatus, replaced by someone very ugly in look and manner, unfortunately for Bruce.

Ugly Debra's voice seethes with loathing and disdain. Foaming at the mouth. That large ugly cruel mouth. That frown of a mouth. Hate mangles her face on top of a hophead facial which by its lonesome had erased her youthful beauty. Her looks will return once she's no longer "agitated," if there are no other self-inflicted disfigurements.

There's something else. As if she's a "raging" dope fiend, she's juiced to the gills. High on that potent cocktail of embalming fluid and reanimation reagent aka Fruit Punch aka FP.

His cover blown. To no avail, Bruce had invoked Odin for deliverance. Having entertained his treatise, Odin chose to not intervene on his behalf.

"To think that a God would be concerned by the ramblings of a mere mortal. That was very foolish, and clearly spawned by desperation."

Bruce is naked and face down on his own table. He is bound: strapped down to the rapist. And he's gagged—a leather and silicon BDSM horse-penis bit gag by Etsy, as if he's a ponyboy Kenneth.

He doesn't recognize the room. A full-length magic mirror positions itself so that he's afforded a view of what she's doing behind him.

Possessing the cold heartless stare of infamous mob-connected and former heavyweight boxing champion Charles "Sonny" Liston. Ugly Debra unbuttons her jacket very slowly. Then she abruptly yanks up her skirt and yanks down her knickers. Not a stripper's usual bump and grind.

Her ranting and raving gives way to incoherent babble. As such. Revelations come out of left field.

"Too bad you finally figured out that Ugly Debra is not transgender."

Gagged he can offer neither retort nor negotiation. She isn't interested in the identity of his partner-in-crime the Puppet Master. Nor does she care what they were up to.

"You've served your purpose. Now, Ugly Debra gets to torture you to death. You'll cease to be a man long before you expire. Yours will be much worse than Simon's."

Bruce shudders. She's described to him in exacting detail what she did to Simon.

This Ugly Debra is wearing thick-readers, a crane, Parts, and Piranhas. WGS. Cilice mode for her suit and bra.

There's madness in her cold blue eyes. As if she's had a mental breakdown. As if she's a transgender dominatrix gone old-maid and completely bonkers. Her charmingly demented personality—one that sees her going from giddy to ghoulish at a moment's notice.

“Ungrateful scum. Biting the hand that feeds you. Ugly Debra will teach you the price of such treachery. A lesson you will not survive.”

Ugly Debra is hung like a horse, of course. The girl rams her unlubricated uncircumcised prosthetic penis up his ass, ripping and tearing the tissues of his well-known anus. He's no virgin, but even for such as him, an utter whore, it's sheer agony. Excruciating pain. Pain that is so bad he loses consciousness. She rapes him, unabated—Donkey Kong, raped ape style.

The girl will subject him to forced feminization, which will include her hacking off his penis and testicles. She'll make sure that he stays conscious during his emasculation.



## The Avengers

### De Vindices

A week later. Physically healed, but still psychologically traumatized by his “extreme” torture at Kirstjen’s hands. A sadistic Bruce neither cracks nor does he commit suicide.

“Stop being such a crybaby. So, what if I threatened you with death. You needed to be vetted. Now we can proceed with the investigation with me as your ‘assistant.’”

He pretends that she’s transgender and lusts for her as if she were a man. She doesn’t care about his unhealthy infatuation with her. Nor does she care about his Puppet Master and the nature of their relationship.

“Bitch!”

“Guilty as charged.”

Kirstjen is back to herself, albeit feeding Mildred Huff, while channeling Alice Quinn. Thinz. Mopp. No crane, Parts, or Piranhas. No WGS. No cilice mode for her suit and bra. No hophead facial. No madness. She misses being Ugly Miss Debra (UMD), that very white and very ugly S&M dominatrix homage to the very black and very ugly Whoopi Goldberg. This explains her ever-present “itch” for thick-readers, crane, Parts, Piranhas, WGS, cilice mode for her suit and bra, juicing, hophead facial, and the madness—craving UMD, Ugly Miss Debra.

Irrespective of all that, “I love Debra’s Puppies!!!”

Whoopi Goldberg. Defrocked nun. Disgraced Reverend Mother. Junkie. Rich celebrity. Infamous serial killer. Lunatic whore. Star, showrunner, and executive producer of “The View.”

Kirstjen and Bruce sit in a back booth of the coffee shop. Customers and staff alike mistake them for a couple of nuns, one an edgy butterface somewhat looker in plainclothes and a flat-out ugly one in uniform.

One of the patrons, a sambo, openly stares at the couple. Her name is Gladis Crabtree. Retired nun. Dressed just like Bruce is. Baglady. Harpy. Eighty-something. A likeness of Miss Whoopi Goldberg. Crane. Piranhas. Skinny. Strung-out. A transgender she-male who identifies as male. Beside her table is a Helping Hand “pop ‘n shop” folding shopping cart with handle and wheels. In the popper are all of her worldly possessions including a scarred wooden box containing her junkie kit for shooting up. She’s a hardcore juicer, a fact etched in her hard ruined elderly face and body.

Gladis sees the lie. Neither Kirstjen nor Bruce is a nun. That does not dissuade her fixation. She craves them both. But she plans a different fate for each. The girl is clearly a junkie, it takes one to know one. But unlike the girl who is just as clearly a “recreational” addict, addiction is a way of life for Gladis.

How, for how much, and when? Money and a briefing, delivered anonymously. Gladis is well-known to supplement her retirement income via paid abductions. Normally, this would be at least a two-person job, with her having to subcontract a Goon skidrow bum. But in this case, she's sure the girl's Id will prove to be her Judas ally.

The man in sheep's clothing has been vetted by the girl. Now their investigation can proceed in earnest. Which is why they need to be taken out of the game, entirely. Pawns cannot be allowed to foil the impending checkmate.

Bruce gets up and goes into the ladies' room. After the proscribed interval, Kirstjen follows him. Passing through the restroom's lounge, uneventfully, and into the restroom proper. What she finds is Bruce standing in front of one of the sinks seemingly frozen in time. The door to the restroom's inner sanctum closes behind her. It's deathly quiet, here; unnaturally so. Surreal. All of the stalls are empty, their doors flung open wide.

Someone else enters the restroom. It's Gladis. Kirstjen feels compelled to be enslaved to the old woman.

"You be mine, now, forever. My junkie whore selling herself on the streets for me and her next fix. You be strung-out on juice for the rest of your existence," Gladis whispers in Kirstjen's ear as she walks briskly past the girl.

That's when Kirstjen flips the script.

"Nope."

Gladis turns to face the girl who uploads her thin eyeglasses back into her features. And downloads her thick-readers. Mopp shortens to crane. No longer a looker, just a buttaface. But, although the disfigurement is to the petty and vindictive Gladis' liking, it's all at Kirstjen's bidding.

"What?!" Gladis questions.

Without uttering a single word. Bruce turns away from the gilded mirror set above the long countertop and faces the two women. He's still bewitched, though. And thus, quite helpless.

Gladis reaches into Kirstjen's mind exploiting the girl's well-documented weaknesses. Bribing Kirstjen's corrupt Id with promises of boundless depravity. But. The move backfires. It's Gladis, not her intended victim Kirstjen, who drops to the floor like a rock, knocked out cold.

The spell is broken. Bruce is free.

"Looks like it's time to sever your partnership with Bruce."

"I wouldn't advise it, but. It's Bruce's call," the Puppet Master responds in Bruce's voice.

"Good luck and be safe, Miss Huff," Bruce responds, finally.

"Thank you, Bruce."

Bruce folds into himself. Poof, he's gone. The space-time continuum is no longer on pause. A trio of women enter the restroom, at staggered intervals, and make use of the stalls. Because it's none of their business, they act as if Gladis and Kirstjen don't exist.

Gladis finally comes to herself. She stands up with Kirstjen's help.

"Now, take me someplace, and let's get high," Kirstjen whispers in Gladis' ear, as she licks it.

Gladis and Kirstjen end up in a fleabag on Lost 1<sup>st</sup> Street. Where rooms rent by the hour; cash only. Gladis pays for a day, in advance. That blows her bank. She and the girl will have to turn tricks if they want to stay longer.

They stroll into the well-used room. The door closes and locks behind them.

