

# **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.

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

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

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

## **Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>, The Series: Better Off Dead**

Micki is kidnapped by a disturbed doctor who forcefully uses a cursed silver syringe on prostitutes she abducts in an attempt to create a replacement for her promiscuous imaginary wife.

Kirstjen comes to herself in the alley behind the Blue Velvet lounge. An establishment of ill repute that she has been known to frequent from time to time. She has no idea how she got here.

From her perspective. One moment, she was running to catch the bus, having taught her last class of the day at Brakebills. The next moment she was here. In-between, she blacked out.

Clearly, for some reason, unknown to her, Kirstjen has been summoned here by someone or something utilizing the correct protocols.

Kirstjen stumbles about. A blinding migraine nearly doubling her over. She's having trouble thinking rationally. This hard pretty thirty-something Kirstjen, who is not strapping butch thus she's not strapping Piranhas and Parts.

There are voices in her head. Many voices. Angry demanding voices. A deafening chorus, that becomes one voice shrieking in her head. A woman's deep, raspy, borderline masculine voice.

Kirstjen recognizes the voice: it's a discernable facsimile, not a convincing deep fake, of Mx. Lauren Fix's voice. Increasingly, here and there, there are automaton bits and pieces to this manufactured voice. Increasingly, the voice is transitioning into a robotic monotone.

This genderqueer voice explains: she's here for the repossession of a cursed item that's the plus-one of a matched, but not identical, pair.

After being given the ins and outs of the repo by the disembodied voice, she drops to her knees and passes out. Just before she loses consciousness, she hears a woman scream. That woman is her. It is the blood-curdling scream of a lunatic.

That wretched plaintive makeup applies itself heavily to her face, neck, and cleavage. The girl is no longer pretty. Rendered ugly and plain, she looks much older and well-used as well. Thirty-something has given way to fifty-something. Cougar, MILF, well-past-her-prime-bimbo.

Thick-readers download onto her now ravaged face.

She's now easily mistaken for a junkie spinster who's strung out and badly in need of a fix.

By now Kirstjen is strapping butch, thus she's strapping Piranhas and Parts.

Her crazed theatrics catch the attention of eighty-something Dr. Ellen Pollock aka Aunt Harris aka Auntie, who's getting high in a makeshift head beside a dumpster.

Auntie is that lecherous genderqueer bulldyke ilk taken to the next level.

Auntie. A creepy fugly elderly prostitute.

Auntie. A “displaced” Victorian used-to-be psychiatrist.

Auntie. A radicalized defrocked Catholic nun.

Auntie. A Lovecraftian-obsessed “amateur” scientist: her primary OCD.

Auntie. An obsessive collector of cursed antiquities: her secondary OCD.

Auntie. A “minor” deity, of ill-repute.

Auntie. Thick-readers. Plaintive makeup heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage. Lily-white complexion. Big yellow blonde hair, a jeannie hairstyle. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Manicure and pedicure.

The plaintive makeup that’s applied heavily to Auntie’s 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.

Some of the affectations that apply? Bitter spinster, sexually repressed, sexually frustrated, mean, loathsome, disdainful, RBF, frumpy, stern, severe dowdy, fugly, plain, petty, spiteful, abusive. In a word: harsh.

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

Ascetics?

For Catholics, restraints are viewed as integral to one’s identity as an ascetic; i.e., restraints are used by the person during life to limit mobility as a part of a religious ascetic lifestyle. These religious followers put themselves in restraint as a matter of religious piety. In the secular realm, BDSM aficionados do it for depraved reasons. As restraints, barbwire is a more extreme way to practice asceticism; more moderate practitioners prefer chains and straps. An example of an ascetic that’s popular with Catholic nuns and female laity are hobble half-slips known as Laverta-Diggs.

Strapping Laverta-Diggs. Wearing a flesh-colored rubber half-slip which does business as a wide strap that’s so restrictive it greatly amplifies a limited walk. Hence the stilted walk of strapping butch becomes its more extreme expression of a cloistered nun’s bound walk. It’s as if the hobble slip’s wearer is wearing one of those ankle-length hobble skirts one of those long skirts with a narrow enough hem to significantly impede the wearer’s stride. Those hobble skirts were a short-lived fashion trend that peaked between 1908 and 1914.

Auntie. In appearance, represents the anti-feminine: big-boned, heavy, and squat, with thick legs and very strong calves for a woman. Big, mannish hands, for a woman. Creates an overall

impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity, sexual repression, and the devious overtones of a sexually-repressed Victorian dominatrix.

Auntie. Creepy and obsessive-compulsive. Fugly. Neither attractive nor very feminine-looking. A stocky-built Harpy who is easily mistaken for a mongrel of Goon and Witch bloodlines. A pure-breed Hag for whom consensual sex is indistinguishable from rape most brutal and most foul.

Additionally.

Auntie blood-drinks her lovers as if she is 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: mangled vocally, in spades.

To reiterate. She sounds manly with her husky voice: The staff at The White House wants her to quit using the men's bathroom.

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."

"Who would want that, let alone pay for it?!" You might ask, considering Auntie's physical appearance—she's not even a pig in a poke—she looks like the pig that the poke wouldn't want. The answer is quite simple: any woman or man, who Auntie has ever gotten her hands on, has wanted what she's got in spades. Sexual prowess has nothing whatsoever to do with looks. Some of the most fucked up looking people are peerless performers "between the sheets", and some of the best-looking people are dead fish in bed.

Auntie has seen the girl hanging around the club before, and instantly took a shine to her. It was obsession at first sight. An OCD, Auntie's tertiary one, that Auntie has yet to consummate, until now.

This old biddy Auntie is walking stilted (stiff robotic gait), 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 Auntie is strapping butch and having an MTG 24x7 BBBBBB moment.

Auntie drags Kirstjen's limp body into the head, shoots Kirstjen up with what's left in her cursed silver syringe, and proceeds to undress the girl. Unbuttoning the girl's jacket, unhooking the girl's bra, and yanking down the girl's panties.

Auntie sucks on the girl's succulent tits after groping them, and then deep throats the girl, licking the girl's balls, pussy, and anus.

Then. She, Auntie, stops dead in her tracks and just keels over. Leaving nothing to the imagination. Proof in pictures. Kim Timpf, 36, has spoken.

No RTW, per the girl's discretion. So, Auntie will later resurrect.

A clearheaded lucid Kirstjen stands up. Hard pretty thirty-something Kirstjen. A Kirstjen who's no longer strapping underneath her skirt. Bolshoi-bare in place of plaintive makeup. Thick-readers uploaded back into her features. The genderqueer voice in her head quieted. Jacket buttoned. Double-Ds shoved back into a now fastened bra. Panties yanked back up in place.

Kirstjen pockets the cursed silver syringe, and walks out of the alley.

For the very briefest of moments. Kirstjen walks stilted (stiff robotic gait), as if she's strapping butch and having a patented MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment. A clear reminder that although what transpired in this alley was in point of fact the "real thing", nonetheless it was theatrical too minus the hackneyed troupe of a last minute agreed upon script and with lethal consequences that could have been easily permanent.

Notably. The injection site for the cursed silver syringe is identical to the entry point of a transorbital lobotomy, a so-called "ice pick lobotomy". This is why the cursed silver syringe is colloquially known as an "orbitoclast".

How is an ice pick lobotomy performed?

The "ice pick" (an orbitoclast) is be placed under the eyelid, but not through the eyeball itself. It is placed at an angle usually. Doctor Adolf Freeman (the creator of this procedure) would often just do it more perpendicular to the head, but for many others, the orbitoclast would be placed parallel with the nose bone. Then, the tool is hammered in to break the thin bone in the eye socket and is sent a few centimeters into the brain. The tool is swiveled, cutting the brain, then hammered in two more centimeters and swiveled once more. This is done through both sides.

This is a procedure done without anesthesia. The patient would usually be talking, singing, or reciting prayers so that the doctor would be able to tell if they went too far based on the clarity, intelligence, or even presence of their speech. If it was altered, or the patient went silent, they'd done something wrong.

A barbaric practice. This treatment was most popular during the Victorian Era.

## Horror Hospital

Jason, a member of a 1960s pop group, decides he needs a break at a country retreat. On the train he meets Judy, niece of Aunt Harris who owns the place with her husband Dr. Storm and who are using the guests for surgical mind-control experiments. So while Jason and Judy are pretty quickly making out, they are just as quickly working out how to get away.—Jeremy Perkins {J-26}

Kirstjen had seen Auntie hanging around the club long before that fateful evening when Auntie rooked (raped and took) her and she subsequently repossessed Auntie's "overdue" orbitoclast. Nothing personal, just business, and even when it is personal, it's still just business.

Auntie is in her wheelhouse, the alley behind the Blue Velvet lounge, finishing up with a customer. It's a john. Normally, it's a jane. But. Being a good businesswoman, she switch hits. Being a hardcore bulldyke, her personal preference is women, of course.

The usual the hard pretty thirty-something Kirstjen walks over to the hooker. Auntie greets her, appropriately.

"I'm on a meter."

"How much?"

"Twenty."

"What will that get me."

"Everything, if you're ugly, plain, and genderqueer."

"And, if I'm not?"

"Everything, nonetheless."

Ignoring what Auntie says. She reads the "want" in Auntie's crazed eyes.

"Who picks?" Kirstjen asks, rhetorically.

"You do."

They exchange currency. A trick for a treat.

Wretched plaintive makeup applies itself heavily to Kirstjen's face, neck, and cleavage. The girl is no longer pretty. Rendered ugly and plain, she looks much older and well-used as well. Thirty-something has given way to fifty-something. Cougar, MILF, well-past-her-prime-bimbo.

Thick-readers download onto her now ravaged face.

