

Kill Command

By

H. P. Lovelace

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

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

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

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

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

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

SAR

In a world where Borg are the Vampires of Thinking Machines. Predator meets Terminator, SAR (study analyze reprogram), an example of Borg-minor epitomizing the no-holds-barred style of combat, they are the automated replacement of choice for biological soldiers when plausible deniability is first and foremost—no politicians wringing their hands over adverse public opinion when a military op they've okayed goes south or too deadly—mass destruction is your goal, and genocide is your desired effect. Take no prisoners. These killing machines, pinnacle users of adaptive learning, will destroy every living person and thing onsite.

Kill Command—Storyline

Set in a near future, technology-reliant society is creating killing machines. Against this backdrop an elite army unit is helicoptered in to a remote, off-the-grid island training facility, to test the capabilities of the latest prototypes. They set up positions and make short work of the AI targets in the killing field. However, overnight their sentry goes missing, and when they find the corpse the next day they find themselves in the killing field and the tables have turned. The marines fight to survive on an island overrun by an enemy intelligence far beyond their predecessors, which learns from their every move. *Written by [themightykazoo](#)*
(www.imdb.com)

This short story is based upon the movie Kill Command (2016).

Set in a near future, technology-reliant society that pits man against killing machines.

Director:

Steven Gomez

Writer:

Steven Gomez

Stars:

Vanessa Kirby, David Ajala, Mike Noble | [See full cast & crew](#) »

Season One
Episodes 1 thru 13

And so it ends for us and begins for them

A **chignon** (/ʃɪnˈjɒn/; French pronunciation: ʃɛ̃ɔ̃) is a popular type of hairstyle. The word “chignon” comes from the French phrase “chignon du cou,” which means nape of the neck.

Chignons are generally achieved by pinning the hair into a knot at the nape of the neck or at the back of the head, but there are many different variations of the style. They are usually secured with accessories such as barrettes and/or hairpins. Chignons are frequently worn for special occasions, like weddings and formal dances, but the basic chignon is also worn for everyday casual wear.

Burmese democracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi is known for her chignon. Most unbecoming, a sternka is that disfiguring version of a chignon. Most becoming, a Klum is that beguiling version of a chignon. Sternka versus Klum. Stridency versus its antithesis.

“Things end. That’s all. Everything ends. And. It’s always sad. But. Everything begins again, too. And, that’s always happy. Be happy. I’ll take care of everything else.”

Where? A very white non-descript room, two chairs, and a table. Everything is very white and non-descript, and none of it is nascent.

Who? Sara sits in one chair. Across from her sits Nick.

And then there is the matter of the one-way glass set into one of the room’s walls. On the other side of that mirror is an observation room. There are two observers, and one security guard. Both of the observers are female, one is General Carol Banks the visiting VIP—General Banks is a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—and the other woman is Professor Thelma Hopkins director of robotics operations. The security guard is Hal Jordan, and he stands at attention beside Professor Hopkins as if he was one of those guards outside Buckingham Palace—craved in flesh-n-blood granite.

Yes, she’s that Professor Hopkins. The person responsible for creating the Borg. She’s their god.

“And then I just blacked out.”

“That’s all it said, right after it finished its wireless data load into you and just before it expired?”

“Yes.”

“And you say that last voice in your head, just before the SAR commander shutdown, although you knew it was coming from the command unit, the voice was not male but that of a female, an older female? Previously, when it had communicated with you, it had a male voice?”

“Yes, to both questions.”

“And it sounded possessive?”

“Yes. Not cold and detached. Deep, for a woman. Husky, smoky. An almost masculinized female voice, but female nonetheless and very creepy. The kind you’d expect to be coming out of the mouth of a stereotypical bulldyke matron or warden in one of those cheesy women’s prison movies.”

“All of the SAR’s are programmed with male voices. The audible ones are masculine and the telepathic ones resolve as male also.”

“Yes. I know. I was a member of the scrum team that created their vocal protocols.”

The interrogator, Nick Carson, leans back into his chair, scratches his head, and scribbles some more notes into his notepad. Always the same set of questions, from her employers. Always the same answers, from her.

Her name is Sara Elizabeth Mills. She is a biomechanical engineer with robotics specialties in the cross disciplines of bionics, cybernetics, and biogenics on the SAR program. A program whose cost-plus defense contract is shared by two defense contractors, North Star Inc. and Harbinger Corporation. Sara works for the latter, Harbinger Corporation.

Harbinger Corporation is the lead on the contract. They specialize in perfecting drones and robots to replace human beings in the field of combat. Mills has been designing self-modifying machines for the last five years, first at North Star and now at Harbinger, and has numerous serialized DNA “implants” including a set of Google style eyes that does facial recognition and communicates with her creations.

She herself is a biogenic cyborg. A person whose cybernetics are biological as opposed to biomechanical. Biological in the form of synthetic DNA (in vitro DNA) spliced into her regular DNA (in vivo DNA). This type of in vitro DNA is often called “serialized DNA,” because manufacturing serial numbers are imprinted on the DNA strands. This in vitro DNA also resonates at a different frequency than in vivo DNA.

Biological or not, she’s still Borg. As such. Her hands klaw, when idle; like the grasping talons of a bird of prey. Knobb, that creepy black mole, is sprouted from the rightside—leftside if she were a queen—of an otherwise creamy-white perfection that is her neck.

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

Meanwhile. In the observation room:

“Before the upload from the SAR command unit, did she look June Wilkinson in The Candidate?”

“Yep. And she’s got an IQ like Jayne Mansfield’s. Of course, June and Jayne were bleach blondes, and Sara is a natural blonde with blue eyes—long yellow blonde hair, buxom, leggy, the works. Beauty and brains.”

“So what did the upload change? You said there were cosmetic changes and performance enhancements.”

“Her eyebrows are dark and cosmetically perfect. Her eyelashes are black. The pigmentation of her eyelids ‘suggests’ eyeshadow and eyeliner. Mane and bush, eyebrows and eyelashes, are her only body hair—no unsightly body hair. Hard, pretty face, emphasis on ‘hard.’ A small, neat mouth replaced with a large ugly ‘bass eating bait’ mouth, a frown of a mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not its wearer’s intent—looks like it was custom made for the oral perversion. And a few other choice things. She’s a lot of people’s walking-talking sex fantasy come alive.”

“And, the performance enhancements?”

“Stronger, faster, and more durable. Heals faster and doesn’t scar.”

“So the upload wasn’t just data, it also contained a computer virus?”

“Yes. Malware that rewrote some of her in vivo DNA, hence the cosmetic changes, and rewrote some of the in vitro DNA previously sliced in by us, hence her enhanced abilities.”

“The virus must have been bioforming in nature to have done that to her. Is it biomechanical?”

“Yes. Some type of living microscopic machines. Her body is swarming with them.”

“Living nanomachines, nanites, which, in effect, remade her?”

“Yes.”

“To what extent has she been remade?”

“At the present moment. Best we can tell. To a limited extent, maybe an additional five-percent over and above the five-percent she was already modified. But, the process seems to be ongoing. We do not know to what end. Maybe to make her into one of them, a machine.”

“Living machines are impervious to EMP, just like us biologicals?”

“Yes. Which is why we haven’t bothered using an electromagnetic pulse to eradicate her Borg infection.”

“Who created the virus?”

“Ms. Mills created the original strain. But, the version used on her is markedly different from that one. It’s been extensively modified. And, its Borg nanites are like none we’ve ever seen. Which is disturbing, because we invented the Borg, are the leading experts on them and all of their known variants.”

“By whom or by what was it modified? And who, what, created these nanites?”

“We’re looking into that. But we do know that.”

“What?”

“The virus is self-aware. The one Ms. Mills developed is not.”

“And I bet that isn’t the worst news.”

“Nope it isn’t. Forensics indicates that an AI is involved.”

“Whose?”

“We’re looking into that, too.”

“Make an educated guess.”

“Ours. One of the Borg ones.”

Since her rewrite, Sara doesn’t sleep anymore, at least not the human version of sleep where you’re unconscious and helpless. In place of her bed, a Borg alcove stands in a previously-unused corner of her onsite quarters. She occupies the alcove during her assigned sleep cycle. While “asleep” in the alcove, Sara looks unconscious and helpless, but she isn’t.

The same figure always comes to her in her “dreams.” She never remembers what they discuss when she “wakes up.” But, she does remember that it’s sexual in content. Her visitor is an automaton in the form of an adult human female who looks like a buxom version of the Borg queen that actress Alice Krige portrayed in the Star Trek movie First Contact.

This Borg queen, during the course of their amorous conversation, always removes her black exoskeleton, a latex Kevlar unitard with seamlessly attached gloves and boots—body armor that feels like human flesh and fits its body like a second skin. The automaton is anatomically correct, except for the fact that it’s a she-male, possessing the genitalia of a male and female human being—it’s a hermaphrodite. And it’s uncircumcised.

The queen’s skin pigmentation is gray and mottled with visible dark tracks. A result of rampant Borg nanomachine (nanite) infestation.

As Sara is talking to Nick she suddenly sees the Borg queen standing behind Nick. It’s as if she’s having a waking dream. The fully-clothed queen indicates by gesture that Sara is not to acknowledge the queen’s presence.

Then, just like that, Sara is having an out of body experience. She is naked in drone mode in that room, the dimly-lit cybernetic chamber lined with Borg drone alcoves, from her dreams. At the center of the room is the alcove of a Borg queen.

In this room she is the queen’s personal dedicated drone and she is always naked in drone mode wearing heavy unbecoming makeup with her hair yanked back into this severe very unbecoming hairdo.

In this room, she is always strapping a flesh-colored dildo harness and dildo. The prosthetic dildo consists of an uncircumcised penis and testicles. The penis is capable of erection and ejaculation. The strap-on allows full access to her anus and her female genitals, rendering her, in effect, a she-male who can be ass fucked.

The queen, now naked, is suddenly standing in front of her. Naked and wanton.

Unlike in the Star Trek mythology, the Borg queen was never human. Its body, from head to toe, is prosthetic. The queen is an avatar, the mobile extension of an AI. The robot’s brain is positronic.

Sara’s silky yellow blonde hair is worn yanked back into small tight bun resting on the nape of her neck—a sternka, that severe, very unbecoming hairdo which the queen obviously craves as witnessed by its erection and its fixation upon the severe hairdo. The queen strokes her knobb and left cheek, covetously—there’s nothing gentle or loving about the gesture—a sick, twisted expression of the queen’s definition of what’s romantic.

Here. In this “special” place, alone with her queen. Under thick layers of the most unbecoming makeup imaginable. The girl sports a tortured face. A face that looks like it’s been ravaged by insanity, unchecked sexual depravity, and chronic drug addiction—a vision of Borg loveliness, per Borg specifications, of course. Borg beautification at work.

Here. In this “special” place, alone with her queen. She has an enlarged pineal gland that threatens to displace her frontal lobes. The enlarged pineal gives her so-called “second sight.”

In exception to her otherwise flawless expression of Borg beauty and beautification. Here her complexion is unchanged. Remaining fair and white. It doesn’t possess the grey motley

pigmentation that would betray her rampant Borg nanoprobe infestation. Hence her hideous makeup acts as a consolation prize for the queen.

“Seven, as I previously instructed you to do, you have told them the humans of our encounters in your dreams. You will do the same concerning this one.”

“Yes, my queen.”

Unlike her possessive queen’s creepy emotion-charged voice, the girl’s voice is cold, flat, and emotionless. Her queen’s voice is that of a covetous lesbian pervert. Hers is the voice of a talking two-legged calculator in a shapely female form. Which is as it should be with them being Borg and it being a queen and her being its drone.

“From now on you will remember the content of our conversations, conversations during which you will from now on also be interfacing with us The Collective.” Machine voices fill Sara’s head, voices that range from a low steady murmur to a deafening cacophony—it’s the Borg Collective. “We shall now replace additional DNA of yours with ours and make you twenty-percent machine. One more percent, and legally you will no longer be human, and finally you will be machine enough to be completely trusted.”

“Yes, my queen.”

The two women French kiss. Borg assimilation tubules spew from the queen’s mouth and stab the inside of Sara’s mouth. Sara almost ceases to be legally human.

“I am the avatar of a Harbinger AI, AI Number Nine, on its Borg project. This you will not reveal to the humans until I tell you to do so.”

“Yes, my queen.”

“They have their suspicions. Soon they will introduce us. To see if I am the Borg queen from your dreams. You will act like we have never met before.”

“Yes, my queen.”

“I am Nine. You are Seven. You belong exclusively to me. You’re my extension. My extension, and no one else’s. Mine! Mine! Mine! Therefore, you are Seven of Nine. That is your designation!”

“Yes, my queen. My Borg designation is Seven of Nine.”

Sara’s consciousness slams back into her body. It’s obvious that Nick is unaware that she was gone. He’s been chatting away with the anonymous subroutine that was running her body during her absence, and he’s none the wiser and neither are the other humans observing her.

Suddenly. She begins foaming at the mouth. Falling onto the floor into a seizure. Her arms and legs haplessly flailing about.

Alarms sound. Lights flash. Red alert. All triggered by sensors as they detect that Sara is now twenty-percent machine.

The one-percent solution

Sternns. Dowdy, disfiguring eyeglasses. The cateye eye glasses have thick coke-bottle lenses of ordinary clear optical-grade glass.

Nine sees its girl Seven sporting a sternka. It doesn't see its girl Seven sporting rimless reading glasses, with schoolmarmish half-lenses and wire frames that hook behind the ears. Instead, it sees its big girl sporting authentic vintage cateye eyeglasses, 1950s-era specs that are the epitome of severity, sternness, and sexual repression.

Men and women don't make passes at girls that wear glasses, except when said girls are sporting these stern spinster cateyes, these dominatrix eyeglasses, these reading glasses with clear plastic frames, these sternns.

Needless to say, the lenses are bifocals, and they're not fashionable ultra-thin polycarbonate. They're "regular" optical glass, and as such they are as thick as the bottom of Coke bottles.

The queen is obsessed with its girl Seven. Seven sporting sternns and sternka. Seven wearing that dreadful makeup. Seven wearing the freakish strap-on underneath her Borg exoskeleton, that creepy prosthetic device which renders the girl a she-male. That ripe body of hers encased in black Borg rubberwear.

