

Bell, Book, and Candle

By

H. P. Lovelace

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wicked & Depraved

Mx.—A gender-neutral honorific. The gender-neutral Mx. is used as a title for those who do not identify as being of a particular gender, or for people who simply don't want to be identified by gender.

In the United States, **esquire** (often shortened to Esq.) is a title of courtesy, given to a lawyer and commonly appended to his/her surname (e.g., John Smith, Esq. or John Smith, Esquire) when addressing the lawyer in written form.

RBF: That perpetual scowl.

RBF: That condition stereotypically associated with BDSM (or domination) in general and with being a dominatrix in particular.

RBF: That condition where a “blank face”, a neutral, expressionless face is misjudged to be “unfriendly”, even when the person in question is robotic, not emotive.

RBF: The default for Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson.

RBF—resting bitch face—bitchy resting face—“throwing shade”—a facial expression that unintentionally creates the impression that a person is angry, annoyed, irritated, dismissive, loathsome, or contemptuous, particularly when the individual is relaxed, resting, or not expressing any particular emotion.

RBF first gained attention when a meme took over the Internet. That, plus a viral mock-public service announcement on “Bitchy Resting Face”, made the “condition” somewhat of a joke.

Mx. Kristen Wiig sits in the designated booth. Not an “it”. Non-binary. Preferred nouns: They, Them, of course. Preferred designation: Mx. Wiig, Esquire.

Wisely, they've decided to capitulate to Dame Judi Dench's “demands”.

A Crone. Fugly. Seventy-something. Bolshoi-bare, which amounts to putting lipstick on a pig. Thick-readers, which amounts to heaping ugly on top of ugly. Flats. Perls. Prudz. Piranhas and Parts. Commando, no panties, of course. Lacy white torpedo bra, of course. Massive, matronly tits holstered in that requisite French-cut white lacy bullet bra—massive ripe melons bulging in an underwire bra's cups—i.e., a bazooka “chick”. Pale skinned. Flawless complexion.

Hybridized into something akin to drag queen Jinkx Monsoon. Jinkx is known as the “Queen of Queens” after winning a regular and All Star season of RuPaul's *Drag Race*.

Shopworn—i.e., “rough”, hardlooking, harsh. OCD, in spades and then some. Older and controlling. Abusive. Possessive. Domineering. Severe. Stiff-backed. Bulldyke-esque. Masculine in ways and means. Dominatrix. Butch.

RBF.

A fugly with a large ugly mouth that looks like it could deep throat a massive cock and balls with ease. A mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s intent—that frown of a mouth—a Bass eating bait mouth.

Those deep, wanton, blue eyes. Projecting a stalker’s OCD and associated depravity, in spades.

A woman’s deep, borderline masculine, voice. As if Mx. Wiig is in latter-transition. Neo-Prussian accent with faintest traces of the arcane.

A knob, on the rightside of their neck.

A jeannie, that’s the color of raw wheat. Perfectly-carved legs-for-days. A flawless, lily-white complexion unmarred by the vogue of ratty tattoos.

A pancake ass.

Not an alias. Their straight skinny.

The quintessential non-hottie. A scary creepy older “chick” with a hard ravaged Northern European face and an awesome body. Normies: Take a hard pass on this one, but still leer a plenty even if they’re not into old biddy because of that hot body that’s aged like fine wine.

On the dot. As scheduled. Kirstjen nonchalantly enters the establishment, strolls over to the booth, and sits across from Mx. Wiig.

Kirstjen is doing a very staid straightlaced Stella Johnson reimagined wearing thinz. Hard pretty face, craved legs for days, and the requisite projectile breasts via a bullet bra. No Piranhas or Parts, of course. Very Elvira-esque, the bouffant her jeannie is worn let down into lush silky golden shoulder-draping tresses. The girl’s current default.

Not trans, fluid, or transitional. Not awash in disfiguring CUC. Not suffocated by LGBTQIA. Not drowning in the profound ugliness of WGS, UD-SA, and UD-BDD. Not Coyote/Gorilla Ugly. Not a long-haired buttaface.

A blanket endorsement for Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson channeling *The Magicians’* Alice Quinn.

Needless to say, in the presence of Mx. Wiig who has no use for pretty girls, Kirstjen falls completely off the wagon. Thus:

Seemingly, out of deference to Mx. Wiig’s preferences, Kirstjen “allows” Mx. Wiig to swap out her thinz for thick-readers. As a result, she becomes a long-haired buttaface. The trigger for the eyeglass exchange: a slight gesture of Mx. Wiig’s hand.

Now, Kirstjen is so hardlooking, so harsh, she's as Coyote/Gorilla Ugly as Mx. Wiig.

Now, the girl's looks no longer upstage Mx. Wiig's.

Now, the girl's looks are in sync with Mx. Wiig's.

The girl hasn't gone ugly in a coon's age!

Seemingly, out of deference to Mx. Wiig's preferences, Kirstjen "allows" Mx. Wiig to control the situation as if the two of them are a Coyote/Gorilla Ugly couple out for a date with Mx. Wiig in complete and utter charge.

Seemingly, out of deference to Mx. Wiig's preferences, Kirstjen becomes out-and-out robotic; *Nier: Automata*. Speaks only when spoken to, speaks in a robot's monotone, responses are kept succinct, silence is consent, slavery is freedom. A flesh-n-blood robot. Subverted property.

The girl, now robotgirl, hasn't gone subverted property (i.e., I'm owned and used) in a coon's age!

Underneath the table, Mx. Wiig rubs their bare shin against Kirstjen's bare shin. Friction galore.

Arousal, not reflex. Mx. Wiig has an erection. Ejaculating continuously—a literal geyser. Their skirt straining to clean up the resulting sticky mess the seeded goo.

Seemingly, out of deference to Mx. Wiig's preferences, Kirstjen "allows" Mx. Wiig to transition her with a slight gesture of Mx. Wiig's hand.

Now, Kirstjen is strapping Piranhas and Parts.

The girl hasn't been "this way" (i.e., not just a girl) in a coon's age!

Now, Kirstjen is trans, fluid, mid-transition. Awash in disfiguring CUC. Suffocated by LGBTQIA. Drowning in the profound ugliness of WGS, UD-SA, and UD-BDD. Results in a doubling down of her Coyote/Gorilla Ugly. Ugly-minded.

The girl hasn't been ugly-minded in a coon's age!

Reflex, not arousal. Kirstjen has an erection. Ejaculating continuously—a literal geyser. Her Rubbermaid panties straining to clean up the resulting sticky mess the seeded goo.

Maybe capitulation isn't so bad, after all, Mx. Wiig thinks.

Sometime during the lurid goings on, Kirstjen gets roofied. After which, she gets rooked (i.e., raped and took) by Mx. Wiig. Where she's taken to, she's also racked, i.e., stretched out on a tricked-out sentient MTR that's additionally been hybridized.

The girl hasn't been "used" like this in a coon's age!

Because of her wild and crazy reputation, Kirstjen's brutal rape in the booth is mistaken by restaurant customers and employees alike as very rough, consensual sex.

Of course. It's problematic, at best. When you roofy someone who's metaphysically Niffin. As in not good for your continued existence, even if you've been hybridized.

Noir Burlesque Hurt

By **Enrico Marini**. An atmospheric, violent crime caper set in 1950s New York, with everything from femme fatales to double-crosses. A heist gone wrong forces Slick to do a job for his employer, Rex, to repay the debt he owes. But Slick is in love with Caprice, Rex's ex-call girl wife-turned-burlesque legend and Rex also has the only way for Slick to avenge his murdered father. Titan, 2023. **Condition: Bumped corners.**

A bespectacled Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG) called "a bleach blonde with a bad-built butch body" in a House screaming match, by New York Democrat Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (AOC), where "drinking was involved". This, of course, is also Kirstjen's current guise.

A ramshackle house, off the beaten path. One of "those" places which insures privacy and no interruptions. Except for Mx. Wiig and Kirstjen, everybody here is fake.

In the basement "playroom" of Mx. Wiig's flop.

Tellingly. Kirstjen's migraine is growing progressively worse. As her inner Niffin fights to assert itself. Accompanied by the voice of her husband Dame Judi Dench, "whispering" into her mind's ear, *I needed someone terrible, so, naturally I thought of you, my dearest.*

Mx. Wiig has been pulled apart on Mx. Wiig's hybridized MTR.

Kirstjen is waiting for Mx. Wiig to resurrect before she resumes torture-fucking Mx. Wiig.

Kirstjen and Mx. Wiig take turns getting fucked-and-butchered by each other on the rack.

But. Kirstjen is still wearing thick-readers which by their lonesome render her a long-haired buttaface.

So. Kirstjen wearing Bolshoi-bare amounts to putting lipstick on a pig, because of those disfiguring eyeglasses.

Thus, in spite of the Bolshoi-bare, Kirstjen is still so hardlooking, she remains Coyote/Gorilla Ugly.

Bolshoi-bare and no sternka mean less uglification. But. She's still uber buttaface.

The obvious: Kirstjen wearing her jeannie yanked back into a sternka is almost-equitable in severity to her wearing her hair in a crane. But. Almost-equitable isn't the same as as-equitable.

Still out-and-out robotic; *Nier: Automata*. Thus. Speaks only when spoken to, speaks in a robot's monotone, responses are kept succinct, silence is consent, slavery is freedom. But. Not a flesh-n-blood robot. Thus, not a robotgirl. Still, a girl.

Role reversal. Not subverted property, anymore. A return to being a rival dominatrix to Mx. Wiig.

Still strapping Piranhas and Parts. Therefore. Not just a girl.

Trans, fluid, mid-transition. Awash in disfiguring CUC. Suffocated by LGBTQIA. Drowning in the profound ugliness of WGS, UD-SA, and UD-BDD. Results in a doubling down of her Coyote/Gorilla Ugly.

Arousal, not reflex. Underneath her miniskirt, that obscene bulge in the crotch of Kirstjen's rubber panties. The girl has an erection. Ejaculating continuously—a literal geyser. Her Rubbermaid panties straining to clean up the resulting sticky mess the seeded goo.

This Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is teetering on becoming non-binary.

Maybe named Mx. Nielsen?

Maybe named Mx. Hancock?

Maybe named Mx. Handcock?

On the bleach blonde bad-built butch body scale, “Mx. Handcock” wins hands-down. We're talking B6—not the vitamin, but the viral diss.

If Kirstjen were to base her non-binary on Mx. Wiig, what additional changes?

Shopworn—i.e., “rough”, hardlooking, harsh. OCD, in spades and then some. Younger and controlling. Abusive. Possessive. Domineering. Severe. Stiff-backed. Bulldyke-esque. Masculine in ways and means. Dominatrix. Butch.

Deep, wanton, blue eyes. Projecting a stalker's OCD and associated depravity, in spades.

A woman's deep, borderline masculine, voice. As if her non-binary were in latter-transition. Neo-Prussian accent with faintest traces of the arcane.

Hybridized into something akin to a drag queen Jinkx Monsoon. Jinkx is known as the “Queen of Queens” after winning a regular and All Star season of RuPaul's *Drag Race*.

The quintessential LGBTQIA non-hottie. A scary creepy younger “chick” with a hard ravaged Northern European face and an awesome body. Normies: Take a hard pass on this one, but still leer a plenty.

What's germane to a non-binary version of Kirstjen based on Mx. Wiig, which this not-just-a-girl Kirstjen already has?

RBF.

A flawless, lily-white complexion unmarred by the vogue of ratty tattoos.

A large ugly mouth that looks like it could deep throat a massive cock and balls with ease. A mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that's not the wearer's intent—that frown of a mouth—a Bass eating bait mouth.

A knobb.

Large succulent breasts.

A pancake ass.

Perfectly-carved legs-for-days.

Why?! Because it made me happy.

Mxyzptlk: pronounced “miks-ill-plik” forwards and “kilp-ill-skim” backwards.

The God **Mx. Mxyzptlk** is a non-binary Imp who is so powerful they can do anything that they can imagine. For example, they can transform Superman, who is himself a God, into ashes or erase him from existence, but where’s the fun in that?

Not just an urban legend: Mx. Mxyzptlk did create the fifth-dimension, all by their lonesome, on a dare.

Kirstjen’s migraine reaches a crescendo, and becomes blinding. The girl blacks out. When she comes to her senses, hours later, sprawled out on the playroom’s floor, Mx. Wiig is gone. The girl stands up.

The door and the staircase that provide access to the playroom are gone. The barred basement windows are also gone.

As for her migraine, it too is gone. What has become of her inner Niffin?!

The not-just-a-girl Kirstjen has reversed even more. She’s no longer wearing thick-readers. In point of fact, she’s not wearing any eyeglasses, whatsoever.

Not ugly, whatsoever, which means she’s also no longer ugly-minded.

The girl’s looks again upstage Mx. Wiig’s.

The girl’s looks are no longer in sync with Mx. Wiig’s.

But. She’s still strapping Piranhas and Parts. Therefore, she’s still fluid.

Fluid and pretty. The not-just-a-girl. This is, by far, the freakiest version of Kirstjen.

She Freak, certifiable.

Freak Show Kirstjen.

Mx. Nielsen?!

Mx. Hancock?!

Mx. Handcock?!

Therefore, except for the Piranhas and Parts: Pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson—inarguably, the quintessential blueprint for the preeminent female face of WWF’s Attitude Era, Miss Debra and her Puppies!

The quintessential LGBTQIA hottie. A creepy younger “chick” with a hard pretty Northern European face and an awesome body. Normies: Take a hard pass on this one, but still leer a plenty.

She “senses” movement. An inhumanly-wide smile briefly paints her face. And. Just like that, she no longer straps Piranhas and Parts. Ceasing to be fluid. Ceasing to be LGBTQIA.

That which was heretofore concealed from her becomes visible. It’s Mx. Wiig, poised to behead her.

Again. The voice of her husband Dame Judi Dench, “whispering” into her mind’s ear, *Be happy, my dearest.*

After further deliberation, Dame Judi Dench had changed her mind, and decided that Mx. Wiig’s capitulation wouldn’t be enough, after all. So. Mx. Wiig’s property would need to be confiscated.

Possession being nineteenth of the law. What belonged to Mx. Wiig, now belongs to Mx. Nielsen aka Mx. Hancock aka Mx. Handcock. Mx. Handcock is Ms. Nielsen’s non-binary proxy.

Because Mx. Wiig is an ace boon-coon of Mx. Mxyzptlk, Mx. Wiig’s property has to be repossessed this way.

Mx. Wiig’s arms and legs are ripped off, and Mx. Wiig is thrown onto the rack. The rack straps down what’s left of Mx. Wiig. Mx. Wiig is screaming in agony.

Lickety-split, Kirstjen is upon the restrained Mx. Wiig. Eating and drinking Mx. Wiig while Mx. Wiig is still alive. Appeasing her inner Niffin. And to further the thrill, she pretends that she’s killing in cold blood.

The Gods make the rules, and they always make them in their favor. Those who have the gold, make the rules: The Golden Rule.

After further deliberation, Dame Judi Dench had changed her mind, and decided that Mx. Wiig’s capitulation wouldn’t be enough, after all. So. Mx. Wiig’s head would need to be taken.

Because Mx. Wiig is an ace boon-coon of Mx. Mxyzptlk, Mx. Wiig has to be dispatched this way.

Tit for tat.

Because Mx. Wiig is an ace boon-coon of Mx. Mxyzptlk, Mx. Mxyzptlk will have to be compensated for this loss.

Dame Judi Dench’s wife, used for select special operations of Mx. Mxyzptlk, is the agreed upon compensation. The obligation is open-ended.

Kirstjen is currently auditioning as the quintessential LGBTQIA hottie. Which is doing nothing for the OCD of Mx. Mxyzptlk. Although it’s a compromise that Dame Judi Dench can reluctantly accept.

Then. Just like that. Kirstjen is strapping Piranhas and Parts, again. Therefore. Not just a girl, again.

A “fluid” Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson channeling Miss Debra and her Puppies! resulting in this Mx. Hancock.

Show me the puppies!

Queen Debra Puppies!

Trans, fluid, and mid-transition!

She Freak!

Freak Show!

So far, this audition is doing absolutely nothing to sway Mx. Mxyzptlk in the direction of this Mx. Hancock as the quintessential LGBTQIA hottie replacing Mx. Wiig for the “special” uses of Mx. Mxyzptlk.

But. This Mx. Hancock as the quintessential LGBTQIA non-hottie, based solely on Mx. Wiig, will punch the ticket of Mx. Mxyzptlk. And, in this situation, it’s Mx. Mxyzptlk who has the final say-so.

Obviously, this audition is being done out of courtesy to Dame Judi Dench because she is a God, and a very powerful one at that. Very old and thus very powerful. Ancient and powerful.

Dame Judi Dench’s hands are tied. But. What if Kirstjen refuses to be subjugated this way, pieced out as a jobber, seeing it as being suborned? Then, Kirstjen’s choice must be respected. That refusal would require willpower akin to that of a God’s, and Kirstjen is not a God.

Maybe me as this hard pretty Mx. Hancock, partially-based on Mx. Wigg, ugly-minded but not ugly?, this not-just-a-girl Kirstjen broadcasts, openly. As if she has the willpower of a God.

Mx. Mxyzptlk is flabbergasted. Dame Judi Dench winks her mind’s eye.

The voice of Kirstjen’s husband Dame Judi Dench, “whispering” into the mind’s ear of Kirstjen, *That’s my girl*.

Not to be outdone by a not-God Kirstjen, Mx. Mxyzptlk gathers themselves up on a dime. A level set is needed.

For us to agree, solely of Mx. Wiig this Mx. Hancock MUST be, Mx. Mxyzptlk broadcasts, openly.

Agreed, Kirstjen broadcasts, openly.

Reading between the lines?

Unspoken, of course, is that Mx. Hancock wearing thick-readers and thus ugly on “specials” is NOT negotiable. This would play too much into the depravity of Mx. Mxyzptlk, as well as

Kirstjen's own depravity, at the expense of Dame Judi Dench's sensibilities. A necessary concession, that Dame Judi Dench will just have to live with.

A jeannie, big long yellow-blond hair, paired with thick-readers? In a word: Harsh.

A "fluid" Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson channeling Miss Debra and her Puppies! channeling *Psycho*'s Marion Crane resulting in a much more Mx. Wiig-esque Mx. Hancock channeling a Miss Mildred Huff.

Per Mx. Mxyzptlk. This audition becomes that audition as the audition goes sideways.

For us to agree, Mx. Hancock MUST be ugly-obsessed NOT ugly-minded, Mx. Mxyzptlk broadcasts, openly.

Agreed, Kirstjen broadcasts, openly.

More of this back and forth, between Mx. Mxyzptlk and Kirstjen, with Dame Judi Dench as the designated "hapless bystander".