She's now easily mistaken for a junkie spinster who's strung out and badly in need of a fix.

By now Kirstjen is strapping butch, thus she's strapping Piranhas and Parts.

Auntie reaches out and covetously stokes the girl's cheek. Her hand is trembling with anticipation. She MUST have this girl!!!

They French kiss.

Although both women are dominatrixes. Again, reading Auntie correctly, Kirstjen goes passive. Auntie has to be dominant to get off. Kirstjen can get off, regardless of whether she's dominant or submissive.

Aunties unbuttons Kirstjen's jacket and gropes the girl's succulent bra-holstered tits.

Kirstjen gets hard and ejaculates into her rubber knickers.

Auntie gets hard and ejaculates into her skirt.

Kirstjen's arms hang slackly by her sides. Auntie forcefully slides a hand down Kirstjen's skirt into her panties, and begins roughly manipulating her genitalia the whole shebang. It's as if Auntie is an octopus, with many long well-educated sucker-lined tentacles. Too late, Kirstjen realizes that the analogy is true.

An orbitoclast gives Kirstjen an ice pick lobotomy. This time, it's a cursed silver ice pick, "purchased on credit" from Friday 13<sup>th</sup> the Brakebills' pawn shop. This time, Auntie is still the rightful owner of the cursed artifact in question.

Auntie. A pure-breed Hag. But. A Harpy variant, of her own design.

Increasingly, Auntie devolves. Culminating in? Octopus tentacles from the waist down. Her eyes glow lime green. A mesmerizing fluorescence that can petrify with a single glance. She has a razorblade smile and a killer tongue. Her hair is geriatric blonde: Her jeannie is yellow-blonde liberally streaked with white and grey (geriatric blonde hair).

By now. On full display. So many manifestations resulting from self-experimentation, invoked by herself.

"Yes!!! Mine!!! All Mine!!!" Auntie shrieks, before her speech devolves into a lunatic's feral babble.

Not content with just lobotomizing the girl. Auntie's glowing eyes petrify Kirstjen. Auntie, figuratively, not literally, turns the girl into living stone: mimicking the transition of the girl into a flesh-n-blood robot, a mindless Borg drone facsimile, a Barbed Wire Doll. With a Crueler as a Borg queen substitute. And. For example, that insidious *GIGER By HR Giger* biomechanical rack-rapist hybrid (a Crueler) used in place of the alcove of a Borg queen or a Borg drone. A Crueler is adorned by arcane scripts and runes unique to it and specific to its depravity.

A petrification with side effects most sinister, long-lasting, and everlasting. A petrification akin to the most powerful and addictive narcotic imaginable.

Kirstjen ceases to exist as her brain short-circuits and her mind is wiped clean. A blank slate to be shaped whatever way Auntie wishes, and Auntie wishes a lot.

While petrified. The blank Kirstjen's hair is geriatric blonde. The blank's jeannie is yellow-blondely streaked with white and grey. And. Hers becomes a woman's deep, raspy, borderline masculine voice: mangled vocally, in spades.

A blank petrified Kirstjen. 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."

Later, when Auntie blood-drinks Kirstjen, Kirstjen will become skinny much thinner (Thinner?) than her usual Gal Gadot slender (Thin?), and, as if she's possessed, she will bleed from her mouth, nose, ears, and eyes (Stigmata?).

Hours after her abduction. A well-used Kirstjen comes back from blank and comes to herself in Auntie's wheelhouse. Auntie is turning tricks, nearby.

Kirstjen has every memory of what happened during her enslavement to Auntie while she was rooked as blank Kirstjen: sexist, degrading, demeaning, exploitative ... she loves it.

The girl quickly gathers herself up, and reverts to her default the hard pretty thirty-something Kirstjen, who, of course, is not wearing eyeglasses and is not strapping butch.

Auntie's current customer is one of her regulars, a jane.

Patently, Kirstjen, twenty dollars at the ready, waits her turn for another ride on Auntie's space mountain.

Having experimented extensively upon the blank Kirstjen, Auntie prefers the blank Kirstjen "presenting" as Hannah Waddingham did as the "shame nun" Septa Unella in *Game of Thrones*. A Hannah Waddingham fiercely channeling Mx. Mildred Huff.

As such, this Auntie special version of Kirstjen: plaintive makeup, fifty-something, thick-readers, simulating a drug addiction and a nervous breakdown, stilted walk, strapping butch, and having an MTG 24x7 BBBBBB moment. What Auntie has been transitioning Kirstjen into, from the get go. Kirstjen as a radicalized defrocked Catholic nun.

But. Can Auntie "convince" Kirstjen to be this "shame nun" when Kirstjen is in the presence of Auntie and it's allowed by the powers-that-be including Kirstjen's husband Judi?!

Postscript:

Grotesque. Parasitic. Sadistic. Insanity inducing and amplifying. A Mindless Machine. Evil. A Crueler is a premier BDSM torture and restraint device, and a gold standard for sadomasochism.

One could even credibly argue, that it is best used as a stand-alone automated lobotomy mechanism, which is how it was misused in the more depraved degenerate degrading insane asylums of the Victorian Era. Turning its “victims” into its flesh-n-blood “robot” slaves.

To reiterate. A blank Kirstjen sounds manly with her husky voice: The staff at The White House wants her to quit using the men’s bathroom.

## Maui Heat [DVD]

Kirstjen remembers every detail of what has happened to her during her enslavement to Auntie as blank Kirstjen: sexist, degrading, demeaning, exploitative ... she loves it.

Her next big thing?!

Underneath the covers, where it really counts, there is NO meaningful difference between the personality of the “real” Kirstjen and that of the “shame nun” Kirstjen. In essence, Kirstjen’s shame-nun is just an uber robotic version of the sadomasochistic swinger that Kirstjen is.

Would she willingly and willfully, through the agency of a Crueler, turn herself into its flesh-n-blood robot slave/enslaver in the same way that Auntie already has?!

Kirstjen enters Auntie’s wheelhouse, but Auntie is nowhere to be found. Nor is she in the head by the dumpster. As Kirstjen exits the alley, somehow, someway, she’s whisked off to somewhere else.

An anonymous dungeon/torture chamber/laboratory that would be a treatment room in a Victorian Era insane asylum. The room is fully automated as it would be in the Victorian Era.

A painstaking reproduction or a vintage original? Everything looks authentic. Nonetheless, it’s hideous design is clearly that of a Mindless Machine, and clearly not of a biological’s invention.

Dark and dank. The stomach-churning stench. Her confines are filthy, smelly, and infested. Slimy walls, much of it carpeted with contagious parasitic sewer moss. Evidence that bats once inhabited the vaulted ceiling is the bat shit that covers most of the floor.

There’s a pool of raw sewage, rendering the space into a grotto or an indoor swamp of sorts. Things scurry or slither about in the shadows. Things that make your flesh crawl, when you glimpse them.

Buried in a pile of coal in a corner bin are female remains of various persuasions in various stages of decomposition, some of which are skeletons; think: fodder for a boneyard customizing base resin kit.

During the Victorian Era, experimentation, torture, degradation, humiliation, bondage, and discipline, were cornerstones of treating mental illness.

There is a Crueler, of Victorian Era vintage. Auntie is strapped down, oblivious to the world, stretched out just short of being pulled apart, clothes ripped to shreds reduced to rags. Zero personal hygiene. Features offline. Filthy, smelly, and infested. Teeth so filthy they look rotten and snaggle tooth. Filthy tongue. Fetid breath. Long ragged finger and toe nails. Patches of her dirty white skin are so dirty they are black. Infectious sewer moss covers the inside of her thighs. Leeches cover her left cheek and right breast. No gloves or shoes. Strapping butch, of course.

Foaming at the mouth. A ball-gag prevents her lunatic shrieks from being heard. Collar (leashed) and shackles (handcuffs and ankle cuffs) that are padlocked and hardened. She still has her legs instead of tentacles.

Auntie looks like some vile, animalistic thing who you crave to feed upon you—à la 30 DAYS OF NIGHT. Looks can be deceiving, but in this case they are not. Animalistic implies mindless, bestial. In her case: mindless, yes; bestial, yes. She is a Barbed Wire Doll (a Crueler's mindless drone) in transition.

Auntie's disheveled hair is geriatric blonde. Her unkept jeannie is yellow-blonde liberally streaked with white and grey. A lunatic hairdo befitting a lunatic.

The table is doing things to her: lobotomies, narcotic injections, rape, blood-drinking, blood-letting, etc.

Notably. An appendage of the Crueler restraining Auntie is using that cursed pair, the silver syringe and ice pick, on Auntie.

Increasingly, Auntie devolves. Culminating in? Glowing eyes. Tentacles from the waist down. Razorblade smile. Joker's smile. Killer tongue. Insane. Mindless. Struggling against her restraints, as if she's feral and robotic. A feral robot. A Barbed Wire Doll (a Crueler's mindless drone) who is now fully transitioned into her Lovecraftian form, a Lovecraftian hybrid of a Kraken and a Cthulhu, where she has a hideous parody of a woman's face. Total subjugation to the Crueler.

When the Crueler's straps finally release Auntie, Auntie goes about doing seemingly pointless repetitive tasks, as if she's demented, stuck in a fugue, looping. Some of the thick cables crisscrossing the floor connect the Crueler to this mindless robot Auntie; cables attached to Auntie's backside the length of her spine.

Tellingly. Kirstjen also is "presented" a clean and pristine version of "this", with an emphasis on the ultra-extreme severity of an out-n-out automaton. That is, robot purity easily mistaken for, and interchangeable with, mindlessness. Contagious. Next level Borg (NLB)?

"Clean robot" versus "dirty robot". The "clean robot" Barbed Wire Doll version, the Julie Newmar's "My Living Doll", is clearly more "compelling" to Kirstjen. Irresistibly so.