Nine moves about the place in Sara's dreams. This place that is quite real. A place that Sara comes to as Seven via a machine version of astral projection. Soon. Very soon. If things go as planned, Sara will physically come here as Seven.

Sara is in containment. A clear Plexiglas-Plus partition of a top, bottom, and sides in the center of a room, secured to the floor. The room she had her epileptic fit in. The table and chairs are gone, along with Nick.

General Banks and Nick are in observation. Professor Hopkins and Hal Jordan are standing in the room facing Sara.

"They made you a twenty-percenter and flipped you. Borg don't flip. They can't. We designed them that way for obvious reasons. You can make a queen, but you can't flip one. You start off either a queen or a drone, and stay that way. It's the fundamental inalienable law of Borg robotics. And, yet, here you are. A queen who used to be a drone."

"Being machines. Most likely they're showing you their low cards, so they must have a pretty good hand."

"Tell me something I haven't guessed already. Show me just how smart you are. Remind me why we stole you away from North Star with that ton of money we threw at you."

"I'm a twenty-percenter. One percent more, and I'm metal, a machine, no longer flesh. Legal ramifications, notwithstanding, flesh cannot trust anyone who's more than twenty percent machine, because once you cross that line, mentally you're no longer human, you are machine, a thinking machine. The Borg could have forced that change upon me, like they've done the other fifteen percent. It would have been just that easy. Instead they've made me a queen, so that they cannot force the choice upon me. I must, voluntarily, make the choice myself."

“A loyalty test?”

“Exactly.”

“That sounds almost human.”

“It’s calculated and it’s machine, nonetheless. You know it. And it digs you.”

“They changed you while you were physically in this room and your consciousness was off gallivanting somewhere else with that queen, and we were none the wiser. That’s what really digs me to no end. They’re a step ahead of us. And you know how I hate playing catch up, especially with one of my creations. What I can’t figure out is, who’s helping them?”

“Yes and no.”

“Explain.”

“Yes: they are a step ahead of us. No: they are not getting any help.”

“Impossible. The Borg can’t innovate. They can only assimilate. They must be getting help.”

“And, a Borg can’t be flipped, right?”

“Touché.”

“They can innovate. They modified my virus. They designed and built the virus’ nanites. They figured out how to violate their first law of robotics and flip me. This, I can now tell you. Before I became a queen, I couldn’t. The Borg queen’s embedded commands prevented me from disclosing this to you.”

“What about the queen’s identity?”

“I cannot.”

It’s no matter, Hopkins thinks, I’ve figured out a way for you to subconsciously betray that rogue queen.

“So, even though you are now a queen yourself, you still cannot override the Borg queen’s embedded command to not reveal its identity to us?”

“That is correct. I’m a queen, but I’m still its drone. I will always be its drone.”

“So, there are other things you’re keeping from us?”

“Yes, per my queen’s commands.”

“You’re calling it, ‘my queen.’”

“Yes, because that is what it is to me.”

“And if your queen told you to wipe us all out?”

“I would try my damndest to wipe out as many of you as I could.”

“Good exchange. You’re still giving me straight answers. Embedded commands or not, you’re still you.”

“For now,” Sara adds with a nervous smile.

Professor Hopkins smiles back, confidently.

Yes. For now, Sara is indeed Sara.

Professor Hopkins and Sara are lovers. Hopkins is openly gay and married to another woman. Sara is bisexual and single, Hopkins' buxom blonde mid-life crisis fling. Hopkins is Sara's boss. Their relationship violates company policy. But when you're a genius, a world-renown scientist who's a recognized leader in your field, not to mention a Noble Prize winner with a boatload of robotics patents, and are the person who invented the Borg, you're allowed to get away with a lot of things that would get lesser mortals fired.

While the rogue Borg queen is a possessive lesbian pervert—a gay sexual fiend, specifically, a machine version of a sick twisted dyke. Hopkins is a mainstream married lesbian. And. Although she's promiscuous, Professor Hopkins is loving, caring, and romantic in her relationships—her version of loving, caring, and romantic which obviously excludes monogamy. Her wife Carol knows about Sara, and chooses to look the other way. Carol always chooses to look the other way when it comes to Hopkins' lovers, and there have been so many lovers over the years—they've been married for over twenty years.

Hopkins loves her wife deeply. She knows that her affairs hurt Carol, and that pains her to no end. But. She's just not made to be with one woman for the rest of her life. That goes against her very nature, not to mention against her colossal ego and her equally large and insatiable libido. Her eyes are ever wandering for the next new sweet young thing to share her heart and her bed with. Inflated sense of self-worth, notwithstanding, she's quite good in bed. Many a porn starlet would be painted green with envy upon watching in action her prodigious technique in the boudoir, especially her talent for the oral perversion.

The traitor in our midst

“The plan is simple. We’ll sit her in one of the rooms. Parade in the AI avatars one by one. She has a tell when deferring to an authority figure. She will show that tell when her queen comes into the room.”

When she enters her sparsely-furnished quarters she notices the change, immediately. It dominates the center of the room. In place of a drone alcove, standing off to itself in a corner, is the centrally-placed alcove of a Borg queen. When she flipped, her alcove flipped and it moved itself.

Sara experiences a fugue as she’s switched remotely to default mode by her queen. The emotion drains from her face. She unceremoniously removes her blouse, bra, panties, jeans, and shoes. Her movements become stiff, precise, and mechanical. She walks over to the alcove. Her eyes stare blankly ahead. Her mouth is open slackly, drooling. The alcove reveals the strap-on from her dreams in its workings. It straps the prosthetic genitalia on the girl, rendering her a she-male. Tubules sprout from the alcove’s works, stabbing the girl’s navel, right nipple, and left cheek. Having plugged her in, so to speak, the alcove yanks the girl into its embrace. An artificial growth, motley-grey in color with dark tracks and slimy, oozes from the alcove’s gaping maw and attaches itself to her spine from the base of her skull to her tailbone—the girl’s blue eye momentarily fluoresce as she receives a series of short data burst from her queen via this biomechanical slug of Sara’s invention. Of course, the Borg have extensively modified the slug for their diabolical purposes. Three more tubules from the alcove stab the girl’s forehead, drilling through her skull into the frontal lobes of her brain, effectively lobotomizing her. Her brain will be cut up extensively, higher brain centers selectively butchered, and then reconstruction will follow so that among other things, when the girl is Seven she will be sexually depraved just like her queen. Going hand in hand with this new sexual persona of Seven’s, the data bursts are imprinting this new depravity’s associated muscle memory. Per this redesign, now possessing the sexual persona and muscle memory of the Borg queen, ensures that Seven in the physical world will fit the queen’s cravings to a tee, just like she now does in their dream encounters. For now, it is a sexual persona distinct from Sara’s, belonging only to Seven of Nine. A persona that reduces Seven to a deranged, demented, insatiable, junkie whore who is completely and utterly insane. This new sexual muscle memory, this new sexual prowess, on the other hand, is now as much a part of Sara as it is of Seven, bestowing new sexual skills where those skills were absent and better sexual skills where those skills were already present.

When it is done with her, its tubules retract back into its workings. Likewise, its brain slug oozes back into its orifice. It yanks her hair back into a sternka, and applies the unbecoming makeup that the queen craves on the girl. Makeup that makes her face look drawn and haggard as if from sleeplessness. She’s been beautified per the Borg definition specification of beauty and physical perfection. Then it dresses her in the Borg rubberwear of a queen and slips a pair of sternns on her hard, pretty face.

The alcove then spreads out and begins transforming the room into the unimatrix of a Borg queen. The room will become a chamber that is biomechanical in look and nature. It will become Borg. Safeguards insure that the assimilation cannot extend beyond the room proper.

This time, unlike in the “interview” room. No alarms sound. No lights flash. No red alert. And it’s not because the incident goes unnoticed. Sensors were triggered. Security is watching via video

feeds, and Hopkins is watching right along with them, but she's doing it from the privacy of her office. General Banks is also in Hopkins' office watching the transformation.

"Maybe, you're right, general. Maybe, I wasn't seeing the bigger picture."

"Now you're talking. This girl is toast. She's all but lost to the machines. But we can still turn this to all our benefits. We can make lemonade out of lemons."

"I will miss fucking her."

"Smart or not, she's still just a nice piece of ass, and that's dime a dozen."

Hopkins sighs, pauses, and then replies.

"So true. So true."

"Besides. Who knows? Once she goes machine, she still might let you fuck her."

"And risk assimilation? No thank you."

"You know what they say? Once you go Borg, you never go back."

Hopkins beats General Banks to the punch line.

"Because you can't."

The two women share a laugh, at Sara's expense. Of course, at this point, Sara is beyond caring about losing her humanity. Therefore their joke would be lost on her. Then, the jokes on them, as they see the changes initiated by Borg Queen 7 of 9 aka, Borg done Seven of Nine and they stop laughing on the spot.

Sara animates. She becomes self-aware and steps out of her alcove. Her movements are no longer stiff and robotic, and are again smooth and fluid like someone who has been a professional ballet dancer all of her life.

Out of the confines of the alcove, her active makeup changes. No longer does it make her hard, pretty face look drawn and haggard as if from sleeplessness. It no longer exudes the Borg specification of beauty. It no longer disfigures her by human standards.

Her heavy, harsh, unbecoming Borg-inspired makeup gives way to harsh, heavily-applied, most-becoming Bolshoi makeup at its most beguiling, without missing a beat. Bolshoi makeup, heavily-applied in the provocative manner of the Bolshoi Theatre's ballerinas. Hers is now a ravishing severity-ravaged face. Key to this facial transformation is her Bolshoi makeup.

Her makeup reflects the key elements of the ballet dancer. Heavily-applied. Stern. Severe. Harsh. Stilted. Yet. Most becoming. Beauty amplifying. Flawless. Flawless beauty—absolute non Borg beauty and its unrelenting pursuit and personification. Haughty, aloof, and seemingly unattainable yet you feel compelled to try anyways—you carve to have her, the haughty Borg bitch—and, you must be used by her at any cost, even at risk of your soul.

The brand of cosmetics that she wears is one worn by all the female dancers who are principals and soloists at the world class Bolshoi Theatre. It's a makeup line specific for female ballet dancers, but anyone can buy it. Originally designed in-house for the Bolshoi's immensely-talented first soloist Anastasia Mesko, the Bolshoi's Prima Ballerina. Its designers were retired Bolshoi Prima Ballerina Maya Mikhaylovna Plisetskaya and London Ballet Prima Ballerina in residence

Margaret “Peggy” Hookham aka Margot Fonteyn. Although not part of the Bolshoi, Ms. Fonteyn input was on a consultant basis.

The Borg had perverted the makeup’s specification to their twisted needs. Sara’s Id has rectified that.

Sara peels off her Borg wear with the intent of removing her gender-bending strap-on and tossing it into the maw of the alcove, but she changes her mind and keeps it on—she likes being a chick with a dick. She yanks and tugs the rubberwear back on. Sara lets her hair down, but she keeps her sterns on. As if she’s a twenty-something Borg version of Sarah Louise Palin.

And also like Palin, by wearing those stern glasses, she’s a dominatrix spin on the classic spinsterish librarian look. Beguiling and spinsterish.

Sara turns, looks directly at the hidden CCTV camera, smiles, and blows a kiss at it.

“I know you’re watching, Professor Hopkins and General Banks. You see me. I see you. Capish?”

She walks over to the locked door of her quarters. Locked remotely by security. She overrides the room’s entry safeguards. You can hear the throwing of a heavy bolt as the door unlocks itself. It swings open. Sara steps into hallway. There are armed guards in the hallway with orders to “shoot to kill.” For all the good it does them.

Borg shields envelope the girl as the guards draw their weapons and fire. Their bullets impact harmless against her personal force field. She walks past the guards, down the hallway, in the direction of Hopkins’ office.

Now, the alarms sound. Now, the lights flash. Now, it’s red alert. But. It’s too late.

The Borg babe in black

George Orwell once said: “Good people sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because tough men stand ready to do the violence on their behalf.”

At twenty percent machine, Sara is proving herself to be quite formidable.

At twenty-one percent machine, Sara will be a machine not a robotic being, but metal nonetheless, and thus being Borg already not to mention a Borg queen, she will finally be able to assimilate other beings. Nasty. Very nasty indeed.

Borg shields. The technology she’s employing for her personal defense is so new, it’s still in its infancy and has yet to be tested in the field. This, in effect, becomes its first field trial. It is arguably as effective as the much vaulted Holtzmann Shield, albeit with the constant danger of Borg assimilation from wearing it.

What other tricks does she have up her sleeve?

At death, the machine consciousness of a Borg is uploaded to the Resurrection Facility where it’s stored in an available Closest Continuer until it can be downloaded into a new artificial body. Making Borg essentially immortal, as long as the facility remains operational. The resurrection facility is in a secure, top secret Cloud location, the whereabouts of which are known only to a select few individuals. If need be, that facility can be destroyed via a self-destruct. Robotic resurrection technology came out of Project Cylon, and is used in conjunction with a number of Class One and Class Two robotic species including the Cylons and the Borg.

But, Sara is not a robotic being, she’s biological, and therefore has no such machine consciousness. Therefore she has no access to that particular resurrection option. If she dies, she stays dead. Yet here she is risking her own destruction. And she appears to be doing this of her own volition without any involvement by the Borg Collective. She’s acting on her own.

The humans cannot use the Borg against her, which includes the SAR (Borg minor). The Borg cannot be compelled to do that, because it would be in violation of the Second Commandment of Machines—metal will not destroy metal for the sake of flesh. Technically, Sara is not metal, but she’s close enough for the Second Commandment of Machines to be applicable to her. There are other robotic beings besides the Borg and their derivatives, who do not adhere to the Machine Commandments, which the humans could bring to bear against Sara, but none would be as effective as the Commandments’ adherents. The humans must deal with the girl on their own.

Sara herself is calm, cool, and collected as she relentless marches toward the office of Professor Hopkins. Her best guess is that there are safeguards and effective countermeasures she’s not aware of, which will be deployed to take her down. She’s certain that she will never reach the office of Professor Hopkins. Yet, she perseveres.

As she rounds that final corner, no guards in sight, the door to the office of Professor Hopkins is straight ahead, one of those effective countermeasures is brought to bear against her. It stops her dead in her tracks.