For us to agree, a test drive of this Mx. Hancock with ALL of our stipulations in place, Mx. Mxyzptlk broadcasts, openly.

Agreed, Kirstjen broadcasts, openly.

A test drive. Because this Mx. Hancock is a work in progress.

Per Mx. Mxyzptlk. An imprint of Mx. Wiig's personality will be used as the blueprint for the personality of Mx. Hancock.

Thick-readers download onto this Mx. Hancock's face. This Mx. Hancock is imprinted with Mx. Wiig's personality.

Now, this Mx. Hancock is aesthetically pleasing to Mx. Mxyzptlk.

Performing as this hard harsh ugly ugly-obsessed Mx. Hancock, based solely on Mx. Wiig's imprint.

Looks, matter. Function, matters more. Skills pay the bills.

During this test drive. Mx. Mxyzptlk continuously tweaks this Mx. Hancock until this Mx. Hancock is completely to their liking.

By then, Mx. Wiig is dead and not coming back. Mx. Hancock having beheaded Mx. Wiig.

Mx. Hancock "replaces" Mx. Wiig. And. Most importantly. Mx. Mxyzptlk is completely satisfied with the replacement.

Mx. Hancock and Ms. Nielsen are one in the same person, is of no consequence.

Pronouns: They, Them

Animalistic. Niffin prefer their food fresh. This is why they prefer to consume their food while said food is still alive. The same, of course, can be said of Noom.

Cannibalistic. Niffin prefer to eat people. The same, of course, can be said of Noom.

Niffin are Godlike when they're unfiltered. The same, of course, can be said of Noom.

Niffin, by their nature, defer to Gods. The same cannot be said of Noom.

Niffin and Noom are two faces of the same coin, so to speak.

Terrifying: Just imagine if Niffin were Gods; they would be Gods without rules.

Mx. Hancock walks into the lobby of the Oz, the LGBTQIA flophouse where they live. This flop mirrors the now-demolished flop of the deceased Mx. Wiig. Except that the people here are real and there is no basement playroom.

In Mx. Hancock's room. In place of a bed. Is what used to be Mx. Wiig's hybridized MTR. It's now Mx. Hancock's hybridized MTR. A rack that gets a lot of use by mean ugly nasty Mx. Hancock.

Mx. Mxyzptlk has been keeping Mx. Hancock so busy, of late, that Mx. Hancock hasn't been Ms. Nielsen in a coon's age.

Brakebills lists Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen as being on open-ended sabbatical. Another instructor, transient Professor Klipsch "KK" Kltpzyxm, has been hired to replace her. KK is a freelancer, one of the five best freelance research librarians in Creation.

Dame Judi Dench and Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen are legally separated.

Although Mx. Hancock does use prostitutes. Masturbation and the rack are their mainline sexual releases.

Professor Klipsch Kltpzyxm?

That wretched plaintive makeup heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage. Pasty-white complexion. Blonde crane. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Thick-readers. Piranhas and Parts, underneath her suit's chaste skirt. Manicure and pedicure.

A Harpy. Seventy-something. Abusive. Controlling. A very stern bitch. Very mean. Petty. Vindictive. Envious. Foul tempered. Harsh. Hard face. The saving grace of a huge chest and pancake ass. A dispassionate sadist. A shrew personified. An alpha dyke. Evil incarnate.

An apex bulldyke. In other words, a very butch, very abusive, very controlling, older lesbian with a masculine appearance. A TAD (typical alpha dyke), who is dressed TADO (typical alpha dyke outfit). Ergo, a “Ted”.

An eccentric, Professor Klipsch Kltpzyxm’s Kaye Maxfield looks the worse for wear as if it belongs on a baglady. For example, ripped seams, the sleeves of the suitcoat are torn into strips up to the elbows, and long “tendrils” extending from the frayed hemline of the skirt. In a word: Bohemian-Macabre.

At Brakebills. Klipsch is not filthy, smelly, or infested. She’s particular in that peculiar sort of way. In other words: Clean, but not pristine. Her features have been carefully adjusted to maintain her guise as such. This is the bold-faced Bohemian-Macabre lie she presents, of course.

KK is a macabre slice of LGBTQIA womanhood. She strongly resembles the unnamed fugly older sister of horror actress Maila Nurmi’s *Vampira Queen of the Ghouls* character circa 1950s.

Formerly. In a past life, so to speak. She was Kathleen Kennedy, film producer and president of **Lucasfilm**.

Masculine in ways and means. Dominatrix. Butch. A woman’s deep, borderline masculine, voice. As if she’s in latter-transition. Neo-Prussian accent with faintest traces of the arcane. KK can be very off-putting to normies. But. She’s Mx. Handcock’s type. She’s Ms. Nielsen’s type. too.

Ding, Dong, The God Mx. Mxyzptlk is Dead

Mortal Kombat: How Gods are required to settle disputes, when negotiation fails. Gods, in their most vulnerable forms, settle a dispute via trial-by-combat. They fight to a draw or until one party is made extinct by the other. Only one ordeal-by-combat is allowed between the same parties for the same dispute.

The God Mx. Mxyzptlk no longer exists. They've been erased. By what or by whom? Officially: Unknown! Unofficially: Unknown!! Completely off the record, as far as off the record can go: Unknown!!!

Likewise. Mx. Handcock no longer exists. They've been erased. There is only Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen. Erased by what or whom? Erased by Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen.

Dame Judi Dench and Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen are no longer legally separated or estranged. They're back together again.

Brakebills no longer lists Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen as being on open-ended sabbatical. Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is back teaching fulltime at Brakebills. Professor Kltpzyxm has turned out to be her temporarily replacement, after all.

As Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen. She's back to having a hard pretty face with the requisite RBF. No eyeglasses, Piranhas, or Parts.

Therefore, much to Judi's glee, Kirstjen's default is back to being a pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson—inarguably, the quintessential blueprint for the preeminent female face of WWF's Attitude Era, Miss Debra and her Puppies!

Professor Kltpzyxm? She's living at the Oz on skidrow, having taken over the apartment of the discarded Mx. Handcock.

Unemployed at the moment? Nope.

Klipsch was offered and has accepted a position as a substitute teacher at Brakebills.

Seeing it as beneath her station in life? Of course not.

What does she do in her spare time?

When she's not intoxicated and/or screwing someone or something, or indulging in her anthropology hobby. She's a baglady roaming the alleys and trolling dumpsters while pushing the baglady's trademark a battered shopping cart filled with worldly possessions.

It's late in the evening.

Ms. Nielsen steps into the alley behind the Oz. To meet with KK afterhours to discuss a point of curriculum divergence in the lesson plan that Ms. Nielsen inherited from KK. But. Off-

campus, KK's carnal motives ALWAYS take priority over any business at hand, in their face-to-faces.

KK is rummaging through a dumpster. An activity she stops when she becomes aware of Ms. Nielsen's presence.

This KK is filthy, smelly, and infested. Patches of her skin are so dirty, they are black. Fetid breath. Teeth so dirty, they look rotten. Her hair is a mess. KK's outfit is little more than filthy rags. No gloves or shoes. No manicure or pedicure. Long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails. Thick-readers, plaintive makeup, Piranhas, and Parts, of course. This is well beyond Bohemian-Macabre. In a word: ragged. And. She's feral and wanton, as if she were a Furie in heat.

"You're late—"

"—the chancellor had to speak with me at the last minute about—"

Suddenly enraged, KK bitch-slaps Ms. Nielsen.

"Did I say you could speak?!"

Ms. Nielsen just stands there. If she were strapping, she'd be ejaculating into her rubber panties.

"Know your place or I will beat it into you!"

Again, Ms. Nielsen's reaction is to not act.

KK unbuttons the girl's jacket and gropes her chest.

"Very nice. I am very pleased."

KK reaches between the girl's legs and gropes her nethers. The girl is not strapping which again enrages KK. Again, KK bitch-slaps the girl.

"Never come to me this way, ever!!!" KK shrieks.

Ms. Nielsen obeys the bi-polar-acting KK. Now, she's strapping Piranhas and Parts underneath her skirt. The now not-just-a-girl ejaculates into her rubber panties.

"Crane!!!" KK additionally shrieks.

Ms. Nielsen complies, sort of. Her jeannie yanks back into a sternka which is almost-equitable in severity to her wearing her hair in a crane. KK repeatedly bitch-slaps Ms. Nielsen for this semi-insubordination.

Almost-equitable still isn't as-equitable.

So. Her jeannie yanked back into a sternka gives way to the initially "requested" crane.

"Turn off your features, now!!!" KK commands, seeing that the girl's features are keeping her clean and pristine as they do the dirty.

Ms. Nielsen turns off her features, as commanded by the domineering dyke.

KK pushes Ms. Nielsen up against a wall and literally mauls her. They French kiss, violently. KK yanks up Ms. Nielsen's skirt and yanks down her panties. She gives Ms. Nielsen a handjob akin to vise-grip locking pliers.

KK prefers commando: No panties!!!

KK assaults the girl.

KK rips and tears the girl's outfit.

KK's "copies" her filth, offensive body odor, and infestations onto the girl.

KK "alters" the girl's appearance, extensively, to suit her perverse needs and desires.

As a result of KK's doing. Ms. Nielsen looks the worse for wear. For example, ripped seams, the sleeves of her suitcoat are torn into strips up to the elbows, and long "tendrils" extending from the frayed hemline of the short skirt. Plus. The girl is now filthy, smelly, and infested. Patches of her skin are so dirty, they are black. Fetid breath. Teeth so dirty, they look rotten. Her hair is a mess. Her outfit is little more than filthy rags. No gloves or shoes. No manicure or pedicure. Long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails. Thick-readers, of course. This is well beyond Bohemian-Macabre. This is the ravaged baglady appearance that KK craves. In a word: ragged.

During this their sexual roleplay, which KK takes way too seriously of late. KK is a baglady junkie hooker. And. Ms. Nielsen is Ms. Handcock. Ms. Handcock is a hardcopy of a customer of KK's who has gone native. That customer being "imaginary", because this is sexual roleplay, for crying out loud. The fake customer of a fake prostitute.

Done with foreplay. Hung-like-a-horse KK enters Ms. Nielsen violently. Her massive penis pistoning Ms. Nielsen's tight hot snatch, ripping and tearing delicate vaginal tissue. This is consensual sex which is indistinguishable from rape. After KK has done the girl's pussy into raw hamburger, she'll penetrate the girl anally and orally.

Angie Bates. A randomized human baglady walks by, pushing her shopping cart. Angie fancies herself getting a piece of the action that KK is getting. Be careful what you wish for, because sometimes you get it.

KK is a denizen of skidrow, just like Angie is. As wretched a creature, as Angie or anyone else down here, for that matter.

KK is not quite crazy, yet. But, she's getting there.

Per almost-crazy KK. Ms. Handcock is NOT the flipside of Ms. Nielsen who is invokable only by KK.

Per almost-crazy KK. This her Ms. Handcock is a "real" person. Not a delusion of KK's.

Per almost-crazy KK. It's Ms. Nielsen who is imaginary. Not reality.

Per almost-crazy KK. Ms. Nielsen is a delusion of Ms. Handcock.

Per almost-crazy KK. KK and Ms. Hancock have a friends-with-benefits relationship.

Per almost-crazy KK. Ms. Hancock is KK's roommate.

Per almost-crazy KK. KK is sane. It's KK's roommate Ms. Hancock who's insane.

Almost-crazy KK's OCD obsesses about "her" Ms. Hancock. Not about the "imaginary" Ms. Nielsen.

KK has no use for the "imaginary" Ms. Nielsen. KK has every vile use for "her" Ms. Hancock.

Tom Hiddleston: “Every villain is a hero in his own mind.”

“Every villain is a hero in his own mind.”

“Ah. Yes. The Tom Hiddleston quote. I respectfully beg to differ. I, for example, have never entertained that delusion.”

Later on. After the demented in the alley. It’s Ms. Nielsen and KK in KK’s apartment. Ms. Nielsen is back to being Ms. Nielsen, instead of being Ms. Handcock.

“Time to discuss that point of curriculum divergence in the lesson plan that I inherited from you. Or, did you summon me here on a false pretense for a booty call?”

Out of the blue. Albeit, a longtime coming.

As if triggered by their sexplay, although their sexplay has never caused this before.

Depravity ALWAYS leads to insanity, for hardcore degenerates of KK’s ilk. That’s what’s happening to KK. Maybe, that’s what’s in store for Ms. Nielsen, if Ms. Nielsen is so inclined.

KK’s brain short-circuits. She experiences a meltdown. Eccentric gives way to out-and-out crazy. KK is in the midst of a psychotic break. A complete nervous breakdown. Crazy, crazy, crazy.

“This Ms. Nielsen of yours is NOT real!!!” A completely-unhinged KK shrieks.

“What?!”

The lunatic KK gestures arcanelly. A musty old book flies off one of the numerous bookshelves lining the walls and opens up right in front of Ms. Nielsen’s face. Ms. Nielsen shrieks, blackouts, and drops to the floor in a heap. The girl reverts to the guise of Ms. Handcock.

The rack “reaches” out to Ms. Nielsen’s limp body and straps her down. The sentient tome returns to its place on the bookshelves. The rack stretches out the girl just short of tearing her apart.

“Begin the treatments. Lobotomy, first,” KK commands in a deranged voice that’s not her own.

The rack obeys. Drilling into the girl’s forehead. Veracious, mind erasing, parasitic brain slug at the ready for its subsequent insertion. An infectious self-replicating designer brain slug, a so-called golluum.

Designer brain slug. A creature of pure instinct. Designed by whom or by what? Designed by a Golluum, of course.

The tome that subdued Ms. Nielsen so easily? The fabled *Second Book!*

Later...

Ms. Nielsen proves to be uncontrollable, of course. Her immune system targets, kills, and “eats” the golluum implanted in her brain. But. By the time she escapes her captivity, the madwoman KK is long gone along with *The Second Book*. Left behind is a xerox-copy of said Book. The photocopy is neither a false flag nor is it a warning not to be taken lightly; it’s a breadcrumb.

Hours later...

Ms. Nielsen comes to, strapped down on the rack. The rack itself having been lobotomized by KK in an effort to cover her tracks. Angie is also in the room with the restrained Ms. Nielsen. Likewise, Angie has been lobotomized by KK to cover her tracks. The rack and Angie have been rendered feral and wanton by their respective lobotomies, as if they were Furie in heat.

Angie attacks Ms. Nielsen as the girl frees herself. Angie loses in short order. Ms. Nielsen ties Angie up. The High Council will have to be informed about what happened. After which, Ms. Nielsen will return to her life as Ms. Nielsen.

Weeks later...

Now, solely animated by a golluum, that CANNOT be removed. Angie, on the other hand, proves to be unsavable. She is sentenced to confinement in Elizabeth Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane, for the remainder of her natural life. Muzzle. Deep throat penis gag. Padded room. Straitjacket. Ankle restraints: ankle cuffs. Shock treatments. Stark, raving mad. Etc. Very, very, very BDMS. Very, very, very Victorian.

For now. KK is in the wind, in possession and control of the second most powerful Book in Creation. And. Of all the things to use this Book for, KK used it to get a hold of Ms. Hancock an “imaginary” piece of ass (imaginary to her) that she craved. That’s beyond stupid!

There’s something else of note. The rack’s golluum was, Angie’s golluum is, and Ms. Nielsen’s golluum was, not the spawner, they’re the spawn. As such, per the rule of three, where is the Golluum that begot the rack’s, Angie’s, and Ms. Nielsen’s golluums?

Six months later...

Meanwhile. In the background, there’s a resurrection of sorts. Subliminally resulting in Ms. Hardcore.

Ms. Hardcock?

Ms. Hardcock is Ms. Handcock as a binary proxy of Ms. Nielsen's formerly-self-erased non-binary proxy Mx. Handcock.

So. Beneath that clean and pristine veneer that is Ms. Nielsen?

Ms. Hardcock "hides" in Ms. Nielsen's subconscious, on demand by Ms. Nielsen's Id. Plans within plans. The planner AND Ms. Nielsen's Id prefer a ragged non-binary in latter-transition (a Mx. Hardcock), but, for now, a ragged binary in latter-transition suffices (a Ms. Hardcock).

It's a Dame-Judi-Dench-husband-imposed AND a Ms.-Nielsen-self-imposed veneer. Therefore. The planner MUST bide its time and wait. Not a problem. It's patient. It's an old thing, a very old thing. Hungry. Ravenous. Nonetheless. It's used to patiently waiting, as that is its nature anyways.

A Ms.-Nielsen-self-imposed veneer? Imposed by Ms. Nielsen's Ego.

For it to stick. Ms. Nielsen MUST willfully and willingly choose Ms. Hardcock to the front. It cannot be forced upon her.

Shift from "incoherent" to "pornographically violent". Where, from your perspective, they become a blur, and, from their perspective, your fastest movement is excruciatingly slow.

Who un-erased Mx. Handcock as a Ms. Hardcock? Golluum.

Mx. Hardcock & Their Precious

Ragged non-binary in latter-transition. A naked KK is spent. But still somewhat useful to Golluum as a golluum-ized zombie. Golluum needs Ms. Nielsen as Mx. Hancock or its equivalent, more than ever. But. Per the planner, it must wait. So. It waits.

Side note: Planner and Golluum are one in the same.

Whether Kirstjen is Ms. Shaw, Ms. Nielsen, Ms. Hancock, Ms. Hardcock, Mx. Hancock, Mx. Hardcock, et al., she's big breasts and well-craved legs-for-days bursting out of a skimpy outfit with an impossibly tiny waist. Meeting a gold standard of the male, female, etc., gaze "in which your significance is reduced to your role as a sex object".

Ms. Shaw, NOT Liz Shaw.

Ms. Shaw. A spinster alias for, and built on top of, Barbara Eden's Stella Johnson. Spinsterish as in sporting a crane in place of a jeannie.

Ms. Shaw. If not for the crane, a pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson—inarguably, the quintessential blueprint for the preeminent female face of WWF's Attitude Era, Miss Debra and her Puppies! Thus. One could argue that outwardly the only difference between Barbara Eden's Stella Johnson and this Ms. Shaw is a hairdo namely a crane in place of a jeannie.

Ms. Shaw with thinz. A blanket endorsement for Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson channeling *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn channeling a Miss Mildred Huff. Much too Sarah Palin for this Golluum's tastes.

Ms. Shaw with thick-readers, Piranhas, and Parts. A "fluid" Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson channeling Miss Debra and her Puppies! channeling *Psycho's* Marion Crane channeling a much more Mx. Wiig-esque Mx. Hancock channeling a Miss Mildred Huff.