Kirstjen removes her jacket and sits on the bed. By now she's doing full-blown Ugly Debra.

Gladis gets out her kit laying it out on the dresser. She cooks up some smack in a spoon with a portable burner, loads up a syringe with the juice when it's done, ties off one of Kirstjen's arms with a length of rubber tubing, and shoots up the girl.

Kirstjen is no first timer, but you'd think she is because she's out like a light, just like that. True enough, the girl has juiced before but this is the first time she's had Fruity Booty aka FB, that extra special recipe of FP which includes the date rape drug Looney Tunes aka LT. FB is Gladis' favorite blend of FP.

The Harpy strips down to perls, prudz, and Piranhas. Ties off one of her arms with another length of tubing and shoots up with another loving spoonful of quickly-cooked juice.

Once the girl is hooked, thoroughly and completely, she won't just pass out. She'll get high and stay awake able to turn tricks although one of Gladis' regular customers, Bill Cosby, prefers the treat to be unconscious when he has sex with them.

Cos, William Henry Cosby Jr. aka Fat Albert is in the room. He removes his clothes and places a fifty on the dresser. Gladis yanks off the girl's skirt and thong, and spreads her legs.

"I go first, Bill. Then you have Miss Huff for the rest of the hour. I'll watch you do her while I masturbate sitting in that chair over there in the corner."

Shaking with excitement, Bill nods in agreement. As if to say "You just want to use my friends!"

Three days later, consumed by the depths of debauchery, a skinny, strung-out Kirstjen who refers herself in the third-person as Miss Mildred Huff, and a skinny, strung-out Gladis, who refers to Kirstjen in the third-person as Miss Mildred Huff, exit the fleabag hotel. It's as if Kirstjen never existed.

Bruce never made it to preempt check, let alone checkmate. He's dead. Upon Bruce's death, his table, in need of a new "owner," transfers to the girl's features. It's as if Bruce never existed.

## Queen Debra's Puppies

### Regina Debra puppies scriptor

But they don't get a chance to lick their chops for long. Realizing too late that they've been had. The tipoff to them should have been that Cos was the only "customer" that the two women "entertained" for those three days. A Cos whose exit preceded the two women's.

A skinny, strung-out Kirstjen, who refers herself in the third-person as Miss Mildred Huff, snaps into a sober and pristine Mistress Debra, who folds into herself and goes poof.

A skinny, strung-out Gladis, who refers to Kirstjen in the third-person as Miss Mildred Huff, stops in her tracks, faces and waves at the supposedly invisible remote viewers from the game. Before proceeding into the alley pushing her shopping cart.

Kirstjen unfolds outside the city morgue. There's no need to rush. Bruce's autopsy has been preempted. But rules are rules. The game must be played a certain way. So she rushes, as proscribed by the gameplay for her role and game piece.

Mistress Debra aka Miss Debra aka Debra. Her outfit, of course, is a Wednesday Addams with careys and a mopp, make-up is Bolshoi-bare—the default for this Nordic beauty.

This Kirstjen Michele Nielsen wearing a severe Wednesday Addams—miniskirt, bare-legged, careys, mopp, no eyeglasses whatsoever, and no blouse. Bullet bra and nude thong, worn underneath her form-fitting age-appropriate suit. Suffocatingly spinsterish, in keeping with the contemporary look of a plainclothes nun. No blouse means teasing glimpses of those puppies and their cleavage. The ever-loving of Miss Debra, the ultimate "WWF/E Diva, Queen Debra and her Puppies—The Promised Land!!!," but it's Debra, the definitive blonde bimbo, gone old-maid dominatrix. In other words: Mistress Debra aka Miss Debra aka Debra. Got wood, aplenty!

Bottomline. The nun repented for the prurience of her thoughts over and over but still couldn't seem to get sex off of her mind. "I love Debra's Puppies!!!"

Of course, as Debra, Kirstjen has that itch for the missing Ugly Debra (UMD) aka Miss Mildred Huff. Kirstjen gets her share of rubbernecking and catcalls as she enters the nondescript building and makes her way to where the stiffies are kept in the subbasement. Her WWF/E diva namesake would be envious.

Kirstjen walks up to a coroner who's mesmerized by her cleavage. Holding a bone saw, he's standing by a metal table upon which Bruce's nude body lies. She passes her gloved hands over Bruce's corpse, pausing at length, over his face. Now, she knows the identity of his Puppet Master. Knowledge is power.

"I'm done. You may continue. Cut him up to your heart's content."

The coroner never looks at Kirstjen’s face. Nor does he utter a single syllable. He fixates on her plumped-by-her-bra tits. Never noticing the thick-readers downloading onto her face or her long lush mopp shortening into a severe crane. Then again, no one else notices what she looks like from the neck up or those two noted “Ugly Debra” changes in her looks either.

The mammillary mantra: “I love Debra’s Puppies!!!”

Of course, this flipflops and stabilizes back to Debra with her thick-readers offloading—uploading back into her features and off of her face—and her short severe crane lengthening back into a long lush mopp. Queen Debra Puppies!

In her head, Kirstjen can hear Gladis giggle and say in a deep thick-as-molasses Southern voice:

Kirstjen{

Hehehe, goody, goody, I get to ruin her looks over and over again to my heart’s delight. Such perks. I’m so glad that I decided to switch teams.

}

Needless to say, Kirstjen enjoys having her looks ruined over and over again, with no end in sight. Not to mention, always waiting in the wings, the transgender distortion of thick-readers, a crane, WGS, either “non generic” Parts (a Hedgehog) or better yet “generic” Parts (huge uncircumcised Parts that aren’t a Hedgehog), Piranhas, hophead facial or better yet geriatric facial, and cilice mode for her suit and bra, per the Black Mamba, da “real” Aunt Jemima, the ultimate Negro dominatrix, Mistress Whoopi Goldberg. In the ways that really matter the most, Kirstjen as this Miss Mildred Huff is a white version of Miss Whoopi Goldberg.

An even more fleeting image crosses Kirstjen’s mind and tempts her libido. A naked and sweaty Whoopi Goldberg speaking to her with Gladis’ deep thick-as-molasses Southern voice:

Kirstjen{

Oh, yea, as Debra you be quite the looker, back in the day. But don’t worry, honey child. (Whoopi grasps her hand, covetously.) As a dried-up old spinster, da real deal, a full-blown Miss Mildred Huff with one of those geriatric facials, you be irresistible to me. (Whoppi smiles even wider, from ear to ear, literally.) Hell, it’s only when you’re that used-up hag Miss Huff that I’d want to fuck you anyways; don’t want no pretty girl stank!

}

The buttaface of Mildred Huff and the ugly of Whoopi Goldberg. During this mental oration: Gladis’ voice turns hoarse and raspy, when she whispers, just like Whoopi Goldberg’s does— even more ugly.

Having entered the morgue, stage right. Kirstjen exits the morgue, stage left.

Back in the morgue, in the middle of his downstroke, as the corner proceeds to cut up Bruce's body, Bruce's eyes suddenly open.

Mr. Almighty is alive and breathing, again. Seemingly impossible feat since humans, as a rule, can't resurrect. But. This "version" of Bruce, a world-jumping interdimensional wizard, is from another universe. He has full access to the intact memories of this universe's deceased Bruce Almighty.

The coroner jumps back, startled.

"You were dead!"

"In my universe, I wasn't."

Bruce activates his finger-puppet's features and repossesses his finger-puppet's table from the recently-departed Kirstjen. This Mr. Almighty is not homosexual, he's transgender. And, he's more sexually depraved than his finger-puppet ever was. Other than that, they're pretty much the same type of scumbag.

He pops off the table, dresses, and folds into himself. Poof. He's gone.

Before the God, Dame Judi Dench, took Kirstjen for a ride on the wild side, Kirstjen was heterosexual, her sexual tastes were predictively run-of-the-mill, and her sex drive was just as pedestrian. In other words, she was neither sexually adventurous nor was she sexually imaginative. Worse: in bed, she was bland, a bit of a cold fish. Best described as: She doesn't look happy to me and she seems stiff, almost bland, yet she's physically beautiful—the proverbial ice princess. A good Catholic girl, who went to parochial school and did her proper sums. An amateur who was so talented in the Five Magics, that she was STAR medaled by the Roman Catholic Church. Magic, not sex, was her passion. Basically, she was psychologically and sexually a Jeri Ryan—a Seven-of-Nine, Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One.