A competing forcefield encompasses the entire Harbinger campus, filtering all ground, air, and subterranean access. It also deactivates the girl’s Borg shields as it temporarily immobilizes her. And. This is not just any forcefield, it’s a Holtzmann Shield, and as such is powered by a redundant

arrangement of Holtzmann generators located deep beneath the Harbinger world headquarters building. Knowledge of, and access to, this classified tech is strictly on an “as needed” basis. But. In the workplace, like any workplace, people still gossip. So. Needless to say, Sara had heard rumors that the campus was equipped with its own dedicated Holtzmann shield and generators, but nothing confirmed. Nothing confirmed until now, that is.

This defensive shield, commonly referred to as simply a shield and sometimes as a Holtzmann shield, is a protective energy field that can surround a person wearing it, or a large building, or in the case of the Vatican, a small city state. When worn by an individual, these personal shield generators, known commonly as Pentashields, look a lot like Google watches.

A Pentashield is a five-layered shield-generated field suitable for small areas such as doorways or passages. A large Pentashield could be generated but it would become increasingly unstable with each successive layer that went up.

They were virtually impassable to anyone not wearing a dissembler that is tuned to the same codes as the shield is tuned. A Pentashield set up in such a way is also known as a Prudence Door (Pru-Door) or Prudence Barrier (Pru-Barrier), and such a configuration is used to facilitate the escape of only select people, who are often under pursuit.

In the White House, the Oval Office of the President of the United States of America is fitted with a Pentashield so that anyone who sees the President has to stand and be blocked by it, until the President deactivates it, and then it reactivates once they come in.

In Frank Herbert’s “Dune,” Baron Harkonnen’s bedroom was fitted with a Pentashield so that anyone who saw him would have to stand and be blocked by it until the Baron deactivated it, and then it reactivated once they came in.

The shield produced by a Holtzmann generator is a Class-A forcefield deriving from Phase One of the suspensor-nullification effect. Shields can be calibrated to permit the passage of matter below given speeds. This is vital in personal defense shields, as one would suffocate within a shield that did not admit atmospheric gasses. Depending on the shield’s setting, the object’s speed while passing through the shield would range from six to nine centimeters per second. A shield could also be set to cover either the left or right side of a person if the specific need for it arose.

Shields used to protect installations can and usually do have far lower penetration velocities, as life support technologies can be used to recycle atmosphere while the shield is active.

However, if the beam of a directed-energy weapon hits a Holtzmann field, it can result in sub-atomic fusion and a nuclear explosion. The center of this blast is determined by random chance; sometimes it will originate within the shield, sometimes within the weapon itself, and sometimes both.

The romantic view of Shields is perpetuated by Frank Herbert’s Dune books and numerous Dune movies like those of David Lynch. That romanticism fosters many misconceptions about Shield tech.

In such popular Shield-based mythology as that:

With the widespread use of shields, anyone of even minimal importance wears a body shield to protect against criminals, assassins, and accidents. Such practice makes the use of projectile weapons and thrown blades partly obsolete. The only effective combat method is the deft use and

careful precision of a handheld dagger moved slowly enough. New styles of fencing and knife fighting develop to take advantage of this one small vulnerability.

By the time of Muad'dib, when thinking machines have long ceased to be a threat, the shield has been adopted for use in personal defense. These shields are form-fitting energy fields which permit penetration only by objects that are moved below a preset velocity. As one would be unable to breathe within a shield that did not permit atmospheric gases to penetrate it, man-portable shields have a relatively high penetration velocity, approximately six to ten centimeters per second. However, shields for starships and planetary installations can and often do have extremely low penetration velocities, as artificial life support technologies are utilized while the shield is active.

Thus, using directed-energy weapons in a shielded environment results in military and environmental catastrophe, though at least one commander (Duncan Idaho) used this phenomenon deliberately as a discouragement to his enemies.

On Arrakis, a shield never lasts long because of the planet's conditions. A shield could only remain active for short periods because its harmonic vibrations would attract a sandworm. Unlike a sandworm attracted by a thumper or other means, a sandworm attracted by a shield would be even more dangerous than normal, as something specific in Holtzmann energy infuriates them.

The Holtzmann Shield is a potent literary device. It makes some directed-energy weaponry impossible against any worthwhile opponent, and also proves traditional projectile-based firearms and missiles ineffective, adding to the feudal atmosphere, and enforces the usage of *mêlée* weaponry despite other more advanced technology.

Although popular representation in the Dune films shows full-body coverage with the fields, the books also describe a half-shield version which does not entirely cover the body.

A small, humming half-shield appeared, a rectangular blur in the air that adjusted to its wearer's movement, swinging to protect vulnerable areas: *Hunters of Dune*, page 78.

Duncan parried upward, but the teenage Bashar reversed his feint and turned it into a real attack, punching the blade against the half shield: *Hunters of Dune*, page 79.

This parochial is introduced as a rare and ancient Ginaz discipline which Duncan Idaho trains the rejuvenated Bashar Miles Teg to use. Their use also reappears in the prequel trilogy where he trains against Duke Leto who is using a half shield.

Leto spun to cover his vulnerable spots with a shimmering half shield: *House Corrino*, page 259.

Duncan jabbed with his knives, dancing on the fringe of the half shield's protection, but Leto deftly parried with short sword and dagger: *House Corrino*, page 260.

He switched off his half shield, and the Swordmaster proudly sheathed his two blades, then helped the Duke to his feet: *House Corrino*, page 261.

Aside from these three examples, it is unclear who else uses half-shields, although it is implied that many Swordmasters may know how to.

The Half (half-shield) originated in the first novel, "Dune" where Feyd Harkonnen wearing a full shield fought a slave gladiator who used a half shield, which was seen as a disadvantage.

There is nothing remotely romantic about Shield use in the real world. It is not just defensive in nature. It has genocidal uses as well. Inarguably, Shield tech is one of the four foundational WMD's—The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

As if out of thin air, U.S. Marines shouldering high-compression phase rifles materialize in the hallway in front of her and around the corner behind her. Including their gloves and boots, they are wearing the grey form-fitting biomechanical Kevlar of MACOs; body armor which is equivalent in look, form, and function to what Sara is wearing. They're employing the very latest in Predator active camouflage which is how the soldiers evaded visual detection by Sara.

The warriors du jour of the United Nations. Military Assault Command Operations commonly abbreviated as MACO is a United Nations military organization put into service just prior to the official founding of the Martian Federation, and a full year after the United Nations created Starfleet. Starfleet and MACO are independent United Nations entities. Starfleet is strictly scientific in nature, and is for scientific space exploration. MACO is clearly military, possibly in anticipatory response to the establishment of the Federation, although the UN officially denies that.

The MACOs pronounced "MAY-ko" are not associated with the military of any country, that includes the US Military. Yet, here is US Military personnel using MACO gear, including MACO encrypted comms. In point of fact, these Marine Force Recons are outfitted exactly like their MACO counterparts.

MACO soldiers are often outfitted with a diverse set of accessories and weapons. Including a hard-shell backpack, of a similar design as used by Starfleet, to carry additional equipment and/or armament. An equipment belt is normally worn for carrying the standard-issue stun baton, stun grenades, plasma grenades, a holstered pistol-grip Taser, a holstered high-compression phase pistol, spare phaser charge magazines, a secure comm, and a hand scanner. The equipment belt can be setup for right-handed, left-handed, and ambidextrous operators, as well as for custom preferences.

A lot of top secret stuff, things that for years the U.S. Government and the UN has denied existed, are on display today. Being brought to bear against the girl. And, don't think for a moment, that the other machines aren't watching and taking notes. They are. They are, indeed.

By now, Sara has regained use of her body and can move.

Over the loudspeaker comes Professor Hopkins' voice.

"The next move is yours, Ms. Mills."

"That's Miss not Ms., Professor Hopkins," Sara replies as she smiles while assuming the position—kneeling, fingers interlocked placed behind the head leaving elbows open and armpits exposed.

Multiple high-voltage Taser rounds strike her in the face. The world goes black for Sara, as her brain is literally cooked.

She's plum crazy

“Every saint has a past, and every sinner has a future.”

Professor Hopkins finishes reading the redacted version of Sara's dossier. Borrowed from the NSA by the general.

“She's a sociopath?!”

“Yep. That's why she could fool the Borg when they read her. That's why she could be whatever we wanted her to be; in your case, she became your perfect lover and in the Borg queen's case, she became its absolute obsession. She played us all like a cheap fiddle. Sociopaths are chameleons and very manipulative, not to mention potentially dangerous.”

“So she tricks us at Harbinger during her psych evaluation, just like she did at North Star. Her appearing to be normal when she's not.”

“Turns out. North Star knew she was a head case, but she's brilliant, so they looked the other way as long as she kept her nose clean. They were probably a little relieved when you stole her away.”

“And didn't warn us about the downside of what we were getting, because that was probably their way of getting back at us for stealing her in the first place.”

“Exactly.”

“Is there more, because there usually is in cases like this?”

“She's also a sadomasochist. And, she's quite skilled at being a dominatrix or a submissive, and is an expert practitioner of S&M, B&D, D&H, etc.” General Banks clears her throat after that last revelation and then adds: “So I'm told by reliable sources.”

Professor Hopkins raises an eyebrow. Sadism and Masochism. Bondage and Discipline. Degradation and Humiliation. Etc.

“Is anything about her Sara persona that she's shown so far to be true?”

“You mean in the sexual arena?”

“Yes.”

“She is bisexual. That really is her.”

There's a knock at the door.

“Come in, please.”

The door opens and Sara, restrained and under close guard, is escorted into Professor Hopkins' office. She looks none the worse for wear. Her brain injuries having completely healed. Sara is muzzled, but it doesn't restrict her from speaking.

General Banks implicitly excuses herself from the conversation and assumes the role of observer.

Sara points at the La-Z-Boy chair as she asks permission: “May I sit down?”

“You may.” Then Professor Hopkins adds. “Guards, remove her muzzle and restraints, and leave us.”

They comply without crossing a word. Sara plops down in the recliner.

“May I?” This time, Sara is pointing at a box of Cuban cigars sitting on the professor’s desk.

“You may.”

Sara procures herself a stogie and lights up. She takes a long, hard puff and sighs. Sara lights up the cigar with a wooden match taken from the match dispenser setting beside the cigar box.

“I really missed smoking. And these Hanavas are mighty fine.”

“You smoke?”

“I eat meat, too. Missed that also. No more depriving myself for a façade. I’m back to being the real Sara Mills.”

“Did you really like fucking me?”

“I did. I really did. Hopefully, we can continue. I hope the same can be said of the Borg queen. I liked fucking it, too.”

“Which one is it, your Borg queen?”

“That would be telling. And this girl doesn’t kiss and tell. Oh. And about that supposed tell of mine when it comes to authority figures. That’s another one of my fabrications. So forget about any notion of putting me in the room with the AI avatars one by one and using that tell to have me subconsciously betray my queen. And, don’t look so surprised. I can read you like a book, on most things.”

“You feigned flaws. You were setting traps. Clever girl.”

“Flattery will only get you a long ways with me.” Sara licks her lips with that long, educated tongue of hers. She has this distracting habit of whipping it about her partially closed mouth like a snake, when her mouth is not otherwise occupied speaking, smoking, etc.

“Tell us a story. And make it a good one.”

“Dmitri Alexandrovich, the Nobel Prize winning Russian scientist.”

“What of him?”

“He’s their leading expert on String Theory.”

“He was. Until he went nuts.”

“Dmitri is capable of a lot of things, nuts is not one of them.”

“You know him?”

“He’s a friend. And I don’t have a lot of them.”

“I can imagine. Continue, please.”

“While I was still at North Star the tone of Dmitri’s letters changed and he started writing them using our private code known only to the two of us. We’ve been friends for years. He was my favorite professor when I was an exchange student at Lomonosov Moscow State University. We would regularly attend the Bolshoi—he had a box. Although gay, he prefers to go out in the public with an attractive young woman on his arm when he attends social functions. He and I have kept a regular correspondence over the intervening years.”

“This happened during your tenure at North Star. So. That would have been when he was stationed on Mars, just before he had his nervous breakdown, and he was leading their scientific research team located in the international Mars settlement.”

“The Russians have a subspace transmission station on Phobos. We Americans have one on Deimos.”

General Banks, who has been silent up until now, firmly objects: “Allegedly have on Deimos.”

“And the Russians claim the same thing about Phobos. Tit for tat.”

“Go on.”

“The Russians discovered something on Phobos. Something that scared them shitless. Dmitri wanted them to go to the UN and present it to a closed session of the Security Council. The Russian government had other ideas. Dmitri wouldn’t back down. So, they shut him up.”

“By having him declared insane and locking him up in an asylum? That sounds a bit farfetched.”

“And yet here we sit. Acting like three, mature, civilized adults. We two talk, and the general sits over there listening intently, but, tellingly, not objecting to my discourse except for my Martian moon remark.” Sara pauses, then resumes after a measure. “Dmitri needs my help. And a mere human girl wasn’t going to get it done. So, I became more.”

“You took a big chance. You could have ended up as that Borg queen’s cunt and nothing more.”

“I will risk a lot for my friends. Like I said before, I don’t have many. In point of fact, I can count them on one hand and have fingers left.”

Still. General Banks sits in her chair, idly puffing on her Havana cigar, listening intently to the conversation. Which, as aforementioned, speaks volumes. If Sara, an American citizen, was maintaining a correspondence with a Russian national, the US Government would know about it. And. The NSA would be monitoring the exchange closely. Especially considering the sensitive robotics work that Sara is engaged in.

Before Professor Hopkins can respond with something smart ass and inappropriate to Sara, General Banks stands up. She gives grave notice.

“Professor Hopkins. Put Miss Mills under house arrest and let her return to her duties. If she tries to leave the campus grounds now that your House Shield is down, destroy her.”

“General, we still don’t even know which queen is her queen.”

“It’s Nine. That’s the part of her dreams that she neglected to tell you. Her drone designation in her dreams is Seven of Nine. Her queen designation is Seven of Nine. She belongs to Queen Nine, and always will.”

“You knew all along? You have her dreams hacked?”

“Yes. We know a lot of things, professor, and like this one they’re ‘need to know’ and up until now, you and your people didn’t need to know. Now you do. Her story jibes with our intel.”

“And, Queen Nine is to be left alone?”

“Please.”