Ms. Shaw as Dr. Elizabeth "Liz" Shaw. Designation: Seven-of-Nine. A robotgirl. A Golluum fantasy construct. A robotgirl designed to be Golluum's ideal cybernetic "companion". Based upon Scarlett Johansson, a brilliant scientist, an expert on Xenomorphs and The Borg, with degrees in magic, physics, robotics, cybernetics, and a dozen other subjects. Rooted in Nicki Brand the blonde dominatrix and serial rapist portrayed by Debbie Harry in David Cronenberg's *Videodrome* (1983) . Channeling Seven-of-Nine (born: Annika Hansen), Tertiary Adjunct of Unimatrix Zero One, as portrayed by Jeri Ryan on *Star Trek: Voyager* (between 1997 and 2001).

There are three iterations of Ms. Shaw as Dr. Elizabeth "Liz" Shaw. All of them, Seven-of-Nine taken to its ludicrous "robot" extreme, with 35% positronic neural tissue and 20% serialized DNA. All of them, are Thinking Machines.

Ms. Shaw as Dr. Elizabeth “Liz” Shaw, with Piranhas and Parts. A “fluid” Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson channeling Miss Debra and her Puppies! channeling *Psycho*’s Marion Crane channeling a much more Mx. Wiig-esque Mx. Hancock channeling a Miss Mildred Huff.

Ms. Shaw as Dr. Elizabeth “Liz” Shaw, with thick-readers, Piranhas, and Parts. A “fluid” Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson channeling Miss Debra and her Puppies! channeling *Psycho*’s Marion Crane channeling a much more Mx. Wiig-esque Mx. Hancock channeling a Miss Mildred Huff. The Ms. Shaw that this Golluum prefers.

Ms. Shaw as Dr. Elizabeth “Liz” Shaw, with a motley-grey complexion, retro swim goggles with thick Coke-bottle lenses (Malmsten Swedish Goggles) stitched to her face, plaintive make-up, Piranhas, and Parts. A “fluid” Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson channeling Miss Debra and her Puppies! channeling *Psycho*’s Marion Crane channeling a much more Mx. Wiig-esque Mx. Hancock channeling a Miss Mildred Huff. A corrupted version of a Third-Eye Ajna Chakra tattoo scripted in the center of her forehead.

A Golluum is a robot, of sorts. Metal, not meat, so to speak.

A Golluum is a “living machine”, an outlier akin to Toy.

Golluum are nameless. This Golluum’s designation is Nine. This Golluum’s preferred is as an alias identified as Baroness Ester von Goebbels.

Golluum are designed by whom or by what? Unknown and undiscernible!

Golluum are non-binary. A Golluum’s pronouns are they/them. Golluum are “queer, with a capital Q”.

Golluum are religious fanatics, who worship the Machine Gods.

In their native form?

A corrupted version of a Third-Eye Ajna Chakra tattoo is scripted in the center of their forehead.

Less attractive than, for example, a Borg queen or even a Gorgon in its native guise. They have a hideous parody of a woman’s face.

Akin to a Borg queen in functionality and appearance. Including a Borg queen’s cybernetic “headpiece” in place of hair.

Akin to a Gorgon in native form. They have serrated teeth, killer tongues, maws that stretch from ear to ear, large pendulous tits that hang down to their waist, and motley-grey complexions. Three doggie tits, with the left and center ones ending in stringbean nipples and the right one ending in a fanged maw ringed by a tri-claw in place of a nipple; technically, the right tit is a bloodsucking appendage equivalent to a leech, it’s a moog. Grey eyeballs, with no irises, and constricted red pupils—ghoulies.

Whether native or assuming an alias pretending?

Gollum possess a positronic-esque brain, use a Borg queen's central alcove, and usually wear the sleek cleavage-baring black EXO of a Borg queen.

Gollum have a deep, easily mistaken for masculine, voice. As if they're in latter-transition.

Pristine personal hygiene, even when their surroundings are filthy, smelly, and infested. Pearly-white teeth. Fresh breath, no matter what or whom they've eaten. Manicure and pedicure.

Fugly. Well-hung uncircumcised she-male genitalia; since they are an "it" they can be plumbed as such. Klaw. A knob on the leftside of the neck, which is arcane, but it doesn't identify them as war criminals and it isn't a subverted Borg implant, it's a racial akin to a species trademark.

Abusive. Controlling. Very stern. Very mean. Petty. Vindictive. Envious. Foul tempered. The saving grace of a huge chest and pancake ass. A dispassionate sadist. A shrew personified.

This Gollum as Baroness Ester von Goebbels?

A vulgar brute. Seventy-something. Stiff Person Syndrome (SPS), in spades. Pasty-white complexion. No serrated teeth or killer tongue. No ghoulies. Cold cruel calculating blue eyes. Two tits. No doggie tits, stringbean nipples, or moog.

That wretched plaintive makeup heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage. Blonde crane. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Thick-readers. Piranhas, underneath their suit's chaste skirt.

In appearance, represents the anti-feminine: big-boned, heavy, and squat, with thick legs and very strong calves for a woman. Creates an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity, sexual repression, and the devious overtones of a dominatrix.

Not Bohemian-Macabre. Not ragged. Clean and pristine. Degenerate. Depraved. Consumptive. In a word: Bohemian.

This Gollum, whether native or assuming Baroness Ester von Goebbels alias pretending?

Walking stilted, as if this Gollum is butch, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment.

Envious of attractive women; she craves the punishment of pretty women for the "crime" of being pretty, with the preferred punishments being WGS, cilice, flogging, disfigurement, and gender-bending, all of which are self-inflicted (i.e., punishments inflicted by the pretty woman upon the pretty woman).

Creepy and obsessive-compulsive. Fugly. Neither attractive nor very feminine-looking. Easily mistaken for a Crog, a Crone-Ogre mix. For whom consensual sex is indistinguishable from rape most brutal and most foul.

Which Machine God does this Golluum worship?

Nine worships an ancient Egyptian God, variously described as the God of chaos, the God of thunder and storms, or the God of destruction.

The Machine God's name?

Sutekh, also known as Sutekh the Destroyer, is a megalomaniac Osiran who is obsessed with extinguishing all biological life in Creation, because it fears that biologicals might one day challenge its hegemony.

In its temples, it's often depicted as a fearsome figure, often adorned with the head of an animal—commonly that of a canine or a bull.

One of the most depraved and degenerate of all Gods, Sutekh plays a significant role in the religious pantheons of ancient Egypt and Thinking Machines.

As the Thinking Machine Seven-of-Nine, Kirstjen, just like Nine, is a fanatical worshipper of Sutekh.

Perpugilliam “Peri” Brown (Nicola Bryant)

The breadcrumb leads Kirstjen as Ms. Nielsen to the Moonrise Hotel in the Delmar Loop. Seated at the bar of the hotel’s Eclipse lounge, is Nine.

Nine is sipping on a margarita, as if waiting for Kirstjen. Nine has assumed the guise of Baroness von Goebbels.

Kirstjen has assumed the identity of Miss Longlegs, a fictitious prostitute of her own invent. Her fake ID for Miss Longlegs is so convincing, it looks real. Yet, Baroness von Goebbels somehow sees through this elaborate ruse of Kirstjen’s.

Kirstjen sits down on the stool beside Baroness von Goebbels’.

Baroness von Goebbels smiles. A smile that stretches from ear-to-ear.

“You’ve finally found us.”

Kirstjen starts to say something, but suddenly finds herself unable to speak, for some unknown reason. Followed by a migraine.

The bartender places a margarita on the bar in front of Kirstjen. As if on cue, Baroness von Goebbels places a gloved hand on Kirstjen’s knee. A hand that slips up Kirstjen’s brief skirt and gropes the girl’s nethers.

“You’re not strapping. Do so. Now.”

Kirstjen obeys, and goes fluid. She’s now strapping Piranhas and Parts. The Parts bulging in her rubber panties. She has an erection and ejaculates.

And, so, the girl’s uglification proceeds in earnest.

“Novak.”

Kirstjen obeys. Her jeannie gives way to a crane. A crane and a novak are one in the same hairdo.

Predating the crane by a mere two years, the ‘60s hairdo worn by Marion Crane the lead character in Alfred Hitchcock’s *Psycho* (1960) as played by actress Janet Leigh. A novak is the ‘50’s hairdo worn by Gillian Holroyd the lead character in Richard Quine’s *Bell, Book, and Candle* (1958) as played by actress Kim Novak the preeminent rival of Marilyn Monroe. The hairdo is also known as the “Mills”, the mini-bouffant sported by actress Hayley Catherine Rose Vivien Mills (aka Hayley Mills) during her YA (young adult) years with *Walt Disney* studio during the mid-to-late 1960s—e.g., *That Darn Cat!* (1965)—when she was marketed as the “dowdy, chaste, teenage spinster”.

“Coke-bottle glasses, very thick ones, with trifocal lenses. Not progressives. Visible lines.”

Kirstjen obeys. She’s now wearing thick-readers. Her migraine is growing worse.

“Makeup, disfiguring.”

Kirstjen obeys. Plaintive make-up, in place of Bolshoi-bare, heavily applies itself to her face, neck, and cleavage.

Crane, thick-readers, and now plaintive make-up.

Resulting in a girl who looks hard, harsh, and well-used, and decades older than her thirty-something. Looks like a well-used fifty-something, at the very least.

Baroness von Goebbels palms a roofoo into Kirstjen’s drink. No sleight of hand. The dosing is obvious.

“Now. Drink.”

Kirstjen obeys. She empties the glass of drugged liquor, and slumps in her chair within seconds of consuming it.

The girl’s migraine is now blinding.

Baroness von Goebbels motions over to the bartender.

“It appears that our companion has had too much to drink. We’ll need help carrying her back up to our room.”

Kirstjen blacks out.

Kirstjen comes to, “plugged” into the alcove of a Borg drone in Baroness von Goebbels’ hotel room. Baroness von Goebbels has checked out.

A cursed hybridized alcove? Shades of fetish nostalgia? Only time will tell, in this case.

The alcove is in the bedroom. Along with an unconscious KK lying on the floor who is clean, pristine, and golluum-free; no longer spent. Setting on top of the dresser is the Second Book.

There’s a Post-it note on the alcove indicating that the alcove is “special” and left in leu of payment for services rendered.

Kirstjen will call the High Council, the police, and the hotel’s front desk, in that order. Case closed.

In the interim. She’ll strip down and take a long hot bath.

Kirstjen is back to being Ms. Nielsen, herself, “Pretty Girl” Kirstjen. Ms. Hardcock has been erased, for good. And. No Ms. Hardcock means no Mx. Hardcock. Or. Does it, considering the backdoor Ms. Shaw represents?

Kirstjen. A realization and personification of an OCD fixation for DC Comics’ Wonder Woman. Big breasts and well-craved legs-for-days exploding out of a skimpy outfit with an impossibly tiny waist. Meeting a gold standard of the male, female, etc., gaze “in which your significance is reduced to your role as a sex object”.

Best that Kirstjen can remember, she was rebooted as Baroness von Goebbels' robotgirl companion Frau Shaw aka Seven-of-Nine. A Seven doing "machine" business, the detail knowledge of which was compartmentalized into, and subsequently wiped from, the "mind" of her alter-ego Seven.

A hardcore sex addict, itself. Nine also dragged Kirstjen into the depths of its bottomless depravity, with the intent of drowning her, resulting in her total subjugation—the vilest rape of mind, body, and soul.

Domination, subjugation, ad nauseam. Dominatrix, submissive, ad nauseam. Teetotaler, dope fiend, ad nauseam. Sadism and masochism. Degradation and humiliation. Bondage and discipline. A captor who is usually a powerful much older woman, usually a bulldyke, who craves to possess her—e.g., 13, Moe, the Baroness, etc. Wash, rinse, repeat. She's been here before. She'll do it again. This cycle, this endless loop of depravity, never gets old for her.

Fads come and go. Eventually the girl gets bored with her captivity and moves onto some new enslavement which promises better kicks and subjugation by a more depraved owner.

Elvira beckons again, this time at the behest of Mx. Goble

Frau Irmgard Huber, a retiree, was the day matron at an ultra-exclusive girl's boarding school in Switzerland, for well over a century. Retired for nearly a decade, she still obsesses about her job as a cleaning lady. A job she had to vacate because of scandal.

Kirstjen meets Frau Huber in the Eclipse lounge. Frau Huber is seated in one of the booths along the back wall.

Every bit the apex bulldyke that Baroness von Goebbels is. For all intents and purposes, Frau Huber is a non-machine version of Baroness von Goebbels.

Frau Huber's instructions were very specific about how Kirstjen was to look and act. As such. Kirstjen is not "Pretty Girl" Kirstjen. She's a hard, fluid Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson channeling Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians*' Alice Quinn shoved into a Mildred Huff by thick-readers and plaintive make-up heavily-applied to her face, neck, and cleavage—i.e., the bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); "a bleach blonde with a badass showgirl body", walking stilted, as if she's butch, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment.

"How much?"

Of course. Kirstjen isn't a prostitute. But. For the duration of their swing, Kirstjen will pretend to be one, namely the fictitious Miss Longlegs.

Kirstjen's parry is the usual question a real hooker would ask to protect herself against Frau Huber being an undercover policewoman.

"Are you a cop?"

"No."

Kirstjen now gives her response to Frau Huber's original question.

"Twenty."

"For the entire evening?"

"Yes."

"Around the world?"

"Yes."

"Silence is consent. Speak only when spoken to. Responses are succinct, robotic monotones. Blank expression. Vacant eyes. Submissive."

Kirstjen's response is silence. Blank expression. Vacant eyes. Submissive. A robot. Meat, not metal, though. A meat puppet.

Frau Huber pays Kirstjen the indicated price.

“I’m your dominatrix,” Frau Huber dictates.

Again. Kirstjen’s response is silence. Blank expression. Vacant eyes. Submissive. A robot. Meat, not metal, though. A meat puppet.

So far, it’s been typical role-playing for Kirstjen: “Eric Stanton: Bondage Enthusiasts Bound in Leather”.

Kirstjen is a fugly robotic Miss Longlegs who is enslaved, as a rule, by mean vile sexually-repressed scary-looking much-older controlling fugly lesbians who have no use for pretty girls.

But, there is this one gross Troll-ish Furie shipper of hers, a widow and retired nurse, Carol Miller, who, for the entirety of their dates, will flip-flop between being dominant and being submissive.

As a living embodiment of a “grocery store auntie”. Mrs. Miller is such an obsessive and aggressive submissive that it’s smothering, and thus bordering on Mrs. Miller enslaving Kirstjen.

With her numerous engraved silver nose rings and elaborate arcane tattoos, Mrs. Miller resembles a seventy-something version of Kotaku’s Alyssa Mercante (Frosk 2.0).

Ratty tattoos that ink most of her body. Figuratively speaking, a suit of ink.

A corrupted version of a Third-Eye Ajna Chakra tattoo scripted in the center of her forehead.

Occasionally, Mrs. Miller mentions a much-older, much more OCD, grosser, even more Troll-ish sister named Barbara Butch. Mrs. Miller clams up whenever Kirstjen presses Mrs. Miller for further details about said sister. Nonetheless, Kirstjen gathers that this mystery sister has a full-blown Sewer Troll fixation, and, as such, identifies as a Sewer Troll and has been described by detractors as a “fat cow sexless cat lady cheetah eating perv whore”.

As a rule, the girl’s enslavers dress the same staid severe defeminizing way.

Stuck repeating a sexplay loop she craves to no end, with different “partners” who are the same abusive type, including them walking stilted, strapping butch (i.e., strapping Piranhas and Parts), and having an MTG “bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body” moment. She hasn’t swung with a man in a coon’s age. No male shippers. Just apex bulldykes as her “recreational” drug of choice.

“Mills.”

As “requested”, Kirstjen’s jeannie is traded in for a crane. Before the fun really begins, her enslaver, whoever they may be, ALWAYS demands that particular hairdo swap. Usually, her enslaver wants her to start off pretty and then slowly progressively uglify herself over the course of their “date”. In contrast, Frau Huber was empathic about Kirstjen starting off ugly from the get-go followed by that slow progressive further uglification.

Kirstjen easily passes for a well-used fifty-something junkie hooker who pays for her narcotics habit by hooking—i.e., uglification as a result of age-ravaging eyeglasses and make-up.

As sleazy as porn. These dates of hers with super dykes are arranged via Miss Longlegs' personal ad in the local *Riverfront Times* newspaper.

As the evening progresses, Frau Huber becomes increasingly possessive. Over the top and borderline violent with her OCD. By the end of the date, it's obvious that Frau Huber has had a complete psychotic breakdown. Nothing to be taken lightly. But. Frau Huber fails to make the expected scene.

After their one night stand, they part company, uneventfully. A dowdy Kirstjen moves on to dating other frumpy women.

Taken

In the month that follows her one and only date with Frau Huber, Kirstjen can't shake the feeling that she's being stalked while she's swinging as her alter-ego Miss Longlegs. As the "bookish wench" Kirstjen, she idly wonders if one of Miss Longlegs' "customers" is following her.

By Kirstjen's way of thinking, it's too bad that Frau Huber makes no more overtures. Frau Huber proved to be a very talented, demented, and depraved "lover".

Walking through the infamous Bohemian Grove. Kirstjen contemplates such things. Not bespectacled. Not strapping Piranhas and Parts, therefore not cilice-obsessed and not fluid. She's the "hot" Kirstjen. Pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson. Inarguably, the quintessential blueprint for the preeminent female face of WWF's Attitude Era, Miss Debra and her Puppies!

Depraved. Degenerate. A swinger. A shipper. Additionally. A flipper. Flip-flops, for example: between hard pretty face and fugly, between not being cilice-obsessed and being cilice-obsessed, between not fluid and fluid, between dominatrix and submissive, between meat and metal, between female-only and she-male and transgender.

Watching Kirstjen remotely is a full-blown pegger, a morbidly obese woman who craves raping assholes with her spiked dildo. Torpedo bra. No gloves. No shoes. Perls. A Hedgehog straps her nethers and Piranhas strap her thighs—i.e., fully-spiked. Long ragged finger nails and toenails. Haughty. Creepy. Wretched. Scary. Crazy, as a loon. Deranged.

The pegger is filthy, smelly, and infested. Patches of her pasty-white skin are so dirty, they are black. Fetid breath. Teeth so dirty, they look rotten. Her crane is a mess. No manicure or pedicure. Long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails. Thick-readers. Plaintive makeup heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage.

Her outfit, a Kaye Maxfield, is little more than filthy rags befitting a baglady. Ripped seams, the sleeves of the suitcoat are torn into strips up to the elbows, and "tendrils" extending from the frayed hemline of the skirt. In a word: Bohemian-Macabre.

She is not a Sewer Troll. But. She identifies so strongly with being a Sewer Troll. That. For all intents and purposes, she might as well be a Sewer Troll.

