

Weresylph Dawning  
By  
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Two young men are sat opposite each other in a canteen drinking beers as they discuss something.

“Okay, run it by me again, Geoff.” says the shorter fatter man.

His tall good looking friend responds. “Really, Frank? This must be the third time I’ve told you.”

“Well it’s a lot to take in.” says the shorter man.

“Well, alright.” says the pretty man with a sigh. “So there have been disappearances at this university every few months like clockwork. Parents, lecturers, students, catering staff, everyone but with one connection...”

“They were women.” says the shorter man, remembering.

The pretty man nods.

“And you think that they were stolen away by this mythological bogeyman called the Farsh-nuke?” asks the shorter man.

The pretty man nods and sips his beer.

“And the Farsh-nuke is...?” asks the shorter man.

“The eternally reincarnated soul of an eldritch entity in the body of a young man.” replies the pretty man.

“Right, right, and he wanted the women because he could... what? Turn them into his playthings?” asks the shorter man with a dismissive wave of his hand.

“Yes, well no... Actually that’s the Bam-Kursh. The Farsh-nuke turns the women into his pets but it’s more complicated than that.” says the pretty man.

“Ah yes he modifies their genetic code, didn’t you say?” asks the shorter man.

“Not just their genetic code, the entire physics of their being.” says the pretty man excitedly. “He could literally turn them into ageless beauties capable of laying eggs that would hatch out into perfect clones of themselves, be milked on demand and like being carved up while still alive before then perfectly healing.”

“Yeah, this is the part I always struggle with.” says the shorter man.

“And that’s not all because you see there are these other creatures associated with the Farsh-nuke called weresharks and if they infect one of these altered women then the passiveness of the altered women combats the inherent viciousness of the wereshark infection.” says the pretty man.

“And the point is...?” asks the shorter man wearily.

“The point is that the Farsh-nuke is gone, has been for years but his creations haven’t. Not entirely. The altered women, the sylphs, still exist somewhere out in the world and so do the weresharks. Do you realise the potential that’s out there for whoever is willing to reach out and take it? I mean just take shark fin soup. There’s a whole market out there for fins of sharks. We find some sylphs, maybe we make some of our own and then we find a wereshark and boom! Infinite ethical shark fins.” says the pretty man.

“Right...” says the short man wearily. “So let me see if I’ve got this right? You want us to find some kidnapped and experimented upon women and convince them to let us keep them as lab specimens so that if we can find this monster shark thing we can infect these traumatised women that we have ‘rescued’ then carve them up on demand to meet orders coming in for sharkfin soup and other bizarre requirements.”

The pretty nods exuberantly.

The shorter man shakes his head “Look I’m just not sure about the practicality of it I mean even if we could do all that we’d need so many to meet demand it wouldn’t be a viable business model.”

The pretty man tutts. “We only need one. Once we have one we can reverse engineer how she got that we and synthesise a replacement catalyst for the conversion and of course once we have one tame wereshark sylph we can make new weresharks on demand.”

The shorter man stares at his old friends for a moment sighs, puts his head in his hands then says. "Alright, I'll work with you on this but if we don't find a sylph within five years I'm abandoning the project."

"Deal." says the pretty man with a big grin on his face.

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June the 21st 2019

Daniella Hopkins was in a bookshop holding up two different titles by two different authors as she compared the blurbs. She was 22, a healthy average body, blonde and dressed for comfort rather than style.

A woman approached and peered over her shoulder at the blurbs. "Temeriere by Naomi Novik and Consider Phlebas by Iain M Banks, huh?"

"Or." said Daniella turning to address the woman who had interrupted her reverie. She was tall, thin beyond what looked healthy and dressed for a day at the beach, not Wolverhampton on a particularly cold summer day.

"Sorry." said the woman apologetically. "I didn't mean to pry."

"I said it's 'Or.'" said Daniella. "As in Temeriere by Naomi Novik OR Consider Phlebas by Iain M Banks. No 'and'. I don't have the money for 'and'."

"Ah yes, the economy..." said the woman sadly. "In that case I recommend Consider Phlebas. I am all about futurism. In fact let me buy it for you."

Daniella was stunned, staring at the woman for a moment then peered round at what counted for the woman's clothing. "Where do you keep your purse?"

The woman smirked. "Do you honestly think with a body like this that I have to buy for things with my own money?"

Daniella stared as the woman twirled on the spot. A lot of conflicting feelings were running through her mind.