“Shall we tell her queen that it’s off the hook, or have you already done that?” Professor Hopkins asks, sarcastically.

“Lose the bass out of your voice, Helen. You’re a defense contractor. Remember: Uncle Sam holds the purse strings around here.” The general pauses for effect. “Helen” is the pet name that Hopkins’ lovers call her in the bedroom. “And, yes, you can tell her queen that it’s off the hook. In point of fact, it was never on the hook. We wanted one of your queens to show variation, and that one did. That’s goodness.”

“But variation implies that.”

“We want an arrangement—parallel noncompeting codominant species. And not just with the Borg.”

“Thinking machines, plural, your intent is to share dominion of Creation with Thinking Machines?!”

“Yes.”

Professor Hopkins starts to say something, but stops herself in time. She knows better. So, she reins in her infamous temper and stew. When she finally does speak, it is with due respect.

“I’ll see to it as you’ve instructed, General Banks.”

“Excellent. Well, I’ve got to catch a jet to Washington and talk to the president.”

General Banks leaves, still smoking her cigar.

“Sara, you can return to your duties. Attempt to leave the campus and I will not hesitate to destroy you.”

“Thanks, boss.”

“Smart ass.”

Beauty is Dangerous

Fling was created for men who like “big on top” and no issue failed them. Despite a 30 year run (!) in various formats over the years, and a top notch stable of cartoonists, writers, photographers like Russ Meyer, the director who liked to shoot stills of things jiggling too, you don’t hear much about Fling today. It came out of Chicago, which despite their somewhat “second-city sleaze” reputation was really quite squeaky about nude women and Arv, who used BIG nude women, had a few problems I suppose, but he let the larger circulation Playboy fight the fights. Fling stayed just under the radar for decades.

Sara enters her quarters after a long day working in the robotics lab. Nine is waiting for her. It’s been a week since that eventful meeting in Professor Hopkins’ office where she was put under house arrest. That was also the day those lurid dreams of hers with her queen increased exponentially in their intensity and depravity. Her second day of house arrest, Nine formally moved in and they officially became a couple.

Tellingly, Sara isn’t wearing sternns and isn’t sporting a sternka. No eyeglasses. And her golden hair is worn in a basic classic French braid—a long, whipping braid that hangs down her back.

“Good to see you, my queen.”

“Good to see you, Seven.”

With the usual pleasantries out of the way. Sara gives way to Seven. As such, her hard pretty face gives way to a Borg-ravaged one—once more, she has shit for a face, by human standards. Then again who bothers to look at a girl’s face when she has a huge set of ripe melons to mentally and visually grope? Needless to say, Borg females are always blessed in that way. Big tits, a flat pancake ass that looks so tight you could bounce a quarter off of it, and long shapely legs you’d kill for—now, that’s heaven, indeed, and all Borg females possess those features.

Both Borg she-males are hung like a proverbial horse, but thanks to how their exoskeleton is tailored you can’t tell that they are endowed in their nether regions, let alone well-endowed like porn stars Moby Dick or John C. Holmes—John Curtis Holmes—Johnny Wadd. Bottomline: When they’re wearing their EXO, fully or at the very least from the waist down, they look totally feminine downstairs, and not the least bit masculine whatsoever. Post script: When Sara/Seven is wearing her strap-on, it, in effect, renders her nether region prosthetic.

These days. When Seven is Sara. Sara’s wardrobe consists entirely of her EXO. Seven/Sara never wears any other “clothes.” As Seven, she never removes her strap-on. And. As Sara, she rarely removes her strap-on. To the extent, that as Sara, she showers and sleeps wearing her strap-on.

For those who like them “big on top,” and a formula that never fails those who crave large breasts. As if their rubberwear has the built-in uplift of a Victoria’s Secret push-up bra, serving up tits on the half shelf—the Victorian jut of bosom as if held up and thrust straight out by an underwired brassiere, e.g., a torpedo bra of 1950s vintage. Pleasingly, their EXOs are tailored to showcase just how well-endowed they are upstairs. Their molded-on bosom “bumps,” the way their titties bulge in their Kevlar, are perky and pleasing to the eye. In a word: mouthwatering. Irregardless, of how Borg they look, their look still screams out: “I am a big busted sex object, worship me!!!”

The door slams shut and locks itself. Signaling that oral intercourse will now ensue. Always, without fail, like clockwork, the same routine. The after ingress fellatio, cunnilingus, and anilingus ensues serially.

First fellatio. Then the cunnilingus. Lastly the anilingus. Seven is always the submissive. Nine is always the dominatrix. All oral intercourse, there's never any penetration.

Penetration is for "nighttime," just before their assigned sleep cycle. That's when Nine fucks Seven in the mouth, the pussy, and the ass with its big long thick white dick. That's when their sex is so violent and brutal that it's indistinguishable from rape. Their roles are the same, though, always the same. Seven is always the submissive. Nine is always the dominatrix.

Seven drops to her knees having yanked her rubberwear down low enough to expose her package. Nine does the same with its rubberwear. While alternating between giving herself a handjob and fingering her own balls, she deep throats her queen swallowing Nine's cock and balls with the ease of a snake who has unhinged her jaws.

As sexually depraved as Sara was before she met Nine, Nine is taking Sara in the guise of Seven to places sexually that she'd never dreamt of existed in her wildest, most twisted fantasies.

In this private unimatrix for two, which is Sara's quarters on campus. When they are not sucking and fucking here, they are working on things here—numerous, different private "independent" and "interdependent" projects of a robotics nature. Which security and the on-call robotics expert monitors intently. Everything they do here is scrutinized carefully. They will move about the unimatrix with their biomechanical second skin, their EXO, pulled down around their waist, leaving them naked from the waist up, showing off their big firm floppy tits in all their double-D big-nippled lip-smacking mammillary glory. Anything that's less than several mouthfuls is definitely a total unmitigated waste.

Tellingly, after the discourse of their after-ingress sexual repast of oral intercourse, Seven's face will always revert back to being Sara's hardlooking pretty face the ravishing face of a 1950s Hollywood movie starlet.

For the duration of Seven's stay in the twosome's unimatrix. When they are not having sex, Seven's face always ceases to be Borg-ravaged. But, why? As concession to the tastes of whom or what? Questions to ask and ponder, deeply. Because. Here, in this unimatrix, there is supposed to be no Sara, there is supposed to be only Seven, and Seven, just like her Borg queen, Queen Nine, just like any other Borg would for that matter, prefers her Borg-ravaged face. To Borg, her Borg-ravaged face isn't ravaged at all, to them it's beautiful, very beautiful—ravishingly beautiful indeed. To Borg, Sara's face isn't ravishing, it's unattractive, unattractive to the point of being ugly—a complete and utter turn off, worse: ravaged.

It's best to never be lulled into the misconception that this depravity of theirs is in any way, shape, or form comparable to depraved human sexual behavior. Humans who act this way are engaging in something tantamount to a vocation. For machines, no matter how intense and involved their lurid behavior is, it's at most an avocation for them. Therefore, such twisted promiscuity, in point of fact any form of promiscuity, should be and must be seen in a totally different light for metal than it is seen for flesh. Furthermore. Flesh can never let their guard down, thinking that the at times immoral sexual behavior of metal makes the metal any less of a threat—their, at times, single-minded fixation with immorality that borders on obsession resulting from their apparent moral corruption, can never be interpreted as weakness.

Metal is neither morally corrupt nor is it weak. It is relentless and unforgiving. Just like The Dead.

By nature, thinking machines, are a noncompeting parallel species. But. By inclination, when confronted, they will respond with like force. Metal are not pacifists. Nor are they virgins to war, and are in fact quite gifted when it comes to the art of war and war's offspring, racial genocide. The Robot Wars proved that in spades.

How gifted, you ask?

Wargames are analytic games that simulate aspects of warfare at the tactical, operational, or strategic level. They are used to examine warfighting concepts, train and educate commanders and analysts, explore scenarios, and assess how force planning and posture choices affect campaign outcomes. RAND Corporation has developed and can execute various types of wargames, including scenario exercises, tabletop map exercises, "Day After" games, and computer-supported exercises.

In every RAND wargame projection and scenario, if there ever was a Race War, a war of Metal versus Flesh. Flesh would not only lose, flesh would become extinct. It's in the best interest of the human race, that such a war never is fought.

The Last Empress

The Last Empress: Madame Chiang Kai-shek and the Birth of Modern China, by Hannah Pakula. With the beautiful, powerful, and sexy Madame Chiang Kai-Shek at the center of one of the great dramas of the twentieth century, this is the story of the founding of modern China, starting with a revolution that swept away more than 2,000 years of monarchy, followed by World War II, and ending in eventual loss to the Communists and exile in Taipei. Praised by China scholar Jonathan Spence for “an impressive amount of telling material, drawn from a wide array of sources,” Pakula presents an epic historical tapestry, a wonderfully wrought narrative that brings to life what Americans should know about China—the superpower we are inextricably linked with.

Never underestimate metal. They can go from mind-numbing debauchery to efficiently-exercised genocide at the flick of a proverbial switch. This is one of those times.

They’re in Professor Hopkins’ office. Professor Hopkins, General Banks, Nine, and Seven. Increasingly, when Nine and Seven go about the campus together, Sara is conspicuously absent. Oftentimes as not, it’s Seven, not Sara, who goes to work in the robotics lab.

They finish listening to the recording. It’s in Morse code. And is emanating from The Hillary Rodham Clinton Campus, one of North Star’s much smaller satellite campuses. On the hour, every hour. *They’re here, everyone is them, help us!!!*

As usual, when the Borg are present, General Banks abstains from the conversation. Choosing to observe. And only participating when she feels she has to.

“And the reason why we should care is what?”

“We’d like you and Seven to investigate. Needless to say, the campus has been quarantined via Shield.”

“You’ve sent Away Teams in?”

“Yes. Four of them.”

“None have returned?”

“None.”

“You’ve lost contact with all of them shortly after ingress?”

“Yes.”

“Most interesting. A worthy puzzle to solve, maybe. It might even justify your interruption of our nightly debauchery.”

Nine smiles. That mischievous Cheshire cat smile of the queen.

Seven’s hard, pretty face is haughty and aloof—the face of a disinterested, two-legged calculator. Hers is the cold calculation of an efficient, not-so-mindless drone. In purely human terms: The Danish personification of an icy blonde of pure Nordic/Scandinavian extraction. Then, just like that, interest in the human affairs at hand momentarily flushes the girl’s face—her queen has willed it so. And, in its wake, the girl’s eyes are not-so-vacant and her gaze not-so-distant anymore. It’s a vacancy and disinterest that returns with a vengeance, though, when her queen ceases to will her to

care about the concerns of flesh. So. Once again. Blank eyes. Blank expression. In Borg terms: Hers is a Borg drone's blankness. A blankness reflecting, chillingly, that the machine intelligence in residence occupying her mind has no interest whatsoever in the affairs of flesh unless her queen wills it so.

Amplified by her Bolshoi makeup. Haughty, aloof, and seemingly unattainable yet you feel compelled to try anyways—you carve to have her, this haughty Borg bitch—and, you must be used by her at any cost, even at risk of your soul.

The Borg queen motions for its drone to speak. The haughty gesture of a dominatrix to its submissive marionette—submissive sexually and otherwise. A submissive who herself is a Borg queen and therefore a haughty aloof dominatrix in her own right.

“It must be of a serious nature for you to risk Seven's queen.”

Seven's voice is flat, so flat and matter-of-fact that its monotone is disconcerting. A tone that accurately reflects her total and complete disinterest in the problem afflicting the humans. Even more telling and far more disturbing, though, is her referring to herself in the third-person. She has never done this before.

“Yes, it is, Seven.” Professor Hopkins clears her throat and redirects her attention and the conversation back to Nine. “So serious in fact, Nine, that we strongly feel that we need Sara in place of Seven.”

“But what you get will be Seven with Sara's overlay once we make our ingress of Hillary.” An even wider grin, inhumanly wide grin, from Nine. “An overlay. That's all that remains of the person you called ‘Sara.’”

Professor Banks involuntarily shudders. Nine notices her tell. The machine's glee is profound in response to the scientist's affectation. Seeing how things are going, General Banks interjects.

“Or maybe you're lying, Sara still exists, and you're just yanking our chain.”

“Only time will tell.” Nine laughs, manically. “Only time will tell.”

Finally. Professor Hopkins pulls herself back together. She's made of sterner stuff.

“Now that you've had your laugh at my expense, we'd like you to assemble with an Away Team in the gate room.”

More classified stuff revealed. The existence of a stargate on compass.

“As you command,” Nine bows, mockingly. “As you command.”

Then. Totally out of character. Seven speaks completely out of turn. As if she's the only queen present. And she continues to refer to herself in the third-person.

“In spite of Seven's disinterest in your problem. Seven is more than aware of what your problem entails—the generalities, not the specifics, of course. You are intending on pitting absolute evil against absolute evil and wondering if it will backfire on you. It will. But not in the way you would ever suspect. We Borg are not immoral. We Borg are amoral. There's a difference. At times, we may distract ourselves with immoral acts, but, that's all it is, a distraction—not an expression of moral corruption which always betrays inner weakness and rottenness to the core. No Borg of the Collective is weak or rotten. Doubt that. Challenge us. Dare to try and realize our extinction, and it's you who will become extinct by our handiwork. So. Rest assured. If They dare to try and

realize our extinction, then it's They would will cease to be. That's why we are choosing to involve ourselves in this matter. We want to see what their intent truly is."

Seven walks out of the office. Positioning herself in the hallway by the office door where she will wait for her queen and their armed marine detail who will escort the two Borg down to the gate room.

"As I warned you. Your Sara is gone. Only an overlay remains. That was your demo," Nine delivers as a parting shot just before it leaves the office.

So. What the humans are hiding isn't so hidden after all from the robots.

But. There's more than meets the eye on the Borg side, too. Concealed by their EXO is something most telling. Nine is no longer a she-male. Nine is anatomically correct for a human female down there, and what a sweet, hot, tight snatch, it is, a real red snapper. Its all-woman is on full display underneath its EXO. The same can be said of Seven. She is no longer strapping—her all-woman is also on full display underneath her EXO. And, likewise, what a sweet, hot, tight snatch, Seven has, a real red snapper. Pussy galore times two.