Going back to exactly the way she was is impossible. Yet, this Debra suddenly throws all notions of Ugly out the window. And. Bland personality and bland sexuality become the rule of the day. Think: Kate Chastain, the chief stewardess, on Bravo's *Below Deck*. Kirstjen folds into herself. Poof. She's gone.

Be forewarned: This bland Kirstjen is by far the most banal version of the girl possible, as close as you can get, in personality and sexuality, to her original mundane self. In this case, a supernatural being remade to have the proclivities she had when she was a being who was not supernatural. Which, at this critical juncture, takes her out of play. This makes little, if any, sense. Then again, when it comes to games meant to entertain the Gods, consistency and plausibility are always early casualties.

Needless to say. Even though Kirstjen had been playing Go with her fellow pawns, peers who were playing their own game of chess with her. The girl was in play in the superseding game of chess being played by the Gods.

This Bruce is one step closer to check, one move beyond where his counterpart was killed. Kirstjen is back at Brakebills, way early to teach her first class of the day, and for now out of gameplay altogether.

Upon arrival. Something new is afoot. Someone or something with the correct access and authority backdoors Kirstjen's features. Thinz download back onto Kirstjen's face (expected), and her mopp shortens back to a crane (unexpected)—nullify Debra, reaffirm Miss Huff.

So, if Kirstjen isn't a game piece, anymore, why is the real Miss Whoopi Goldberg walking toward her across the campus greens on intercept?

Miss Whoopi Goldberg. Ghetto mean, and at times hood violent. Petty and vindictive. Nappy hair worn in braids. Perls. Prudz. Koo. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy chocolate underwire torpedo bra, and skin-colored French-cut rubber panties (a nude thong). Seventy-something. In spite of wearing Bolshoi-bare, the ugly black truth. A hard woman who in the absolute physical prime of her youth was never even remotely pretty. Thick eyeglasses—thick-readers. The black, 2.0 version of Marti.

Chancellor Lynda Jean Cordova Carter has taken a sabbatical. Miss Whoopi Goldberg has taken over as acting chancellor in the absence of Chancellor Carter. That's why Mistress Goldberg is here. She's on intercept to lay down the law on the just-returned Kirstjen Michele Nielsen. Having seen image reproductions of all of Kirstjen's iterations, including the most-recent Miss Mildred Huff ones, she's mad as hell to see Kirstjen as this Alice Quinn knockoff. This somewhat buttaface Kirstjen is as close to pretty as Chancellor Goldberg ever wants to see the girl looking on campus.

Chancellor Goldberg gets right in Kirstjen's face. She's the reason for the girl's change in look from Debra to Miss Huff.

"I'm the new chancellor. And you'd better not present yourself on campus any better looking than you are now else your pay will be docked and I will apply corporal punishment via a barber's razor strap to your back and your ass! Capish?!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Bitch-ass hoe!"

Chancellor Goldberg storms off in a huff. Kirstjen continues over to her morning class, still early.

Again, that fleeting image crosses Kirstjen's mind; an image no longer able to tempt her now tame libido. A naked and sweaty Whoopi Goldberg speaking to her with Gladis' deep thick-as-molasses Southern voice:

Kirstjen{

Oh, yea, as Debra you be quite the looker, back in the day. But don't worry, honey child. (Whoopi grasps her hand, covetously.) As a dried-up old spinster, da real deal, a full-blown Miss

Mildred Huff with one of those geriatric facials, you be irresistible to me. (Whoopi smiles even wider, from ear to ear, literally.) Hell, it's only when you're that used-up hag Miss Huff that I'd want to fuck you anyways; don't want no pretty girl stank!

}

When she's not acting in her capacity as Chancellor Goldberg, Miss Goldberg, in her usual fashion, wears Piranhas, goes commando wearing Parts in place of her knickers, and cilice mode for her bra and suit. She craves her sex "rough and tumble," with her on top, dishing it out akin to a Goon. Yep, Whoopi's a "wife beater," and she's proud of it.



## **Date Rape, Faculty Follies**

### **Date raptu, Faculty nugati**

It's late in the evening. First day back at Brakebills. Last class has been taught. Gina is grading midterms. Kirstjen has been summoned to a faculty meeting in Chancellor Goldberg's office. When she gets there no one is in sight but a note has been left behind indicating that the meeting has been moved to the chancellor's on-campus residence.

Upon arriving at the chancellor's abode, it's obvious that they, Chancellor Goldberg and Miss Nielsen, are the only attendees.

Chancellor Goldberg frowns when she greets Kirstjen at the door.

"Change your glasses, please. I won't ask twice."

Chancellor Goldberg's voice seethes with hate and menace.

Reading correctly between the lines. Kirstjen does as she is told. Thinz are swapped out for thick-readers. The change pleases Whoopi to no end.

Chancellor Goldberg's voice is now stern, but loving.

"This is how you will always come to me in private. As our relationship progresses, when we go out on dates, I will tailor your looks even more to my liking. Now, sit over there."

No longer comely, Kirstjen sits in the indicted chair; there is a tall glass of red wine setting on a nearby table. The front door closes and locks itself.

Chancellor Goldberg sits in the chair across from Kirstjen's, and they have their faculty meeting. It's all business; there's no hanky-panky whatsoever. After the meeting, things change entirely.

Chancellor Goldberg becomes Mistress Goldberg. She directs Kirstjen to partake of the wine.

Kirstjen is no novice. She's been around the block quite a few times before. So. The girl empties her glass, knowing full well what is going to happen to her. Mere seconds later, Kirstjen slumps in her chair, paralyzed and still conscious—the old Mickey Finn takes effect. A geriatric facial heavily paints her face and neck, and instantly thirty-something becomes fifty-something-pushing-a-very-hard-sixty. Parts replace thong. Piranhas. Cilice mode for her bra and suit.

Mistress Goldberg drags Kirstjen's limp body out of the chair and toward the master bedroom. Where Whoopi's intent is for the two of them to feverishly bump and grind ugly, figuratively and literally. But, there's a fly in the ointment. Although Kirstjen's drink was laced with souped-up Looney Tunes, the girl's had regular strength LT before in FB, so her system is used to the basic formula, and because of that she flushes the date-rape drug much faster than expected.

Whoopi is Serena Jameka Williams “girls in the hood” strong, and on top of that she’s juiced up on PEDs. But that proves not enough counter for this skinny-ass white girl who’s Noom and from the ‘burbs.

They never make it to the bedroom. Kirstjen pulls out of Whoopi’s clutches. She tosses her would-be rapist across the room and into a wall. Bolshoi-bare replaces geriatric facial and thinz replace thick-readers; instantly, fifty-something-pushing-a-very-hard-sixty becomes thirty-something. Crane lengthens into a mopp—the sexy librarian. Thinz give way to no eyeglasses whatsoever—sexy. Thong replaces Parts. Piranhas go bye-bye. Cilice mode for her bra and suit goes bye-bye. And. Whatever Whoopi was using to hijacking Kirstjen’s features is now locked out.

Discretion is the better part of valor. Whoopi stands down. The front door unlocks itself and swings open. Meeting over.

As Kirstjen exits the apartment, she briefly looks back at Whoopi and coos of her own volition, just to show that this abortive rape attempt didn’t result from her outright rejecting Whoopi’s sexual advances. She’s just playing hard-to-get.

Chase is a race, and the chase is indeed alive and well. Thick-readers download onto her face and her mopp shortens to a crane—the sexy butterface librarian. A flavor of that used-up hag Miss Huff. In other words, Mildred Huff flavored Alice Quinn.

Seeing this, Whoopi flashes her pearly-whites populating a Joker’s grin. She wants this white girl’s stank to no end; this white girl who’s as skinny as Gal Gadot.

Bottomline. Chase is a race. So, Whoopi chases, in earnest. Heads and beds, lobster tails too.