“I’ll be back in a moment.” said the woman.

Daniella watched the woman walk away and found her eyes captivated by the sway of her hips.

The woman approach a tall well built guy with a beard and a check shirt.

The man appeared to listen intently for a moment then look in Daniella’s direction.

Daniella froze.

The man smiled amiably, dragging the confusing woman along behind him. He introduced himself with a shake of the hand. “Pleased to meet you, I am Matt and this -” He reached out with his left hand and squeezed the bum of the confusing woman. “pert young thing is Emma. She says she’d like me to buy those books you’re looking at for you. Is that okay?”

Daniella stared at him like a startled deer. “Umm... I... Umm... Er...”

The man chuckled, leaned close to study the covers of the books Daniella was holding then booked a copy of each of the shelves and went to pay for them.

When they were alone together the woman, Emma, added. “You know we’ve got an open relationship and you’d be quite welcome to-”

“No!” barked Daniella as words finally escaped her brain, clearing the blockage. She frowned and bit her lip before blushing and placing the books she was holding back on the shelves. “Thank you but no... As tempted as I am, I don’t know you, either of you.”

“Do you need to?” asked Emma. “Isn’t enough that we are each staggeringly beautiful consenting adults?”

Daniella shook her head sadly. “I need more than just lust, I need an emotional connection. I need trust and understanding.”

“Then lets develop one.” said Emma.

Daniella stared at her again. “Pardon?”

“I mean, if you want?” said Emma. “I do wear clothes with pockets if you’re worried about Matt coming along. We could meet up, have coffee and explore each other’s psyches.”

Daniella frowned and bit her lip.

The man, Matt, arrived with the books. “I hope I’m not interrupting anything.”

Emma reached her hand into the back pocket of Matt’s jeans and pulled out his wallet. She looked through it for a moment then pulled out a business card with her name on it and gave it to Daniella. “Think about it.”

Daniella sighed and accepted the books and the cards.

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August the 12th 2019

Emma was chained to the bed, a ball gag in her mouth, her long ginger hair tied in a pony tail and knotted round the railing at the head of the bed. She was mutely crying with ecstasy as sweat stripped the lube from her body.

Daniella rose naked out of the covers, crawling up Emma’s body, a condom about her tongue and a look of extreme satisfaction on her face. Daniella removed Emma’s ball gag then peeled the condom from her tongue and tossed it away.

Emma’s lips locked around Daniella’s and after a moment Daniella rolled onto her back, panting.

Emma asked in a very weak voice “Mistress, may I be allowed to shower?”

Daniella chuckled “Of course...” she rose from the bed and started unlocking the chains securing Emma to the bed.

Emma wheezed. “Thank you...”

Daniella asked “Do you think I could meet your boyfriend again?”

Emma nodded, shaking the life back into her left hand. “Would you like me to be there?”

Daniella smirked and kissed Emma’s feet as she freed them. “to begin with but afterwards... Well I am sure we could find some way of keeping you indisposed.”

Emma chuckled. “I think I’d like that.”

“Good...” said Daniella, untying Emma’s hair from the railing at the head of the bed.

“I’ll let him know tomorrow when he comes to pick me up.” said Emma. “Then we can arrange a date.”

“Excellent!” said Daniella picking up a remote control. “Now, I’ve got the complete Richard Curtis Rom Com collection, Doctor Who Series 2 and Farscape, what do you want to watch?”

Emma frowned “Do you have Harry Potter The University Years?”

Daniella stared at her. “I might have to check...”

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August the 21st 2019

Matt unlocked the door and Daniella led a tipsy Emma into the apartment. They had just had an expensive night out at a fancy restaurant where they prearranged what would happen and as part of the agreement had given Emma alcoholic drink after alcoholic drink until she could now barely stand.

Daniella slammed the door shut behind them as Matt spun to catch Emma.

Emma giggled. “Have fun with her.”

Matt nodded and kissed her gently on the cheek. “I will. Thank you for this.”

Emma nodded. “Well what are we waiting for?”

Daniella massaged Emma’s neck and whispered. “I’ll try not to be so good that he dumps you.”

Emma laughed.

Daniella kissed her neck then pulled the zip on the back of her dress down before sliding the dress down her body entirely.

Matt grabbed a ball gag and silenced Emma’s laughing.

Daniella pulled the chain of her handbag and bound Emma’s feet together at the ankles.