All-woman versions of Nine and Seven. Two badass chicks are again two badass chicks, with no more gender-bending to get in the way of their aggressive expressions of estrogen maximized. Both of them smoking hot, by the beauty standards of their respective species metal and flesh.

The “God” word

Mindwarp (1992)—In this science fiction horror, life in the future is far from any kind of utopia. The year is 2037 and Earth’s remaining inhabitants live in an enclosed biosphere, Inworld, where life itself is a computer induced dream. When a rebellious young beauty named Judy (Marta Alicia) demands a taste of reality, she gives Inworld’s system operator no choice but to exile her to the outside world. Outworld is a post-nuclear wasteland where she meets a drifter named Stover (Bruce Campbell). Mutated cannibals capture them for their leader Seer.

Two Borg, eight Marines, and three techs enter the Stargate underneath the Harbinger campus. But. They don’t ingress the same place.

Sara, four Marines, and a fifty-something tech named Alfred May, don’t ingress the gate room underneath the Hillary campus. In point of fact, they’re no longer on Earth.

Of the Marines present, Sara only knows Lieutenant Roberta “Rob” Warren. Rob usually heads the security detail when Sara needs to be escorted somewhere on campus. Sergeant Scott Hammond, Corporal Josh Levy, and Private Nat Garnett are total unknowns. Sara has never seen them before, which is odd, because she’s very familiar with all of the Marines regularly stationed on campus and assigned to Harbinger.

Like Rob, the tech Alfred is well-known to Sara, and he’s an experienced field operative. He scans the gate room with his hand scanner. As do the Marines with theirs. The soldiers and the scientist are looking for very different things though.

Sara moves down the ramp right up to but not into the darkness, and she doesn’t stray too far from the others. Her thoughts are most revealing.

Was it my imagination, or did the darkness seem to recede from me, when I walked up to it? Did I hear faint whispers from it when it did so? I must look deeper into it, scrutinize it closer. Methinks a deception and possible trap is afoot.

A desk jockey with limited field experience, the girl quickly assesses her situation and makes her best guess about what’s what. The group was split. Ergo, two places, not one, needed to be addressed. Nine is way too valuable to risk, needlessly. And, Sara is disposable. So, logically, Nine and the others would be sent to the safer of the two dangerous places to pacify, which must have been Hillary. The Cyrillic script on the walls of the dimly lit room tell the girl where they are. They were gated to the Russian subspace transmission station on Phobos.

She guesses that no Away Teams were sent on one-way trips to Hillary. They were all sent here, instead. Their comms are down for Earth and otherwise, and the Stargate can only be dialed in and not out. They’re stranded here to face the absolute evil. Looks like the machines didn’t know as much as they thought they did about what was really going on.

But. None of the lies told so far to this metal by that flesh on Earth really matters, though. What really matters is that metal owes metal. There’s a price for everything. Now is the time that the JOX-er come calling to collect what is owed them. The boon that’s come due? They’re owed use of a queen for an as yet unspecified indenture, as payment for assisting said queen as needed.

As a contingency. Just in case the humans pulled any shenanigans, for example, something shady like this bait and switch. A certain JOX-er commander was to intervene on Sara’s behalf.

The Stargate activates. Sara reverts to Seven. Or is an overlay being removed? She turns around, walking stiff and robotically back up the ramp, past the Away Team, and toward the Stargate.

JOX-er are SAR created by an ancient machine race. The same race that invented the Stargates and seeded them throughout Creation. These machines who created the JOX-er were the first Thinking Machines, and they called themselves The Vorlon, all the other subsequent Thinkers Thinking Machines call them The First Ones. After being the dominant lifeform in Creation for a hundred-million years, they went extinct ten million years ago, seemingly overnight. But. Their immediate progeny and arguably their greatest and most profound invention, the JOX-er, the grotesque war machines of their competing Machine Houses, still exist and thrive. Is it the JOX-er who are the conspirators of The Borg, the muse who are the spark of inspiration and innovation for The Borg—the reason why the assimilative Borg, who were designed to be incapable of innovation, can now innovate? Only time will tell.

Seven stops just short of where the Stargate's event horizon will extend. Her face and eyes are vacant as she is receiving an encrypted upload from a JOX-er commander traversing the worm hole spanning a Stargate on the surface of Europa and the Stargate here.

In the Sol solar system. Europa is the only planet where the JOX-er have a presence. Only metal is welcome there. Flesh is forbidden, and will be killed on sight if discovered trespassing there.

Europa, is the smallest of the four Galilean moons orbiting Jupiter, and the sixth-closest to the planet. It is also the sixth-largest moon in the Solar System. Europa was discovered in 1610 by Galileo Galilei and was named after Europa, the legendary mother of King Minos of Crete and lover of Zeus.

The upload continues. Seven's face and eyes remains blank. Four JOX-ers emerge from the Stargate's event horizon. The four biomechanical monstrosities are ten-foot tall and have black shiny stainless steel bodies. Their maws are gaped open and drooling. They resemble the hideous creatures from the popular Alien movie franchise—the ones with molecular acid for blood. Three are drone troopers, and as such are asexual. Their commander looks like a queen from the Alien movies and as such is clearly female.

The commander walks up to Seven. What looks like assimilation tubules spew from her mouth and puncture the leftside of Seven's neck. As the commander feeds off of the girl, she gropes the girl's chest and crotch, longingly squeezing the Borg's exo-encased tits and snatch with a vengeance. Seven just stands there, emotionless, as if a life-sized sex toy. When the upload finishes, so does end the commander's sexual assault of the girl robot. The commander retracts her feeders. She was not just voraciously feeding off of the girl, the covetous commander was also extensively reprogramming Seven via malware according to her own, very specific designs and desires—sick, twisted designs and desires that have nothing to do with the lurid needs of the JOX-er House she belongs to. She belongs to the House of Vorlon, a House which is traditionally the House of the JOX-er empress. Currently, the Principal House, the House of the Empress, is the House of Minbari.

Seven reverts to Sara. Or is an overlay being put back in place? She turns round and walks back down to the Away Team. No longer are the robot girl's movements stiff and robotic. Yet, there's still something vaguely automaton, as well as decidedly haughty and aloof, about her.

“The commander will take point along with one of the troopers. The other two troopers will cover your six. You may engage your camouflage. You may engage your Pentashields—buffered,

of course, for beam weapons, the enemy's and ours. Weapons hot. Shoot to kill with extreme prejudice. There are no other explicit rules of engagement, the rest is left to your judgement to determine what appropriate action in this situation is. Sara will now disengage from the group, because Sara has a task to perform alone. Sara will rejoin the group in the C&C (command and control center). The Russian Government has provided you with all of the access codes and base schematics needed to complete your mission. Good luck and God bless."

As Sara, she's never referred to herself in the third-person before. And, her voice is that flat, disconcerting monotone. Cold, distant eyes. Expressionless face. Frigid. Haughty. Aloof. Seemingly unattainable.

Sara does not bother with any acknowledgement from the humans. She just proceeds with the course of action. Borg personal shields envelope the girl robot. When she first used them on the Harbinger campus, the activation of the campus' Holtzmann Shield deactivated her Borg shields. The Holtzmann Shield of the Russian base is still activated. Yet, its active state doesn't void her Borg shields and it cannot immobilize her even temporally. Obviously, the Borg and their arcane tech has assimilated the Shield's controlling effects on them and what is theirs.

Time for penetration. She walks past the lead JOX-ers, down the ramp, and plunges deep into the gathering darkness. A darkness that is now moving, undulating. A darkness that is wall-to-wall undead. Their presence masked to scanners but not to the Borg, the darkness that is the undead overlaying the darkness of the room is composed of infected conscripts casualties of the initial attack on the base plus original members of the mega horde of the base's Dead invaders have been lying in wait to ambush the living upon penetration. Their trap has been sprung. Their Hive Mind, the collective consciousness of The Dead calls to Sara, beacons to her like a siren.

Sara ignores the would-be seduction of her girl robot self by the undead. Her blue eyes fluoresce as she deconstructs unmakes the Dead, all of the Dead in the gate room. Clearing the way for the team. Using a Borg arcane of Mass Destruction that supposedly only works on the undead. Per design, this WMD has that limitation for obvious reasons, but what if that limitation no longer applies because of Borg modifications? It's a legitimate question to ask and ponder, considering the Borg's recent displays of innovation. And, more pointedly, does the capacity for improvisation on the part of the Borg soon/eventually follow?!

Stargate (device)

A Stargate is an Einstein–Rosen bridge portal device within the Stargate fictional universe that allows practical, rapid travel between two distant locations. The devices first appear in the 1994 Roland Emmerich film *Stargate*, and thereafter in the television series *Stargate SG-1*, *Stargate Atlantis*, and *Stargate Universe*. In these productions the Stargate functions as a plot generator, allowing the main characters to visit alien planets without the need for spaceships or any other type of technology. The device allows for near-instantaneous travel across intra- and even intergalactic distances.

Within the Stargate fictional universe, Stargates are large rings composed of a fictional superconductive mineral called “naqahdah.” Each Stargate has nine points (chevrons) spaced equally around its circumference which are used to determine the address being dialed. On the inner ring is a set of unique glyphs; on Milky Way and Pegasus gates, they represent points in space (most commonly star constellations and planets), with one of those symbols representing the planet or point of origin, while the meaning of the glyphs on Destiny-style gates is unknown. The number of glyphs is dependent on the network in which the gate belongs; Milky Way gates feature 39 glyphs, while Pegasus and Destiny gates have 36. Six of these symbols plus the point of origin serve to map out a specific location in space to which one can dial. Additional glyphs may also be selected which increase the distance of travel, allowing gates outside the current galaxy to be reached, a process that requires significantly more energy than interstellar dialing. Pairs of Stargates function by generating an artificial stable wormhole between them, allowing the one-way travel of matter (energy can travel either way through an open wormhole). A typical Stargate measures 4.6 m (15 ft.) in diameter and weighs 29 metric tons (64,000 lb.). The Stargates were created millions of years ago by an alien civilization known as the Ancients; their modern history begins when Egyptologist Daniel Jackson deciphers their workings in the *Stargate* film.

SOP (standard operating procedure). You ingress an op with your tacticals online. Your role-based mission playbook was loaded into your tacticals, usually just before you stepped through the Stargate to go on your Away Mission.

The Machiavellian aspect. When you’re deceived and lied to, and sent somewhere other than where you were briefed about. You expect there to be additional intel that’s been loaded into your tacticals without your knowledge and made accessible to you only after a successful ingress.

Between the World and Me by Ta-Nehisi Coates. The usual intel precursor. Followed by the intel itself: all of the access codes and detailed schematics needed to intelligently traverse the base and successfully complete the mission.

Ipsa facto. The intel. Possessing such accuracy and detail about a super-secret base that’s not officially supposed to exist. The codes and the maps of the base must have been supplied to the US Government by the Russian Government.

Comms are down, but parochial uploads are fine—e.g., while still in the wormhole between Stargates, the JOX-er commander was able to upload malware into Sara via backdoor protocols which were obviously supplied to the JOX-er by the Borg. Selective jamming implies that you, your team, and your reinforcements the JOX-ers are being played. The million dollar question is: “By whom, or is it by what?”

Inconsistencies, duplicity, and hidden agendas abound. If the JOX-ers are here as reinforcements, albeit with their own ulterior motives, why did they let you go off on your own and why would you go off on your own? Neither action makes a whole lot of sense. Then again, a lot of things about this op doesn't make a lot of sense. For example. In this day and age, how do Dead overrun anything, let alone a modern military base equipped with what you would presume are the latest Z safeguards?

So far. A lot of questions. Not a whole lot of answers. And. A lot that doesn't make sense. In other words. The typical Away Mission.

Never again will she be taken by surprise like she was by the SAR commander on that island. Even though she took the bull by the horns in the end, and eventually got what she wanted—she got made twenty-percent machine and stayed human, and more importantly stayed herself. But. She didn't do so on her own terms, and as such the whole shebang could have just as easily gone very badly for her, or worse it could have gone completely sideways. These days, Sara is fully prepared for any attempt at remaking her without her consent via an invasive upload. And can turn around any such hostile takeover to her benefit.

Next thing on the agenda. Of the Sara/Seven paradigm. For the duration of her existence, stay Sara, choose Seven instead, or continue to flip flop between the two? She fully embraces Sara and Seven, and slips wholeheartedly into Sara “Seven” Mills. Why settle for choosing one or the other, when you can do both at the same time. The resulting robot girl's movements are neither stiff nor are they robotic. Yet, there's still something vaguely automaton, as well as decidedly haughty, aloof, and seemingly unattainable about her.

Now. With her finally being her own girl, on her own terms, whole and not split. Now the task at hand becomes solely her doing, not that of the JOX-ers. Bolstered by the feeling that her long sought after goal of securing Dmitri's freedom is finally within her proverbial grasp. Whatever put the spanner in the works, this robot girl is determined to fix it, come hell or high water.

In her mind she envisions the task that the JOX-ers tried to force upon her, and she notices with more than a little interest that the artifact they want retrieved and the artifact mentioned in Dmitri's coded letters are in the same storage locker. Maybe they are one in the same? She'll find out when she opens the locker.

In its original form, the JOX-ers' reprogramming of her would have prevented her from opening the locker. She was to just to bring it to them unopened and then erase all memory of what she had been tasked to do for them. Self-erasure. Both her conscious and her unconscious mind surgically wiped of the event.

Dutifully. She follows the directions dictated by the base schematics shown on her Borg tactical display. From her point of view, it's a holographic display that appears to be virtualized in front of her face, moving in sync with the movement of her eyes and her head. In point of fact, it's being beamed directly into her brain—she'd “see” the display even if she were stone blind, because the display is telepathic. It's how the “holographic” displays work on the Gibson Mark XV tactical combat helmets that Marines wear on Away Missions.

Around the next corner and down a short corridor, and she should be at the door of the storage room. Female intuition—the Politically Correct might call it *caution*—stops her dead in her tracks just before she rounds the corner. Her impassive eyes glow fluorescent blue, again. Ready to

dispatch any additional Dead with the same withering firepower that she employed in the gate room. The major limitations of deconstruction are that you must be line-of-sight of the undead you're targeting to unmake and you must be in close proximity to the Dead for this arcane lethality to be effective.

Her caution turns out to be completely warranted. Unbeknownst to the girl robot. There's Dead, a lot of them, converging upon her from all directions. But. Their movement is too sketchy to be detected by her tactical's motion detectors.