A fleeting image crosses Kirstjen’s mind and tempts her no longer tame libido. A naked and sweaty Whoopi Goldberg speaking to her with Gladis’ deep thick-as-molasses Southern voice:

Kirstjen{

Oh, yea, as Debra you be quite the looker, back in the day. But don’t worry, honey child. (Whoopi grasps her hand, covetously.) As any version of Miss Mildred Huff, from this Alice Quinn flavored version of Mildred Huff with you just sporting the thickies and a crane to the dried-up old spinster, da real deal, a full-blown Miss Mildred Huff with one of those geriatric facials, you be irresistible to me. (Whoopi smiles even wider, from ear to ear, literally—that Joker’s grin.) Hell, it’s only when you’re doing some version of that used-up hag Miss Mildred Huff, including this Alice Quinn flavored one, that I’d want to fuck you at all, anyways; don’t want no pretty girl stank!

}

Kirstjen reverts to type, of course, after flashing Whoopi. As such. Thick-readers upload back into her features and her crane lengthens back into a mopp. Sweet, ugly mouth. Killer body. Gal Gadot slender. Long, perfect legs, that paint Miss Hancock green with envy. And, The Puppies.

Debra: “I just want to give everybody out there a little peek of what they’re gonna miss tonight, because I can tease you, but still please you.”

## The Winds of War

### Ventorum de Bello

In the wee hours of morning, the day after the almost tryst of Whoopi and Kirstjen, the mutilated body of an unidentifiable black female is found by Dean Marsha Norfleet laying on the floor of the front room of Chancellor Goldberg's campus apartment. The police and campus security were summoned. CSI determined that the victim was killed elsewhere and posed like a creepy life-sized figurine where she was found. Chancellor Goldberg is nowhere to be found.

Incidentally, the corpse shows evidence of premortem and postmortem rape. As a sidenote, since consensual rough sex is indistinguishable from rape, the premortem rape could just as easily be consensual sex misread as rape.

“Freedom is just chaos, with better lighting.” —**Alan Dean Foster**

Things have come full circle. Again, trying to Sherlock the perfect murder. They're in Ms. Olofson's office. In the aftermath of more brutal campus butchery.

Ms. Olofson is sitting across from a young woman who is the epitome of the word “knockout.” And, she's convinced, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that this leggy blonde bombshell has again committed the crime. Problem is, she can't prove it.

“You were the last person to see Chancellor Goldberg alive.”

“You have no proof that she is dead.”

“We have a body.”

“Of someone or something.”

Kirstjen isn't wearing eyeglasses and is sporting a mopp. Disfigurements like eyeglasses or a crane, by their lonesome, make her look older, less attractive, unattractive, whatnot. Bare-legged, wearing a Wednesday Addams and careys, in the style of a plainclothes Catholic nun. From the neck down, in spite of her spinster duds, she's killer, strictly “the beav.”

There's this vibe about the girl, a craving to rape Ms. Olofson—that illicit carnal hunger. This vibe makes Ms. Olofson feel uneasy.

Currently, the girl is doing this Debra flavored Alice Quinn. As always, waiting in the wings is every flavor of Miss Mildred Huff; from the Alice Quinn flavored version of Miss Mildred Huff where she's wearing eyeglasses and a crane as her only self-inflicted disfigurements to the full-blown Miss Mildred Huff, and every Miss Mildred Huff combo in-between.

Most perversely delicious is what shrinks would call her “bubble personality.” That Alice Quinn flavored version of Miss Mildred Huff where she's wearing eyeglasses and a crane.

Bubble personality and more perverse attire? Additionally, wearing that epitome of underage attire for a full-grown woman, a Tuesday Weld.

Bubble personality and optionally perverse attire? The transgender distortion of either “non generic” Parts (a Hedgehog) or better yet “generic” Parts (huge uncircumcised Parts that aren’t a Hedgehog), Piranhas, cilice mode for her suit and bra, afflicted with WGS, a raging dope fiend. Exercising all of these options results in her being in sync with the “real life” Whoopi Goldberg.

Coincidentally, since the discovery of the violated corpse in the chancellor’s apartment, Kirstjen has not flipflopped to any flavor of Mildred Huff—Miss Mildred Huff has gone bye-bye, on campus and off. Not stiff, rigid, almost mechanical. Not the epitome of blandness, either. Not a borderline robot. She’s acted and looked “normal,” exclusively. The question is, what is her new reality?

In the interim, while Miss Goldberg is not on the set of *The View*, the ABC network has implemented their backup plan. A clone of Whoopi, templated with a synthesized personality, substitutes for her. Ratings for the show have taken a hit. Things went from bad to worse, when news got out that Whoopi may have been murdered, the Nielsens plummeted.

When Whoopi exercised a never-before used option and left the show to take over for her BFF, a “conveniently absent” absent Chancellor Carter, she and her TV network were in the midst of a heated salary dispute. The small screen A-Lister wanted a significant raise. ABC wasn’t budging on their offer to her. Now, “The View” is sinking faster than the Titanic.

## What are the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> dimensions?

### Quae sunt 4 et 5 dimensiones?

Scientists believe that **the fourth dimension is time**, which governs the properties of all known matter at any given point.

According to Superstring Theory, the fifth and sixth dimensions are where the notion of possible worlds arises. It is from one such planet in the 5<sup>th</sup> dimension that Imps originate. Although they resemble Hags in physical appearance and depraved propensities, they are not related.

Her name is Baroness Gladys Godfrey Mansfield, Esq. She is an Imp who's a barrister, by profession, hence the Esquire addendum to her surname. A dominatrix, by avocation. A slaver when the need arises and her funds are low. A raging dope fiend, when she's strung-out, and a teetotaler otherwise. A murderess with a passion for a Liston, when she's indulging that very "special" hobby of hers in that autonomous ROOM she has anonymous access to.

Fifty-something. Bland. Stern. Severe. Stiff-backed spinster and avowed swinger. A shrew. She's a Presbyterian, when it suits her. Known to be petty and vindictive, and envious as well, from time to time. Blonde crane. Perls. Prudz. The stodgy Kaye Maxfield, for a business suit. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and matching thong. Thick-lensed monocle. Piranhas, Parts, and cilice mode for her bra and her Kaye. The unsurpassed severity and depravity of a nun. But. Not a nun or an ex-nun. She has no use for pretty girls. Instead, she craves the ugly ones, exclusively. A woman who in her physical prime wasn't remotely pretty. The ugly truth, in spite of her Bolshoi-bare make-up.

She, along with two other partners one of which is silent, owns the *Das Haus, das Hässlich Gebaut Wurde*, a newly-opened club that caters to geriatric lesbians who are well-heeled and not so well-heeled retirees, with age-ravaged looks who "booty call" young spinster-clad buttafaces with killer bodies—butterface booty calls Ltd. In other words, the desired birds, from the neck up, look like they've been hit in the face with the proverbial ugly stick, repeatedly, and, from the neck down, they have killer bodies wrapped in spinster duds.

The club is private, strictly "members only," akin to Hugh Hefner's Playboy Clubs which it is modelled after. The club's loathsome servers are those prowling spinster-clad buttafaces which its lecherous card-carrying members openly stalk.

There is a private club within this private club. Ultra-exclusive. Ultra-secret. Membership is via invitation only. Known as *The Nuns' Corner*. Per its name, you have to be either an active nun or a retired nun to belong.

Baroness Mansfield's public partner is seventy-something English actress and former Disney child star Hayley Catherine Rose Vivien Mills a human with some distant supernatural ancestry. Refusing any remedy that plastic surgery or magic offers. Causing her to age "naturally." Ms.

Mills has not aged well. Yes, time has not been kind to her; she went from hot to not, over the passing decades.

Baroness Mansfield dresses as if she and Ms. Mills dress were twins, and for good reason. Baroness Mansfield idolizes Ms. Mills. Alas, the reverse cannot be said. Ms. Mills sees Baroness Mansfield as simply a means to an end, nothing more and nothing less.

Ms. Mills is well-known in arcane circles as a very talented amateur dabbler in magic. Some would go so far as to say that she's gifted. How gifted? As a magical practitioner, her prowess can almost rival that of a Noom, in specific situations.

Ms. Mills is known in business circles as a cutthroat. During the course of a previous business venture, a competitor and a partner she tried to buy out both met with unfortunate "accidents" of magical origin, neither of them fatal. A coincidence? Her doing? Who knows?

Luckily for Baroness Mansfield, as an Imp, magic cannot be used directly against her, which is akin to the innate magical defensive abilities of a Noom.

Who is Baroness Mansfield's supposed secret partner? Social media speculates that it's Sixty-something socialite Ms. Kerry Rose Kennedy, the mother of New York Mayor Pro Tem Ms. Michaela Kennedy Cuomo.