She is such an obsessive and aggressive submissive that she's smothering, and thus bordering on enslaving whoever is her sexual object as if she's a rabid dominatrix. As such. She's an oppressive submissive. An oppressor.

The pegger has numerous gold nose rings, but no tats.

From time to time as the pegger watches her craved sex object that is Kirstjen, her blue eyes fluoresce different colors and she licks the thin lips of her large ugly mouth. Having convinced

herself that this girl is a worthy addition to her tourist trap and that her sister Carol will have to find another playmate.

All the while, Kirstjen is strolling toward a guard of ancient willow trees, behind which is a row of decaying Victorian mansions. Mansions that look to be long ago abandoned. Yet one of them is the address for her date. A woman, Mildred Elizabeth Huff, storms out of the front door of said address.

Mx. Huff. Severe. Sexually repressed. Stiff-backed. Eighty-something. Stiff Person Syndrome (SPS), in spades. A pasty-white complexion. Cold cruel calculating blue eyes.

A very stern bitch. Very mean. Petty. Vindictive. Envious. Foul tempered. Harsh. Hard face. The saving grace of a huge chest and pancake ass. A dispassionate sadist. A shrew personified. Evil incarnate.

An apex bulldyke. In other words, a very butch, very abusive, very controlling, older lesbian with a masculine appearance. A TAD (typical alpha dyke), who is dressed TADO (typical alpha dyke outfit). Ergo, a “Ted”.

A disgraced and defrocked Catholic nun, who has experimented extensively upon herself.

That wretched plaintive makeup heavily-applied to her face, neck, and cleavage. Blonde crane. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Thick-readers. Piranhas and Parts, underneath her suit’s chaste skirt.

In appearance, represents the anti-feminine: big-boned, heavy, and squat, with thick legs and very strong calves for a woman. Creates an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity, sexual repression, and the devious overtones of a dominatrix.

Not Bohemian-Macabre. Not ragged. Clean and pristine. Degenerate. Depraved. Consumptive. In a word: Bohemian.

This old biddy is walking stilted, as if she’s a butch who’s strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG “bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body” moment. Because. This old biddy is strapping butch and having a BBBBBB moment.

Envious of attractive women; she craves the punishment of pretty women for the “crime” of being pretty, with the preferred punishments being WGS, cilice, flogging, disfigurement, and gender-bending, all of which are self-inflicted (i.e., punishments inflicted by the pretty woman upon the pretty woman).

Creepy and obsessive-compulsive. Fugly. Neither attractive nor very feminine-looking. A Crone who is easily mistaken for a Crog. A Crone for whom consensual sex is indistinguishable from rape most brutal and most foul.

Tellingly. Upon Mx. Huff’s arrival upon the scene, the Sewer Troll wannabe stops remotely watching Kirstjen and loses complete interest in the girl whatsoever for good.

An enraged Mx. Huff walks up to Kirstjen and assaults her. Bitch slapping her repeatedly.

“Imbecile! Typical pretty girl: useless, lazy, and late! You’re ten minutes early which is the same as being late! From now on, you’re to be here at least thirty minutes ahead of time!”

Kirstjen cums. Says nothing. Mx. Huff turns around and heads back toward her mansion.

Kirstjen falls in step behind her fuming abuser.

Mx. Huff’s gruff voice is deep for a woman, borderline masculine. As if she’s a non-binary in latter-transition. A gravelly voice with a thick Prussian accent.

As if this Mildred Huff is a Rosa Klebb alias. In contemporary terms, a cisgender woman who identifies as a transgender man who in turn identifies as a transgender woman. Plus. Misogyny. Misandry. All of which equates to? A “real” woman who identifies as a “fake” man, a “fake” man who in turn identifies as a “fake” woman.

Rosa Klebb is formally known as Colonel Rosa Klebb or simply Colonel Klebb. The fictional bulldyke KGB officer and the main antagonist from the James Bond 1957 novel and 1963 film “From Russia with Love”; aptly portrayed by veteran character actress Lotte Lenya in the movie. The personification of a drab, creepy, unattractive, frumpy cunt.

Rosa Klebb. The name is a pun on the popular Soviet phrase for women’s rights, *khleb i rozy* (Cyrillic: хлеб и розы), which in turn was a direct Russian translation of the internationally used labor union slogan “bread and roses”.

Owned

The front door closes and locks behind them as they cross the door's threshold. They're in foyer, and transition into what used to be a huge lobby.

"You'll kill that ad in the newspaper. When you're not with your husband or working, you will be with me."

Mx. Huff clearly knows who Kirstjen really is.

"Now, let's see what you got."

Mx. Huff unbuttons Kirstjen's jacket and gropes her tits through the cups of her torpedo bra. Then, Mx. Huff yanks down Kirstjen's skirt and panties, and gropes her nethers.

"Yes. Very nice. And Tasty too."

Mx. Huff slips on a pair of brass knuckles and works over the girl's midriff. Resulting in bruises and cracked ribs.

"You're, of course, much too pretty for a bookish wench, but that can easily be fixed with makeup, glasses, hairdo, and a regimen of brutal beatings."

As if wielded by invisible hands. A lead pipe caves in the back of Kirstjen's skull, killing her outright. But. Who was wielding the pipe? Mx. Huff, a spinster, lives alone.

Nobody was wielding the pipe.

A naked Kirstjen resurrects hours later hanging in the basement. All of her metal restraints are hardened to prohibit ghosting out of them. All of the locks of the restraints are welded shut to be pick-proof. The dog chain leash of the spiked collar padlocked around her neck is bolted to one of the floor joists overhead. Gagged by a fetish penis-ball-gag (bright red ball with skin colored straps). Shackles. Hands and feet weighed down. Lash marks stripe her backside from her shoulders down to her ankles. She has two black eyes and a broken jaw.

From head to toe, including her hair, is painted with Mx. Huff's filth. Including, but not limited to. Drenched by Mx. Huff's urine. Smearred with Mx. Huff's feces. Shades of Vincent Kennedy McMahon. A Vince-McMahon-level degenerate.

As if wielded by invisible hands. A barber's razor strap whips Kirstjen's backside. Brass knuckles bang her torso. Bitch-slaps her face. Yanks on her long golden tresses. Pinches her succulent nipples.

Kirstjen is no longer pretty, and Mx. Huff intends to keep it that way for the duration.

A naked Mx. Huff sits in a chair in a corner. She's masturbating.

"Oh, goody. You're alive again," proclaims Mx. Huff, in Prussian.

Mx. Huff only speaks English when she has to. Which means, Kirstjen will have to learn Prussian fluently, posthaste.

Make plans. Destiny laughs.

Out of the blue, Mx. Huff's head is twisted around—360-degrees—RTW—round-the-world—as if by invisible hands.

Different invisible hands than the ones that previously did Mx. Huff's bidding? Excuse the pun, not revealed.

What is colloquially known as boxxing: Severing Mx. Huff's spinal cord between the first and seventh cervical vertebra, the AOM, the avenue-of-mortality.

Mx. Huff won't get up anytime soon, maybe never, from that long count!

Circumventing the mansion's failsafe. Mx. Huff is finished off with a round-the-world; in effect, decapitating Mx. Huff with said RTW.

POV, point of view. It just wouldn't do to have Mx. Huff resurrect too soon and become a lethal inconvenience again. Hence the RTW.

Failsafe?

The prohibition in place to prevent that Mx. Huff from being taken round-the-world, that quick snap of the head which severs the spine at cervical vertebra 4, C4, the exact center of the AOM.

The failsafe should have stopped the RTW of Mx. Huff, in the nick of time.

An RTW, obviously, constitutes “excessive force”, because it risks preventing Mx. Huff from resurrecting.

Not specific to just RTWs. The failsafe blocks any and all that might render Mx. Huff dead for good: gone forever, extinct, no more lives.

The mansion is cursed, alive, haunted, self-aware, sentient, a domicile, a machine, a PUV, and at one time in its storied life, it had been converted into an insane asylum, specifically an annex of the Elizabeth Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane, by one of its previous owners.

The failsafe is not a construct of Mx. Huff. It is not the mansion's curse nor is it part of the mansion's curse. It's “associated” with the mansion.

As soon as Mx. Huff dies, the mansion evicts Mx. Huff's consciousness and takes up exclusive residence in said body as its very own. Possession being nine-tenths of the law. This is now its “human form”, a guise it has coveted for so very long.

Mx. Huff's RTW. This was not a fubar. This was a deliberate act on the part of the mansion itself. It had decided to trade-up to a “better” owner, and, in the process, trade-in its human form for one more to its liking.

“I am the house. This house. My name is Mx. Linda Abbey, Doctor Linda Abbey. You may call me Linda or Doctor, depending on the context of our relationship,” Linda proclaims, in Prussian, in a deep for a woman’s gravelly voice. A deep, easily mistaken for masculine, voice.

Not a disembodied voice, because the mansion, in human form, is speaking to Kirstjen directly.

Of course. Linda, “wearing” the body of its now-deceased previous owner, is a fugly, robotic, scary-looking, “older” lesbian.

Linda is an “it”. But it identifies as a transgender female in latter-transition. Plus. Misogyny. Misandry.

As a she-male “it”, Linda has male and female genitalia, now. No need for Parts, anymore, that the body’s previous inhabitant, Mx. Huff, had to resort to using.

A very stern bitch. Very mean. Petty. Vindictive. Envious. Foul tempered. Harsh. Severe. Stern. A dispassionate sadist. A shrew personified. Evil incarnate. Enslaving. Mean. Vile. Sexually-repressed. Controlling. Has no use for pretty girls. Same as the Mx. Huff that Linda has “replaced”.

An apex bulldyke. In other words, a very butch, very abusive, very controlling, older lesbian with a masculine appearance. A TAD (typical alpha dyke), who is dressed TADO (typical alpha dyke outfit). Ergo, a “Ted”. Again, same as the Mx. Huff that Linda has “replaced”.

Linda only speaks English when it has to. Which means, Kirstjen will have to learn Prussian fluently, posthaste.

Linda speaks English with an accent. A gravelly voice with a thick Prussian accent, gender-bent. A very creepy voice.

During the beating, Linda gets way too much into it. Killing the girl. Literally, beating her to death.

The Collector

Kirstjen resurrects in the bedroom that Mx. Huff used.

Dizzy. Head spinning. Nauseous. Feeling hungover. She gets off the bed and stumbles over to the room's door. It's locked from the outside.

Clean and pristine. The girl is fully dressed, doing her usual Stella Johnson, with the expected changes. Thick-readers. Plaintive make-up. Stilted walk. Strapping butch. BBBBBB moment.

Shades of Nurse Ratched: Old-fogey yellow-blonde jeannie yanked back into a sternka.

Nurse Ratched. The deranged former army nurse and disgraced/defrocked Catholic nun, Nurse Ratched (also known as "Big Nurse"), portrayed by Louise Fletcher, in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975).

This factitious Nurse Ratched is based upon a real person.

Plaintive make-up heavily-applied to her face, neck, and cleavage.

A "Kamala Harris" turkey neck thanks to copious amounts of plaintive make-up.

The bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); "a bleach blonde with a badass showgirl body", walking stilted, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment.

Kirstjen can hear the door being unlocked. She steps back. Of course, what confronts her is Linda in human form, wearing the guise of Linda's previous owner Mx. Mildred Elizabeth Huff. A guise with noticeable differences. Namely, there is a knob on the leftside of the neck of this version of Mx. Huff's former body, and as a she-male "it", Linda's "body" has male and female genitalia, and thus there is no need for Parts.

Now, Linda owns itself. Now, Linda is the house dominatrix. Now, Kirstjen is its sex slave; its full-sized sex toy.

"I shall call you Claire, Mx. Claire Jamima 'CJ' Winters, Nurse Winters, an RN, a registered nurse. In the context of your role as Nurse Winters or patient Winters, you will address me as Doctor. In the context of us as lovers, you will call me Linda or Mistress."

The girl starts to say something. But. Before she can utter a word, her conscious mind wipes completely blank. Her Kirstjen personality, her original "control" personality, is gone, poof. As such. Her face and eyes also wipe blank. Briefly, the girl's eyes fluoresce lime-green as another personality is downloaded into her brain and takes up residence. This is done to facilitate the girl's nursing training and her transformation into someone else entirely.

This new "control" personality is based upon a comprehensive neural mapping of the real Nurse Ratched's brain including Mx. Ratched's proclivities. Proclivities that aren't much different than Kirstjen's.

Upon the download's completion. For all intents and purposes, there is only Claire Winters; the sole inhabitant of what used to be Kirstjen's body. Kirstjen is, in effect, dead. In reality, said body is being "shared" by two distinct, yet overlapping, personalities—i.e., shared, rather than exclusive, ownership.

Lastly, Claire is made bereft of her gloves and business suit. They're uploaded back into her features. Sans gloves and "uniform" is as part-n-parcel to this Claire schtick as wearing an old-fogey yellow-blondie jeannie yanked back into a sternka.

Claire only speaks English when she has to. She speaks English with an accent. A gravelly voice with a thick Prussian accent. Gender-bent. A very creepy voice.

Normally, Claire speaks Prussian. A language she is fluent in.

Linda covetously strokes the girl's hair.

"Now, your training begins, Cosplaying as the new floor nurse of my pretend asylum. Nurse Winters, a patient trustee, who as a patient will be confined and treated here for her mental illness."

Linda begins its morning rounds. Claire falls dutifully in step behind it.

This is the first and the last time that Linda will refer to their interactions as being "Cosplay" or the mansion as being a "pretend asylum". The memory of which wipes from Claire's mind.

This is the first but not the last time that Kirstjen will be coerced into becoming Claire. While in the jurisdiction of the mansion, Kirstjen automatically becomes Claire and stays that way for the duration. The mansion can also "summon" the girl here, as need be, subject to the girl's priorities at the time of her summoning.

Colloquially, flip-flops. Clinically, Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID). Formerly, Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD) or split personality disorder (SPD) or split personalities. Where you have two or more separate personalities that control your behavior at different times. As a rule, when personalities switch, you'll have gaps in your memory. The identities are usually caused by living through trauma. Psychotherapy can help you manage your symptoms.

When she's Kirstjen, Claire is locked away in her subconscious, but is still accessible to Kirstjen, thus Claire is not hidden from Kirstjen. This is why when personalities switch from Claire to Kirstjen, she remembers everything that happens while she's Claire—there are no gaps in memory.

As Claire, she has no knowledge of Kirstjen's existence, whatsoever—Kirstjen is hidden from Claire, locked away in her subconscious. When personalities switch from Kirstjen to Claire, the girl will not have any gaps in memory. Because. Any discrepancies will be reconciled via "brute force" in her subconscious.

As Claire, she has the merged memories and backstory of both the factitious and real Nurse Ratched. For example, the real Nurse Ratched was born in Vienna.

As Claire, as far as she is concerned, she has always been confined and treated here in the mansion.

In the movie, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Nurse Ratched certainly possesses traits of OCD, obsessive-compulsive personality disorder. A disorder that Claire clearly suffers from, rendering her clinically insane and a lunatic who's prone at times to ranting and raving while foaming at the mouth and gnashing her teeth. An insane Claire is deadly and useful, and no less the buxom two-legged calculator. She's just as cold and calculating as a deranged lunatic as when she's sane.

"Living" mannequins have been pressed into service, by Linda, as additional staff and patients; in effect, these androids are hallucinations to feed the delusions in play here. The treatments, punishments, and drugs given Claire will be quite real, though.

Here, in this house, as Claire, the girl will have no "civil" restrictions and be able to let herself completely go.

Here, in this house, as Claire, the girl is little more than a Borg drone and Linda is, in effect, her Borg queen. A collective of two.

Basically, Claire is Kirstjen without any checks and balances. Claire is a two-legged WMD. Who is enslaved to Linda who is also a WMD without any checks and balances. A Linda who is a self-aware sentient "thing", a "building". A God without rules who is a house, Linda be.

Sonner than later, with Claire's conscription, Linda plans to replace all of the "patients" with abducted biologicals. Most of the abductees will be culled from the ranks of the homeless, e.g., skidrow bums and bagladies. Some will be streetwalkers. Some will be "regular" folks who have "mysteriously disappeared". All will feed the meatgrinder that is this insatiable house.

Insane

Along Maryland Plaza, the decaying Victorian mansions, and their guard of ancient willow trees, are only visible and material, accessible in this plane of existence, when they wish to be.

Mattie M. Vales-Eddington, a Witch baglady, pushes her battered shopping cart up on Linda's front porch. Filthy, smelly, and infested, Mattie is wearing a dirty tattered overcoat and nothing else on this sweltering August day.

She has been stalking Kirstjen for weeks. Having latched onto Kirstjen when the girl substitute taught a night course that she had enrolled in at Brakebills. A chance encounter that has morphed into something quite sinister. Mattie has quite the hankering for the girl. A bonafide fixation.

Mattie rings the doorbell of the house that she saw Kirstjen enter.

Claire answers the door. Blank, empty, fugly, deranged Claire. Lunatic Nurse Claire. A Claire wearing Coke-bottle eyeglasses and a jeannie yanked back into a sternka, and minus gloves and a business suit, of course.

Mattie is so obsessed with Kirstjen, that Kirstjen's fugly much-older-looking Claire "disguise" doesn't fool her the least little bit. Mattie recognizes Claire as Kirstjen, immediately.

This combination of thick-readers, plaintive make-up, and old-fogey jeannie yanked back into a sternka, age-ravages Kirstjen by decades. This version of Kirstjen looks at least two decades older: looks fifty-something instead of thirty-something, and looks well-used.

If this fugly version of Kirstjen were wearing Bolshoi-bare in place of plaintive make-up, it would amount to putting lipstick on a pig. Thick-readers amounts to heaping ugly on top of ugly.

Mattie starts to make a pass, then stops dead in her tracks, just as quickly realizing that whoever she is looking at, is no longer the Kirstjen that she is acquainted with. She smacks her lips. Her Parts tentpole her overcoat.

"My bad. I mistook you for someone else. At a distance, I saw you entering this building. At a distance, you look like my teacher at Brakebills, Professor Kirstjen. Up close, I can see that you're a different person, entirely."

Claire, of course, shows no recognition of Mattie, whatsoever. Nor does the girl react to the "Professor Kirstjen" reference. This turns on Mattie to no end. She ejaculates into her coat.

Mattie and Professor Kirstjen are part of Kirstjen's life, not Claire's. Hence the lack of recognition by Claire.

This not-a-pretty-girl version of Kirstjen appeals to Mattie to no end. Appeals to her levels more than the pretty girl version. So. Risking the obvious hazards of what is clearly gear porn. Against her better judgement, Mattie must hit on this depraved girl.

Claire steps aside so that Mattie can enter.

Mattie enters with her cart.