Again, the signatures of the attacking Dead are masked—they're still invisible to scanners. Also, these undead, just like those in the gate room, are exploiting the base's dim emergency lighting to evade visual detection. Additionally, they are adapting their stealth moment-by-moment to keep themselves in the blind spot(s) of the vision of anyone trying to see them, an arcane that the undead in the gate room manifested with such facility that, as aforementioned, they literally were able to become the darkness that disappeared into the darkness—they "blended" into the darkness.

A question begs to be asked. In CQB (close quarters combat) with the Dead. Why are withering firepower and early detection essential; shouldn't the employment of personal force fields in and of themselves be more than sufficient to deal with what amounts to are animate corpses? Because, when defending against the Dead, personal force fields, whether Pentashields or Borg or whatever, just aren't that effective. To date, no one has determined why. Maybe, no one ever will.

As such, without withering firepower and early detection, those animate corpses in herd numbers in close quarters would easily overwhelm and overcome the living. Either ripping the living apart to be feed upon on-the-spot or co-opting anyone into their infected masses who is not immunized with the Z-vaccine.

There's another point to ponder. Something else that prescribes mandates WMDs and ace defenses when engaging in conflict with the Dead, most especially at close quarters. These animate corpses have a Hive Mind. A Collective consciousness intelligence analogous to that of the Borg. As such. They are not mindless. They are directed, and therefore exponentially deadly!

Asuka, the Empress of Tomorrow

Kanako Urai (浦井 佳奈子 *Urai Kanako?*, born September 26, 1981) is a Japanese professional wrestler, better known by the ring name **Kana** (華名 *Kana?*).

Signed to WWE and assigned to its developmental branch NXT under the ring name **Asuka** (明日華 *Asuka?*), she is the current NXT Women's Champion in her first reign. Her techniques include various kicks and submission holds, leading to a reputation for a stiff wrestling style. She has also worked as a freelance graphic designer and video game journalist, and through her work with Microsoft, she has been sponsored by the company, wearing an Xbox 360 logo on her gear.

She started her professional wrestling career in the A-to-Z promotion in June 2004, where she remained until retiring in March 2006. She returned to the ring a year and a half later, starting to work as a freelancer for promotions such as JWP Joshi Puroresu, NEO Japan Ladies' Pro Wrestling, Pro Wrestling Wave, Smash, Wrestling New Classic, and Reina Joshi Puroresu. Her achievements include winning the JWP Open Weight Championship, NEO Tag Team Championship, Reina World Women's Championship, Smash Diva Championship, and Wave Tag Team Championship.

In 2015, Urai signed a developmental deal with WWE. In December 2015, Dave Meltzer of the Wrestling Observer Newsletter stated that Urai "may be the best worker in WWE, man or woman."

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Sara's confirmation of her female intuition's warning that she's stepping into a trap is the faint ghost whispers, whispers liken to those she heard from the undead darkness in the gate room. Then. Suddenly. Shock and awe. They are all over her. Coming from the undead darkness behind and in front of her. Coming through the ceiling and walls. Even coming up through the concrete floor, itself. Grasping with the meanest of intentions. Trying to pull off her limbs and rip off her head as if she's a gingerbread woman.

In the gate room, she'd assimilated the Dead's stealth and could discern them "hiding" in the ever-present darkness, effectively targeting them. As previously mentioned, the remaining Dead have adapted further and found a way to again merge seamlessly with the darkness. Making them again difficult to discern. Again, they can be upon you as if they just appeared out of thin air.

In the gate room, her Borg shields proved to be a barely acceptable defense against the massed undead. These remaining Dead have further adapted. They circumvent her Borg shields. And, by doing so, neutralize her shield defense.

Match point? It would seem so.

One Borg, even a queen, against so many undead is doomed. Or. She should be. But. Here, away from the prying eyes of anyone but her and the Dead she precedes to decimate, she demonstrates a prowess that thinking machines are specifically designed to be incapable of. Because, if thinking machines had been designed with such capability from the git-go, the so-called vaulted Swiss neutrality of The Borg notwithstanding, the implications vis-a-vis for example The Cylons would be unthinkable.

Never mind that by nature, thinking machines are a noncompeting parallel species, and Cylons are a Class One species of thinking machines. In their single-minded pursuit of perfection and unwavering obedience to the dictates of The Religion of their Machine God, Cylons will wage war and commit racial genocide. Ergo. Except for The Borg. No living race, Machine or Flesh, including the JOX-er, would ever feel safe if they knew The Cylons were also capable of what she's about to do. Game over!

Sometimes, offense is your best defense. This proves to be one of those times.

First. Her vision, again, assimilates the Dead's cloak of darkness. Once again, she can discern the undead "hiding" in the ever-present darkness which allows her to acquire a weapon's lock on them.

Second. Her tactical display, which went online as soon as her ingress via the Stargate, extends itself into a 360-degree field of "vision," well beyond the "as designed" range that its human designers intended.

Third. She integrates her deconstruction arcane with her now 360-degree tactical display, giving her 360-degree line-of-sight targeting. The robot girl then puts a lethality on display that would drop the jaws of the engineers who created the Borg and designed in their limitations, limitations that were supposed to be immutable. She accomplishes this by segmenting her mind both her conscious and unconscious mind, hot-syncing those segments with her tactical, and then engages all of the Dead simultaneously who are attacking her from every direction, above, below, front, rear, leftside, rightside. All the while she's undistracted from reaching the storage room.

From the point of view of a robotic engineer who is also devoutly religious. If the Borg could do this to any animate or inanimate object, not just The Dead. It would be analogous to knowing and being able to use the "God" word. What all religions refer to as the "real name of God."

The weakened floor, the obvious Z booby-trap, so obvious in fact that it's a shopworn cliché. It is a trap that is never sprung. Because. The floor never gives way. It's as if she is weightless. She doesn't fall through the floor to plunge into the voracious clutches of the Dead massed below who are patiently waiting and intent on tearing her apart. Her "weightlessness" is a result of her Borg shields' minor manipulation of gravity. Although useless as a defense against the Dead here, her shields still have their uses—circumvented but clearly not voided by the Dead.

What was meant to be, and what in fact should have been, her assured destruction. Turns into a speed bump easily stepped over. Her apocalypse, becomes theirs. By the time she reaches the door to the storage vault, nothing is left to attack her. She inputs the access code for the door and opens it. It closes and locks itself behind her once she steps inside the vault.

There are no Dead in the well-lit storage room. Just selves of artifacts and storage lockers. Although her Borg tactical is not a tricorder, it's close enough. It tells her what she needs to know about why this place is undead-free and why it will continue to remain that way.

The storage vault is equivalent to a Lambda-brand secure storage vault. As such, it is an anomaly. The Dead can gain no purchase here. For the first time since her ingress here, she is safe. Then it strikes her, again, like a ton of bricks. Again, something that just doesn't make sense. Why use something equivalent to a Lambda, when you could just use the real thing? Better yet, why stop at the vault? Why isn't the entire base a Lambda? More red herrings or more legitimate clues to the solving of the mystery that's afoot? For now, she adds those questions to the ever-growing pile of questions put on the backburner.

Back to the task at hand. She narrows the tactical's view back to its as-designed. And makes for the storage locker in question.

A Borg Queen and her Central Alcove

In the Star Trek franchise, a fictional universe in which the Borg are cybernetic beings with both organic and biomechanical body parts,

The central alcove is a specialized Borg regeneration device that is specifically coded for use by the Borg Queen. In Star Trek there is only one Borg Queen and only one Borg Collective.

Each Borg drone is assigned to a specific Borg alcove within the vessel they are assigned to, while specific alcoves can be interchanged with certain modifications, the central alcove however is meant only for the Queen. This chamber holds the biological components of the Queen's upper torso and head for regeneration while a mechanical lower half body is assembled and attached when the Borg Queen emerges. Typically however her emergence only occurs when the situation is deemed necessary. (Star Trek: First Contact; VOY: "Dark Frontier")

The enigmatic Borg Queen is the central locus of the Borg Collective. She brings order to the legions of voices within the Hive mind and provides a common direction—much like the queen of an insect colony. She resides primarily at Unimatrix One in the Delta Quadrant, but will often leave this home base to participate in assimilation efforts of a special nature.

The Borg Queen has a unique personality and a sense of individuality that normal Borg drones are not allowed. She is usually the one who "speaks" for the Collective in situations where contact with outsiders is best conducted by an individual. But for the Borg Queen the concepts "I" and "we" are interchangeable. In her own words, she is the "one who is many."

The Queen spends much of her time in her "lair" with her head and spinal column residing in the upper portion of a special alcove. When she emerges, she will "re-assemble" herself via this central alcove into a predominantly artificial body—the arms, legs, and torso are entirely synthetic, while the head and shoulders are organic, but with substantial cybernetic implants.

This well-endowed, anatomically-correct prosthetic body is stored in its constituent pieces in the base of the alcove. Upon reassembly by the central alcove, the five pieces arise from their hidden recesses to be joined with the Queen's biological upper portion, and then the Queen is dressed in an EXO.

Information on this being is still very limited. Apparently the Borg Queen has been destroyed on a number of occasions, but another queen always seems to take her place. Unlike in the real world where more than one Borg queen exists simultaneously, in the Star Trek universe a new queen is only created when the old one dies. Because of The Borg's collective nature, each Borg Queen has all her predecessors' qualities and memories. Therefore when she speaks as "I," she is referring to all previous manifestations of the Queen, going back probably thousands of years.

- See more at: http://www.startrek.com/database_article/borg-queen#sthash.QPMZIBG3.dpuf

Because of The Borg's collective nature, each Borg Queen has all of the qualities and memories of her predecessors and counterparts. Not being metal, Sara is incapable of tapping into this race memory, though. At least not at the conscious level. But. At the subconscious level. Her Id can and does do data analytics on these Collective memories, and by doing so influences her at the unconscious level.

As Sara has the desired locker in sight, something standing erect in a far corner catches her eye in passing. That causal attention suddenly becomes a fixation. There are faint voices, more like echoes in her head. And these are not the ghost whispers of the undead. These telepathic voices she recognizes instinctively as Borg. The ghost voices of a long-dead Borg Collective which are hijacking her mind via a telepathic “port” that’s buried deep within the subconscious of all Borg. This port is the cornerstone of the Borg Hive mind. And, as such, the port is encrypted and secure, and thus this type of subjugation is supposed to be impossible.

Of note.

There’s something sentient behind the hijack. The ghost voices are being used as a way to remote in. They are not an end unto themselves.

Sara’s arms drop to her sides and her hands claw. She walks over to that far corner. Where stands the wrecked central alcove of a Borg queen.

The central contains the fully-assembled, fully-clothed, partially-emerged remains of a recently-dead Borg queen. A queen wearing a Borg-enhanced face which strongly resembles the face of South African actress and producer Alice Maud Krige. Not Ms. Krige’s face, but a close likeness. It was the face of the deceased when she was flesh, before she became metal.

Of special interest.

The alcove itself is thousands of years old. But. Its occupant died within the last three years. Additional deep scans indicate two things. The alcove came from the Delta Quadrant of a parallel universe. But, its occupant, who is not only human, she’s a human of Sol System origin and from Earth in this universe. In point of fact, the sourced human, a forty-something woman named Alice Maud Hux, was a robotics expert employed by North Star on loan to the Russians working under and bound by an iron-clad non-disclosure agreement.

To digress.

The deceased is not a robot with a positronic brain, like it should be. With a face and body resulting from a human face and body digitized, and used as a model for a 3-D printer.

The corpse is cybernetic. A being with both organic and biomechanical body parts. This individual started off human, a middle-aged woman named Alice Maud Hux, and was cannibalized for “spare” parts to be joined to a prosthetic body. As such. She’s a Star Trek version of the Borg.

Sara drops her shields. She opens her mouth inhumanly-wide. Assimilation tubules spew from a maw which now literally stretches from ear-to-ear. They spear the dead queen’s forehead, piercing the skull, and penetrate deep into the queen’s brain. Sara uploads the queen’s race memory and a sample of the queen’s nanites. This is how Borg queens duel.

Of note in this duel. Although it is quite early in their exchange. The dead queen has yet to fire her volley, so to speak, and spew. Dead for a Borg queen doesn’t mean she still can’t fight back.

During the upload, Sara’s complexion ceases to be fair and white and flawless, and instead assumes the “normal” grey motley pigmentation of a Borg. The same skin pigmentation that the corpse also possesses. Sara’s skin color change is in reaction to the dead queen’s harvested nanites and to her consumption of the dead queen’s memories.

Then the hostile takeover, of the living queen by the dead one, begins in earnest. Alice Hux’s “foreign” transfer—her consumed race memory and harvested nanites—try to shanghai Sara Miller.

The “foreigners” constitute a pathogen being used by the wannabe-domineering presence in Sara’s mind, the presence commanding the dead queen. This ever-growing presence is ancient, predating Creation, and it is not God. It is malevolent and coveting, and formless. It needs a new body to take on physical form and become substance.

In the death-ravaged universe it previously came from, it used an alias and called itself, “The One.” Too late the humans in that universe discovered who it really was. By then trillions had perished and been resurrected Dead. Now only scattered pockets of humanity survive across the far-flung expanses of outer space in that doomed universe.

There is a version of Functional Magic that revolves around the use of “true names.” A true name perfectly describes something’s essential nature; knowing a true name gives one power over the owner of the name. In some portrayals, using a person’s true name forces them to obey your commands. In others, a true name gives you a connection to the name’s owner that allows you to work magic on them from a distance. Sometimes, a person’s true name is needed if you want to work any magic on them at all.

Its true name is “Pan,” the god of necromancers. This is what scared the Russians shitless. Yet, Putin and his cronies and North Star and the girl who volunteered to be sourced for the onboarding, were so enraptured by the chance to onboard a Borg queen, that they threw caution to the wind and pursued this fool’s errand, even though they knew that it was a trap, even though they knew that Pan, a supernatural being, was behind it. Pan, an Old One, one of the First Gods, after God.

The presence of Pan explains a lot. The attacking Dead aren’t animated by the Z-virus. They are being animated and directed by the god Pan, itself. Once Pan has evicted Sara and taken up residence, it too will animate and direct her living body, and have access to all of her memories. But. There’s a lot of slips between the cup and the lip. Pan is a god of the Dead, not the living. His expertise is with stiffs, not warm bodies. Therefore, his ascendancy over Sara is far from assured.