Briefly, Kirstjen is "presented" herself "reimagined" as a Barbed Wire Doll, naked and shackled, in a corner; her generous mouth fitted with a ball-gag. Naked, except for thick-readers, perls, prudz, and strapping butch—there's also a grotesque biomechanical harness attached to her backside the length of her spine; providing a wireless connection between her and her controlling Crueler. Stretched out between the ceiling and the floor. Hanging from the ceiling via the shackles binding her wrists. Weighted down to the floor via the shackles binding her ankles. A whip lashing her exposed backside from shoulder blades to buttocks, including her legs from thighs to ankles. She's overdosed on agony. Some of the thick cables crisscrossing the floor

connect the Crueler to this nameless mindless whip. In point of face, thick cables, akin to large withering snakes, connect the Crueler to all of the torture devices in the dungeon and to the dungeon itself, not just to the flogger.

This “reimagined” Barbed Wire Doll version of herself has zero personal hygiene. Features offline. Hair disheveled. Filthy, smelly, and infested. Teeth so filthy they look rotten and snaggle tooth. Filthy tongue. Fetid breath. Long ragged finger and toe nails. Patches of her dirty white skin are so dirty they are black. Infectious sewer moss covers the inside of her thighs. Leeches cover her left cheek and right breast.

Not yet fully transitioned into the razorblade smile, Joker’s smile, and killer tongue, and she still has her legs instead of tentacles.

Insane. Mindless. Struggling against her restraints, as if she’s feral and robotic.

Tellingly. Kirstjen also is “presented” a clean and pristine version of “this”, with an emphasis on the ultra-extreme severity of an out-n-out automaton. That is, robot purity easily mistaken for, and interchangeable with, mindlessness. Contagious. Next level Borg?

“Clean robot” versus “dirty robot”. The “clean robot” Barbed Wire Doll version, the Julie Newmar’s “My Living Doll”, is clearly more “compelling” to Kirstjen. Irresistibly so.

Then. Just like that. Kirstjen is transported back to Auntie’s wheelhouse, somehow, someway. But. Auntie is nowhere in sight. Nor is Auntie in the head by the dumpster. Kirstjen exits the alley, and this time she’s not abducted.

Subsequent visits prove futile. Seemingly, Auntie is gone for good. Gone without a trace.

Time passes. During which, Kirstjen is 24x7 her default the hard pretty thirty-something Kirstjen, who, of course, is not wearing eyeglasses and is not strapping butch.

## **The Crueler's total subjugation to its Lovecraftian Auntie**

Another school day has come and gone. It's time to go home.

Ms. Allison Webb Sinclair. Chancellor of Brakebills. Walks into Kirstjen's classroom, with non-Lovecraftian Auntie in tow. Idly, Kirstjen wonders, "if Auntie is the new campus sex counselor?"

"Auntie, who you're very familiar with. She's taking over as proprietress of Friday 13<sup>th</sup>. This is your formal faculty introduction to her."

"Isn't this akin to the fox taking over the henhouse?" Kirstjen chuckles.

Chancellor Sinclair ignores the jab and walks out, leaving the two girls alone. You can literally cut the sexual tension with a knife.

"Long time, no see," Auntie delivers with an inhumanly-wide smile, those maniac eyes of hers briefly glowing.

"Yes, it has been."

"I have no use for pretty girls."

"Get used to it."

"Such a waste."

"My husband would disagree."

"Be seeing you."

Auntie walks out. And, that's that. Or. So, it would seem.

Instead of going home on the bus, Kirstjen walks over to Friday 13<sup>th</sup>. The shop is closed, its lights are off, but the front door is unlocked. Kirstjen enters. The proprietress' residence is upstairs. Kirstjen goes downstairs into the cellar where a Lovecraftian Auntie is expectedly waiting.

The cellar is much different than it was when Kirstjen last visited during the tenure of the previous proprietress. Now, it looks just like those dungeon "presentations" where the Crueler dominated.

"I had no doubt that you would come."

Kirstjen, saying absolutely nothing, walks stiffly over to the harlot. The girl's eyes are empty.

"Show me."

Kirstjen hikes up her skirt. She's now strapping butch.

"Much better."

Kirstjen lowers her skirt. Erection, followed by ejaculation into her rubber knickers.

Auntie licks her lips in anticipation.

“Now, the rest.”

Kirstjen. Thick-readers. Plaintive makeup. Fifty-something. Well-used. Yellow blonde jeannie liberally streaked with grey and white. Cougar, MILF, well-past-her-prime-bimbo.

That wretched plaintive makeup applied heavily to face, neck, and cleavage. No longer pretty. Rendered ugly and plain, looking much older and well-used as well. Thirty-something has given way to fifty-something. Looks that no longer upstage Auntie’s, which is an Auntie requirement.

“This is how you will come down here to me, from henceforth,” Auntie viciously bitch-slaps the girl several times for good measure!!!

In response to this naked brutality, Kirstjen experiences “rolling” orgasms. Her knickers are hard pressed, excuse the pun, to keep up with keeping her clean.

“You used to be pretty, and you MUST suffer for that crime!!!” Auntie screams at the top of her lungs. She has whipped up herself into a literal frenzy. Seething with loathing and disdain for how the girl used to look.

Then. All of a sudden. After raging non-stop. Auntie stops foaming at the mouth with unbridled rage. Her eyes glow, conveying “orders” to Kirstjen.

Kirstjen obeys Auntie’s commands, and goes about her assigned tasks for the evening. In the morning, before her classes start, Kirstjen will make it official and register at the campus employment office as Auntie’s new parttime after-regular-hours “volunteer” assistant at the pawn shop. Kirstjen will not be Auntie’s only assistant; there will be a rotation of fulltime ones, working staggered hours. Kirstjen will have a two-hour shift, on an “as needed” basis.

As a reward. After having finished her assigned evening tasks. Lovecraftian Auntie will drink Kirstjen voraciously, resulting in a Kirstjen who’s reduced to two-legged prune danish.

Kirstjen will, of course, revert to her hard pretty thirty-something default, before she leaves the shop for her bus ride home.

Kirstjen. Degradation and humiliation. In total subjugation to her Lovecraftian Auntie. Her newest primary OCD.

Auntie. Postscript. It is obvious that the Crueler is now in total subjugation to its Lovecraftian Auntie.

Kirstjen. Postscript. It’s equally obvious that more is afoot, in the case of Kirstjen, than her total subjugation to her Lovecraftian Auntie. Raising the specter of “when is close, too close”? A hard stern dowdy Kirstjen, in the pipeline? Pure unadulterated Alice Quinn, for Kirstjen, sooner than later? Alice Quinn, schoolmarm as dominatrix, that BDSM stalwart? In a month’s time, per their unspoken agreement, all of these questions will be answered by the “compromise”.

## *The Magicians' Alice Quinn*

Mx. Allison C Boyd as Kirstjen's on-campus default: her hard pretty thirty-something default, plus thick-readers, and strapping butch, with a stilted walk and having an MTG 24x7 "bleach-blond, bad-built, butch body" moment; relieved of her "unwanted", relieving her of the burden of her beauty.

This "compromise" results in a hard stern dowdy Kirstjen, a schoolmarm as dominatrix, who is not pretty. The disfiguring eyeglasses, by their lonesome, make "pretty" a bridge too far. She's rendered ugly and plain? Yes, emphatically. Some of the affectations that apply? Bitter spinster, sexually repressed, sexually frustrated, mean, loathsome, disdainful, RBF, frumpy, stern, severe dowdy, fugly, plain, petty, spiteful, abusive. In a word: harsh. She does not look older or well-used, thus, creepy and thirty-something does not give way to creepy and fifty-something, not that it matters much. Wretched is still wretched.

Kirstjen. Drowning in the bleach-blond homeliness of horseface Georgia Republican Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene (MTG); "a bleach blond with a badass showgirl body", walking stilted, strapping Piranhas and Parts, and having an MTG 24x7 "bleach-blond, bad-built, butch body" moment. YUCK!!!

With the advent of this Mx. Allison Boyd on-campus, Kirstjen ceases to be one of the faculty members most fantasized about by the student body and by other faculty members.

Officially, plaintive makeup and geriatric blond hair are off the table, for this Kirstjen channeling Mx. Allison Boyd channeling Alice Quinn channeling Mx. Alice Quinn channeling a bespectacled Elvira channeling Mx. Elvira channeling Mildred Huff channeling Mx. Mildred Huff channeling the patent lunacy of a Harpy by way of a Witch. OUCH!!!

Inarguably, adding plaintive makeup and geriatric blond hair to this Mx. Allison Boyd, would wreck her ravaged looks appreciably more. Ravaged looks without them, worst looks with them: ugly and plain, without them; uglier and plainer, with them. Also. She'd look much older and well-used; thirty-something given way to fifty-something. Cougar, MILF, well-past-her-prime-bimbo. And. Hers becomes a woman's deep, raspy, borderline masculine voice: mangled vocally, in spades. Resulting in a Mx. Allison Boyd, whose imprint is borderline bulldoze.

For these very sordid reasons, plaintive makeup and geriatric blond hair are added automatically whenever Kirstjen's assigned duties relegate her to the shop's cellar doing work.

Auntie is in negotiation with the school's administration such that Thinner, plaintive makeup, and geriatric blond hair are added automatically to this Mx. Alice Quinn whenever Kirstjen enters the shop whether she's working there or not. Removing the school's "cellar only" on-duty requirement.

To reiterate. This Mx. Allison Boyd sounds manly with her husky voice: The staff at The White House wants her to quit using the men's bathroom.

On campus or off, Kirstjen has never been everybody's fantasy, but, her hard pretty thirty-something default has ALWAYS been at/near the top of most "most wanted" lists. She's "The Body".