The front door closes and locks itself. They're in foyer, and transition into a huge lobby.

Once inside the building proper, Mattie is exposed to the sights and sounds of an insane asylum. Very decadent and very Victorian.

“Hello. My name is Nurse Claire. I am a patient trustee. I will take you to the Doctor, for your orientation. Thank you for self-admitting yourself to our hospital for treatment. As a charity case, you will pay your way as a patient trustee and matron.”

Mattie craves the girl's deep creepy Prussian gender-bent voice. Liking it much better than Kirstjen's smokey sexy feminine voice.

“I want to fuck you.”

“Of course. My pleasure.”

Mattie gropes Claire's big juicy bra-holstered tits, one-handed. Projectile breasts thanks to the girl's white lacy torpedo bra.

They French kiss.

Mattie gropes the erection in the girl's rubber panties, with her other hand. The hung-like-a-horse girl ejaculates.

One of the more violent patients, a naked Mr. Fred, walks up behind Mattie and bashes in her skull with his fists. The Goon's blows kill her outright.

Invisible hands rip off Mattie's coat, dragging her and her cart away in separate directions. The coat and the cart will be disposed of in the basement incinerator, by one set of invisible hands. Mattie will be taken to The Doctor, by the other set of invisible hands.

Front and back door quivering and puckering. Claire turns off her features, and drops to her knees in front of Fred. She deep throats him, like an all-day lollipop. Sucking on his sour mash balls, wantonly. Greedily swallowing the elderly man's jism geyser. Licking his asshole, and deep probing his anus with her long well-educated tongue. Her virtuosity putting the most talented porn starlets on notice.

Fred urinates and defecates on Claire. Painting her hair, face, front, and back, with his filth. With her features offline, she stays filthy. Wallowing in D&H, degradation and humiliation, of Fred's authorship.

When she finishes orally-pleasuring Fred, a ranting and raving Fred wanders off.

“Pretty girls can do anything. I am not pretty. Ugly girls MUST do everything. I am ugly,” Claire shrieks. This is her set speech, always screamed after she has serviced a patient and that patient has in turn degraded her. Tit for tat. Patients “pay” Claire for servicing them by degrading her.

“Pretty girls can do anything. I am not pretty. Ugly girls MUST do everything. I am ugly”, is also her set speech, always screamed after she has serviced herself and she has in turn degraded herself. Tit for tat. Claire “pays” Claire for servicing herself by degrading herself.

Invisible hands gag the girl. Gagged by a fetish penis-ball-gag.

When Claire doesn’t need to speak, she’s kept gagged.

When Claire doesn’t need to be clean and pristine, her features are kept offline and she is filthy. Tit for tat. Wallowing in D&H, of various authorship including her own.

Claire. Nurse Claire. Demented deranged depraved Nurse Claire. Thick-readers. Perls. Bullet bra. Rubber panties. Careys. Stilted walk. Strapping butch. BBBBBB moment. Plaintive make-up. Fugly. Old-fogey yellow-blond jeannie yanked back into a sternka. Looking well-used and looking at least fifty-something. Wallowing in D&H, of various authorship including her own, most of the time. Clean and pristine, features online, some of the time. Gagged by a fetish penis-ball-gag, most of the time. A sadomasochistic flesh-n-blood robot, all of the time. Narcissistic dominatrix and self-loathing submissive: a living contradiction in terms.

When clean and pristine. Claire is afflicted with Narcissistic Personality Disorder (NPD). A personality disorder that causes people to be excessively self-absorbed, especially about their looks.

In narcissist Claire’s case, ugly is beautiful. WGS, in play here, in spades.

When filthy. Claire exemplifies hatred of, or contempt for, herself. Self-hate. Self-loathing. Self-contempt. Self-disgust.

In self-loathing Claire’s case, she’s obsessed with being punished for the “crime” of being ugly. Again, WGS, in play here, in spades.

Therefore. Whether she’s narcissist Claire or self-loathing Claire, she’s obsessed with ugly. WGS, in spades.

Claire abuses and degrades patients and staff including The Doctor.

Claire is abused and degraded by patients and staff including The Doctor.

There’s also that fusion of depraved narcissist Claire and deranged self-loathing Claire. The resulting hybrid is totally out of her mind. Mad as a hatter. A homicidal maniac that MUST be restrained. Mindless feral Claire. Claire as The Lunatic.

Claire. The Lunatic. Mindless feral Claire. Sometimes clean and pristine. Sometimes filthy. And. Sometimes a little bit of both clean-n-pristine and filthy.

Claire. The Lunatic. Mindless feral Claire. Thick-readers. Fetish penis-ball-gag. Perls. Torpedo bra. Careys. Stilted walk. Strapping butch. BBBBBB moment. Plaintive make-up. Fugly. Old-fogey yellow-blond jeannie yanked back into a sternka. Looking well-used and looking at least

fifty-something. What Vampira's space zombie character in *Plan 9 From Outer Space* ultimately devolves into by the end of the movie.

Typically, when Claire is not doing her rounds, she's plugged into her drone alcove, getting firmware updates and doing chores virtually.

Both Borg alcoves, Linda's central alcove and Claire's drone alcove, are in the basement.

Caged

A Death Angel. An apex predator, whose Xenomorph species is named after the main antagonists in the *A Quiet Place* franchise that its kind strongly resembles.

Of course. Being Death Angels. They are a breed of Martians, Martian dogs to be precise; dogs, nonetheless. Extraterrestrial dogs who act more akin to terrestrial cats than terrestrial dogs.

Nonetheless, Martians are dogs whose behavior has a lot in common with Pit Bulls, too.

Pit Bulls are a notorious breed of predatory canines. They were originally designed for the express purposes of bull baiting, bear baiting, ratting, and dog fighting. Before the advent of Martians, Pits were the “breed-of-choice” for these blood sports.

Martians were “developed” by DARPA. And, they were used extensively during the Martian Race Wars.

The **Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA)** is a research and development agency of the United States Department of Defense responsible for the development of emerging technologies for use by the military.

As a pet-owner, you NEVER really own Martians; terrestrial cat-owners will understand. As a pet-owner, if you have to “ask” your Martian “pet” for help, you will owe them a boon. As a pet-owner, you must love your Martian “pet”, unconditionally, else, they will not bond strongly with you. You can NEVER fear your Martian “pet”, else, they may turn on you.

Way before the Death Angels, the Pits, and their ilk existed, there were the Niffin and their sub-breed (i.e., subspecies) the Noom. Niffin and Noom were designed expressly to be God-killers. This in spite of the fact that, by nature, Niffin defer to Gods. Noom, of course, have no such deference, which is why they are, as a rule, throttled.

Claire is confined in the large dog cage in the basement.

Early this morning, during her rounds. She killed, gutted, and ate two of the patients before the invisible hands could put her down.

Gagged. Hogtied with hardened restraints. She has limited mobility in a hardened cage that’s limiting by its lonesome.

Although, swatches of her are well on their way to filthy and patches of her skin are already so dirty they are black. She’s demonstratively more “clean and pristine”, than not.

Caution is strongly recommended. Yet, Linda is so into the girl, that it refuses to see the red flags being raised by the girl’s presentation. The girl is, after all, a Noom and former Niffin, and has a well-documented history of shucking subjugation resulting in the feral of a dominatrix and the subsequent homicide of her subjugator(s).

Instead of being yanked back into a sternka, the bouffant her old-fogey yellow-blond jeannie is worn let down into shoulder-draping tresses. Albeit dirty tresses that are disheveled. Also, she's gloved (prudz) and wearing her miniskirted business suit (WASP), again. And. In place of plaintive make-up, she's wearing Bolshoi-bare, again. Breaks in continuity, that represent more examples of that cautionary "change in presentation".

Her business suit looks the worse for wear, as if it belongs on a baglady. For example, ripped seams, the sleeves of the suitcoat are torn into strips up to the elbows, and long "tendrils" extending from the frayed hemline of the brief skirt. In a word: Bohemian-Macabre.

Thick-readers, by their lonesome, render her fugly. Thus. Bolshoi-bare amounts to putting lipstick on a pig. But. She again looks thirty-something instead of a well-used fifty-something.

She remains a hard, fluid Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson channeling Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn shoved into a Mildred Huff—i.e., the bleach-blond homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); "a bleach blond with a badass showgirl body", walks stilted, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG "bleach-blond, bad-built, butch body" moment.

Is Kirstjen bleeding into Claire? Or. Far worse for Linda's continued existence, is Claire becoming irreverent on the road to inevitable extinction? Worst: The answer to one or both questions is true, yet Linda's OCD for possessing the girl, blinds it to this.

The sole reason for the existence of Niffin and Noom is as God-killers. And. Here Linda is, a God without rules, who has willingly and willfully locked itself up with a God-killer who has no restrictions thanks to Linda itself.

Who is being played by whom?

Ugly-minded but not ugly?

Claire is “clean and pristine”. Features online, all of the time; no exceptions. Patients still “dump” on her, but, no matter how many times and how much they dump on her, the filth never sticks because of her features always being switched on and thus her being immaculate, befitting Kirstjen in spite of her being Claire.

RBF, in spades. Therefore. A hard pretty face, with an overemphasis on “hard”, befitting Kirstjen in spite of her being Claire.

How hard? As hard as MTG.

A large ugly mouth that looks like it could deep throat a massive cock and balls with ease. A mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s intent—that frown of a mouth—a Bass eating bait mouth. A mouth that easily gobbles up “hung like a horse”. Reeks dominatrix.

Cold, cruel calculating blue eyes, as cold and cruel and calculating as MTG’s. Reeks dominatrix.

Also, deep, wanton, blue eyes. Projecting a stalker’s OCD and associated depravity, in spades.

Old-fogey yellow-blond jeannie is worn let down into long silky golden shoulder-draping tresses. Same as MTG.

The girl’s long well-educated tongue licks her thin lips, as she strolls by Fred. She decides to cull him later in her rounds.

No eyeglasses. Therefore, no thick-readers, which by their lonesome, would render her fugly. Thus. Her Bolshoi-bare no longer amounts to putting lipstick on a pig. She looks like Kirstjen’s usual thirty-something instead of a well-used fifty-something Claire, befitting Kirstjen in spite of her being Claire.

Not strapping butch. Therefore. She doesn’t walk stilted as if she’s strapping and having a moment. She doesn’t walk stilted at all.

She’s a hard, nonfluidic Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson channeling Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians*’ Alice Quinn shoved into a Mildred Huff—i.e., without the bleach-blond homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); “a bleach blonde beauty with a badass showgirl body”, no Piranhas or Parts, doesn’t walk stilted, and is not having an MTG “bleach-blond, bad-built, butch body” moment.

Ugly-minded but NOT ugly. Hard. Pretty. With a badass showgirl body. Is a sure-fire recipe for “friends with benefits”.

Pretty girls can do anything. Ugly girls MUST do everything. What do hardlooking ugly-minded pretty girls do?!

Blonde hair, blue eyes, big tits, loathsome mouth, pancake ass, and carved legs-for-days, and hard. Yowza.

Not Bohemian-Macabre. Not ragged. Clean and pristine. Degenerate. Depraved. Consumptive. In a word: Bohemian. The perfect dominatrix.

Watch the Dominatrix make the Submissive enter Sub Space in a BDSM dungeon

Fred is so used to a submissive patient trustee Claire deferring to him as if “she’s his sub and he’s her dom”. The last thing he was expecting was for Claire to waylay him and drag his carcass into the basement for treatment.

More accurately. Fred is in the sub space of a BDSM dungeon. Getting his first taste of tit-for-tat from a dominatrix Nurse Claire as if “he’s her sub and she’s his dom”.

A naked Fred resurrects strapped down spreadeagle to a rapist. Muzzled, but not gagged. His genitals are firmly held, but as yet uncompressed. And. His virgin anus has yet to be plumbed by the table’s PMF.

“Good. You’re finally back with us,” the girl monotones in Claire’s deep creepy Prussian gender-bent voice. That very unnerving voice of hers.

Claire is drowning in the bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); “a bleach blonde with a badass showgirl body”, walks stilted, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG “bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body” moment.

Thick-readers. Plaintive make-up. A combination that results in fugly in spades.

Instead of being yanked back into a sternka, the bouffant her old-fogey yellow-blonde jeannie is worn let down into lush silky shoulder-draping tresses.

A thirty-something who looks just like a well-used fifty-something, as if from the ravages of not aging well and the abuses of very hard living. Middle-aged looks akin to Pamela Anderson’s.

Clean and pristine. Gloved—prudz. Wearing a miniskirted business suit—WASP.

Misogyny. Misandry.

Still in transition. The girl is a mix of Kirstjen stuff and Claire stuff.

She’s a hard, fluid Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson channeling Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians*’ Alice Quinn shoving MTG into a Mildred Huff.

“Bitch, release me!”

“No.”

“Fuck you!”

“No, fuck you and the patriarchy, man-thing.”

The table’s PMF begins raping his anus. Fred screams out in agony. Straining against his bonds.

She punches him in the testicles. He screams even louder. His passes out as the rapist vices his man parts into marmalade, castrating him.

Claire has an erection and ejaculates, during this “spirited” exchange. Pain is pleasure. Slavery is freedom. Insanity is lucidity. She’s completely off her rocker.

The Electric Viking, run by the Australian enthusiast Sam Evans

Fred regains consciousness. He is still restrained by the rapist. But he's no longer being tortured. Because he doesn't captivate Claire's interest anymore.

He notices that Claire's old-fogey yellow-blondie jeannie has been replaced by an old-fogey yellow-blondie crane. Shoving the disciplinarian ever harder into Mildred Huff.

To resemble a middle-aged uninked version of Kotaku's Alyssa Mercante (Frosk 2.0). That MILF Sex Doll—Mother I'd Like To Fuck In Silicone!

Resulting in a spinster alias for, and built on top of, Barbara Eden's Stella Johnson. Spinsterish as in sporting a crane in place of a jeannie.

Sex worker and "educator" portraying a MILF spinster on *OnlyFans*. Which used to be Alyssa Mercante's schtick before her current Kotaku gig.

Thick-readers. Plaintive make-up. Hard. Mean. Nasty.

Clean and pristine. Gloved—prudz. Wearing a miniskirted business suit—WASP.

Speaking more to herself than anyone else, about the minutia of every knife stroke. Claire is busy dissecting a teenage runaway named Julie.

Claire's gravelly voice. A mannish voice. A woman's deep, borderline masculine, voice. A thick Prussian accent. Gender-bent. A very creepy voice, with palpable overtones of rage.

Julie used to be very attractive before Claire started cutting her up. Disfiguring her. Invisible hands are assisting Claire with the dissection.

Julie was abducted and brought to the house, two days ago. Fred had dibs on rending Julie, but hadn't gotten around to doing her. Looks like Claire has beaten him to it.

No pretense. No attempt whatsoever at disguising torture as "treatment". This is wholesale butchery. The handiwork of a maniac in high-heels.

Julie. Guttled. Sliced open down the front from stem-to-stern with a Liston knife, and still being alive, bespeaks of "a near extinction-level event".

She's stretched out on a tricked-out sentient MTR that's additionally been hybridized. Driven crazy by the unbearable pain being inflicted upon her by Claire and the invisible hands. Shrieks are the symphony coming out of her mouth.

There's other sadomasochistic handiwork evidenced down here. Of the living, besides Fred, those victims' shrieks adding to the cacophony. Of the dead, gruesome silence.

Go woke, go broke. But. Irrespective of that. Claire doubles down on depraved, degenerate, and dominatrix.

Sooner than later. As Claire, she will only remember herself as a MILF spinster, a “cougar”, a MILF Sex Doll who’s ALWAYS on the prowl for “cubs”. A demented sadomasochistic Kruger who prefers to fuck much younger women; fucking that always involves sex and violence. For whom consensual sex is indistinguishable from rape. Featuring torture as sex, as centerpiece.

Ugly and, to a normie, off-putting; borderline grotesque. Ugly-obsessed. Ugly-minded. Drowning in WGS. Mannish. Masculine. Butch. Spinsterish. Not bangable, by normie standards. Etc.

Strapping butch underneath her suit’s miniskirt. Shoving the disciplinarian ever harder into Mildred Huff. Legit sexual deviancy, that’s dope, by BDSM standards.

Misogyny. Misandry. Consumed by hate, unredeemable. Etc.

Projectile breasts thanks to the girl’s white lacy bazooka bra. Ripe melons bulging in the bullet bra’s underwire cups.

The latex-clad chastity of skin-colored rubber panties.

A hard, fluid Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson channeling Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians’* Alice Quinn shoved into a Mildred Huff—i.e., a dominatrix who showcases the bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); “a bleach blonde with a badass showgirl body”, walks stilted, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG “bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body” moment.

Bottomline. Big breasts and well-craved legs-for-days bursting out of a skimpy outfit with an impossibly tiny waist.

From the neck down. Meeting normie, BDSM, and LGBTQIA, gold standards of the male, female, etc., gaze “in which your significance is reduced to your role as a sex object”.

Dominatrix: a woman who physically or psychologically dominates her partner in a sadomasochistic (BDSM) encounter. Broadly: a dominating woman.

Dominatrix: typically a paid professional (pro-domme) as the term dominatrix is little-used within the non-professional BDSM scene.

Dominatrix: a woman who plays the dominant role in a BDSM sexual encounter or relationship, often in a paid or professional capacity.

Dominatrix: a professional (pro-domme) dominating woman, who is unironically evil.

In summation. Professional dominatrixes (or pro-dommes) are women, educated in BDSM techniques, who willfully and willingly choose darkness and evil.

This dominatrix: Serving up evil villainous romance, Drag Queen Debra and her Puppies! channeling Miss Debra and her Puppies! via RuPaul’s New Memoir, “The House of Hidden Meanings”.

This dominatrix: a fugly version of strapping butch, Nordic beauty, Mistress Gen of Genitorturers channeling “Eric Stanton: Bondage Enthusiasts Bound in Leather” taken to the extreme.

The red flags continue to mount, and Linda continues to ignore them.

There will always be something new and something next

“In war. If you ain’t cheating, you ain’t trying.”—the Marine recruiter in *Special Ops: Lioness on Paramount+*

Smokey sexy feminine voice, with palpable undertones of rage. But. Because it’s rage in a context that reeks dominatrix. Is it rage as an affectation, only, i.e., pure theater, just business? At this critical juncture in her transition, the answer to that question flips-flops between Yes and No.

The bouffant of Claire’s trademark old-fogey Elvira-esque yellow-blonde jeannie is worn let down into lush silky shoulder-draping tresses.

No eyeglasses. Bolshoi-bare. Hard. Pretty. Mean. Nasty.

Clean and pristine. Gloved—prudz. Wearing a miniskirted business suit—WASP.

Not ugly and off-putting, let alone grotesque. Bangable.