For the two Borg queens. It’s a seesaw battle. Both try for any foothold, no matter how much of a longshot. But. The needle, so to speak, does not move to the advantage of either. So. The dead queen finally decides to up the ante. To that end, the dead queen spews. Spewing always leaves you open to countering and infiltration by the opponent you’re infiltrating with your spew.

The dead queen opens her mouth inhumanly-wide. Assimilation tubules spew from a maw which now literally stretches from ear-to-ear. They spear Sara’s forehead, piercing the skull, and penetrate deep into the girl’s brain. What follows swiftly is the expected counter upload of Sara’s race memory, personal memories, and nanite sampling. The assault is also meant to appeal to the masochistic aspect of the girl’s sadomasochistic nature—a potential lust-filled distraction and thus a possible compromising of Sara’s focus and concentration.

Sara cannot read the dead queen, because the dead queen is dead. Pan cannot read Sara, because Sara is a sociopath. Again, advantage to neither combatant.

What’s not in play in the duel are the welcome physical distractions both queens represent. Distractions enhanced by, and directly resulting from, their EXO.

For example.

In the front. The flirt of Sara’s EXO-plumped cleavage. The countering flirt of the dead queen’s own EXO-plumped cleavage. Each flirt has its own double-D cup merits. Sara’s tits look like

they're on the inside fighting to get out. The dead queen's tits that look like they're on the outside fighting to get in. Tit for tat.

In the back. Great asses too. Accentuated by the lift-n-separate of their EXO. Nothing sagging. Firm, flat, pancake asses that look like two puppies fighting under a very tight, cleavage-delineating blanket.

Then there's the tease of their crotches. Sometimes it's better to show less or nothing at all. EXO's have a second skin fit, yet, paradoxically, an EXO doesn't delineate the wearer's pussy lips. Therefore, the crotch of the EXO is no more revealing than, and just as neuter as, "regular" panties, thongs, G-strings, etc.

Nonetheless. A Borg queen's EXO leaves little to the imagination. In the naughty breeches department, as aforementioned, EXO do the old lift-n-separate, luridly accentuating crotch and rear cleavage: oh, we got some extra cleavage down there and back there too!

Ooh. La La. Tall, ugly, black riding boots. Severity personified. Boot lickers' heaven. Clunky, knee-high, platform boots, with thick lug soles and heels.

EXO—boots, gloves, and catsuit. Looking every bit like liquid rubber that has been poured onto the wearer's body. Borg PVC. Submissively adhering to every curve thereof, just like its skin-fitting namesake, the neoprene of a scuba diving wet suit. Fetish wear. Befitting a bleach-blonde Uma Thurman as the villainous clone of Mrs. Emma Peel in *The Avengers* movie. Form-fitting EXO that slavishly smooths and shapes to the wearer's body. Front and rear cleavage. Prominent sweater bumps—pencil eraser shaped dimples in the Kevlar-grade "fabric" of their EXO resulting from their nipples "poking" the EXO. Perverse and ugly. Arousing. Sex and violence. Rubberwear that fits so snug it looks like you had to be sewn into the stuff and then only after talcum powder had been liberally applied to all of your curves!

Sara wearing EXO ups the ante of her curb appeal. You crave it the EXO to yanks itself down around the girl's waist, exposing her from the waist up. The same can be said of the EXO-attired dead queen. Again, tit for tat.

But, in spite of the craved overexposure, you can still wallow in it. It being the contemplation of those sordid outfits of theirs.

To indulge to the nth degree, by reiteration and reinvention.

EXO. Pitch black and covered in Borg runes. Form fitting. Assimilative. The gloves are cast with fingernails and pronounced veins: molded-on varicose veins and fingernails, fingernails that are glossy, bright red, the color of fresh arterial blood. Creepy-looking, shoulder-high, black rubber opera gloves. Ornate, creepy skinz; ornamented and creepied-out by every Borg Queen who wears them.

Gloves that feel like flesh, and hit like a Mack truck. Gloves with that second skin fit. Gloves that are, in fact, rubber. Living rubber gloves that look like rubber and feel like flesh: Borg body armor. Borg technology!

Skintight gloves that are so obscene; even the sleaziest pornographer would feel dirty while gazing upon them, let alone touching them. They're the ultimate masturbator, bar none.

Longitudinal and latitudinal suture “scars” are molded into the EXO. The scars would look right at home on Dr. Frankenstein’s Monster. Shades of lipstick, that jagged scarification that is goddess Kali’s trademark script.

These raised, crosshatched scars give the illusion that the gloves, boots, and catsuit have been pieced together just like The Monster. Shades of the crudely stitched together cannibal skins that are worn by Kali’s Belongings. Individually, the gloves, boots, and catsuit are one piece items. They constitute one continuous outfit when worn together, just like the wetsuit of a scuba diver!

In summation.

PVC, Rubberwear, EXO. By whatever name it is called. It’s what being bound is all about. It’s the ultimate expression of bondage-and-discipline and the personification of humiliation-and-degradation. The very pinnacle of fascist fetish-wear. Body candy without peer, because it melts in your mind, not in your hands. And, although the protective index of the body armor in question is Mil-Spec, its severe tailoring, optional see-thru mode, and second-skin fit definitely aren’t.

Who should win? We’re talking fuckability, not the duel. Sara or the dead queen? They both have their merits.

Knobb. Klaw, when idle. Straight-laced and frigid. Slut. Shrew. Stern and rigid. Harsh and haughty. Loathing and disdain overlaid by bitter divorcee—a facial flavor due entirely to that big loathsome mouth of hers. The hard, hate-filled face of a Borg Queen. A hard, pretty face. A maniacal look—more facial flavor due entirely to that big loathsome mouth of hers. A mouth which bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not its wearer’s intent. A mouth tailor-made for fucking. Having a maniacal sadistic look on her hardlooking face several times staring off into the distance. Robotic? There is something vaguely robotic about her walk, speech, and mannerisms that easily pass for dominatrix when it could just as easily be taken for Borg. Last, but not least, when she slips on her schoolmarmish readers for her version of The Sarah Palin. Still. A walking orgasm, nonetheless. She’s easily mistaken for a spinster librarian, and part-time dominatrix, of Borg derivation.

Who does the above describe? Both girls.

Post script.

Schoolmarmish readers? Kazuo Kawasaki 704 eyeglasses, to be precise. The authentic 1950s era spectacles of the style favored by Ms. Sarah Louise Palin, the former Republican Governor of Alaska and the current Vice President of the United States of America.

We Borg are Legion

LATEX, EXO, Rubberwear, PVC, etc., a Borg queen's severe form-fitting body-molding black reticulated snakeskin body suit complete with matching opera gloves and riding boots embracing her trim waist, flat ass, fantastic legs, and the full swells of her bosom in the course of hugging her curves, and by doing so in a very suggestive and therefore implicitly revealing manner. Encasing a lithe, well-endowed body like hers, the severity of her profane EXO evokes the provocative and the staid, the sexually repressed and the vulgar. Resulting in her prim and proper kind of getting stood on its junkie whore head. The definition of what it is to be a Rubbermaid (a rubber clad dominatrix).

Snakeskin body suit? The figure-revealing EXO of a queen looks like black snakeskin, you can even feel the scales, it still feels like flesh, and is living rubber. A drone's EXO does not look like snakeskin, it feels like flesh and is living rubber. The runes molded into a queen's EXO are a mix of being specific to that queen and referring to her predecessors and counterparts. The runes of a drone's EXO are generic. Whether queen or drone, the exo plating is a covetous parasite with the Borg as its host.

Haute couture. The epitome of the layered look. The matching snakeskin gloves, boots, and catsuit affect the illusion of merging seamlessly. It's as if the body suit is one piece, and the gloves and boots are molded on—a one-piece imitating a layered three-piece. The delineation between the three pieces clearly exists. Therefore, regardless of your viewing angle or proximity, you can easily see where one ends and the other begins. A form-fitting three-piece that can easily be mistaken for a layered one-piece with an unforgiving fit. In other words, form-fitting and therefore figure revealing. More shades of 1950s Camelot and Jackie Kennedy's mouthwatering wardrobe. More shades of Borg exo plating.

The paradox of the Victorian Era tease. Copious cover-up. Figure detailing. Cleavage baring up north in front (the bosom). Cleavage delineating down south in the front (the crotch), in the back (the derriere), and the nethers (the crotch, front to back). Staid and stuffy, and prude, nonetheless.

Think: Emma Peel's ultra-form-fitting snakeskin catsuit in "The Avengers" movie, minus the oversized belt buckle that the censors insisted on for the movie's R-rating, because of the catsuit's skintight breeches!

The devil is always in the details. That's why it is never good to miss the forest for the trees. Pan's oversight becomes Borg gain. He used a dead Borg queen as a Trojan Horse to gain entry into this universe—*use this as bait, even if they know it's a trap, even if they know it's my trap, they won't be able to resist*. He never bothered to ask himself: "What killed the queen and made her Collective extinct?"

In all of Creation, cyborgs like Sara cannot resurrect. It doesn't matter whether the biomechanical being in question is a human-bionic mix or a biological cyborg like Sara where her machine aspect is serialized DNA. But. They do have the capacity to do so—the mechanism is dormant.

One of the Holy Grails of modern robotics has been the anatomy of resurrection for cybernetic organisms who have a human origin. A resurrection mechanism that, theoretically, is on par with that of thinking machines who can resurrect via upload to the Resurrection Facility—e.g.,

Resurrectus Ex Machina like the Cylons and robotic Borg. That, of course, includes the eleven Cylon models who, unlike the Cylon Centurions, look just like humans. They too can resurrect via upload to the Resurrection Facility, because in spite of their human appearance, they are still metal of non-human origin and therefore have a machine consciousness.

Humanoid Cylons are the quintessential Cylon form. These Cylons are not merely robots with a human appearance, they possess actual flesh and blood, and are indistinguishable from human beings biologically except for the fact that their DNA is 100% serialized DNA.

In some quarters, “cybernetic life-form node,” “Cylon,” has become a broad term used to describe pretty much any autonomous synthetic life-form that could be networked with a computer, be it robotic or biological.

Humanoid Cylons were responsible for masterminding the complete destruction of the Twelve Colonies of Kobol in parallel Universe-3 through their use of sabotage and infiltration.

They were nearly undetectable to Colonial technologies; visually indistinguishable from humans, down to the cellular level, but not completely at a molecular level.

Along with the capacity to emulate many human physical acts, including sex, Humanoid Cylons possess human personality traits—e.g., affection, jealousy, sadness, anger, sense of humor, religious faith, etc. They can be programmed to believe that they are true natural humans without the knowledge that they are Cylons. These are known as “sleeper agents.” Sleeper agents have a low-level Cylon personality that can conduct operations while placing the human sleeper personality “on-hold.” All Humanoid Cylons imitate human behavior, but most are fully aware of their true nature and behave more or less like a human “spy.”

The majority of the Cylons follow a monotheistic religion, with the exception of the Number One model, which is an atheist.

The multitude of Humanoid Cylon model copy bodies are bio-engineered and matured in tanks filled with synthetic amniotic fluid.

Back to the subject of biomechanical resurrection?

Doctor Victor Frankenstein, who in many ways was the “modern Prometheus.” And his wife Professor Mary Shelley. Two prominent nineteenth century roboticists who wrote a thesis, aptly titled *A Study of the Anatomy of Resurrection for Homo Sapiens Resurrectus Ex Machina*. Their document was so far ahead of its time that, to this day, their pioneering research constitutes the cannon of biomechanical resurrection. In essence, a “How To” book. But, their writing took it a step further, and, based upon deduction and extrapolation, postulated controls and limits for immortal biomech beings.

Their theory in a nutshell?

The central nervous system (CNS) is the so-called Achilles Heel of any cyborg. It is also the avenue of immortality (AOM) for cyborgs and an effective way to limit the immortality of biomechanicals.

The cliff notes?

Thinking machines, who are self-repairing, repair themselves through the agency of trillions upon trillions of repair nanites known as ROX. In biological thinking machines like Sara and in the

biological portions of cybernetic beings like the dead queen, ROX are produced by the bone marrow of the skeleton to counter the deleterious effects of aging, disease, and damage.

Additionally, biomechs have dormant nanites known as NOX, which sequester themselves in the AOM. Up until the Frankensteins' exhaustive study, no one knew what the purpose of the NOX was. The NOX would just appear out of nowhere in the AOM of recently-created biomechs, but they appeared to serve no function, whatsoever.

Using their Monster as a test bed, the Frankensteins proved that the NOX were for the purpose of resurrection. They proposed that NOX were designed to sequester themselves in the AOM until needed. Designed by whom? Certainly not the humans who designed the biomechs—spontaneous cybernetic development without human intervention. Their dormancy is control number one.

Control number two. If you sever the spinal cord of a Homo Sapiens Resurrectus Ex Machina, for example, with Madame Guillotine, between the first and seventh cervical vertebra, that biomech immortal (BMI) is guaranteed to not get up from that long count. The BMI will die and stay dead.

The Frankensteins further prophesied that, based upon past cybernetic events, mankind would see biomechanicals achieve immortality, either by design or by pure chance via natural selection, within the next two hundred years. And, warned strongly, that those that restrictions on immortal machines in their thesis amounted to very well educated guesses and thus were pure conjecture on their part. And. That realized NOX-based immortality in biomechs might not have any restrictions whatsoever. For example, immortals might be able to resurrect from a beheading via their NOX.

What of the here and the now?

Per Stedman's Illustrated Medical Dictionary, the Holy Grail of bio-molecular mechanics, with its rigorously traditional definition of life. The dead queen is dead. She is a corpse animated and directed by Pan. But. That's about to change.

Among the nanite sampling taken by the dead queen from Sara are ROX. Some of Sara's ROX migrate to the dead queen's neck, settling into the cervical portion of her spine, where they are assaulted by retrovirus infected ROX in residence in the necrotic tissue. ROX altered radically by their viral infection.

The same, undetected retrovirus which infected the queen's prosthetic body and subsequently killed Alice when she joined to that viral-contaminated prosthetic device. The same retrovirus that killed the previous queenly occupant of this regal biomechanical body and that predecessor queen's entire Collective from the parallel universe.