As expected, Judi, Kirstjen's husband, has no objection whatsoever to Kirstjen doing any flavor of this Mx. Allison Boyd as long as she gets Kirstjen's pure unadulterated hard pretty thirty-something default.

This Mx. Allison Boyd, with those shot looks of hers. No normie would give her a first look, let alone a second one. Thus, she can "hide in plain sight". But. For example. To the discerning porn hound or the hardcore sex freak, she still has a big ugly mouth that's "built for the oral pervy", a long facile well-educated tongue that's "too legit to quit", and, from the neck down, a killer body that's "built for fucking". Julia Roberts meets Linda Lovelace meets a prime Angie Everhart meets Jeri Ryan. She's still "The Body".

In the immortal words of John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie, "A pretty girl can do anything. But. An ugly girl...she has to do everything."

Postscript. Lately. Whenever her assigned duties have her in the shop's cellar doing work. Kirstjen is shackled, including the wearing of a leashed dog collar. The shackles are fitted on her by "busy" groping invisible hands. And. A ball-gag is fitted in her mouth by "busy" groping invisible hands too. And. She's "strapping bone". Lunacy personified. Kirstjen's addiction to insanity.

Kirstjen is a junkie, a hardcore junkie, an addict hopelessly addicted to worshipping at the altar of addiction's primal trifecta of madness, depravity, and ugliness.

An addiction that is ALWAYS by her choice. So. Is it really an addiction?

Strapping bone? BDSM slang. A bone-muzzle made from a severed hand and/or a bone-bra made from a pair of severed hands and/or a bone-plug a butt-pussy plug where the multiple oversized fingers of a severed hand insert themselves into the wearer's anus and vagina. Large "dry" skeletal severed hands, "no flesh whatsoever on the bones", that are somehow animate and parasitic, and they are as abusive as a hand-bra or Piranhas. Because of their inherent cruelty, these "dry bone" straps are also known as a "madwoman's/madman's restraint"!

At "her" core, Kirstjen as this Mx. Allison Boyd is the blank Kirstjen "presenting" as Hannah Waddingham did as the "shame nun" Septa Unella in *Game of Thrones*. A Hannah Waddingham fiercely channeling Mx. Mildred Huff.

Underneath the covers, where it really counts, there is NO meaningful difference between the personality of the "real" Kirstjen and that of the "shame nun" Kirstjen. In essence, Kirstjen's shame-nun is just an uber robotic version of the sadomasochistic swinger that Kirstjen is.

Kirstjen willingly and willfully, without the agency or coercion of a Crueler or Auntie, turns herself into a flesh-n-blood robot slave/enslaver in the same way that the Crueler and Auntie already have; craving the transition, in spades!

## **Dysmorphia, The “Maud” variation**

Body dysmorphic disorder (BDD) is a mental health condition in which you can't stop thinking about one or more perceived defects or flaws in your appearance—a flaw that appears minor or can't be seen by others. But you may feel so embarrassed, ashamed, and anxious that you may avoid many social situations.

When you have body dysmorphic disorder, you intensely focus on your appearance and body image, repeatedly checking the mirror, grooming or seeking reassurance, sometimes for many hours each day. Your perceived flaw and the repetitive behaviors cause you significant distress and impact your ability to function in your daily life.

You may seek out numerous cosmetic procedures to try to “fix” your perceived flaw. Afterward, you may feel temporary satisfaction or a reduction in your distress, but often the anxiety returns and you may resume searching for other ways to fix your perceived flaw.

Treatment of body dysmorphic disorder may include cognitive behavioral therapy and medication.

BDD's so-called “Maud” variation is a mental disorder exclusive to very beautiful women who single-mindedly worship ugliness. It is characterized by an obsessive preoccupation that one's entire appearance is severely flawed, i.e., sees herself as extremely ugly and plain. Coupled with an obsession to make the pretty girls pay for being so pretty instead of being the frumpy cunt that she sees herself as. The afflicted “forgets” that she too is beautiful. Even when she's undressed, and looking at herself in the mirror, she only sees herself as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker-hiding-in-plain-sight with a killer body that she is.

The afflicted sees no reason whatsoever in fixing their perceived flawed appearance. They in fact get-off on seeing themselves as fugly.

### **Mx. Allison C Boyd, “The Body”**

Officially, Allison replaces Kirstjen, at Brakebills, as if Allison exists and Kirstjen NEVER existed. As such. Allison takes over Kirstjen’s classes and Kirstjen’s duties at the pawn shop. More tellingly, her name replaces Kirstjen’s on the faculty roster. Most tellingly, Allison becomes the fiancée of the insanely possessive Auntie. It’s Kirstjen who’s happily-married to Judi.

Kirstjen and Allison, same body, same person, just different “facings”. Therefore, the only difference is “accessories”. Who is the alias of whom?

Auntie and Allison, the definition of “friends with benefits”.

“Last Call”, it’s Friday evening. The weekend beckons.

As the ugly plain Allison, she just catches the last bus of the day going her way home. As usual, she sits in the very back. No one seems to give her a notice; except for an elderly Crone baglady who Allison has never seen before.

As the ugly plain Allison, she NEVER acknowledges Kirstjen’s existence and that includes NEVER uttering Kirstjen’s name, unless she has to.

As the ugly plain Allison, she takes her denial of Kirstjen a step too far and ALWAYS wipes the pretty girl Kirstjen from her mind entirely. In that way, she’s free to wallow in her ugliness and her plainness in spades without any restriction whatsoever.

It goes without saying, that ugly plain Allison, whatever version, is hard (hardlooking) in the vein of a dominatrix, in the same way that hard pretty Kirstjen, whatever version, is hard (hardlooking) in the vein of a dominatrix. Channeling movie starlets of the 1950s.

Judi is away on a business trip; therefore, she doesn’t have to appease Kirstjen’s husband by reverting to Kirstjen. She gets to keep Kirstjen in the closet, so to speak, for the time being.

Allison slides her hand down her skirt into her panties and masturbates. No one, except for the previously noted exception, seems to notice or care. After all, she’s ugly and plain, and hiding in plain sight.

But. There’s a wolf hiding amidst the sheep. He surreptitiously notices Allison, and it’s not personal, it’s just business. And. Even if it were personal, it would still be just business.

The baglady slides into the seat beside her.

“They call themselves Old Woman. They’ll blow you for ten,” the old lady whispers in Allison’s ear.

Allison nods in agreement to the price.

Money exchanges hands.

Old Woman is not a sex worker, professionally. In point of fact, she hates selling herself; preferring to give it away. But. She's strapped from cash. Panhandling didn't net her enough today.

The old lady yanks down Allison's skirt and panties, and goes down on her. Deep throat supreme; cock and balls get a thorough car washing. Well worth the price.

Afterwards, with Allison's knickers and skirt yanked back up, the old lady again whispers into Allison's ear: "We got a needle and a bottle to share."

"Freebees?"

"Yea. They like you."

The old woman's breath is foul. Her snaggle teeth rotten. Tongue filthy. She's wanton, and does not try to hide it. Features, nonexistent. Long dirty ragged finger and toe nails. Dirty, smelly, and infested, of course. Zero personal hygiene, of course. Feral, and therefore bestial, of course.

Old Woman is an alcoholic and a dope fiend. Allison's vibe is that of someone who is likewise addicted, but, keeps it on the QT, unlike anonymous Old Woman or notoriously famous Paris-Michael Katherine Jackson. A victim of alcohol and drug abuse is the addict's looks.

Old Woman slides her hand up Allison's skirt and gropes the crotch of the girl's rubber panties.

Allison: erection followed by ejaculation. She moans in her mouth.

Old Woman is strapping butch, too.

Old Woman slides her hand up her own skirt and gropes the crotch of her own rubber panties.

Old Woman: erection followed by ejaculation. She moans in her mouth.

Allison. There's the usual deletion/replacement caveats afoot here. Namely? Bolshoi-bare in place of plaintive makeup. Yellow blonde jeannie in place of a geriatric blonde jeannie. Thin in place of Thinner. She does not look older or well-used: thirty-something has not given way to fifty-something, not the junkie spinster, but, she's so plain she's fugly, i.e., homely. Not strapping bone. Hers is not a woman's deep, raspy, borderline masculine voice: not mangled vocally, in spades. But. Still the uber robotic shame-nun. Still the sadomasochistic swinger. Still the flesh-n-blood robot slave/enslaver. Still NLB. Still her hard pretty thirty-something default, plus thick-readers, and strapping butch, with a stilted walk and having an MTG 24x7 "bleach-blond, bad-built, butch body" moment; relieved of her "unwanted", relieving her of the burden of her beauty. In other words? Still Mx. Allison Boyd, "The Body".

This Mx. Allison Boyd, "The Body", with these deletions and replacements, which is technically a flavor of that Mx. Alice Quinn, is the girl's preferred version of herself, Judi's and Auntie's preferred versions of her notwithstanding. Away from Judi's and Auntie's prying eyes, this is the version of herself that she transitions into every chance that she gets.

Allison offlines her features so that she can get lowdown and dirty with Old Woman. Old Woman does notice and reacts approvingly to this.

Old Woman rips and tears the girl's clothing. Old Woman "grinds" her filth, offensive (gut wrenching) body odor, and infestations (mainly crabs and fleas), onto the girl. When Old Woman's handiwork is done, Allison looks and smells like she has zero personal hygiene and has been living on/beneath the streets for years.

Of course, none of the normies on the bus express any notice, let alone any interest, in the lewd off-the-grid goings on of Allison and Old Woman.

Of course, they, Allison and Old Woman, are ugly and plain, and thus hiding in plain sight.

Of course, Pagemaster Jonas Brown does notice. He's the wolf hiding amidst the sheep.