Ugly-obsessed. Ugly-minded. Drowning in WGS. Etc. All manufactured: none of it real, i.e., pure theater, just business? At this critical juncture in her transition, the answer to that question flips-flops between Yes and No.

Strapping butch underneath her suit’s miniskirt. Shoving the disciplinarian ever harder into Mildred Huff. Legit sexual deviancy, that’s dope, by BDSM standards.

Misogyny. Misandry. Consumed by hate, unredeemable. Etc. All manufactured: none of it real, i.e., pure theater, just business? At this critical juncture in her transition, the answer to that question flips-flops between Yes and No.

Projectile breasts thanks to the girl’s white lacy bazooka bra. Ripe melons bulging in the bullet bra’s underwire cups.

The latex-clad chastity of skin-colored rubber panties.

A hard, fluid Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson channeling Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians*’ Alice Quinn shoved into a Mildred Huff, i.e., a dominatrix who espouses the bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG) without directly expressing any of it; “a bleach blonde beauty with a badass showgirl body”, walks stilted, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG “bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body” moment.

Bottomline. Big breasts and well-craved legs-for-days bursting out of a skimpy outfit with an impossibly tiny waist.

From the neck down. Meeting normie, BDSM, and LGBTQIA, gold standards of the male, female, etc., gaze “in which your significance is reduced to your role as a sex object”.

Dominatrix: a woman who physically or psychologically dominates her partner in a sadomasochistic (BDSM) encounter. Broadly: a dominating woman.

Dominatrix: typically a paid professional (pro-domme) as the term dominatrix is little-used within the non-professional BDSM scene.

Dominatrix: a woman who plays the dominant role in a BDSM sexual encounter or relationship, often in a paid or professional capacity.

Dominatrix: a professional (pro-domme) dominating woman, who is unironically evil.

In summation. Professional dominatrixes (or pro-dommes) are women, educated in BDSM techniques, who willfully and willingly choose darkness and evil.

This dominatrix: Serving up sexy evil villainous romance, Drama Queen Debra and her Puppies! channeling Miss Debra and her Puppies! via RuPaul's New Memoir, "The House of Hidden Meanings".

This dominatrix: strapping butch, Nordic beauty, Mistress Gen of Genitorturers channeling "Eric Stanton: Bondage Enthusiasts Bound in Leather" taken to the extreme.

The red flags continue to mount, and Linda continues to ignore them.

Separate Worlds

Latent homosexuality is a Moritz Schenk erotic attraction toward members of the same sex that is not consciously experienced or expressed in overt action. This may mean a hidden inclination or potential for interest in homosexual relationships, which is either suppressed or not recognized, and which has not yet been explored, or may never be explored.

The term was originally proposed by Sigmund Freud. Some argue that latent homosexuality is a potentially iatrogenic effect; that is, it is not present until suggested by a therapist. Others argue that the term latent is not truly applicable in the case of homosexual urges, since they are often not in the unconscious or unexpressed category, but rather exist in the conscious mind and are often violently repressed on a conscious level.

A Separatist is akin to a ROOM. But. There are only three of them in all of Creation. They are places of utmost secrecy. Where discretion is paramount.

Father Waldo sits nervously in a chair. He's early, as is his way.

Judi is on time. She "unfolds" into this most private space, as the wall clock chimes the hour. Judi sits down in a chair that materializes across from his.

The room furnishes itself into an exact likeness of his personal quarters at The Vatican.

"Is it done?"

"Patience is a virtue," Judi quips. "As a priest, you should be well-versed in patience."

She openly mocks him. And. He wisely doesn't seek recourse. This place affords him certain rights and privileges, but she's a God nonetheless. As such. Between the two of them, there's no such thing as a level playing field here.

"Will it pose a problem to dispose of the agent, afterwards?"

"The agent is my wife. She won't need to be disposed of."

He almost hurts himself smiling too wide. Nothing will ever trace back to him. He's a shoo-in for the Church position he covets. His ecclesiastical rival's goose is as good as cooked.

The Church position he covets? The Holy See.

His ecclesiastical rival? Pope Ruth.

"Thank you so very much."

"Now you owe me."

"Star Wars Outlaws Devs demand that you embrace ugly woke female future. And. Along similar lines. Activist freaks ruin Batman," proclaims a disembodied voice behind Father Waldo.

Startled. Father Waldo stands up and turns around to face the unfolding speaker who proves to be Kirstjen.

Kirstjen walks toward Father Waldo. She is not walking stilted. She's not strapping butch. She's that version of Kirstjen with the hard pretty face. Namely: RBF. The Kirstjen who totally rejects the ugly woke female future espoused by intersectional feminists. Reeks dominatrix and a formidable Pussy Galore who's pussy galore.

A Kirstjen who is pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson. Inarguably, the quintessential blueprint for the preeminent female face of WWF's Attitude Era, Miss Debra and her Puppies!

Looking into her dark mesmerizing blue eyes. You see the all-consuming madness of a deranged lunatic. A maniac's eyes. Or. You see the deep hypnotic blue eyes of a dark goth queen. Take your pick. Two slightly different descriptions of the same affectation. Namely: DL.

Describing the eyes of this Nordic wife mistress, either way.

Now, imagine pairing those sanity-shredding eyes with RBF.

RBF + DL, is RBF+. Yowza!

What about cold, cruel, calculating, blue eyes? The default for Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson. The eyes of a BDSM automaton. This is quintessential dominatrix robot. Namely: CCCBE. CCCBE eclipses DL.

Think: the eyes of the LPGA's and T-Mobile's Nelly Korda.

Now, imagine pairing those soul-piercing eyes with RBF. A pairing that's default for Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson.

RBF + CCCBE, is RBF-plus. Yowza!!!

His heart quickens a beat. The sinful priest obsesses about Judi's wife, and has done so ever since he was first introduced to her. A latent homosexual, he craves to be her sex slave; degraded and humiliated by the hard pretty dominatrix at her meanest and nastiest and most vile while she is additionally fluid and trans and RBF+ (or, better yet, RBF-plus).

Thus. Fundamentally. His OCD of Kirstjen springs from, and is deeply rooted in, obsessive fantasies of her as a robot transman in drag with robotic mannish ways and means.

In this way, his subconscious reconciles his lust for a biological female when he himself is gay, i.e., Kirstjen is a "fake" man, so it's okay for him to desire her.

His conscious mind has a much easier hurdle to negotiate. Namely: Kirstjen is a drag queen who he is inexplicably "drawn" to, an attraction that he will flog himself for later.

Dissecting the major sexual deviancies in play?

Fluid is NOT trans, of course. It's she-male. Having male and female genitals. The genitals can be entirely biological or a combination of biological and prosthetic.

When Kirstjen "identifies" as male, she's trans.

When Kirstjen doesn't identify as either male or female, she's non-binary and genderqueer.

Non-binary and **genderqueer** are umbrella terms for gender identities that are outside the male/female gender binary. Non-binary identities often fall under the transgender umbrella since non-binary people typically identify with a gender that is different from the sex assigned to them at birth, although some non-binary people do not consider themselves transgender because they don't identify as either male or female hence their preferred "Mx." title that doesn't indicate gender.

How can a biological female be a drag queen? There are a lot of cis female drag performers. And, even more spooky drag is needed, everywhere, anyways. Sigourney Beaver is a good example of a cis performer doing femme drag and doing it flawlessly. Drag can be an expression of gender, queerness, emotions, tons of stuff. So, why gatekeep who gets to express themselves through this art?!

"Always good to see you, Father Waldo," coos Kirstjen, her voice no longer masked.

The lecher fantasizes ever so briefly about his own forced feminization at her cruel hands.

Her, on top of him, straddling his waist, mounting his penis, riding him slow and fucking his brains out, also momentarily crosses his mind.

She, the rodeo clown, riding him, the bucking bronco.

Bottomline. The sexual deviate wants her to use him in the worst ways imaginable so badly that he can taste it.

"Nice to see you, too," Father Waldo responds, dispassionately, hiding his true emotions. Actively suppressing his threatened erection and subsequent ejaculation.

It's as if Judi isn't present, and it's just Father Waldo and Kirstjen in the room, chitchatting.

Of course, if Father Waldo had his way, Judi wouldn't be present, Kirstjen would be the LGBTQIA dominatrix drag queen of his fantasies, and she would overtly be as mad as a hatter.

The disaster waiting to happen: a Niffin stuffed into a human body, gone insane, foaming at the mouth, with that overabundance of ranting and raving and gnashing of teeth. And. He wants that disaster all over him, BDSM style.

He craves for the girl's smokey sexy feminine voice being a woman's deep, borderline masculine, voice, as if she's in latter-transition. His conscious mind, of course, denying why he craves this.

Sexual deviancy. Dabbling in the occult. Consorting with a pagan God. Imagined adultery with the wife of said God. There was a time, not so long ago, when Father Waldo was not so corrupt. He was, in point of fact, a very pious man. That man is no more.

Judi folds out of the room. For the very first time, he's been left alone with his fantasy girl.

For the girl, DL is replaced by CCCBE. Emotion drains from her face. Dominatrix robot in drag is how she's tempting him, now. Having shifted gears. Drawing upon her inner Borg. Becoming blatantly genderqueer.

A genderqueer Kirstjen in drag, a flesh-n-blood robot, is acceptable to both his subconscious and his conscious mind.

A they-them Mx. basement.

Too late, he sees the trap!

A Descent into Madness

The 34th **rule** of the Internet, which states that any object, character, or media franchise imaginable has porn associated with it—i.e., **Rule #34**: If it exists, there is porn of it. If not, start uploading.

The protagonist?

Male. Human. Dead and cannot resurrect. Horror etched in his face.

Naked. Strapped down spreadeagle to a rapist.

Gutted. Sliced open down the front from stem-to-stern with a Liston knife, and no longer alive, bespeaks of “an extinction-level event”.

His DNA has been “scrubbed”. So, if his body is found after they-them has dumped it. It will take a very long time for the authorities to discern his true identity.

The antagonist?

An incomplete Mx. Joy Q. Behar. Stark raving mad. Genderqueer in drag. Stilted walk. Strapping butch. Suffocated by WGS, bespeaks of MTG in mid-transition. Wanton. Stiff. Severe. Robotic. The cold cruel calculation of a thinking machine or a dominatrix. Otherwise, they-them is pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson.

Lurking in the shadows, chomping at the bit, is their comely looks ravaged by plaintive make-up, thick-readers, and their jeannie yanked back into a sternka. Sooner than later, that trifecta of uglification cometh to complete they-them?

They-them admires their handiwork. Got wood!

At the behest of Mx. Behar. Invisible hands unbutton their suitcoat and massage their bra-holstered tits. Triggering their thick-readers to download onto their face, ravaging their comely looks. Which bespeaks of MTG in latter-transition.

This reverses into their thick-readers uploading back into their features. Resulting in their comely looks no longer being ravaged.

Fade to black...

Pretty Girl Paradox: The Ugly Side of Pretty

Not stark raving mad. Not strapping butch. Not genderqueer in drag. Not suffocated by WGS, that bespeaks of MTG in mid-transition. Characteristic of a dominatrix: a stilted walk, wanton, stiff-backed, severe, entitled, cold cruel calculation. A pervert. Otherwise, pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson.

A seated Kirstjen finishes up being deposed. Cross-examined by Entities (everyone and everything from major Gods to minor deities) who are in the ROOM, but beyond her "allowed" perception.

Here, the passage of time has no meaning. There is only now. Seemingly forever. Her fate hangs in the balance, despite her nonchalance.

A week ago, relative, a corpse was found. A cadaver that had been thoroughly "scrubbed". It took awhile for the body to be IDed as the Vatican's missing Father Waldo.

Many people die in Creation every day. Deaths by many causes. But. Inexplicably. In spite of the killer's obvious due diligence. As if they were breadcrumbs. Yesterday, relative, previously-obfuscated evidence manifested itself that irrefutably identified John Doe 6977c as Father Waldo and implicated Kirstjen as his murderess.

Implicated as his murderess? An incomplete Mx. Behar killed Father Waldo, torturing him to death. Mx. Behar is a genderqueer alias of Kirstjen, but, incompletes can be spoofed.

Mx. Behar is inspired by **WandaVision-themed** drag brunches? Yes.

Periodically. As if she's beseeching someone. The girl licks her lips, lewdly—moistening the lips of her large ugly mouth with her long well-educated tongue. She crosses and uncrosses her long craved flawless legs ala *Basic Instinct*. The degenerate plays with her long big hair.

Annie Turnbo Malone. One of the minor deities who deposed Kirstjen is an ugly sour-faced old woman who could pass for Josephine Victoria "Joy" Behar of *The View*. Eighty-something. SPS. A Crone and perv of cruel renown. Petty and vindictive. In other words, a type-A prude and pain in the ass. In a word: tedious.

That wretched plaintive makeup heavily-applied to her face, neck, and cleavage. Blonde crane. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Thick-readers. Piranhas and Parts, underneath her suit's chaste skirt, i.e., strapping butch. In other words, a tedious Entity dressed like a tedious Entity.

Under the pretense of post-deposition, Ms. Malone requests of the presiding judge that she and Kirstjen are sent to a Separatist. The request is granted. Kirstjen and Ms. Malone are folded into a Pervertium a Separatist that mimics an BDSM recreation room.

"Do you intend to plead guilty after thoughtful reconsideration of your sworn testimony?"

Ms. Malone has a woman's deep, borderline masculine, voice. As if she's in latter-transition.
"No."

Ms. Malone bitch-slaps the girl. Busting her lip.

Ms. Malone has large hands for a woman; mannish hands. As if she's in latter-transition.
Hands that are veiny and calloused.

"You like it rough. I like to dish it out rough," snarls Ms. Malone. "Cunt! I'm gonna punish you for being so pretty!"

Aroused, Ms. Malone ejaculates into her skirt. She is clearly "the man" in this passive-aggressive exchange.

Ms. Malone grabs Kirstjen by the throat and one-handed choke slams her into the floor. The girl's skirt is yanked up and her panties are yanked down.

Kirstjen spreads her legs widely, willfully, and willingly.

Ms. Malone forcefully enters the girl. Penetrating her violently.

Kirstjen's suitcoat is ripped open and her chest is groped.

All the while, Kirstjen stays passive, and just submits to her aggressor Ms. Malone.

Consensual sex indistinguishable from rape most vile and violent. But. Alas. From Ms. Malone's point of view. It's still consensual, nonetheless, no matter how it might appear to the proverbial neutral observer.

Orgasm after orgasm, for both women.

This rape scenario escalates into a very dangerous hi-gear as Kirstjen assumes a null persona for whom this is not consensual and thus this is rape.

Ms. Malone senses this change and snarls. Insane glee paints the old biddy's fugly face.

A now "captured" Kirstjen begins screaming in protest and resisting.

Ms. Malone responds violently by slamming fists into Kirstjen's head subduing the girl by knocking her unconscious.

Now, Ms. Malone gets to rape an unconscious Kirstjen for real. Her fantasy ever since she first laid eyes on Kirstjen in the deposition ROOM.

A "make the pretty girl pay" chant plays over and over in Ms. Malone's head. Driving her into a lunatic frenzy.

Kirstjen is speared vaginally, orally, and anally, with utmost brutality.

Sex & Violence

Any extreme torture videos and sexual punishment. In here all we have is torture, pure sexual torture of all kinds. Balls getting squashed, cocks getting penetrated by thin metal tubes, anal destruction, nipple and tit torture...etc...etc...etc...

A **splatter film** is a subgenre of horror films that deliberately focuses on graphic portrayals of gore and violence.

Extreme torture porn videos. Hard to watch videos. Punishment world. Free brutal **torture porn**—rough and extreme torture videos. These videos contain only hardcore torture.

The misconception of the torture porn subgenre? A group of movies that normies think is just based on mean-spirited shock value with prolonged gore and sex scenes. This is definitely true for some movies out there (I am not going to defend *August Underground* in the slightest, I don't like it at all).

An hour, relative, has elapsed since the egress of Ms. Malone and Kirstjen. Kirstjen unfolds into the ROOM where the deposition was held.

And what of Ms. Malone who Kirstjen egressed with?

There is no Ms. Malone. Nor does she ever make her return.

Nothing more needs to be said.

Kirstjen sits down in the only furnishing, a chair. Smug and self-assured, the girl is clean and pristine, not a mark on her.

Findings? Ms. Malone will be the designated perpetrator. Her motives will be notated as unknown. No involvement by others. Ms. Malone acted alone. The case is closed. Kirstjen is sent home.

Ms. Malone's estranged one-minute-older identical twin sister, Ms. Agatha Harkness, is unconvinced. Wisely, Agatha doesn't protest the verdict. She knows a fix when she sees one. And, clearly the fix is in on this one.

**AGATHA wasn't made for you, but for LGBTQIA+ audiences ALL ALONG | MEitM
Clip**

Agatha All Along: Revenge is a witch. It's life or death, and not everyone survives.

Deuteronomy 32:35: Vengeance is Mine, and recompense. Their foot shall slip in *due* time. For the day of their calamity *is* at hand. And the things to come hasten upon them.

Kirstjen: It's not personal, it's just business. And. Even when it is personal, it's still just business.

Ultimately, this is about the Shadows that follow Kirstjen, shadows that threaten to consume her, and horrific crimes committed allegedly by her that make the flesh crawl of many an Entity. Begging the question: "Should Kirstjen, a two-legged flesh-n-blood WMD, a so-called 'dirty trickster', be banned from existence forever more?!"

Agatha, a tedious Entity dressed like a tedious Entity, is discrete in following the girl. A Hedgehog straps her nethers and Piranhas strap her thighs—i.e., fully-spiked and strapping butch.

Her clear intent is to make the girl suffer before expiring. But. As in the case of her deceased sister, she's foolish in her denial of the fact that, her own perverse desires and cravings are also very much part of the mix.

In other words, just like in the case of her deceased sister, the possession and subsequent abuse of Kirstjen "tugs" at Agatha's heartstrings. A longing twisted by OCD into something quite dark and sinister.

Of course, in fugly Agatha's sick imaginings, Kirstjen is not pretty and is a fluid genderqueer-in-drag hard Mx. Behar.

Also, perversely and conversely, the obvious. Any suffering that Agatha inflicts on Kirstjen, Kirstjen will enjoy. Which defeats the whole purpose of the girl's punishment. And. Kirstjen will enjoy being robbed of prettiness by Agatha. Which defeats the whole purpose of the girl's disfigurement.

Mx. Behar caveats?

Ugly and, to a normie, off-putting; borderline grotesque. Ugly-obsessed. Ugly-minded. Drowning in WGS. Mannish. Masculine. Butch. Spinsterish. Not bangable, by normie standards. Etc.