It's rumored that Baroness Mansfield's silent partner has already tried twice unsuccessfully to buy her out. If true, who in their right mind turns down billion dollar offers, in cash? Of course, an Imp would, silly dilly.

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

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

But ROOMs were not manufactured. They were created, not made, by the First Gods. ROOMs of The MOTEL, the first edifice created by The Firsts. As such, the ratio doesn't apply. Their interiors are literally limitless. Additionally, ROOMs exist outside of the normal space-time continuum.

Once upon a time, before they knew better, physicists theorized that universes were actually ROOMs, but no one was ever able to prove it, not even mathematically. Then, the truth was discovered by Professor Taylor Made during her, at that time, bleeding-edge causality experiments; experiments which flittered with the mechanics of Creation itself. From that moment hence, it became tenet that universes were the closet analogues to ROOMs in Nature—close, but still no cigar.

**Outworld remains a proxy war battleground. The graveyard of empires.**

**Outworld manet procuratorem bellum bellum. De imis excire sepulcris imperium.**

State media published at least two analytical stories this week highlighting that Outworld has been the “graveyard of empires” and cautioning Mars Gov not to be mired in the “Great Game,” reinforcing a message that Mars harbors neither the intentions of sending troops into Outworld nor the illusion that it can fill the power vacuum left by the United States.

“The plot always thickens when the dough thins.”

“What?!”

Hayley Mills and Kirstjen Nielsen. They’re in one of the private guest quarters above the club. Whoopi, naked in all of her Black glory and stoned out of her mind, is sprawled out on the bed.

“She’s been suspicious from the git-go that this was the work of a ‘copycat’ in spite of her fixation on me as the prep.”

Hayley is doing her usual ugly.

Kirstjen is doing the same “no concession to ugly” that she was doing three days ago in Ms. Olofson’s office.

These very special suites are NOOKs, a physicist would call them *partitions*. They are machines and they are sentient, which means they are Thinking Machines. The devil is always in the details.

It is hypothesized among physicists, that NOOKs are the creation of The First Thinking Machines and that they were originally intended to be exclusively used by the most degenerate and depraved of the decommissioned queens of the their estranged and oft misbegotten progeny The Borg. Over the long course of time, their user demographic has become quite diverse, but it remains gender exclusive.

Kolossus Grounding System. Kora Power Supply. Kryptos Music Server. Kratos Digital Amplifier. Mac Mini Upgrade. NanoATX Linear Power. It’s known by many names, but it’s a NOOK. More exclusive than that, only an adult female can enter a NOOK. This literal “no man’s land” that technologically is in that grey area between a PUV (a private, unlisted universe onto itself) and a ROOM.

A NOOK is not, as urban legend would have it, the detached/detachable CLOSET of a ROOM. ROOMs were created by The Firsts. NOOKs are mere technology. That brings to mind something. There’s a joke in fact, popular among physicists that goes something like this: “Look at that Faraday cage over there. I wonder if it’s really a NOOK interfacing with the time-space



continuum. We know for sure that it's not a ROOM though." Does the humor elude you? Well, maybe it's too inside a jest. Maybe you have to be a physicist to get it.

A Faraday cage or Faraday shield is an enclosure formed by conducting material or by a mesh of such material. Such an enclosure blocks external static and non-static electric fields. Faraday cages are named after the English scientist Michael Faraday, who invented them in 1836.

A Faraday cage's operation depends upon the fact that an external static electrical field will cause the electric charges within the cage's conducting material to redistribute them so as to cancel the field's effects in the cage's interior. This phenomenon is used, for example, to protect electronic equipment from lightning strikes and electrostatic discharges.

Faraday cages cannot block static and slowly varying magnetic fields, such as the Earth's magnetic field thus a compass will still work inside of one. To a large degree, though, they shield the interior from external electromagnetic radiation if the conductor is thick enough and any holes are significantly smaller than the wavelength of the radiation. For example, certain computer forensic test procedures of electronic systems that require an environment free of electromagnetic interference can be carried out within a screen room. These rooms are spaces that are completely enclosed by one or more layers of a fine metal mesh or perforated sheet metal. The metal layers are grounded in order to dissipate any electric currents generated from external or internal electromagnetic fields, and thus they block a large amount of the electromagnetic interference. See also electromagnetic shielding.

The reception or transmission of radio waves, a form of electromagnetic radiation, to or from an antenna within a Faraday cage are heavily attenuated or blocked by a Faraday cage.

This NOOK only has one room, the bedroom. In its center is the central alcove of a Borg queen; currently occupied by a disassembled decommissioned Borg queen Designation 13. 13 is naked and alone. Never bathed. Eyes wide open, staring off blankly ahead into space, 13 looks like she's been deactivated but of course she hasn't been. In a corner is the alcove of a Borg drone. The central alcove is well-used. The drone alcove is virgin, waiting patiently for its future subservient occupant.

In her "before life"—before she was assimilated. 13 was a Mok. A Mok is an insane cross between a Crone and a Harpy, and, being insane, they shun hygiene and disdain sobriety. Left to their own devices, they stay filthy and high all of the time.

"All goes as planned, then," pontificates the monotone voice of 13. Upon which utterance, Kirstjen gives way to 7. The now robot's expression becomes blank, and her arms fall rigidly to her sides.

Not wishing to be an additional captive, Hayley makes a quick exit. Whoopi disappears from the bed. The bed itself, no longer needed, ceases to exist. All furniture, of non-Borg origin and intent, also ceases to exist in the room. Graffiti, punctuated with Borg runes, covers the previously blank walls. 7 walks stiffly over to the alcove and plugs herself in. 13 smiles from

ear-to-ear; an inhumanly wide smile that bursts into the maniacal laugh of a lunatic. A foaming at the mouth, ranting and raving lunatic. Mad as a Hatter. A large ugly cruel mouth distorted by complete and utter madness.

7 of 13's suitcoat unbuttons itself. Her hair yanks back into a sternka, then shortens into a crane. Thick-readers download onto her face. Resulting in "public" looks gone bye-bye, even without a hophead or geriatric facial. Still, no Parts, Piranhas, or cilice mode for her attire. Still the pretty girl hiding in plain sight—"private" good-looking. 13 plans to disfigure the robot in stages. Borg "perfection," and its resulting unsurpassed ugliness, awaits. For the time being, severe stiff-backed 7 is acceptably "ugly" to 13.

The robot is expressionless. A blank slate. Looking as if she's been lobotomized. A cold fish in and out of bed. Looking straight ahead, her empty unblinking blue eyes stare off mindlessly into space. Occasionally her eyes will fluoresce different colors, some very bright hues and some just as subdued, as she, via the Hive Mind of their two-robot Collective, receives seemingly-endless firmware updates or she performs various tasks that she has been assigned by her Borg Queen (Borg Queen 13) who reigns over this dope fiend Collective.

This is a Borg drone alcove with a monumental difference. 0, a highly addictive sentient narcotic of 13's own invention is being pumped into 7's body. Soon, very soon, this 7 will be strung-out on 0. It's 13's intent that 7 become a dope fiend who is as hopelessly addicted to 0 as she is.

And, as if in anticipation of this desired outcome, a hophead facial "paints" 7's face, after scant minutes of being juiced. But it isn't a facial. In actuality, it's her looks ravaged by the 0 flooding her body, soaking her brain, and drowning her sobriety and her sanity. Hers is now the ruined face of a hardcore dope fiend. Now, bereft of even private good looks. Left only with drug ravaged looks, public or private. No longer is 7 the *Pretty Girl*. Miss Mildred Huff has finally raised 7's "ugly" self, along with its WGS-defining personality.

Yet, something is amiss with this ad infinitum "Perils of Pauline" subjugation of Kirstjen. Something apparently unnoticed by all of the participants.

Bruce Almighty "enters" the NOOK. Stepping into it seemingly from nowhere—he teleports into the NOOK. Although he is male, and therefore he should not be able to access the NOOK, here he is. He's ignored by the other participants as if he's invisible to them, which he is.

Divergence?