In the course of sullyng Allison, Old Woman devolves into something Lovecraftian.

Allison doesn't blackout in response to Old Woman's macabre transition. Instead, she becomes "How 'glacial' Nicole Kidman became Hollywood's most sexually daring A-list movie starlet, by taking on sexually adventurous roles in films, including her daring performance in *The Paperboy*".

The girl's eyeglasses drop from her face and now hang about her neck. As such. Ugly and plain gives way to hard and pretty. The "closeted" Kirstjen's face.

Old Woman pretends to not notice or care about the change. But. The notion of wrecking a pretty girl masquerading as an ugly girl excites her to no end. It's one of Old Woman's deepest darkest cravings, and the girl obviously sensed that, as if the girl is an experienced sex worker from a brothel of age-old Amsterdam.

Allison studies her reflection in one of the bus windows. From Allison's point-of-view, she ALWAYS sees herself as ugly and plain. This has nothing to do with WGS or its ilk. Because, Allison doesn't suffer from WGS or its ilk. She suffers from a far worse affliction. This has everything to do with the girl's single-minded worship of ugliness, although, it can be easily mistaken for WGS or its ilk on mega steroids; this is Maud, and it's profound, in her case. From Allison's POV: she's ugly and plain without thick-readers, and she's uglier and plainer wearing thick-readers. As the hard pretty girl Kirstjen, Judi forbids her from having, let alone indulging, this POV.

An adept sex addict, Old Woman quickly realizes that the girl is so far into ugly that she ONLY sees herself as ugly and plain. This is better than the old woman could ever hope to dream for.

Things shift into overdrive as Allison gets down on all fours, at Old Woman's "request", with Old Woman looming over her like an apex sexual predator. She slips her eyeglasses back on and laps up "cream" from Old Woman's "gushing" cooch during their assignation, also at Old Woman's "request". It's as if roles have reversed: Allison is the hooker and Old Woman is the

wanting jane. Sex play that could easily and famously be dubbed “pure theatrical Viagra”. Give the lie to any dim notion that these two women are glacial or inhibited performers. Their brazen disregard for good taste invites savaging each other. And. The spewing of unprintable filth from their mouths as if they are both possessed.

Again. They, Allison and Old Woman, are ugly and plain, and thus hiding in plain sight.

Again. Pagemaster Brown notices. Dispassionately observing their public display of wanton sexuality taken to the nth degree. He deduces correctly that Old Woman is a lesbian, and he knows that the girl is not; he knows that the girl is sexually flexible, a swinger. Their (the girl’s and Old Woman’s) antics spice-up his normally boring commute.

Although they have never “formally” met, Pagemaster Brown knows of Judi’s wife Kirstjen by reputation. A reputation for unsurpassed violence and sexual self-debasement that tells him to “steer clear of this certified nut”. Any woman this beautiful who would willingly and willfully degrade herself as someone this ugly in private let alone in public this way has a reputation that demands to precede them. “Health Warning: Beware, I’m a predatory degenerate, a sexual predator who’s crazy dangerous, fuck me at your own risk!”

### **cougar, MILF, well-past-her-prime-bimbo**

“Touch darkness and darkness touches you” is the tagline for season one of the HBO crime drama series *True Detective*. The season follows two Louisiana State Police detectives, Martin Hart (Woody Harrelson) and Rustin “Rust” Cohle (Matthew McConaughey), as they search for a serial killer.

When they get off the bus, Old Woman and Allison part company. Each going their own way. As such, Allison online her features. She reverts to clean and pristine. The girl is fierce on the prowl for someone else to pounce.

As if on cue. A Crone-Ogre (Crog), specifically a “female” Crone-Ogre (a Crone-Ogress). Andrew Crabtree walks into view. Andy, a god, is trans. Looking like a more masculine, and therefore scarier looking, version of Auntie, with a moe in place of a jeannie, and yellow blonde hair color. Andy has masculine ways and means. Underneath “his” skirt, he’s strapping butch.

In spite of having a woman’s well-endowed body with huge tits, and having a woman’s deep, raspy, borderline masculine voice that’s mangled vocally in spades. And, in spite of dressing like a woman: he’s dressed just like Auntie. From his POV, he sees himself as fully transitioned into a male.

To reiterate. He sounds manly with his husky voice: And, for reasons most obvious, the staff at The White House wants him to quit using the men’s bathroom.

He sternly walks up to Allison.

“How much?”

“I’m not a hooker. I do swing, though. Have a go?”

Andy’s eyes glow red, which is the extent of his Lovecraftian. Allison blackouts. He prefers “abducting” her, and having sex with an unconscious her, (Bill Cosby style?). Having no interest whatsoever in consensual sex.

Allison comes to herself standing rigidly in the parlor of an old musty-smelling house. The front of her skirt is bugling from her prolonged erection. Her jacket is unbuttoned. Andy’s mouth is affixed to her neck; he’s feeding while groping her chest. The front of his skirt is bugling from his prolonged erection. His jacket is unbuttoned too.

Andy prefers her Thinner which he will achieve by feeding on her. That’s the only change he intends to make, for now, to her favorite version of herself. Then. Out of the blue. He changes his mind, deciding that Thin is so much better. So. He continues to feed, but she doesn’t go Thinner, and remains Thin.

Sensing that Allison is again conscious, Andy's eyes glow again. Allison blackouts again. It's as if she's a robot, a drone, in idle mode, i.e., she's unconscious. Later, he will plug her into a Borg drone alcove to be continuously indoctrinated (brainwashed) to his needs. An alcove he has heavily modified, crossfitting it with a Borg queen's central alcove.

This CrossFit alcove will rip off her limbs and rip out her CNS (central nervous system, brain and spinal cord). As long as the brain and spinal cord remain connected during the agonizing process of disassembly, she'll die but she'll subsequently resurrect during reassembly. CNS, limbs, torso—her constituent “parts”—will be stored in their designated alcove “compartments” in the exact same manner that a Borg queen's constituent “parts” are stored after disassembly. The reassembly process is also identical to that of a Borg queen's.

He prefers her as this “robot” Allison, and sees this “robot” as his promiscuous girlfriend. And. He's insanely possessive.

He's so imaginative, that he almost lasts the weekend. Shades of *Jennifer Love Hewitt* blasts *Hollywood* for sexualizing her as *Natalie Winters* the porn teacher.

**A “difficult-to-watch” new body horror movie featuring “barbaric” cosmetic surgery  
has already made one person throw up at Sundance**

In the vein of *A Serbian Film*, *The Ugly Stepsister*, written and directed by Emilie Blichfeldt, focuses on Lea Myren’s “ugly” stepsister who undergoes a grisly transformation in the hopes of winning the prince.

*Variety* writes that, during the premiere, one audience member vomited into the aisle, and the report describes “several difficult-to-watch scenes of crude cosmetic surgery, including its protagonist eating a tapeworm, sewing in eyelashes, and enduring a barbaric rhinoplasty.”

“Someone literally threw up in the aisle during the premiere screening of *The Ugly Stepsister* at #Sundance. If that’s not a ringing endorsement, I don’t know what is,” says *Next Best Picture*’s Matt Neglia. “But I’ll just add, this sinister take on the classic Cinderella story is grotesque, beautiful, and twisted in its examination of the pursuit of beauty at all costs. Lea Myren goes to some truly horrific places with her pained performance, eliciting wincing and groans of sick delight from the audience.”

“Mighty impressed by *The Ugly Stepsister*! It’s *The Substance* meets *Raw* for period fairytales. Sick, twisted, and delightfully gruesome, this unhinged take on *Cinderella* from her stepsister’s POV delivers audience-squirming body horror chaos at its finest,” writes Jason Osiason of *Fantastic Film Fans*. “Explores the relentless pursuit of beauty and idealized romance, exposing the dark consequences of obsession. Penetrating use of stomach-grumbling sounds, and one unforgettable scene at the end destined to be remembered for its sheer visceral intensity!”

## **Fiend without a Face**

*Fiend Without a Face* is a 1958 independently made British black-and-white science fiction-horror film drama directed by Arthur Crabtree, and starring Marshall Thompson, Kynaston Reeves, Michael Balfour, and Kim Parker.

It was produced by John Croydon and Richard Gordon for Amalgamated Productions. The screenplay by Herbert J. Leder was based upon Amelia Reynolds Long's 1930 short story "The Thought Monster", originally published in the March 1930 issue of *Weird Tales* magazine. The film was released in the U.K. by Eros Films; in the U.S. it was released in June 1958 by MGM as a double feature with *The Haunted Strangler* (1958).

A scientist on an air base in Canada experiments with the materialization of thought waves through atomic energy, which ultimately take the form of malevolent invisible killer brains, which then materialize as flying brains with attached spinal columns and eyestalks, strangling people with their spinal cords.

## **The Psycho House**

What horror movie has an iconic house?

1. **Psycho House – Psycho (1960)** The **Psycho House**, sat ominously on a hill overlooking the **Bates Motel**, holds a special place of importance in the horror movie genre. Owned by Andrew Crabtree and his wife Allison. It is considered the house of horrors that would go on to set the stage for many of the others on this list.

## The Porn Teacher

The centerpiece of the now deceased Andrew's basement playroom is his CrossFit alcove. But. It's not the only premier BDSM torture and restraint engine in his dungeon. He also has a rack down here. The brand of his rack is The Porn Teacher. Not a pricey reproduction, this rack is a priceless Victorian original.

The alcove and the rack are more examples of insidious *GIGER By HR Giger* biomechanical contraptions.

One could argue that the entire house, this The Psycho House of infamy, a converted Victorian mansion, is a premier BDSM torture and restraint engine too. And. It's accessorized with "busy" groping invisible hands and murderous invisible killer brains, all of which are malevolent.