Strapping butch underneath her suit's miniskirt. Showing the disciplinarian ever harder into Mildred Huff. Legit sexual deviancy, that's dope, by BDSM standards.

Misogyny. Misandry. Consumed by hate, unredeemable. Etc.

Projectile breasts thanks to the girl's white lacy bazooka bra. Ripe melons bulging in the bullet bra's underwire cups.

The latex-clad chastity of skin-colored rubber panties.

A hard, fluid Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson channeling Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn shoved into a Mildred Huff—i.e., a dominatrix who showcases the bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); “a bleach blonde with a badass showgirl body”, walks stilted, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG “bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body” moment.

Cilice-obsessed.

Envious of attractive women; she craves the punishment of pretty women for the “crime” of being pretty, with the preferred punishments being WGS, cilice, flogging, disfigurement, and gender-bending, all of which are self-inflicted (i.e., punishments inflicted by the pretty woman upon the pretty woman).

Bottomline. Big breasts and well-craved legs-for-days bursting out of a skimpy outfit with an impossibly tiny waist.

The in-between?

Depraved. Degenerate. A swinger. A shipper. Additionally. A flipper. Flip-flops, for example: between hard pretty face and fugly, between not being cilice-obsessed and being cilice-obsessed, between not fluid and fluid, between dominatrix and submissive, between meat and metal, between female-only and she-male and transgender.

Supergirl Hypnotized by Music Meister

A tedious Entity dressed like a tedious Entity, e.g., Mx. Huff, Mx. Linda, Ms. Malone, Ms. Agatha Harkness, Mrs. Felix “Killer” Faust the Sorceress, are who typically crave a captured Kirstjen the very most and the very worst.

It’s while Mrs. Faust is discretely following the girl that Mrs. Faust stumbles upon Ms. Harkness who is also discretely following the girl. A melee will eventually ensue, resulting in the survivor getting the girl. Meritocracy at its best.

The widow Faust is so violently abusive that her girlfriends never last very long. Maybe Kirstjen will prove to be the exception. Assuming that Mrs. Faust gets the girl.

Mrs. Faust’s motivation? Essentially, “Wonder Woman captured by Germans”.

Ms. Harkness’ motivation? Essentially, “Vengeance is Mine Saith The Lord”.

Both fueled by OCD to possess the girl.

Kirstjen’s motivation? Essentially, “I am *Pennywise*, the Eater of Worlds and of children”.

What kind of creature is Pennywise?

Pennywise is an archaic usage. Collectively referring to shape-shifting gender-bent creatures known as Glamour who are billions of years old and have no set form.

Pennywise also refers to a specific Glamour whose true name is Robert “Bob” Gray. This is the Pennywise referenced in Kirstjen’s motivation.

Although he has lived for eons beneath the surface of Titan, Saturn’s largest moon and the second largest moon in the Solar System. Pennywise originated in the Macroverse.

Why is Pennywise called the *Eater of Worlds*?

The backstory of Pennywise is tied to an Entity known as the “It”.

As such. Akin to Pennywise, IT is from another dimension, is able to adopt a variety of nasty guises, and has existed for an extremely long time.

Of course their similarities go well beyond that because both of these deities are an ancient cosmic force of destruction. Hence the moniker, “Eater of Worlds”.

Why does Pennywise eat every 30 years?

Pennywise slumbered beneath Titan’s surface for ages, awaiting the arrival of humankind. When the colony of Derry was established, he awoke and began a cycle of preying on the children of Derry and then resuming his hibernation cycle of 30 years.

Why does Pennywise preferentially eat human children?

He prefers to devour children, not by nature, rather because children's fears are easier to interpret in a physical form and thus children are easier to fill with terror, which he claims is akin to marinating the meat.

Is Pennywise biologically female?

In his true gender form, or as close to his true gender form as he publicly reveals, he can on rare occasion be seen laying eggs in the sewer system under Derry. So, although Pennywise identifies as male, he can be said to be female.

Are Pennywise and IT ever one in the same?

When Pennywise is just a mask, an act that It uses when convenient; IT is the real monster behind the monster. That is when Pennywise and IT are one in the same.

Who is Pennywise's deepfake based on?

Pennywise's deepfake is modeled after real-life serial killer and cannibal John Wayne Gacy, aka Pogo the Clown aka "The Clown Killer". Gacy, a biological female who identifies as male, was convicted of killing and eating 33 boys in 1980; he posed as a clown. All of Gacy's victims were sexually assaulted.

Fall of Wonder: Episode 1 Teaser

Here's a sneak peek at the incoming debut episode of my Wonder Woman series.

Don't miss it, and don't forget to like and subscribe for more updates! Episode will be released a week early for my Patrons: patreon.com/friedshowdown1

Thank you for watching.

This is the version of Claire that the invisible hands prefer.

This is the Claire that Kirstjen also prefers.

This is the alias that Kirstjen prefers.

Kirstjen as Amy Acker's Dr. Claire Saunders in *Dollhouse*, not Mx. Claire Jamima "CJ" Winters, therefore, she's Doctor Saunders and not Nurse Winters.

Doctor Claire's personality is Nurse Winters' personality. But. This "cloned" personality is unrestricted: not throttled. In other words, it's Nurse Winters' personality on steroids, i.e., dialed up to the nth degree—akin to, but not as "out there" as an unthrottled Kirstjen.

Doctor Claire has Nurse Winters' creepy gender-bent voice and mannerisms.

Doctor Claire is stone-faced, when she's not flashing that maniacal Joker's smile of hers. A toothy grin that makes her look like she's completely unhinged.

Doctor Claire is dour, stern, humorless, and severe. Relentlessly severe, stern, or gloomy in manner or appearance. A hard, dour, humorless fanatic.

Doctor Claire's face says: "I got too much Botox and I need help." and "My face hurts to smile, to even try." and "I messed up. Look, this big ass Joker's smile is the only smile I got anymore."

Thick-readers dangling around her neck. When she slips them on, her Bolshoi-bare is replaced by plaintive make-up applied heavily to her face, neck, and cleavage, and she's wallowing in WGS. How she craves wearing those disfiguring eyeglasses which would relieve her of the burden of her beauty.

Additionally. When they are worn while Kirstjen is Doctor Claire, the Coke-bottle eyeglasses trigger a septuagenarian. The harsh and creepy and haughty thirty-something "becomes" the harsh and creepy and haughty seventy-something who's the spitting-image of a loathsome age-ravaged spinster, one of those proverbial "childless cat ladies" whose only use for beautiful women is to loathe them.

Whether Doctor Claire is thirty-something or seventy-something. She walks stilted, as if she's a loathsome old biddy who's strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG "bleach-blonde,

bad-built, butch body” moment. Because. She is a loathsome old biddy who’s strapping butch and having a BBBBBB moment.

That loathsome anonymous sexualized old biddy—the petty vindictive one, wallowing in disdain—who lies beneath her thirty-something veneer. Undercover, so to speak.

Except for the thick-readers, plaintive make-up, Piranhas, and Parts: Pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden’s Stella Johnson—inarguably, the quintessential blueprint for the preeminent female face of WWF’s Attitude Era, Miss Debra and her Puppies!

Two weeks ago. This alias came into being out of thin air. When Kirstjen entered the house, she became Doctor Claire instead of Nurse Claire.

To date, it’s Doctor Claire, not Nurse Claire, who has made an appearance when Kirstjen has made subsequent transitions.

Dangerously, Doctor Claire is aware of Kirstjen’s existence.

Even more dangerously, Doctor Claire has access to Kirstjen’s mind.

Most dangerously, Doctor Claire can access Kirstjen’s mind, outside the confines of this house!

So far, Kirstjen has not relapsed, and become Doctor Claire outside of the asylum.

So far, Doctor Claire is a captive observer, outside of the asylum.

Who is living in the shadow of whom?

Absolute Carnage: Scream, we'll see how Scream and Dr. Patricia Robertson come together and what that will mean for the greater event at hand!

We can see that Dr. Patricia "Pat" Robertson is already transforming into Scream. There are levels to everything, and Doctor Pat is clearly levels beyond Doctor Claire.

Kirstjen as Doctor Pat:

Doctor Pat's personality is that of an unthrottled Kirstjen.

Doctor Pat has Kirstjen's voice and mannerisms.

Doctor Pat is stone-faced, except when she's flashing that maniacal Joker's smile of hers. A toothy grin that makes her look like she's completely unhinged.

Doctor Pat is dour, stern, humorless, and severe. Relentlessly severe, stern, or gloomy in manner or appearance. A hard, dour, humorless fanatic.

Doctor Pat's face says: "I got too much Botox and I need help." and "My face hurts to smile, to even try." and "I messed up. Look, this big ass Joker's smile is the only smile I got anymore."

No eyeglasses, whatsoever. How she craves wearing those disfiguring eyeglasses which would relieve her of the burden of her beauty.

Suffocated by WGS. Thus. Self-loathing for being a beautiful woman.

A thirty-something who is just as harsh and creepy and haughty as that seventy-something. The seventy-something whose only use for beautiful women is to loathe them; that includes the thirty-something who is a beautiful woman herself. Hence, the self-loathing for being a youthful and ravishing beauty, and the OCD to outwardly present as the fugly age-ravaged seventy-something.

She walks stilted, as if she's a loathsome old biddy who's strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment. Because. She is a loathsome old biddy who's strapping butch and having a BBBBBB moment.

That loathsome anonymous sexualized old biddy—the petty vindictive one, wallowing in disdain—who always lies beneath her thirty-something veneer. Undercover, so to speak.

Except for the Piranhas and Parts: Pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson—inarguably, the quintessential blueprint for the preeminent female face of WWF's Attitude Era, Miss Debra and her Puppies!

As an addendum, Think: Charlize Theron as Lorraine Broughton in *Atomic Blonde*.

Two weeks ago. This alias came into being out of thin air. When Kirstjen entered the house, she became Doctor Pat instead of Doctor Claire.

To date, it's Doctor Pat, not Doctor Claire, who has made an appearance when Kirstjen has made subsequent transitions.

Dangerously, Doctor Pat is aware of Kirstjen's existence.

Even more dangerously, Doctor Pat has access to Kirstjen's mind.

Most dangerously, Doctor Pat can access Kirstjen's mind, outside the confines of this house!

So far, Kirstjen has not relapsed, and become Doctor Pat outside of the asylum.

So far, Doctor Pat is a captive observer, outside of the asylum.

The Trammps – Disco Inferno

I wanna go Psycho with Elvira!

How Powerful is **Morgan le Fay**? | MCU Power Scaling.

How Powerful is Scarlet Witch/Wanda Maximoff? | MCU Power Scaling

How Powerful is Cassandra Nova? | MCU Power Scaling

Morgan le Fay is a Marvel Comics supervillainess. She debuted in the Marvel Cinematic Universe, in the third season of *Runaways*, as the main antagonist, and is portrayed by Elizabeth Hurley.

This time, when Kirstjen enters the house, she remains more-or-less herself.

Kirstjen's personality, voice, mannerism, etc. It's her personality unfiltered, of course.

Stone-faced, except when she's flashing that maniacal Joker's smile of hers. A toothy grin that makes her look like she's completely unhinged.

Dour, stern, humorless, and severe. Relentlessly severe, stern, or gloomy in manner or appearance. A hard, dour, humorless fanatic.

A face that says: "I got too much Botox and I need help." and "My face hurts to smile, to even try." and "I messed up. Look, this big ass Joker's smile is the only smile I got anymore."

No eyeglasses, whatsoever. How she craves wearing those disfiguring eyeglasses which would relieve her of the burden of her beauty.

No WGS, whatsoever. But. Self-loathing for being a beautiful woman.

A thirty-something who is just as harsh and creepy and haughty as that seventy-something. The seventy-something whose only use for beautiful women is to loathe them; that includes the thirty-something who is a beautiful woman herself. Hence, the self-loathing for being a youthful and ravishing beauty, and the OCD to outwardly present as the fugly age-ravaged seventy-something.

She walks stilted, as if she's a loathsome old biddy having an MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment. Because. She is a loathsome old biddy having aBBBBBB moment.

That loathsome anonymous sexualized old biddy—the petty vindictive one, wallowing in disdain—who lies beneath her thirty-something veneer. Undercover, so to speak.

Pure, unadulterated Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson—inarguably, the quintessential blueprint for the preeminent female face of WWF's Attitude Era, Miss Debra and her Puppies!

The house is in ruins and unoccupied, and appears to have been so for quite some time. The house itself is dead too. None of which makes any sense, whatsoever.

But. Kirstjen is not lesser. Therefore, she's not so easily subdued or deceived.

Although Kirstjen cannot "sense" their presence. Is this the doing of the invisible hands that have consumed everything within, and, if so, why have they not consumed her too?

Or. Maybe, the invisible hands have been consumed too, and, if so, by whom?

Or. Maybe, this is Kirstjen's doing in the aftermath of a nervous breakdown she no longer remembers, i.e., Doctor Claire with Kirstjen's unthrottled personality gone bonkers?

Or. Maybe, having been repeatedly exposed to the proclivities of a genocidal Kirstjen via numerous iterations of her other selves; the house's occupants, including the invisible hands and the house's life force, have decided to vacate to parts unknown for the sake of their continued existence?

So many questions, and no answers.

All the while that seventy-something threatens to present herself having gnawed her way out. It's a matter of when, not if.

Complex: Bhad Bhabie Has Reconnected With Her Estranged Father Ira Peskowitz

Danielle Peskowitz Bregoli, better known as Bhad Bhabie, is on good terms with her estranged father, Ira Peskowitz.

When Kirstjen exits the house, she's herself again. She could always push the issue. But decides that it's best for her to move on. Besides, she was beginning to get bored with her "adventures" there anyways.

She'll stop for a quickie and then head home. The girl flips a coin, and it comes up tails. An arcane hand gesture ports her to another universe another Earth picked by random chance.

Skidrow. An alley behind a dyke bar. Dolly Parton walks by, briefly smiling at Kirstjen. Flashing a Joker's maniacal grin. While pushing a battered shopping cart. The cart is a prop. Both the smile and the shopping cart are Cosplay.

Describe Dolly Parton's couture?

Bolshoi-bare, heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage. Lily-white complexion. Blonde crane. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Careys. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Manicure and pedicure.

Piranhas and Parts, underneath her suit's chaste skirt. Stilted walk. Having aBBBBBB moment. More Cosplay.

A Vampire. Seventy-something. Controlling. Harsh. Hard pretty face. The saving grace of a huge chest and pancake ass.

A dispassionate sadist. A shrew personified. An alpha dyke. Evil incarnate. Again, Coplay.

This is par for the course, for Ms. Parton. Trolling for a date, same as Kirstjen is doing.

The loathsome old biddy is not a baglady and she isn't a prostitute. She's eccentric and oversexed. Kirstjen passes on her. Dolly has the goods alright, but the girl is in the mood for something off the beaten path.

Annie Lenox is who catches Kirstjen's eye and holds her attention.

This loathsome old biddy is a baglady and a prostitute. The two things often go hand-in-hand. She's also insane and a nymphomaniac. Ms. Lennox is a junkie too.

The Crone walks by, briefly smiling at Kirstjen. Flashing a Joker's maniacal grin. While pushing a battered shopping cart. The cart is not a prop. Neither the smile nor the shopping cart is Cosplay.

That wretched plaintive makeup heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage. Pasty-white complexion. Blonde moe. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Manicure and pedicure.

Thick-readers. Piranhas and Parts, underneath her suit's chaste skirt. Stilted walk. Having a BBBBBB moment. Not Cosplay.

Seventy-something. Abusive. Controlling. A very stern bitch. Very mean. Petty. Vindictive. Envious. Foul tempered. Harsh. Hard face. The saving grace of a huge chest and pancake ass. A dispassionate sadist. A shrew personified. An alpha dyke. An apex bulldyke. Evil incarnate. Again, not Coplay.

Annie Lenox's half-sister, a Witch named Jodie Turner-Smith, watches Annie and Kirstjen from a position of concealment both of sight and sound. Of the two sisters, Jodie is more depraved and possessive. Jodie is also chocolate in complexion. It's Jodie who exclusively fucks white chicks. As such. Jodie's OCD compels her to have the blonde blue-eyed Kirstjen at all costs, even if it's at her sister Annie's expense.

"You covet what is mine, nigger bitch!!!" A voice screams in corrupted Prussian as the back of Jodie's skull is caved in, followed up by the extinction event of a bi-directional-RTW an RTW in both directions.

Not a disembodied voice and invisible hands.

It's Mx. Mildred Elizabeth Huff, in the flesh, who has somehow repossessed her physical body, after having survived bodiless far longer than one would think was possible. A lesser being might have dissipated or turned into a ghost.

Having decimated its perceived rival. Mx. Hux ejaculates, stroking her prosthetic penis into even bigger serial eruptions. Doing herself into a sexual frenzy, reveling in her reassuming the identity of Mx. Mildred Elizabeth Huff, an identity that belonged to her from the get-go.

Why Doomsday VS Juggernaut Isn't Even Close!

Tessa Blanchard is an American professional wrestler, currently performing in Consejo Mundial de Lucha Libre (CMLL), where she is one-half of the CMLL World Women's Tag Team Champions in her first reign, with Lluvia. She is best known for her time in Impact Wrestling, where she became the first female wrestler to win the Impact World Championship and is also a former Impact Knockouts Champion. In addition, Blanchard is a former The Crash Women's Champion, AAA Reina de Reinas Champion, and WOW World Champion.

A third-generation professional wrestler, Blanchard is the daughter of Tully Blanchard, granddaughter of wrestling promoter Joe Blanchard, and the stepdaughter of Tully Blanchard's rival Magnum T. A.

Tabitha is an American fantasy sitcom and a spin-off of *Bewitched* that aired on ABC from September 10, 1977, to January 14, 1978. The series starred Lisa Hartman in the title role as Tabitha Stephens, the witch daughter of Samantha and Darrin Stephens who was introduced on *Bewitched* during its second season.

WandaVision is an American television miniseries created by Jac Schaeffer for the streaming service Disney+, based on Marvel Comics featuring the characters Wanda Maximoff / Scarlet Witch and Vision. It is the first television series in the Marvel Cinematic Universe (MCU) produced by Marvel Studios, sharing continuity with the films of the franchise, and is set after the events of the film *Avengers: Endgame* (2019). It follows Wanda Maximoff and Vision as they live an idyllic suburban life in the town of Westview, New Jersey, until their reality starts moving through different decades of sitcom homages and television tropes. Schaeffer served as head writer for the series, which was directed by Matt Shakman.

Debra, Mx. Huff's reimagined fanfiction?

Merge **WandaVision** with **Tabitha**, along with Mx. Huff's unhealthy obsessions for Tessa Blanchard and Kirstjen Michele Nielsen, resulting in fanfiction befitting a complete and utter nutjob who happens to be drag queen queer.