## **Say Her Name: Justice**

### **Dic nomen eius: Iustitiae**

Standing beside Bruce Almighty, unbeknownst to him, is K who looks the same way Kirstjen did when Kirstjen first entered the partition. This pretty girl is not a facsimile. Nor is she an astral projection. She is the one and only, Kirstjen. Likewise, 7 is the one and only, Kirstjen. They are, in fact, one in the same person. Both are Kirstjen. And. Both are flesh-n-blood robots. Two of the infinite possibilities of this bra-enhanced Nordic beauty are being played out to their logical robotic conclusions: the enslaved Gorilla-ugly drone robot 7; and a mentat, a so-called “human” calculator, a buxom beautiful dominatrix robot K.

As 13 applies layer upon layer of ugly upon 7. Someone or something is orchestrating the actions of 13 from behind the scenes for their own amusement. Akin to what a Puppet Master would do.

Bruce Almighty makes a careful circuit of the room, as if he’s looking for something. K stays put; content with the freak show. Not-so-dispassionately watching herself Kirstjen as 7 being abusively used. She unbuttons her suitcoat, plays with her tits with one hand, slides the other hand into her panties and plays with herself down there. Her bra unhooked itself and her skirt yanked itself down for easy access to boobs and twat respectively.

Not a spinster. Not a wallflower. In spite of the Miss Mildred Huff who forever lurks hither and yon. No matter the amount and the extent of the degradation and the humiliation heaped upon her, by whomever or whatever, even if the D&H is self-administered. A cold, calculating bitch. A cold fish in and out of bed, resulting in bland and beautiful. Stone Cold.

So. Something very sick is afoot. One is almost tempted to consider that it is Kirstjen who is controlling the entire situation from git to go. Which begs the questions. Is she a participant and providing oversight, at the same time? In other words, could she be the unseen force controlling 13, storyboarding everyone and everything here, invisible to even herself as 7?

Bruce Almighty. This Bruce Almighty. Finishes his fruitless search. But before he leaves, he pauses, looks in K’s direction, looks at her straight in the eyes. Eye to eye as if he can see her. But, as long as he’s here, he too is a participant, albeit a passive one.

Her large ugly mouth forms a cruel smile. Because she knows, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that his seemingly knowing stare is just an outward expression of him being lost in deliberation for a few scant minutes. In that brief intense moment, he just happens to be looking in her direction. Their eyes meeting is just an optical illusion. Coincidence, not discovery.

Visibly frustrated Bruce Almighty leaves. K stops playing with herself, upstairs and down. Bra closes itself, hook-n-eye close. Coat buttons itself. Skirt pulls itself back up. Blank expression erases her maniacal grin, that “disturbing” Joker’s smile. Stern. Severe. Stiff-backed. Banal and

ravishingly beautiful. Bare-legged. High heels. Short skirt. Figure-hugging outfit. Molten hot looks, killer body, wearing the spinster duds of a plainclothes nun. Miss Anti-Buttaface.

Miss Kirstjen Michele Nielsen. This Miss Kirstjen Michele Nielsen. No Parts, Piranhas, or cilice mode for her attire. The pretty robot hiding in plain sight in the guise of the pretty girl—“public and private” good-looking.

What is Multiplicity?

## **Creation is Rebellion**

### **Creatio autem rebellionem concitarunt**

Kirstjen regains her senses sprawled out on the floor of an empty NOOK. Hungover and strung-out on 0, both raging. Just barely fending off DTs and withdrawal. She is filthy and smelly, and so is her outfit. No hygiene mode, cilice mode only, for what's left of her Tuesday Weld. Ragged sleeves and hem. Ripped seams. Torn stockings. Parts and Piranhas.

Ranting and raving, and foaming at the mouth. Screaming and screeching at the top of her lungs.

She acts and looks like a methed up streetwalker during a slow night. Nat, I'm sending you a straitjacket. Please add a muzzle too!!! For the love of humanity, PLEASE!!!!

Oh, my Gods these intros are brutal. Sanity and sobriety are achieved, again. SCARY!!! AND IMMATURE!!! Very Immature.

For a second there I thought Natalie was low energy, a little tired, calmer buuuUUUT NO SHE WAS JUST FAKING AND REALLY, SHE WAS HIGH ENERGY AGAIN LIKE WE ALL EXPECT SO CHECK OUT THE ViDeOoOoOoOOO!!

I know you like to think of yourself as being hard. But. You don't even know how to twerk your whack.

That "Natalie of No Prep Kings" moment passes. No longer is she "that chick is annoying AF."

Kirstjen struggles to her feet and vomits. Heaving profusely onto the floor. The contents of which reveal that she has recently eaten someone. This explains the cannibal aftertaste she woke up with.

Her features go back online. Hygiene mode. No cilice mode for her attire. She's clean and pristine in a jiffy. Parts and Piranhas go bye-bye. Her crane stays put; her thick-readers now hang around her neck. It will take a lot longer for her face and neck to repair, and for her looks to return, though. For now, she's stuck with a hophead's ravaged face and stringy neck—a thirty-something looks like a very hard and well used fifty-something divorcee dope fiend crackwhore.

If she were still in that other NOOK, the first one she was in, she knows that once her looks returned, she'd have to wear the thick-readers to conceal her beauty, else 13 would pitch a fit. But in here, no 13, and nothing Borg.

That's when Dr. Moe Bea Find makes her appearance in the guise of a naked German Chancellor Angela Dorothea Merkel MdB. On Dr. Find's curriculum vitae (CV) it's noted that she was extensively employed by the German government as Chancellor Merkel's primary doppelganger. Dr. Find is naked, except for her perls, prudz, Parts, and Piranhas. Unlike

Kirstjen's husband, Chancellor Merkel is not a God and neither is Dr. Find. Also, akin to Chancellor Merkel, Dr. Find worships beauty. As such, Dr. Find is much too impatient to wait for Kirstjen's looks to repair themselves.

The butch's unflattering, masculine hairdo is called a "moe." Moe Arc Find, Moe of the Three Stooges, the famous lesbian flapper and comedian who put this hairdo "on the map" by sporting her hair bobbed in this fashion. The first movie she wore a moe in was "Animal Crackers"; before then, she'd worn her hair in the "page boy" 'do favored by the flappers of her day.

Butch women like this shrew not only loathe men, they loathe any woman who has anything to do with men, and, they're loathsome.

So, Dr. Find fixes Kirstjen's face and neck, now—Kirstjen's beauty returns with a vengeance. She also rehabilitates the girl's attire, gender presentation, and overall sexiness—Kirstjen's Tuesday Weld again gives way to a bare-legged hottie wearing a Wednesday Addams and careys in the style of a plainclothes Catholic nun with chiseled legs-for-days channeling WCW's Stacy Ann-Marie Keibler a heel valet using the stagename Miss Hancock (some weeks spelled "Handcock") of Standards and Practices juxtaposing the spinsterish Miss Mildred Huff aspects of Kirstjen's hairdo and the thick eyeglasses resting upon, and straddling the thought-provoking cleavage of, Kirstjen's ample bosom.

Fixes, how? Using magic, of course.

There are always exceptions to rules. For example, the exception to the prohibition against Thinking Machine being able to perform magic. Because Dr. Find is a cyborg, and is the avatar of and thus an extension of the club's NOOKs, not only can she perform magic, she too is immune to it being used directly against her.

Her proficiency in "beauty" magic, obviously eclipses that of a Noom non-Niffin Kirstjen.

Being the NOOKs' avatar, she is their so-called public face. Officially she is a freelancer specializing in housekeeping. Previously she was a housekeeper for clergy in The Church the Catholic Church.

"How did that man enter Us?"

"Y'all use the same definition of female as The Borg?"

Dr. Find deliberates. Then she finally gets it.

"Oh, I see, now."

Borg come in many flavors. Flavors that don't necessarily define male and female the same way. A biological human male is defined by the presence of a Y-chromosome that a biological female human does not have. Universally, gender is defined by gender identification. This Bruce is transgender. His gender identification is female. Therefore, as a biological male human, he can access a NOOK.

Kirstjen flashes that maniacal grin of hers, that “disturbing” Joker’s smile. The decidedly dominatrix vibe of a G4TV Gaming Goddess channeling Marion Crane in Hitchcock’s *Psycho*.

One strange bird, almost creepy even. Point-counterpoint: She’s not strange or creepy she’s just living the Margaritaville lifestyle going from drag-a-way to drag-a-wag looking for her lost shaker of salt. Whichever applies, depends on your point of view. What’s not debatable is that she’s a minx in the bedroom.