Strapped down to the rack is the corpse of Mx. Allison Gertrude Crabtree, Andrew's wife. Through the agency of the rack, Andrew murdered his wife in cold blood.

Upon seeing the mutilated corpse of Andrew's wife, Mx. Allison Boyd has an epiphany. So. At the risk of capital punishment; there is no applicable get-of-jail-free-card, in this particular situation. This Allison Boyd decides to replace that Allison Crabtree, nonetheless.

With a quick snap of the neck, an RTW, this Allison Boyd ensures that that Allison Crabtree will never resurrect. This Allison Boyd murders Andrew's wife that Allison Crabtree in cold blood, and that Allison Crabtree is gone for good.

This Allison Boyd as this the "new" Allison Crabtree: Allison Crabtree, "The Body". Bolshoi-bare paired with thick-readers resulting in the expected ugly plain looks. A jeannie as yellow-blond hair, i.e., her usual "Allison", it's not geriatric blonde. Thin, not Thinner, therefore, she stays her usual Gal Gadot slender. She doesn't look much older or well-used; thirty-something doesn't give way to fifty-something, i.e., not a cougar, not a MILF, not a well-past-her-prime-bimbo. But. Hers becomes a woman's deep, raspy, borderline masculine voice: mangled vocally, in spades. All-in-all, resulting in a unbeguiling unnerving dominatrix bulldyke imprint.

To reiterate. As this Allison Crabtree. She sounds manly with her husky voice: The staff at The White House wants her to quit using the men's bathroom.

As this Allison Crabtree. Kirstjen's hard pretty thirty-something default, plus thick-readers, a mangled voice, and strapping butch, with a stilted walk and having an MTG 24x7 "bleach-blond, bad-built, butch body" moment; relieved of her "unwanted", relieving her of the burden of her beauty.

As this Allison Crabtree. A hard stern dowdy Kirstjen, a schoolmarm as dominatrix, who is not pretty. The disfiguring eyeglasses, by their lonesome, make "pretty" a bridge too far. She's rendered ugly and plain? Yes, emphatically so. Some of the affectations that apply? Bitter spinster, sexually repressed, sexually frustrated, mean, loathsome, disdainful, RBF, frumpy,

stern, severe dowdy, fugly, plain, petty, spiteful, abusive. In a word: harsh. She does not look older or well-used, thus, creepy and thirty-something does not give way to creepy and fifty-something, not that it matters much. Wretched is still wretched.

As this Allison Crabtree. Kirstjen drowning in 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 24x7 “bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body” moment. YUCK!!!

As this Allison Crabtree. For this Kirstjen channeling Mx. Allison Crabtree channeling Alice Quinn channeling Mx. Alice Quinn channeling a bespectacled Elvira channeling Mx. Elvira channeling Mildred Huff channeling Mx. Mildred Huff channeling the patent lunacy of a Harpy by way of a Witch. OUCH!!!

## **The Spooky Queen of Halloween, “The Body”**

Officially, this Allison Crabtree replaces Allison Boyd, at Brakebills, as if that Allison Boyd NEVER existed. As such. This Allison Crabtree takes over Allison Boyd’s classes and Allison Boyd’s duties at the pawn shop. More tellingly, her name replaces Allison Boyd’s on the faculty roster. Most tellingly, this Allison Crabtree becomes the fiancé of the insanely possessive Auntie. It’s Kirstjen who’s happily-married to Judi. And. It’s this Allison Crabtree replacing that Allison Crabtree as the estranged wife of a now resurrected Andrew Crabtree; everybody, including Andrew and the other assorted flotsam and jetsam, acting as if they don’t notice the switch-a-rooney.

Kirstjen and Allison, same body, same person, just different “facings”. Therefore, the only difference is “accessories”. Who is the alias of whom?

Auntie and Allison, the definition of “friends with benefits”.

The strong suspicion is that Kirstjen, as Allison Boyd The Body, cold-bloodedly murdered that Allison Crabtree taking her place. No one can prove it, though. In point of fact, the body of the allegedly-murdered Allison Crabtree cannot be found. Nor are there any forensics from the alleged murder. It’s a cold case.

Inevitably, when Kirstjen gets over “being” Allison, she’ll “factory” reset to her default hard pretty 24x7 Kirstjen, and Allison will be gone for good?

Is Mx. Claudia Doris-Kloster, a gender-fluid Crone who’s built akin to a Goon, that perfect expression of the genderqueer bulldyke girlfriend that Kirstjen is hankering for? If so, then Allison is here to stay in spite of Kirstjen’s predictable reset.

Claudia is a Brakebills trustee.

Claudia is that lecherous genderqueer bulldyke ilk taken to the next level.

As if she’s trans. Claudia looks like a more masculine, and therefore scarier-looking, version of Auntie. She has masculine ways and means. Underneath her skirt, she’s strapping butch.

Claudia has a well-endowed body with huge tits, and has a woman’s deep, raspy, borderline masculine voice that’s mangled vocally in spades.

Claudia dresses like a woman: she dresses just like Auntie does.

Claudia has no interest whatsoever in transitioning into a male. Although through the agency of forced feminization, she has transitioned many a male into a female. Hence the moniker of “trans maker”.

To reiterate. She sounds manly with her husky voice: And, for reasons most obvious, the staff at The White House wants her to quit using the men’s bathroom.

As if on cue. She sternly walks up to ugly plain Allison. Allison knows who she is, but has never been formally introduced to her.

“Allison. Let’s find somewhere private to talk.”

They end up in a broom closet in the sub-basement of Brakebills’ magical labs building.

Claudia reaches out and covetously stokes the girl’s cheek. Her hand is trembling with anticipation. She MUST have this girl!!!

They French kiss.

Although both women are dominatrixes. Reading Claudia correctly, Allison goes passive. Claudia has to be dominant to get off. Allison can get off, regardless of whether she’s dominant or submissive.

If Allison hadn’t gone submissive, Claudia would have forced her do so anyways. Claudia, after all is a God who is powerful enough to impose her will on the girl. Which means she can rape the girl if she wants to. And. That’s just what she would have done in this situation if the girl had not acquiesced to her frantic sexual demands.

Per Claudia’s manipulation of the girl’s features. The girl’s features go offline and stay that way for the duration.

Claudia rips open Allison’s jacket and bra, brutally groping the girl’s succulent tits. Kneading the girl’s tits like marmalade. OUCH!!!

Allison gets hard and ejaculates into her rubber knickers.

Claudia gets hard and ejaculates into her skirt.

Allison’s arms hang slackly by her sides. Claudia forcefully slides a hand down Allison’s skirt into her panties, and begins roughly manipulating her genitalia the whole shebang. It’s as if Claudia is an octopus, with many long well-educated sucker-lined tentacles. An analogy that comes true as Claudia goes Lovecraftian.

Claudia’s Lovecraftian? Octopus tentacles from the waist down. Her eyes glow lime green. A mesmerizing fluorescence that can petrify with a single glance. She has a razorblade smile and a killer tongue. Her face becomes a hideous parody of a woman’s face; a plain ugly face becomes grotesque.

As Claudia quickly works herself up into a heightened sexual frenzy, there’s progressively more ripping and tearing of Allison’s clothes. Akin to the manic undress of a Raggedy Ann doll.

Claudia. Thick-readers. Plaintive makeup heavily-applied to face, neck, and cleavage. Lily-white complexion. Big yellow-blonde hair in a crane hairstyle bound in a blue-tinting hairnet. Perls. Prudz. A stodgy Kaye Maxfield business suit. No blouse. Flats. Barelegged. Lacy white underwire torpedo bra, and no panties. Manicure and pedicure. Septum ring. Strapping butch.

The wretched plaintive makeup that's applied heavily to Claudia's 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.

Some of the affectations that apply? Bitter spinster, sexually repressed, sexually frustrated, mean, loathsome, disdainful, RBF, frumpy, stern, severe dowdy, fugly, plain, petty, spiteful, abusive. In a word: harsh.

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

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

Creepy and obsessive-compulsive. Fugly. Neither attractive nor very feminine-looking. A stocky-built Crone who is easily mistaken for a mongrel of various Goon and Hag bloodlines. A pure-breed Crone for whom consensual sex is indistinguishable from rape most brutal and most foul.

Additionally.

Her archaic accent is an odd mix of Prussian, and something else indistinguishable and very ancient. A woman's deep, raspy, borderline masculine voice: mangled vocally, in spades.

To reiterate. She sounds manly with her husky voice: The staff at The White House wants her to quit using the men's bathroom.

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."

"Who would want that?!" You might ask, considering Claudia's physical appearance—she's not even a pig in a poke—she looks like the pig that the poke wouldn't want. The answer is quite simple: any woman or man, who Claudia has ever gotten her hands on, has wanted what she's got in spades. Sexual prowess has nothing whatsoever to do with looks. Some of the most fucked

up looking people are peerless performers “between the sheets”, and some of the best-looking people are dead fish in bed.

As aforementioned. Claudia has no interest whatsoever in transitioning into a male. But. During a full moon, she-male Claudia is “obligated” to assume the POV of a fully transitioned trans male Claudia. During this swap, she still looks and dresses like she always does. Although. Pronouns change appropriately, of course.

While “she” is a “he”, that Claudia prefers “abducting” his “lovers” and having sex with them after rendering them unconscious with his glowing red eyes, (Bill Cosby style?). Having no interest whatsoever in consensual sex. Shades of Andrew Crabtree.

Claudia makes superfluous that entire lecherous genderqueer bulldyke ilk that she herself belongs to of Cloris “Tank” Leachman, Tallulah Bankhead, Cruella de Vil, Rosa Klebb, Mads “Molly” Mikkelsen, Virginia “Ginni” Lamp Thomas, Ms. Judi Martha “Marti” Dench (not the Goddess, Judi Dench), Mx. Lauren Fix, Dr. Ellen Pollock aka Aunt Harris aka Auntie, Andrew Crabtree, et al.