Matt applied a blindfold round Emma’s head.

Daniella yanked Emma’s hands behind her back and cuffed them together.

Emma mewled with satisfaction.

Matt opened the door to the broom cupboard.

Daniella cleared Emma’s dress from about her feet.

Matt nodded to Daniella and together they carried Emma into the broom cupboard.

As the door closed Daniella found herself looking up at Matt in nervous anticipation.

Matt smiled a wide toothy grin.

Daniella grinned. “So umm...?”

Matt was upon her in a moment, tearing at her clothes as his lips locked with hers. He guided her to the sofa as he undressed her.

Daniella went gladly with him, her body alight with excitement and ecstasy. Then his lips started travelling southward. She grinned and found herself moaning with pleasure. Then he bound her feet together with chain. Daniella shivered with excitement. For this man and this man alone she would give herself entirely. His strong hands turned her over and cuffed her wrists together.

Matt chuckled. “Stupid bitch.”

Daniella giggled. “Oh master, I have been stupid. Punish me, please.”

Matt laughed and forced a ball gag into Daniella’s mouth before blindfolding her.

Daniella thought this was all part of the play but then she felt the needle enter her vein and lost consciousness.

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August the 22nd 2019 - Probably

Daniella woke up to darkness. She was cold and she couldn’t move. She couldn’t see and couldn’t shout but yes, there was the distant sound of rumbling like an engine. She was being moved. Not, good.

Suddenly she was blinded by light until a woman came into vision. Her skin was so dark that Daniella almost thought she was just seeing a silhouette but then... no. Now Daniella could see that the woman before her was naked and very beautiful. In fact almost overpoweringly so. Daniella found herself falling in love with this woman.

“I’m Magpie.” said the new love of Daniella’s life. “I learned a few tricks while I was young and I don’t intend to stick around. Neither should you. Free the others. Get out, get to safety.”

Daniella nodded. The words having incredible meaning for her.

Magpie reached over and started unlocking the bonds about Daniella. “If something happens and you can’t get out like I can, play along with what they want from you and play dumb. They must think we’re all fools for ending up in this situation. Let them, it may keep you alive.”

Daniella nodded. “As you wish, Mistress.”

“Magpie.” corrected Magpie as she handed the keys and bindings to Daniella.

“As you wish, Mistress Magpie.” said Daniella.

Magpie smirked and looked Daniella over. “Maybe when we’re all safely out of here. Now, go free the others.”

Daniella nodded.

Magpie left the room silently.

Daniella blinked her head was swimming with all sorts of strange thoughts and feelings. She slapped herself and forced herself to focus, she was in a small dimly lit room and the ground was unstable beneath her feet. She saw that there were in fact cages filled with naked and bound women. Daniella saw that one door was hanging open and inside were two other blonde women. She rushed to them.

The first woman was called Lisa and she seemed weirdly in love with Daniella. The next was called Lucy and she was likewise in love. the three of them set about freeing the other women, always remembering of course to carry their bindings around in the sacks that had been placed about their heads in case they needed them again.

There were nearly ninety women in those cages but eventually all were freed. Daniella led the way out of where they had been caged and they started exploring the ship. Unfortunately something became quickly apparent the further they got from their cages, something that was confirmed when they came to a window and saw that they were travelling at some speed many miles above the ocean. They were stuck on a cargo plane and couldn’t escape. So back to the cages it was.

There was of course a catch as the captured women donned their bindings. Someone would have to go without and hope that wasn’t noticed.

Daniella tried her best to finish the job properly by locking the door when everybody was back in their cages and refraining from binding Lisa’s hands until Lisa had secured the blindfold and hood about her head but it wasn’t going to be perfect.

Then the waiting began.

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August the 23rd 2019 - Probably.

Daniella was woken up by shouting and the sound of footsteps. Keys rattled in locks and doors were flung open as strong arms pulled her out of the cage and tossed her to the floor. She felt herself suffocate as Lisa, Lucy and many others were tossed on top of her.

The squeaking of wheels close by to Daniella suggested they were being moved and sure enough she felt strong arms lift her up and toss her into some bizarre coffin like thing. She lay there, muffled sounds of machinery filling her ears, until suddenly the sound became louder and clearer and the hood and blindfold were removed.

A man in his thirties, wearing a three piece suit smiled at her.