Cold calculating blue eyes. Large ugly cruel mouth. Stiff-backed. Harsh demeanor, liken to the stern headmistress. Severe manner, akin to the austere disciplining plainclothes Catholic nun. An exquisite ice blonde.

The stern headmistress. The retro bookworm’s nerdy stiff-backed librarian dominatrix. That repeated theme of the cold heartless bookish apex blonde bombshell screaming: “Get on your knees and worship me, Gail Kim!!!” Always described the Niffin her, as well as now describes the Noom her, to a tee. An emphatic, “Not just bait, the ‘real’ her, anyway you slice and dice her?”

Dr. Find tilts her head in an exaggerated fashion as if she’s listening to a private one-way conversation via a hidden earpiece and she wants Kirstjen to know it. This prompts Kirstjen to ask the obvious.

“Is she ready for me?”

“Yes.”

Kirstjen disappears from the NOOK. Reappearing in a very white room. As white as white gets. An autonomous ROOM with anonymous access. The ROOM that Baroness Gladys Godfrey Mansfield, Esq, retreats to when she’s indulging that very “special” hobby of hers.

Except for her perls, prudz, Parts, and Piranhas, Baroness Mansfield is naked. She’s holding a Liston. There are Johnston & Murphy dissection tables, the smaller of which is for torturing dogs and cats, and there is a hybrid rapist akin to Bruce’s. The “real” bitch is out.

The dissection tables are part-n-parcel of the Baroness’ handwork, and have been here for some time. The rapist is a recent addition, and is clearly a bribe for Kirstjen.

Kirstjen slips on her thick-readers. Those thick eyeglasses coupled with her crane and her Wednesday Addams the creepy spinsterish outfit of the Wednesday Addams character from *The Addams Family* TV show (TV Series 1964-1966). In the style of a plainclothes cloistered nun circa the 1960s channeling Miss Mildred Huff and *Psycho*’s Miss Marion Crane.

Reading the Baroness on-the-fly and correctly, Kirstjen takes her Wednesday Addams, her WASP, to that next level and by doing so stoops low into the gutter. Normally, Kirstjen pairs her WASP with bare legs and careys; a clearly “adult” expression of the template. This time she goes underage suggestive. Those jailbait Goth boots, the ones with the attached post-Polio leg braces, are worn with porn hose, replacing bare legs and careys. Fishnets worn over her nude rubber

thong. Resulting in the pedophile ugly-obsessed Baroness' Pollyanna an adult female in the flesh expressing the Baroness' ideal the bespectacled ugly young girl.

Clearly, the patron God of the Baroness is Ares. Remember: Ares' penchant for grown women dressing underage and acting out sexually twisted.

Porn hose worn over flesh-colored thong, resulting in a Christy Canyon underneath Kirstjen's WASP.

The girl's hosiery, whether bodystocking or regular tights or porn hose or porn tights or LITE, are exclusively seamless black fishnets of the finest weave and therefore of the very fine mesh persuasion and thus semi-opaque therefore passing for sheer hosiery except under close scrutiny, made by Tiffany & CO that fashion subsidiary of ZURN Global Inc. ZURN, a defense contractor and therefore part of MICC, is best known for its RFID chips.

Most often sported in traditional matte black. Fishnet is commonly worn on the legs and arms by practitioners of goth and punk fashion, but is also commonly worn by the mainstream as a fashion statement. Generally considered to be a sexy garment, it may serve as a component of sexual fetishism. Fishnets are used mostly as a type of undergarment, and in as much as it defines curves by applying a grid close to the body it generally accentuates the wearer's muscular definition.

Pollyanna aka Wasp Woman aka Janice Starlin (Susan Cabot) drives the Baroness into a sexual frenzy that she barely contains. The Baroness can vent her pedophilia in a socially-acceptable fashion with her Pollyanna the adult female Kirstjen and by doing so "legally" skirts child abuse and child pornography prohibitions while further damning her already black-as-black soul for all eternity. Still no Parts or Piranhas, and no cilice mode for the girl's attire. Those vulgarities are on hold, for now.

Magic tramples the Universal Laws of Science. What transpires between them, will not be settled by tech.

Magic cannot be used directly against Kirstjen therefore it cannot be the final arbitrator of their dispute either.

In a corner, as if they are being worn by an invisible mannequin in the display window of a department store, the old-fashioned black-and-white habit of a cloister nun from the 1950s right down to the burlap undergarments; cilice-only mode for this penguin outfit and chaste underwear. The knob boots of a nun circa 1950. Perls. Piranhas. Parts. Thick-readers. Prudz and penguin outfit. The "display" is another recent addition and bribe for Kirstjen.

A **display window**, also **shop window** (British English) or **store window** (American English), is a window in a shop displaying items for sale or otherwise designed to attract customers to the store. Usually, the term refers to larger windows in the front façade of the shop.



The Baroness' bribes for Kirstjen don't seem to be working exactly the way that they were intended but nonetheless they do "tug" at the girl's cravings for unhinged depravity. Pollyanna, Kirstjen's bribe for the Baroness, is a homerun.

In spite of being a "flesh job" who is neither exclusively biological or machine, maybe if Dr. Find, that robot perversion the 1<sup>st</sup> cyborg the prototype for all Borg queens, had been decked out in the oldfangled nun's outfit, Kirstjen would succumb?

At this stage in their joust, it's still amicable with Kirstjen clearly ahead but her lead is not insurmountable.

Rarely does the Baroness encounter an entity as evil as herself. In Kirstjen, the Baroness finds that seldom-found soulmate.

Who, indeed, is enjoying the shadow of whom?

## The White Orchid

### Orchidaceae

If you love whodunits and film noir in the tradition of Alfred Hitchcock, you'll love *The White Orchid*.

“Don't cry because it's over. Smile because it happened.”—**Jessica, *The White Orchid*.**

The Baroness is in a jam, but doesn't know it yet. Up to now her prey have been lessers, very young girls, prostitutes pretending to be very young girls, etc. And up till now she's been very discrete about her sexual and homicidal transgressions. She's also made the colossal error of mistaking Ares' patronage with his protection. Rules prohibit him from protecting scumbag pedophiles like her and himself, the same rules that protect children from his twisted sexual cravings. Simply put: ROE, the rules of engagement, created by the Gods for everyone, including the Gods themselves.

Of course even this rule has its exceptions. There are public and private universes where as long as the children in question are mundane, no prohibition whatsoever. No exception applies in this situation.

On top of all of that, the Baroness is playing chess. Kirstjen is playing Go. This is why Kirstjen's next move is not what a casual would think. Ergo. The girl doesn't go to Parts, Piranhas, or cilice mode for her attire, nor does she do a hophead or geriatric facial. With the Baroness having been brought to the edge of epoch sexual climax by Kirstjen. Any of those options, of Parts or Piranhas or cilice mode for her attire, exercised would be guaranteed to blow the Baroness' top. Kirstjen instead decides to lick the Baroness' lollypop just not in the way that the Baroness could ever imagine. Tease one way, but go another direction entirely.

Kirstjen's Wednesday Addams defaults. Crane lengthens back into a mopp. Eyeglasses go bye-bye. Bare legs and careys replace porn hose and those jailbait Goth boots the ones with the attached post-Polio leg braces. Adult replaces underage. Gayle Hunnicutt, Virginia Gayle Hunnicutt, Gayle Jenkins, Lady Jenkins, née Hunnicutt replaces Pollyanna, Wasp Woman, Janice Starlin (Susan Cabot). Rage of the Puppies. The Baroness goes ape shit. And, for the briefest moment, she loses control. In that critical second before she regains herself the ROOM is “visible” to the outside world. This is more than enough time for a pinpoint trace, when an expert tracker is watching in the right direction.

A half-dozen well-armed Brakebills security guards in EXOs, along with the campus Voodoo Priestess Susan Saint James and Security Chief Ms. Olofson and a blended CSI Team drawn from campus security and the police, materialize in the ROOM. In a panic, the Baroness publicly beseeches a lurking Ares for his direct intervention. Ares is nowhere to be seen, having crawled

back underneath whatever rock he was hiding. The boogeyman wins. The pedophile serial killer loses. Game over.