Unlike that entire lecherous genderqueer bulldyke ilk that she belongs to; Claudia is a God on par with Kirstjen’s husband Judi Dench.

Claudia. Degenerate. Depraved. Insane. And. Her madness is contagious. She “indulges” drink, drugs, and sex, to the extreme.

Claudia is a junkie, a hardcore junkie, an addict hopelessly addicted to worshipping at the altar of addiction’s primal trifecta of madness, depravity, and ugliness.

An addiction that is ALWAYS by her choice. So. Is it really an addiction?

Kirstjen is a junkie, a hardcore junkie, an addict hopelessly addicted to worshipping at the altar of addiction’s primal trifecta of madness, depravity, and ugliness.

An addiction that is ALWAYS by her choice. So. Is it really an addiction?

Allison is a junkie, a hardcore junkie, an addict hopelessly addicted to worshipping at the altar of addiction’s primal trifecta of madness, depravity, and ugliness.

An addiction that is ALWAYS by her choice. So. Is it really an addiction?

Never mind the fact that Allison (version whatever) and Kirstjen (version whatever) are one in the same person. Claudia has no interest whatsoever in Kirstjen. What she craves, her single-minded obsession, her OCD, is Allison. And. She’s insanely possessive.

## **The Mad Goblin**

Wisely, Auntie relinquishes all claims on “fake” Allison Crabtree. Unwisely, Andrew Crabtree does not; he mysteriously disappears without a trace akin to Jimmy Hoffa and more recently the “real” Allison Crabtree.

This fake Allison Crabtree replacing the real Allison Crabtree: everybody, including the assorted flotsam and jetsam, still acts as if they don’t notice the switch-a-rooney.

As such. Within the course of six months. The cold case involving the missing Allison Crabtree is reopened and solved. Officially, the fake Allison Crabtree is the real Allison Crabtree: case closed. As a result of which. Legally, Mx. Doris-Kloster’s Allison and Ms. Judi Dench’s Kirstjen are two separate “real” people, and that other Allison Crabtree, the one who “supposedly” went missing, NEVER existed. A ruling which satisfies both Mx. Doris-Kloster and Ms. Judi Dench.

In the aftermath, Allison becomes the fiancée of the insanely possessive Claudia. Sooner than later, Allison and Claudia will marry. Kirstjen to stay happily-married to Ms. Judi Dench. Not polygamy, because, legally, Allison and Kirstjen are two separate “real” people.

Once they are married, Mx. Doris-Kloster intends that Allison becomes a fifty-something “presentation” based upon plaintive makeup. Of course, per Ms. Judi Dench’s dictate, Kirstjen will remain a thirty-something “presentation” based upon Bolshoi-bare. This will further increase the already great separation between Kirstjen and Allison.

Make plans, Destiny laughs. Before she and Claudia get married, Allison of her own volition goes homely via a brand-new makeup, aptly-named homely.

Unlike plaintive makeup, homely makeup doesn’t make her look older or well-used, which is why creepy and thirty-something does not give way to creepy and fifty-something, not that it matters much. Wretched is still wretched.

Bottomline. Wearing homely makeup, Allison is homely without thick-readers, and she’s homelier wearing thick-readers.

Homely makeup is so torturous, as if it’s caustic and parasitic, that after it’s removed, the wearer’s face stays ruined for a while even if Ponds cold cream is applied liberally.

Homely’s main active ingredient is uglyoid, a powerful and highly addictive narcotic that has equally powerful hallucinogenic properties. Uglyoid is a psychoactive that was quite popular with Late-Victorian psychiatry.

Over and above the obvious. Homely’s insidious formulation short-circuits the wearer’s brain, triggering a complete nervous breakdown. Leaving them stark, raving mad.

Homely turning sane people crazy and making crazy people even crazier makes perfect sense. Because. Wearing it is the psychotropic equivalent of performing crude hack-n-slash brain surgery on yourself or having a highly-invasive targeted lobotomy.

Allison's obsession with ugliness and hatred of beauty is taken to a whole new level, when homely "cooks" her brain.

The consequences of which are monumental, over and above the obvious. Namely, severing the already tenuous "connection" Allison has to Kirstjen. Resulting in Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID), formerly known as Multiple Personality Disorder: Allison and Kirstjen are two separate "real" people, psychologically as well as legally.

Allison's reaction, sans-homely, concerning all-things Kirstjen? Allison is aware of Kirstjen's existence, but Allison only acknowledges Kirstjen when it's required. Otherwise, Allison "forgets" about Kirstjen. In other words, Allison's "normal" reaction, concerning all-things Kirstjen.

Allison's reaction, avec-homely, concerning all-things Kirstjen? Allison "forgets" about Kirstjen entirely. Mention Kirstjen to Allison, and Allison doesn't know who that is. Show a picture of Kirstjen to Allison, and Allison doesn't know who that is. Allison is unable to acknowledge Kirstjen even when it's required. Wholesale amnesia where Kirstjen is concerned.

And. As one would expect. Because of Allison's preference, her yellow-blonde jeannie does not go geriatric blonde, in spite of this known affectation of homely makeup.

The girl suffers from teratophilia and Maud, and she's a calophobe. Conditions that only get worse when she wears homely.

Teratophilia: a sexual obsession with ugly people. A calophobe is the antonym of philocaly, meaning to dislike, or hate, beauty. Maud has been previously covered.

As such. A much-more appropriate nickname for this Allison is "The Mad Goblin".

Allison has her name legally changed to Allison Gertrude Body. Dropping the "Crabtree" surname for good; it's served its purpose. And. "Mx." legally becomes her gender-neutral title.

Subsequently. All trace of Allison Crabtree is removed; replaced by Allison Body. With Ms. Abigail Purdy as Mx. Body's suitable genderqueer pseudonym.

## Psycho

Months pass.

Claudia and Allison. Two depraved degenerate buttafaces. So fugly they hide in plain sight.

The newlyweds, Mx. Claudia Doris-Kloster and Mx. Allison Body, take up residence at The Psycho House which overlooks The Bates Motel where Claudia is proprietress and Allison is the matron. Also. Allison maintains her teaching job at Brakebills, and commutes via a portal, in spite of being a certified batshit crazy when she's wearing homely because she's a high-functioning psychopath when she's wearing homely.

While performing her duties as the motel's matron, Allison wears a geriatric blonde jeannie yanked back into a sternka and bound in a blue-tinting hairnet. In effect, rendering herself a "blue-haired old lady". YUCK!!!

Additionally, as Matron Allison, the motel's resident blue-hair, she wears a septum ring too. In spite of the girl's preference, but clearly in line with Claudia's tastes.

Appeasement for whom? Jeannie yanked back into a sternka and "dyed" geriatric blonde. Blue-tinting hairnet. Septum ring. Homeliness taken to that next level.

Also. While she's doing her matron's chores? It's as if she's had a lobotomy. Vacant eyes, blue. An otherwise emotionless face. A flesh-n-blood robot: A White Zombie? Yes, The Bates Motel matron is a White Zombie. SCARY!!!

Allison's descent into madness continues, unabated. Increasingly, she's identifying as a Blonde Goblin. Which is a metaphysical abomination born of her makeup-based lunacy.

Strung out on homely, translates into DTs (delirium tremors) and delusions of a magnitude that are akin to those associated with alcohol detox.

So. It comes as no surprise when, out of the blue, Allison has a meltdown and attacks Claudia in her sleep. Claudia prevails. Thanks in large part to the house's invisible brains and hands, most of which a crazed wild-eyed Allison butchers.

Safeguards are put in place. And. Allison is kept retrained by The Porn Teacher, strapped down securely and stretched out just short of being ripped apart, when her services are not needed.

That homicidal mania directed at Claudia proves to be short-lived. A main focus of Allison's depravity moves back to two time-honored Catholic favorites: AEA and mortification of the flesh.

Auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA), via a Hemptopia hemp rope. AEA: the practice of cutting off the blood supply to the brain through self-applied suffocation methods while masturbating. Among devotees, it's known as "choking the chicken".

Allison serially abuses AEA to the point of committing suicide, achieving an ultimate orgasm, before subsequently resurrecting—over and over again.

Mortification of the flesh, via a cilice. One could argue that AEA is also a cilice of sorts, as evidenced by the hemp rope leaving rope burns on the neck of the lynched.

Mortification of the flesh, via self-flagellation. Allison will flog herself into a sexual frenzy, literally shredding her exposed backside from shoulder blades to buttocks, including her legs from thighs to ankles—turning unmarked, lily-white flesh into raw hamburger—while choking her chicken.

Mortification of the flesh, via a cilice. Allison straps butch, and thus she wears Piranhas a cilice, during AEA and self-flagellation, and during her daily routine of life.

Mortification of the flesh, via a cilice. Allison wears homely makeup, which is a cilice.

Mortification of the flesh, via a cilice. Allison is very beautiful woman who is ugly-obsessed. A psychiatrist or psychologist would argue that Allison's obsession with ugliness is a cilice.

As an added distraction. A reverse-rack is added to the house's basement playroom. Basically, it's a rack with a noose and a whip added, and the person being tortured is restrained facedown.

Strapped face down on the reverse-rack, a homely Allison can be hung and flogged and pulled apart all at the same time by this automated reverser.

Can you be resistant to narcotics?

When a narcotic is used on a regular basis, the brain adjusts so the effects of the same amount of the drug become less over time. A person developing tolerance to narcotics may: Need larger amounts of the drug to get the same effect or "high"; Experience reduced effects when taking the same amount of a drug.

How long does it take to lose your tolerance to narcotics?