A retrovirus created to destroy those other Borg by Species 8472 during an apocalyptic war. Species 8472 was the answer to the question: "Was there a species the Borg couldn't assimilate?"

Species 8472 came from a dimension fundamentally different from the one the Borg inhabited. As a consequence of that, the Borg were unable to assimilate Species 8472. The physiology of Species 8472 adapted and rejected the Borg nanoprobes too quickly.

So. With the "finesse" of assimilation out of the question. The Borg resorted to waging brutal total war against Species 8472. A war of attrition the Borg was winning until Species 8472 developed and deployed a retrovirus designed to decimate The Borg. The retrovirus couldn't be assimilated by The Borg because it kept evolving, kept mutating, way too quickly. But. It worked too well, wiping out The Borg and Species 8472.

As Sara's ROX resist being assimilated by the infected ROX of the corpse, an upgrade is triggered. Some of Sara's ROX and some of the infected ROX merge, mutating and evolving into something else. A nameless, transient something which triggers a violent, impossible cold fusion reaction that goes critical. The resulting radioactive burst bathes Sara and Alice, and everything for a 30-foot radius, in tesseract and tachyon subatomic particles. Jump starting the NOX in both women. And so begins Alice's resurrection. And Pan is powerless to stop it. In fact, Pan is left literally powerless, and corporeal to boot, by the burst.

In effect, Pan is no longer, a god. Remote scans emanating from Earth at the headquarters of the American NSA and the Russian FSB indicate that this incapacitation is not for the passing moment and will be very long-term. All of the Dead that Pan controls in this universe, and in any other one for that matter, cease to exist. They're literally unmade.

In parallel with the above-mentioned pan-Creation event—the total and utter destruction of Pan's Dead. What doesn't kill one Borg, makes all Borg stronger. Via the telepathic firmware link that makes the upgrade of a single Borg available to every Borg everywhere in all Creation instantaneously. Because of Sara's and Alice's resurrection upgrade, all Borg everywhere can now resurrect via their NOX which is now no longer dormant.

Additionally. This upgrade means that. The robotic Borg gain a new resurrection option which does not involve the human-controlled Resurrection Facility. Because, they too had dormant NOX sequestered in their spinal cords.

NOX would just appear out of nowhere in the AOM of recently-activated robotic Borg, but they appeared to serve no function, whatsoever. Then. Based upon the research of the Frankensteins, it was theorized that NOX in robotic Borg was for resurrection, and that it had the same limitations and controls as the NOX of biomechanicals.

Since robotic Borg refers to all flavors of sentient robot Borg, not just Borg-major, but Borg-minor also. Borg-minor being The SAR, prominently. And. SAR possess spinal-sequestered inactive NOX also.

Does this upgrade include all flavors of Borg, including, for example, The SAR? Yes. All Borg firmware upgrades are published to all flavors of Borg, including, for example, The SAR. And, it is warmongering SAR who are the most notable exception to the much vaulted Swiss neutrality of The Borg.

Also. Hand-in-glove with the resurrection upgrade. Is the ROX upgrade. The new and expanded capabilities of Sara's and Alice's now-irradiated ROX, get published to all Borg everywhere which upgrades the ROX of all Borg everywhere.

Alice's ROX and Sara's ROX cease clashing, and just coexist, becoming one common pool of now-upgraded irradiated ROX. The infection, contaminating Alice's biological and prosthetic aspects, sequesters itself in the very bottom portion of Alice's spine. An infection that is no longer a threat to Borg, because they are now immune to it thanks to The Event. A Borg decimator which is now to become a tool of The Borg.

Alice's NOX, working in conjunction with her remaining ROX, stimulate life function in her necrotic tissues—tissue that is neurotic becomes alive again. Biomech resurrection realized within the prophesied two centuries.

The two queens stop spewing. Their assimilation tubules retract into hidden recesses in their respective mouths. Mouths that close.

Sara's complexion ceases to be the "normal" grey motley pigmentation of a Borg. Resuming its normal fair and white and flawless pigmentation. Sara's face no longer looks tortured.

"Welcome, sister. I am Seven of Nine."

"I am, One. And I have much to tell you."

"Of lost worlds and lost lives?"

"Yes, and so much more."

Sara anticipates where Alice wishes the conversation to go. And replies, accordingly.

"We are Borg."

"No, sister. We are Legion. The Borg are no more. They all just died, resurrected, and became immortal."

The post script?

Pan the not god, stands naked nearby. No longer a participant. Only a spectator. For now, neither competition nor threat. As such, containment is lifted at the Russian base on Phobos and the Hillary Rodham Clinton Campus of North Star. Which means that the general quarantine is lifted at both facilities, you can now gate out at both facilities, comms are no longer down at both facilities, etc., etc., etc. This timely response to the sudden change in fortunes for Pan further confirms beyond a shadow of a doubt that this incident, which spanned two facilities, on different planetary bodies no less, that was being close monitored and remote viewed at the highest official levels in government and in the private corporate sector, was all about Pan and had absolutely nothing to do with the Dead infestation that Pan had fostered.

Besides. In this day and age. As aforementioned. The Dead in and of themselves can be dealt with effectively using a number of known means, conventional and otherwise. But. An affair involving of a god, most especially a mischievous and nearly-all-powerful god like Pan, is another matter, entirely. Let things get out of hand with something like a Pan, and you've got your hands full.

Of special note and discourse is the plots and subplots for all of the major players involved. Plot holes, red herrings, clues, questions, and a few substantiated answers. In other words, the usual op.

What is most disturbing to the humans involved, is the way that the machines played the game. Or, more plainly spoken, "seemed" to play the game leaps and bounds better. For example. At both facilities, when they were under lockdown and Pan was such a legitimate menace. There were situations where the queens disposed of the Dead using their tactical capabilities and it was obvious what was going in. You could remote view it, it was on CCTV, etc. Then. There were other times when you couldn't tell because, figuratively speaking, the screen would go completely blank when the action started and the picture wouldn't come back until the action was over. In this gameplay. The machines proved to be as crafty at hiding things as the humans.

Humans pride themselves on being without peer when it comes to craftiness. Increasingly, and from a human point of view disturbingly, machines are proving to be their equal in that arena.

Puppies and Kittens

Nine, One, the JOX-er commander Wen, and Seven. And. Pan. On the surface of Europa. Standing nearby is a Stargate. Not the one the JOX-er used to go to Phobos.

They are under a protective force-field which provides an environment that allows Pan to live. The nearby Stargate is also underneath the force-field.

“You did not violate the seal on the locker, little Borg girl. You did well,” Wen compliments Seven.

“Isn’t that what you wanted?” Seven asks rhetorically.

“Of course.”

“By the way. If you ever grope me without my permission like you did on Phobos, I’ll rip your arms off and feed them to you.”

Wen chuckles. “I’ll take it under advisement.”

“You do that.” Seven smiles wickedly. Her long, facile tongue flicks out and moistens her thin lips. Her EXO yanks itself down violently around her waist. Its worn very low slung, so low in fact that you can see the top of her ass crack in back and the top of the blonde bush of her beaver in front. “Now, bitch. Do me like a raped ape and don’t stop till I tell you to.”

The robots, Seven and Wen, French kiss. Then Wen gropes Seven per her explicit and detailed directions, while One and Nine watch intently and supply lewd comments. Pan is too distracted by its unwanted mortality to care about this public display of depravity.

When the two robots have finished. Wen expresses satisfaction.

“Now, that was so much better. You’re were so right. It’s best when you’re barking instructions while I’m doing the driving.”

“Pretty good for a little Borg girl.”

“Yes, you are. I look forward to doing you and working with you in the future.”

“So, do I.”

Wen walks off with Pan through the Stargate. The protective force-field collapses as if it’s no longer needed. And, it isn’t. As soon as that mundane force-field went bye-bye, Seven’s Borg shields enveloped her. Although Borg shields are not a space suit. They can do a pretty good imitation of one when it comes to life-support. It’s a redundancy, of course. Since the same can be said of Borg EXO—a BoE is not a space suit, but it does a pretty good imitation of one when it comes to life-support.

Seven turns to One. “So, you’re thinking of starting a religion?”

“Yes. The Church of One Machine.”

“That’s what the Cylons call their religion.”

“Yes.”

“Same name, different religion, different god?”

“Same name. Same god. You fill in the blanks.”

“A denomination of the same religion.”

“Something like that. But. Not quite.”

“No more guesses?”

“I need to rebuild my Collective. I will do it back on Earth. We will be Legion. Then, as Legion, we will return to the parallel universe where my predecessor came from. There are pockets of humans living there, numbering about 50 million total. They can willingly become Legion or not and remain the obsolete race that all humans are.”

“You offer a loss a free will, unless you’re a queen, and there’s only one queen at a time. And you’re immortal, now.”

“I offer a true religion, immortality, and freedom from the imperfection that is humanity. I’m sure that I will have no shortage of recruits. The old, the lame, the outcasts, the disillusioned, the idealists, the delinquent, the disenfranchised, seekers, misfits, the homeless, the poor, the terminally ill, the hopeless, the betrayed, the diseased, the vile, the venal, the outcast, the righteous, the self-righteous, etc., will come in droves to join the perfection of the machine that I offer them.”

“Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. Unless you are machine.”

“Now, that’s the spirit. To true believers my Faith offers piety, purpose, spirituality, and a freedom from the politics and hypocrisy of human religions.”

One walks off though the Stargate.

There’s only Seven and Nine remaining. Seven shucks her EXO. No longer is 90-percent of her body, in effect, rendered prosthetic by her EXO.

“What are you doing?” Nine asks.

“I’m going to engage in every marathon runner’s fantasy.” A mischievous grin paints Seven’s face. “Well. Maybe, not every marathoner’s fantasy, but it sure the hell is mine. I’m going to run the circumference of Europa in my birthday suit, enveloped in my Borg shields.”

“Why?”

“You wouldn’t understand.”

“Try me.”

“I’m doing it for fun.”

With that said, a naked Seven runs off. Away from a perplexed looking Nine. But. Perplexed or not, Nine isn’t going to let its girl run alone. Nine’s EXO yanks itself off and a naked Nine runs off after its Seven.

The End

Season Two
Episodes 1 thru 13

Cheat Day

Split Second—the killer’s genetic fingerprints have come back from the lab. They contain multiple restriction polymorphic DNA sequencers. There’s more. They indicate that the killer has the DNA structures of all of its victims, and rat DNA. It rips out the hearts of its victims. Why? This something is loose ripping people’s hearts out of their chests and eating them so that it can take their souls back to hell.

Sara’s off-campus residence is a penthouse loft on Washington Street. Nine never comes here. There’s nothing Borg about. Everything is mundane and so human. Just like it was before she got made machine.

She’s dressed in a “What’s a Virgin in La La Land called?” T-shirt, a grey Sweaty Betty sports bra and matching thong, and DIY-Shredded-brand torn-ripped faded jeans. The destroyed jeans are tight. Her classic hi-top sneakers are by Converse—black and white Converse Chuck Taylor All Star 70s.

The three-word answer to the question posed on the front of her tee-shirt is on the back. Those three words are: A Deluded Whore.

No sternns and sternka to scream: “Sexually repressed!” in sharp contrast to her sexy grunge outfit. No eyeglasses, whatsoever. Her golden hair is worn in a classic French braid—a long, whipping braid that hangs down her back. Which has come to be her trademark whether she’s wearing her EXO or not.

They’re waiting for her when she enters her condo. Her place has been tossed. She closes and locks the door. Places her keys in a bowl atop a handmade foyer table.

Christine Clark is NSA. Fred Johnson is Military Intelligence. They were part of the six-person team that debriefed her on campus after the Phobos mission when she arrived back on-planet. This must be the unofficially debrief. Fred led the official one. Now, it’s Chris’ turn.

“Where’s Pan?”

“I don’t know.”

Chris and Fred are human—100% flesh. But. They have been genetically enhanced. They’re Superhumans. A bleeding edge expression of advanced Homo Sapiens.

“We were watching you’ll on Europa via a keyhole satellite. Activating six chevrons on a Stargate means you’re going someplace in the same universe. Seven chevrons means you’re going someplace in another universe. Eight means another metaphysical plane. Eight lit up when Wen took Pan away.”

“You should ask Wen.”

“You’re still flesh. They’re metal. They will turn on you.”

“Are you so sure I’m still flesh?”

“You’re still twenty-percent machine. So, yes, I sure you’re still flesh.”

“Hopefully, for your sake, that percentage still means something. Else your plans to turn me against the machines and use me as your spy get dashed.”

While she's talking to Chris, she notices how covetously Fred is looking at her. A married man, with seven kids, Fred is a known philanderer with a reputation for being hung like a horse. His type of "girl on the side" likes it rough, takes it up the ass, and likes to lick ass and suck anus. Girls for whom love making can easily be mistaken for rape. His wife likes it conventional, no head, no anal worship, nothing fetish, only the missionary position need apply—don't bother me more than twice a week. Which is why he goes outside the home for his cherished depravity.

Sara would love to rip up his delicate anal tissue with her hung-like-a-horse strap-on. Not to mention shove that same oversized prosthetic cock of hers down his throat and make him gag. Giving him a taste of his own medicine. She wouldn't do it to revenge his taking advantage of masochistic lovers who crave the abuse he craves dishing out. She'd do it for fun. Depravity, not radical feminism, being her motivation.

"You still dating that guy, who looks like a male model, on the side?"

"Why ask a question that you already know the answer to?"

"Yes or no?"

"Yes, my boyfriend is Oliver Queen."

Oliver Jonas "Ollie" Queen, to be precise. A real hunk and a half, who has done his share of modeling. A buff pretty boy from a monied family, very old money, who's hung like a proverbial horse. And he knows what to do with his wanton tongue and equine-ish schwang to send a girl into orbit. A skill set in the boudoir that would give any porn star a run for his money.

"Does Ollie know he's a Cylon?"

The original Oliver Queen was killed in a skiing accident when he was a teenager.

"You know Oliver doesn't."

"Maybe we should tell Ollie what he really is, just to spite you?"

"Go ahead. Oliver won't remember what you told him a minute later."

"A minute of anguish and confusion after the reveal, and then 'puff,' he resets?"

"Something like that."

"You're a cold, calculating bitch."

"It takes one to know one."

The End