**In the rest of the industry, there was schadenfreude.**

**In ceteris de industria erat schadenfreude.**

“It depends on a lot of things whether you get a conviction or not. To make sure that she gets a fair trial I’ve retained Perry Mason as her defense attorney for six million dollars.”

This only confirms what the Circuit Attorney Kim Garner had heard already on the grapevine.

“You’re one of her alleged victims.”

“And?”

“That’s crazy.”

“And?”

Perry Mason. Elf. Former supermodel. Successful defense attorney. Rarely loses a case. The girl is drop-dead gorgeous and just as smart. The combo of beauty and brains is always a deadly combination in women.

“Who are you protecting?”

Kirstjen’s non-response response is a T-shirt catchphrase.

“Say her name: Justice.”

The only deviation from Kirstjen’s default Wednesday Addams is that she’s wearing thinz.

Kim, who is really into blonde white chicks, is having a very hard time keeping herself from being too distracted by the tasty girl she’s sitting so close to. They’re sitting across from each other with only her desk between them in her office.

“She called out to Ares when law enforcement arrived on the scene. Is that who you’re protecting? Was he her patron supporting her behind the scenes?”

At first, Kirstjen merely smiles. Then she answers coyly.

“Did he answer?”

“No, he didn’t.”

“Anyone can call out to the Gods or a God for help. Gods or a God answering that plea is what matters. You know ROE as well as I do.”

“I’m granting your request to see her. But with one condition.”

“Which is?”

“There’s CCTV monitoring throughout the jail. But I will be accompanying you on your visit.”

“Deal.”

They both stand up. Kirstjen disfigures herself. A divorcee's crackwhore facial—hophead facial + stringy neck. Mopp shortens to crane. Thick-readers replace thinz. Parts, Piranhas, and cilice mode. A buzzkill which makes Kirstjen no longer fetching to Kim.

They leave Kim's office. No one who gawked at Kirstjen before, gawks at her now. In spite of a body that's still smoking-hot, the girl looks like a fifty-something spinster librarian who's gone hardcore dope fiend crackwhore. Got Wood?!

But. In the jailhouse.

The Baroness is ecstatic to see Kirstjen looking this way. Kirstjen is allowed to sit in the cell with the Baroness. They say nothing. The Baroness stares lecherously at Kirstjen the entire time. A Kirstjen who looking this way is an absolute hottie to the Baroness. Their supervised visit only lasts five minutes.

Afterwards. Once she's out of the jailhouse, still in the presence of Kim, Kirstjen reverts to type. Crane reverts to mopp. Thinz in place of thick-readers. Parts, Piranhas, and cilice mode go bye-bye. Again, the blonde bombshell from head to toe, in spite of her unbecoming eyeglasses. No longer the buttaface with the smoking-hot body. Got Wood?!

“In the jail. That's the real you. The way you really want to look.”

“It depends.”

“On what?”

“It just depends.”

## Epilogue

### Epilogus

There's a game called Super Hexagon that involves rotating around a circle and avoiding walls in various arrangements. There are several levels with different patterns, speeds, and difficulties.

That part isn't important.

The important part is that you can't get hit once. You have to recognize and learn patterns and react quickly enough every time. At first, it seems easy, but to maintain that for a long period of time (for the game, only 60 seconds), it's hard. Your brain or your body will let you down eventually, your mind drifts, your hand slips.

Kim and Kirstjen are sitting afterhours in Kim's office. The office celebration is over. Perry Mason lost, which is a rarity. The Baroness was convicted on all counts. Mason has already filed an appeal which Kirstjen will not be funding.

Kirstjen is the blonde bombshell from head to toe, in spite of her unbecoming eyeglasses. As for Kim, she looks like her usual self, the dowdy prosecutor.

"Tell me a story."

"Off the record?"

"Girl Scout's honor. Just between us two girls."

"Tit for tat?"

"Of course."

They leisurely sip Johnny Walker from their Bourbon glasses. The half-empty bottle sets on Kim's desk. It was full when they started.

Whoopi Goldberg is back on *The View*. The network caved into her demands and gave her the raise she demanded. It's not like they had much of a choice.

Dean Marsha Norfleet has taken over as the interim chancellor for Brakebills. A chancellor's position she wouldn't have gotten otherwise: perennial bridesmaid but never the bride, so to speak.

"Sorry, Kim. My lips are sealed."

Kirstjen uncrosses and crosses her legs. Shades of Sharon Stone's murderous character in *Basic Instinct*. A signal that the girl is gaming Kim.

"Okay then. I'll take a lick, Kirstjen."

"Go ahead, Kim."

“Whoopi Goldberg used a copycat murder, staged to look like she was the victim, to put the screws to the network so bad that when she finally reappeared, they would cave into her demands for that outrageous raise she got.”

Kirstjen shrugs her shoulders.

“You have no proof. Else she would be in jail facing murder charges or at the very least accessory to murder charges. She said that someone sapped her after I left, and she had a bump on the back of her skull and a concussion to back up her version of the story.”

“Someone knocked her out and kept her doped up somewhere. Then they released her. She can’t identify who they were or where she was kept. So, she says.”

There were no ransom demands.

“Of course, the key to that one is uncovering the identity of the corpse found in the chancellor’s campus apartment.”

“Duh.”

“The network’s original backup Plan A wasn’t Whoopi’s clone. That was Plan B. Plan A was another person entirely. On average, test audiences loved Whoopi’s replacement as much as they loved Whoopi. Some of the them liked the replacement better. And the replacement was dirt cheap.”

Kim almost rises out of her seat.

“What?!”

“Martha Jayne West. Black female. Missing for about a month before Whoopi took over as chancellor at Brakebills. Too bad you can’t identify the body as hers or anyone else’s for that matter.”

“Similar age and build as Whoopi?”

“Close enough for coons.”

Uncharacteristically, Kim loses her cool.

“Racist bitch! You say that to my face and I’m Coloured too!”

“You’ll still fuck me.”

Kirstjen smiles, and blows her a kiss.

“You’re gaming me.”

“Maybe yes, maybe no. Either way, you’ll still fuck me.”

Kim shifts the conversation back on point.

“How do you know about this Martha Jayne West?”

“I have my sources.”

Kim makes a mental note of checking back with the network on this new twist. She shifts to the first set of murders.

“The murdered Marty was the beloved, only son of a U.S. Senator. But Marty was also a source of constant embarrassment to that very same senator who’s in a close reelection race. The Senator’s other child, a daughter, is boring and safe; never a problem. The Senator was trailing in the polls before Marty’s murder now he’s leading, his fortunes having reversed.”

“And?”

“Kill a group of people to hide the fact that your real target is one person in said group.”

“Now, you’re really stretching, Kim. Going after an incumbent U.S. Senator. And I thought the Whoopi story was farfetched enough. Bravo. You’ve outdone yourself.”

Kim, not to be outdone, throws something completely out of leftfield.

“This has nothing to do with the Gods, whatsoever.” Pregnant pause, for effect. “‘Anonymous’ made a pact with The Devil to get rid of people that they ‘anonymous’ wanted out of the way.”

Clearly, “anonymous” is a fill in the blank kind of proposition—a placeholder. Kim is too good of lawyer to voice this “theory” of hers any other way. Implicitly, via convoluted “lawyer’s speak,” she’s voicing her suspicions, though, that the Gods were involved in this sordid affair up to their eyeballs and that it is they who are “anonymous.” Suspicions she has no way of proving.

Why this detour into plausible deniability concerning alleged wrongdoing by The Gods? Because, in the cosmic scheme of things, everybody and everything answers to someone or something, even The Gods. Yes, even The Gods have Gods.

“Then my brimstone buddy promptly outsourced the hierarchy of both sets of murders to me. That would explain my inside track. The Baroness was just a patsy. I set her up. Yep. She was framed by yours truly.”

“What did you just say? A confession?”

“Just expressing the theory of Security Chief Ms. Olofson. The one she laid on me last week. She’s steadfast in pinning both sets of murders on me.”

“Truth be told, it’s as good a theory as any.”

“Yes, it is.”

That’s when Kirstjen deletes her eyeglasses, leans forward, and purses her lips: Shades of Bond girl Honey Ryder, played by Ursula Andress in “Dr. No.” Fade to Black, with a vengeance. Time to get hard and twerk your whack!!!

**The End**