Tolerance to narcotics is lost very rapidly, within a few days of your last narcotics use. After withdrawal (detox), it is very dangerous to use similar amounts of narcotics as you did before. It can lead to toxic effects, such as increased sedation, suppression of breathing, or death.

Addiction is ALWAYS by her behest. So. Is it really addiction?

Alcoholic. Dope fiend. Nymphomaniac. Etc.

## A Brief History of The Rack

Tubular open frame torture rack, 2-post, floor mounted.

Tubular open frame torture rack, 2-post, floor mount.

**Drawn-N-Quartered (DNQ) machine:** A tubular open frame torture rack, 2-post. Mounting Style: Floor Mount. Orientation: vertical, only; does not support horizontal usage. Its rectangular metal frame lengthens and shortens without the need for top and bottom rollers. It will anchor itself to the floor, when in use. It will fold itself up, and can sit in a closet, when not in use. Optional noose, *Silence of the Lambs* penis-gag, and whip for that immersive experience. The only limit is your imagination. This is another BDSM classic reimaged by Sysracks as a fully-automated Mindless Machine for the “modern world”. For reference, its prototype was the SR2POST25.

Historically speaking. Vertical and horizontal usages. The **rack** is a torture device consisting of a rectangular, usually wooden frame, slightly raised from the ground, with a roller at one or both ends. The victim’s ankles are fastened to one roller and the wrists are chained to the other. As the interrogation progresses, a handle and ratchet mechanism attached to the top roller are used to very gradually retract the chains, slowly increasing the strain on the prisoner’s shoulders, hips, knees, and elbows and causing excruciating pain. By means of pulleys and levers, this roller could be rotated on its own axis, thus straining the ropes until the sufferer’s joints were dislocated and eventually separated. Additionally, if muscle fibers are stretched excessively, they lose their ability to contract, rendering them ineffective.

Horizontal usage, historically. The **rack**, a bedlike open frame suspended above the ground that was used as an instrument of torture. The victim’s ankles and wrists were secured by ropes that passed around axles near the head and the foot of the rack. When the axles were turned slowly by poles inserted into sockets, the victim’s hip, knee, shoulder, and elbow joints would be dislocated.

Introduced into the Tower of London about 1420 by the duke of Exeter, the torture rack was known colloquially as “The Duke of Exeter’s Daughter” and was operated by the yeoman warders to extract confessions and incriminating information from suspected traitors, heretics, and conspirators. Similar devices were used in Ireland in the 17<sup>th</sup> century and later in Portugal.

## The Drawn-N-Quartered (DNQ) machine, A Digression

“Women view good looks in a man as a compliment to a nice personality. Men view good looks in a woman as an excuse for a horrible personality.”—anonymous

Allison. Naked, except for thick-readers, perls, prudz, and strapping butch. And. A *Silence of the Lambs* penis-gag, which is overkill.

DNQ6977 stretches out Allison between the ceiling and the floor: arms pulled upward, and legs spread widely—make a wish. Its whip lashing her exposed backside from shoulder blades to buttocks, including her legs from thighs to ankles. Its noose tightening around her neck, slowly and progressively choking her chicken—nice and easy does it. The forceful tightening of its penis-gag’s chin strap.

Partially hung, by its noose. Its *Silence of the Lambs* penis-gag shoved into her mouth and down her throat—swallow, please. Stretched out just short of being pulled apart, by its ratcheting posts. The unmarked, lily-white flesh of her backside being turned into raw hamburger, by its whip. At random intervals, she’s subjected to electroshock “therapy” that induces seizures and temporarily wipes her mind replacing it with one of DNQ6977’s choosing. Erection, ejaculation, serial orgasms—wash, rinse, repeat.

DNQ6977 is kept in her room, for her exclusive use. Each time that it tortures her, it “learns” how to please her better. Of the devices of torture of its ilk in the house, she likes using it the best.

When it’s not being used. The Mindless Machine folds up and stores itself in a closet. Full-sized in use. Compact in storage.

A Peeping Tom, it’s always searching for and finding new ways to spy on Allison, its singular obsession.

While Allison “indulges” herself as Matron Allison, she’s a White Zombie. DNQ6977 craves that she were like this all of the time. Matron Allison is akin to a Barbed Wire Doll in transition.

Matron Allison. By example, professing clean and pristine, with an emphasis on the ultra-extreme severity of an out-n-out automaton. That is, robot purity easily mistaken for, and interchangeable with, mindlessness. Contagious. Next level Borg?

Matron Allison. The embodiment of clean and pristine, with an emphasis on the ultra-extreme severity of an out-n-out automaton. That is, robot purity easily mistaken for, and interchangeable with, mindlessness. Contagious. Next level Borg?

Matron Allison. This “clean robot” Barbed Wire Doll version, this Julie Newmar’s “My Living Doll”, is compelling to DNQ6977, Allison, and Kirstjen. Irresistibly so. Therefore, theoretically, White Zombie could be invoked remotely whether the girl is Allison or Kirstjen.

Matron Allison. Figuratively, a flesh-n-blood Mindless Machine. Literally, transitioning into a flesh-n-blood Mindless Machine, every time she uses the DNQ. An insidious transformation happening to her a piece at a time.

Matron Allison. Performing preprogrammed routines. Programmed by whom, an evil voodoo master?

## White Zombie

*White Zombie* is a 1932 American independent Pre-Code horror film directed and produced by brothers Victor Halperin and Edward Halperin. The screenplay by Garnett Weston, based on a book by William Seabrook, tells the story of a young woman's transformation into a zombie at the hands of an evil voodoo master.

From time-to-time, when she's Matron Allison, the girl experiences lapses. This is one of those times.

Therefore, no geriatric blonde sternka, blue-tinting hairnet, or septum ring. Disfiguring homely makeup abandoned in favor of Bolshoi-bare. Yellow blonde jeannie worn let down, not yanked back into a sternka, therefore no deviation whatsoever from Allison's preferred version of herself.

Matron Allison, again sporting Allison's preferred version. Blurring the line between Allison and Matron Allison. At times like this, the only meaningful difference between the two of them is Matron Allison's White Zombie. In effect, making Allison redundant.

Matron Allison stands behind the motel's check-in desk. As usual, all of the rooms are empty. Again, sporting Allison's preferred version means she's wearing those thick-readers which render her fugly all by their lonesome. Zowie! She's hardly the magnet to attract or retain guests.

The girl hears a car pull up outside. She steps from behind the counter to greet the motel's newest visitors.

Two very pretty blondes enter the motel's office. When they see her, they triple-down on their jest at her obvious expense.

They are a rarity around here: repeat customers. In point of fact, they are paid members-in-good-standing of the timeshare known as the MVC (Motel Vacation Club). Both of them are Angels disguised as mundane.

Then. The Change. Kaboom!!! Plaintive makeup paints their faces, necks, and cleavage. Hard and pretty gives way to much older looking and well-used. Retro thick-readers download onto their now-ravaged faces. Their golden-blonde jeannies yank back into sternkas.

Angels. Bespectacled. They're now wearing sternns. Those authentic 1950s thick-readers that are horn-rimmed, with clear frames, and are cat-eye style.

Angels. In spite of being miniskirted, now they're walking stilted, as if they're butch, strapping butch, and having an MTG "bleach-blonde, bad-built, butch body" moment. Their limited walk gets even more limited, as if they're now wearing long hobble skirts, when in fact they're now strapping punitive Laverta-Diggs underneath their brief skirts. Strapping Piranhas, Parts, and Laverta-Diggs, underneath their minis. Thusly, they're strapping butch-n-bound.

Angels. One is Gertrude, the twenty-something escort who's in the role of submissive. The other one is Ester, Gertrude's thirty-something client who's in the role of dominatrix. Sometimes they switch roles. Obviously, this is not one of those times. They're extreme ascetics.

Of course. Wearing plaintive. Gertrude looks like a well-rode forty-something and Ester looks like a well-rode fifty-something. Looking triple-downed on worn out!!!

Gertrude is wearing a spiked dog collar with a barbwire leash. She's walking behind Ester. An invisible hand is tugging on her leash. The collar can be triggered by its wearer to constrict and thereby achieve auto-erotic asphyxiation. This choke collar is an MTM, a mindless thinking machine, and therefore a potentially lethal oxymoron.

A penis gag downloads and silences Gertrude. Ester continues to hurl verbal abuses at Allison, all by her lonesome.

Ask any casino boss worth their salt. A few whales can out-profit many minnows. As such, the steady revenue stream from the MVC's few members has made the motel solvent again and then some.

Allison will book them in the cabin next to the office. Peep holes in the walls affording her a Peeping Tom's view of the twosome's steamy activities.

## **The Cleaning Lady**

The Tip-Top. That malevolency. A Victorian-era office building on the outskirts of downtown gentrification. Fully-automated, this Mindless Machine has seen better days. It has one “manual” process: the cleaning lady, who is used as a flesh-n-blood Mindless Machine, working the third-shift.

Betty sits in the hiring booth. Answering the questions of the building’s disembodied voice. This is hard pretty thirty-something Betty. Therefore. She’s not strapping butch thus she’s not strapping Piranhas and Parts. No plaintive makeup: disfiguring makeup abandoned in favor of Bolshoi-bare. No geriatric blonde sternka, blue-tinting hairnet, or septum ring. Yellow blonde jeannie worn let down, not yanked back into a sternka. No thick-readers. Etc. Bottomline. No ugly deviations or ugly affectations whatsoever.

This is Betty as Betty, having totally withdrawn from ugly, these days.

Per Ms. Taylor White’s and Betty’s own dictates, Betty is a thirty-something “presentation” based upon Bolshoi-bare.

Ms. Taylor White, a God, is the husband of Betty.

Yes. The possessive Tip-Top has a type. And. Betty is clearly its type.

**The End**