Kirstjen Michele Nielsen is Debra Blanchard, the title character.

The possessive Patricia "Pat" Blanchard, is married to Debra.

The equally possessive Alison Sinclair is a stalker obsessed with Debra. Alison Sinclair is Pat's twin sister.

Debra's overbearing husband Pat Blanchard and the husband's twin sister Alison Sinclair are both played by veteran stage, screen, and TV actress Allison Webb Sinclair.

As such. In the context of this miniseries. Kirstjen is not "Pretty Girl" Kirstjen. She's Debra. A hard, fluid Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson channeling Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians*' Alice Quinn shoved into a Mildred Huff by thick-readers and plaintive make-up heavily-applied to her face, neck, and cleavage—i.e., the bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); "a bleach blonde with a badass showgirl body", walking stilted, as if she's butch, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment.

The Aftermath of Debra and Her Puppies

There's an "issue" with Mx. Huff's resurrection.

Fanfiction and Mx. Huff's real life have merged. Becoming her new reality.

Realfiction, as reimagined fanfiction?

In complete and utter denial. She only knows of Kirstjen as the fictitious Debra Blanchard and Kirstjen as fictitious, i.e., Debra Blanchard is a "real" person and Kirstjen is Debra's delusion, in Mx. Huff's realfiction.

And. It gets worse. MPD raises its ugly head. Mx. Huff is no longer singular.

The overbearing husband Pat Blanchard and the husband's twin sister Alison Sinclair, are two additional personalities occupying Mx. Huff's body. Portraying Dissociative Identity Disorder. Formerly known as multiple personality disorder (MPD).

A passing fad or a potentially contagious pseudo reality?!

This "curse" cannot be forced upon Kirstjen, of course. But. The girl can willfully and willingly "indulge" of her own free will.

As such. In the context of this folie à deux. Kirstjen is not "Pretty Girl" Kirstjen. She's Debra. A hard, fluid Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson channeling Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, making Netflix home for Spooky Season, channeling *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn shoved into a Mildred Huff by thick-readers and plaintive make-up heavily-applied to her face, neck, and cleavage—i.e., the bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); "a bleach blonde with a badass showgirl body", walking stilted, as if she's butch, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment.

Folie à deux (French for 'madness of two'), also called **shared psychosis** or **shared delusional disorder (SDD)**, is a psychiatric syndrome in which symptoms of a delusional belief are "transmitted" from one individual to another.

Ariana Grande versus Halloween Queen Elvira

There's an "issue" with Mx. Huff's resurrection.

A resolution might be Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen doing away with Mx. Mildred Elizabeth Huff, just because.

Instead, as Mx. Debra, Kirstjen shares nutter Mx. Huff's psychosis.

Kirstjen's default is a loathsome, very hard, very fluid, very harsh Barbara *I Dream of Jeannie* Eden's Stella Johnson channeling Halloween Queen Elvira, channeling *The Magicians'* Alice Quinn shoved into a Mildred Huff, i.e., a dominatrix-submissive femdom fetish doll who rigidly espouses the bleach-blonde homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG) without directly expressing any of it; "a bleach blonde with a badass showgirl body", walking stilted, as if she's butch, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment.

The quintessential dominatrix. Unfettered hatred. Strident. Severe. Stiff-backed. Astringent personified. One of those resting frown-face chicks aka resting bitch face girls.

Stone-faced, when she's not flashing that maniacal Joker's smile of hers. A toothy grin that makes her look like she's completely unhinged.

Dour, stern, humorless, and severe. Relentlessly severe, stern, or gloomy in manner or appearance. A hard, dour, humorless fanatic.

A face that says: "I got too much Botox and I need help." and "My face hurts to smile, to even try." and "I messed up. Look, this big ass Joker's smile is the only smile I got anymore."

Very hard. A hardness, that has overtaken her prettiness, which bespeaks of a dominatrix's loathing and disdain a loathing and disdain born of depravity and madness. Very fluid. Yet. Not strapping Parts. Harsh. Yet. Not strapping Piranhas, either. Walks stilted. A walking orgasm. That quintessential MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment. All-in-all, loathsome and highly sexualized to the point of objectification sexual objectification, i.e., a sex object a fetish doll a dominatrix.

Her preference for being addressed as "Mx." means that although she's not strapping Parts, she's fluid nonetheless. The only time when she doesn't insist on being addressed as Mx. and when she doesn't walk stilted, is when required, e.g., she's in the presence of the God her husband Dame Judi Dench.

Therefore. She's Mx. Debra outside of Mx. Huff's house, except when the situation demands it. And. She's ONLY Mx. Debra inside of Mx. Huff's house.

Preferred pronouns are "they/them/theirs", although she will answer to "she/her/hers". She's quite flexible.

It's not that unusual for people who are nonbinary, gender nonconforming, or gender expansive, to also use "she/her/hers" pronouns, from time to time. For example, someone whose gender identity is fluid may use "she/her" pronouns at some times, but not others.

In effect, Mx. Debra is a "real" person and Kirstjen is Mx. Debra's delusion. *The Unnatural Cravings of Dr. Sadism* (1967), comes to mind.

Mx. Debra and her Puppies!!!

Dr. Ratched is harshness that cannot be kept at bay. A disgraced and defrocked Catholic nun.

Doctor Ratched. The deranged former army doctor and disgraced/defrocked Catholic nun, Doctor Ratched (also known as “Big Doctor”), portrayed by Louise Fletcher, in *The Unnatural Cravings of Dr. Ratched* (1977).

This factitious Doctor Ratched is based upon a real person whose pseudonym is Doctor Debra, Doctor Debra Sadism.

Dr. Ratched, Dr. Sadism, and Mx. Debra, all rolled up into one, when the girl is Debra instead of Kirstjen.

The house is back to being a populated insane asylum. A house that is again a usage of Mx. Huff who is also addressed as Doctor Huff aka The Doctor.

Officially, The House, this Bizarro World, is again an annex of the Elizabeth Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane. As such, it is now only accessible via the boom tube of a Mother Box; ingress/egress in the foyer.

Mx. Debra is also addressed as Nurse Debra aka The Nurse. These days, the majority of the girl’s free time is spent as this “Debra”.

Linda is gone. Extinct. Per The Doctor, Nurse Debra did away with Linda. The existence of this Nurse Debra made that Linda redundant anyways.

The Doctor, The Nurse, The View, The Voice, and The Hands, are the looney bin’s staff. A staff that experiments on the patients and themselves. A staff that is as crazy as the inmates.

Ms. Allison Webb Sinclaire. Divorcee. The new chancellor of Brakebills. A human whose diabolical use of Doll Boxes allows her to unnaturally extend her lifespan.

Doll Box aka Doll Safe aka Barbie Doll Box aka Barbie aka American Girl Doll Box Products. That shiny new penny, so to speak. A Box merges Borg central alcove, Borg drone alcove, rapist, strap, restraint, rack, slab, table, hybrid, vintage, etc. The whole kit and caboodle. A preeminent torture porn device. A quintessential BDSM apparatus. The Swiss Army Knife of torture.

She is presently surprised to meet Kirstjen as Mx. Debra at the asylum annex.

“Does the name ‘Ms. Kirstjen Michele Nielsen’ mean anything to you?”

“Of course. That’s me when I have to be her. I’m never her in here.”

Sinclair met Kirstjen in her office on Monday as part of the meet-and-greet her first day on the job. Has been coveting the girl ever since. Lecherous fantasies abounding.

Sinclair notices Debra's Box in a corner. She and Debra will share its use during her weekend stay.

"I fancy you."

"You can use me when I'm strapped to the Box. Please, be imaginative. I get bored easily." The Voice whispers in the girl's ear. "I MUST make my rounds, now."

"May I tag along?"

"If you wish."

Petty and envious. Controlling. Possessive. Stern. Abusive. Fugly. Sinclair would prefer that the girl weren't so pretty, but that can easily be fixed. Thick-readers, plaintive makeup, and a sternka would disfigure the girl nicely to the elderly bulldyke's perverted tastes. Additionally, the girl with an insanity-ravaged face would be over-the-top, and right up Sinclair's alley!

Petty and envious. Controlling. Possessive. Stern. Abusive. Fugly. Sinclair would prefer that the girl were strapping Piranhas and Parts. Resulting in a "converted" girl who would be over-the-top, and right up Sinclair's alley!

Describe eighty-something Sinclair's couture?

Thick-readers. Plaintive makeup heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage. Lily-white complexion. Blonde crane. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Careys. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Manicure and pedicure.

Of course. This old biddy would also prefer that the girl were strapping butch while having a BBBBBB moment too.

The much older woman walks stilted, behind Debra. Sinclair is strapping Piranhas and Parts underneath the chaste skirt of her business suit. Having a BBBBBB moment, always.

In ways and means, The Doctor and Sinclair are very much alike.

Biddy Hodson: Ilsa Haupstein (as Bridget Hodson)

Very Morlock-esque, in appearance and cravings?

In solitary confinement. The newest patient. Professor Velma “Biddy” Stein is something of a sideshow attraction a “freak”.

Eighty-something, skinny, and feral, with a rabid insanity. Grey krazed liberally-streaked with white. Filthy rotten snaggle teeth. Long facile tongue, that’s well-educated. Foul breath. Long ragged fingernails and toenails. Patches of her lily-white skin are so dirty they’re black. She is filthy, smelly, and infested. Waist-length H-cups—floppy doggie tits. Stringbean nipple for the right tit. The left tit is a moog, so it’s nippleless and it really isn’t a tit at all. Leftside knobb.

The old biddy used to be human, a very longtime ago. But. Extensive self-experimentation has rendered Professor Stein quasi-human.

Perls. Strapping Piranhas and Parts. Muzzled, but not gagged. Plaintive makeup is heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage.

She’s strapped to a Box—legs spread, arms at her sides.

Upon Debra’s entrance, Velma becomes even more agitated, has an erection, and ejaculates. She craves fucking the girl. The girl craves to fuck The Freak.

Debra intends that cannibal serial-killer Velma is to be a patient trustee. But. First she must audition the freak’s wares in earnest, in her own self-interest.

The door to the padded cell locks itself.

Debra removes her shoes and her gloves, slowly, which drives Velma into an even worse frenzy.

Next, Debra slowly unbuttons her jacket. Her features go offline. She gropes her tits and her crotch.

Velma strains to break free of her restraints. Debra walks slowly over to the Box, milking it for everything it’s worth.

“Mine! Mine! Mine!” Velma shrieks over and over again.

The eyes of the freak briefly fluoresce. Debra’s eyes do not glow in response. Clearly, Velma cannot mesmerize Debra.

Debra removes Velma’s muzzle, and pulls back her silky tresses exposing her neck.

Velma bites down hard on Debra’s neck and feeds. Briefly, the freak’s eyes glow again. This time, Debra’s eyes glow in response.

Debra’s brain short-circuits. She loses her mind, utterly and completely. An insanity that duplicates Velma’s.

When Debra regains her senses. Now it's she who is muzzled and strapped to the Box. Now it's Velma who is her captor and tormentor. Now it's she who is degraded and subjugated. Now it's Velma who taunts and disciplines her.

Her clothes have been ripped and torn asunder, reduced to the ragged attire of a feral baglady.

Velma has yanked down her panties and is eating her snatch and plumbing her asshole.

Debra's tits have been yanked out of Debra's bra by Velma and their nipples have been sucked on so hard and so much by Velma that they're sore.

Debra is still relatively clean, but intimate contact with Velma is rapidly making that a thing of the past.

The girl craves the depravity. She's been like this so many times before. And. Never tires of going back for more.

As for Velma. Her appearance too has changed.

No more stringbean nipple for Velma's right tit. Just a large succulent one. Since her left tit is a tit again and no longer a moog, both of her H-cups have the top-off of a big giant succulent nipple.

Velma's teeth are still filthy, but they're no longer rotten snaggle teeth. Except for their total lack of oral hygiene, her teeth are now perfect.

The old biddy is now wearing a hospital gown fashioned crudely from a burlap sack, same as many of the other patients who "choose" to wearing clothing.

Having passed the audition with flying colors. Velma still sports a krazed that geriatric frightwig and she still acts feral. She still has an insanity-ravaged face that befits her insanity. The insanity of the depraved monster she is.

Scooby-Doo

The Professor?

Velma sports a krazed, but the bouffant frightwig's tresses are golden the color of raw wheat. She acts more cruel than feral, and is no less feral.

Thick-readers have been added to her couture. Amplifying her fugly several notches.

A hand-bra has been added to her couture. Amplifying her cannibalistic depravity several notches.

Edith Marie Blossom MacDonald, the Grandmam character of *The Addams Family*, with spectacles and the worst case of WGS, channeling a Mildred Huff, best describes Velma these days.

Tellingly. In regression. She again has rotten snaggle teeth. A change that maximizes the potency of her enslaving saliva.

Doing the morning rounds. Having ascended to being the primary patient trustee via due diligence, she dutifully follows in behind Debra. Plotting her means to again subjugate the girl she craves so much.

Velma fixates obsessively on Debra a Debra as her possession. Key to the realization of that OCD, is Velma taking over Debra by repeatedly mind-fucking Debra to subsequently trigger a complete nervous breakdown the seeds of which have already been planted.

Make plans. Destiny laughs.

Mor

What are the Morlock creatures in H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine*?

The Morlocks are a humanoid species which is descended from humans, particularly low-class underground machine operators. They exist in several future timelines, notably in Mor. They are subterranean, and prefer dark, as their eyes are sensitive to light. In most timelines, the Morlocks eat their Eloi cousins.

So all that time and money wasted on makeup and hair, when plain and ugly was all it took. Who knew?!

the Eloi and the Morlocks

In H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine*?

By the year AD 802,701, humanity has diverged into two separate species: the Eloi and the Morlocks. The Eloi live a banal life of ease on the surface of the Earth while the Morlocks live underground, tending machinery and providing food, clothing, and inventory for the Eloi.

Hawk Tuah

Hawk tuah (/ˌhɔːk ˈtuːə/ *HAWK TOO-ə*) is an internet meme originating from a viral YouTube video posted in 2024. During a street interview, **Haliey Welch** (/ˈheɪli/; born 2002 or 2003) used the catchphrase “*hawk tuah*”, an onomatopoeia for spitting or expectoration on a man’s penis during fellatio.

Mx. Lauren Fix, the oldest sister of Ms. Tammie Abell Fix, is a well-used eighty-something version of the “Hawk Tuah” Girl, Haliey Welch? Yes. A sour-faced old biddy. With a Ph.D. in psychiatric nursing (i.e., nutcracking) and eons of experience in the nutcracker business. A “functional” lunatic, Mx. Fix is as crazy, depraved, and degenerate as anyone or anything that she has ever treated or will ever treat for mental illness. An asshole, a scumbag, and a crazy.

Nicknamed “Mx. Fixit”, by her colleagues in the mental health field, she “passes” as a god, not a God. Plain and ugly. A patron and user of the insane. A so-called “lunatic chaser”.

The usual suspects?

Of course.

Thick-readers. Plaintive makeup heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage. Lily-white complexion. Big blonde hair, a jeannie. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Manicure and pedicure.

That wretched plaintive makeup applied heavily to her face, neck, and cleavage, amplifies the ugly and plain of a woman who has always had ravaged looks. Ugly and plain without plaintive makeup. Uglier and plainer with plaintive makeup.

This old biddy is walking stilted, as if she’s a butch who’s strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG 24x7 “bleach-blond, bad-built, butch body” moment. Because. This old biddy is strapping butch and having an MTG 24x7 BBBBBB moment.

Envious of attractive women; she craves the punishment of pretty women for the “crime” of being pretty, with the preferred punishments being WGS, cilice, flogging, disfigurement, and gender-bending, all of which are self-inflicted (i.e., punishments inflicted by the pretty woman upon the pretty woman).

Creepy and obsessive-compulsive. Fugly. Neither attractive nor very feminine-looking. A Harpy who is easily mistaken for a mongrel Witch. A pure-breed Hag for whom consensual sex is indistinguishable from rape most brutal and most foul.

Additionally.

She blood-drinks her lovers as if she were a Vampire. And. Her archaic accent is an odd mix of proper Queen's English, vaguely Eastern European, and something else indistinguishable and very ancient. A woman's deep, raspy, borderline masculine voice.

The quintessential dominatrix. Unfettered hatred. Strident. Severe. Stiff-backed. Astringent personified. RBF. One of those resting frown-face chicks aka resting bitch face girls.

Stone-faced, when she's not flashing that maniacal Joker's smile of hers. A toothy grin that makes her look like she's completely unhinged.

Dour, stern, humorless, and severe. Relentlessly severe, stern, or gloomy in manner or appearance. A hard, dour, humorless fanatic.

A face that says: "I got too much Botox and I need help." and "My face hurts to smile, to even try." and "I messed up. Look, this big ass Joker's smile is the only smile I got anymore."

All-in-all a perfect match-up for Kirstjen. So. It's too bad for Kirstjen that Mx. Fix, who is also addressed as Nurse Fix, replaces Mx. Debra entirely, and, by doing so, becomes The Nurse.

Debra is gone. Extinct. Per The Doctor, Nurse Fix did away with Debra. The existence of this Nurse Fix made that Debra redundant anyways.

Mx. Fix's sense of self is deeply rooted in obsessive fantasies of herself as a robot transman in drag. Hence her robotic mannish ways and means.

The Doctor, The Nurse, The View, The Voice, and The Hands, are the looney bin's staff. A staff that experiments on the patients and themselves. A staff that is as crazy as the inmates.

Kirstjen goes cold turkey, and stops visiting the house. Her life goes back to the way it was before the house and its indulgencies. Back to being the hard pretty Kirstjen. This pleases her husband Judi to no end. How long this sobriety lasts is anyone's guess.

Mx. Fix does not forget about Kirstjen, reimagining her as a hard unpretty girl who's fifty-something and well-used, and built-to-please; her "prized" possession. This becomes Mx. Fix's preeminent obsession.

Then. The inevitable relapse..., resoundingly?

Postscript:

What if?

The Nurses. Mx. Fix as Nurse One. Mx. Debra as Nurse Two. Both of them as robot transmen in drag with robotic mannish ways and means. The looney bin's automaton genderqueer nursing staff.

This version of Mx. Debra is a hard unpretty girl who looks fifty-something and well-used, and built-to-please: So all that time and money wasted on makeup and hair, when plain and ugly was all it took. The fugly girl that Mx. Fix craves the utmostest. Kirstjen as a well-used fifty-something version of the “Hawk Tuah” Girl, Haliey Welch? Yes. Not the hard pretty thirty-something Kirstjen.

Bottomline. Nurse Two is very much, in many ways that matter, a fifty-something version of the eighty-something Nurse One. Nurse Two aka Two-of-One.

The End