Daniella tried to move her head but she couldn't. She was held looking right at the strange man for a good half a minute before he nodded and the blindfold was replaced.

The sound however stayed unmuffled as a needle was inserted into her neck, as soon as it was removed the sound become muffled again.

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August the 24th 2019 - Maybe

Daniella was almost blinded as the blindfold was removed again and she saw that she was just one of a hundred women watching the strange man she had been forced to look at earlier.

The man seemed to enjoy the attention but this was also clearly something he was used to. "Ladies, my name is Geoff Raspberry and I know why you're all here.-"

Daniella felt distinctly irritated by the ball gag in her mouth preventing her from heckling.

"You're here because you wanted to be loved, cared for and commanded. Here at Raspberry Ripples we strive to care for our investments in just such a way." said the strange man. His voice being carried across to her by speakers in the box. "You see you are investments, all of you. We could just have kidnapped whoever was needed off the street but we chose to seduce you, to encourage you to consent because if you consent we will be gentle and loving. You all belong to me now and I love you, all of you. Enjoy your new lives my little lambs."

Then the lids were replaced on the coffins.

When the lid was next removed, a young brunette in a high vis jacket was standing apologetically before her. “Hi, I’m Clara, I’m sorry about all you’ve been through but I promise it gets easier from here.”

Daniella glared at her.

“Now, do you promise to be nice and not to scream?” asked Clara.

Daniella nodded.

Clara removed the ball gag from Daniella’s mouth.

“Fuck you.” said Daniella bitterly.

“That’s fair.” said Clara then she smiled sadly. “We could be friends if you wanted.”

Daniella stared at her. “What fucking planet are you-”

Clara gently stroked Daniella’s hair and Daniella found herself overwhelmed with orgasmic love and pleasure.

“I’ll repeat that shall I?” said Clara. “I could look out for you and we could have a lot of fun together but only if you let me.”

Daniella swallowed, remembering Magpie’s advice to play dumb. She nodded.

“Good girl.” said Clara, stroking Daniella once more.

Daniella let herself relax and enjoy the sensation. The pleasure was a much needed break from the bad day. She almost didn’t notice the coffin like thing opening up and Clara coaxing her out so she could undo the restraints.

“There... Does that feel better?” said Clara with a warm smile.

Daniella was standing naked before the strange woman in the middle of fuck knows what but without information there was nothing she could do so she smiled weakly.

Clara nodded. "Feels scary doesn't it?"

Daniella nodded.

Clara hugged Daniella grabbed her by the hand. "Well how about we get you cleaned up and grab you some clothes then I can explain."

Daniella tried to smile.

Clara beamed and started leading the way.

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August the 24th - Still?

Daniella stepped out of the shower and Clara wrapped her in a large warm towel, drying her vigorously.

"Why are you doing this?" asked Daniella, being careful to seem more shell shocked and unthinking than carefully probing.

"Drying you?" asked Clara absent mindedly.

"Being nice to me?" asked Daniella, trying her best to sound pathetic, small and scared. Not exactly a hard act at the moment.

"Because you're cute." said Clara with a smile "And because I know what you're going through."

"Really?" said Daniella, trying to sound shy and nervous not like someone identifying an exploitable weakness.

Clara nodded. "I've seen a lot of girls like you and I know what you're going through if you'd like me to explain."

Daniella nodded.

Clara finished drying her then presented her with a bikini.

Daniella stared at it.

Clara sighed and dressed Daniella. “You are a sylph. I mean you are now. That was what the injection was about. You’re a kind of exotic pet and the first face you set eyes upon is what you regard as your master or mistress. That’s what all the palaver with the blindfolds was for. To ensure you would obey Geoff Raspberry.”

Daniella stared at her. “I’m a pet?”

Clara nodded and stroked Daniella as if by way of proof.

Daniella moaned with pleasure then frowned.

“What’s your name, girl?” asked Clara.

“Dany.” said Daniella. “Why?”

Clara smiled then went to a machine and started typing away on a keyboard. “I knew a Danny once... It’s a nice name.”

Daniella stared at Clara.

There was a bleep and Clara pulled something out of it then returned to Daniella. “This is so the other wardens will know that you’re a friend of mine.”

Daniella accepted the strip of leather emblazoned with the words:

Dany, property of Clara and the Great Geoff

Daniella smiled weakly. “It’s umm, nice.”

Clara chuckled and secured the collar round Daniella's neck. "It'll take some time to get used to, I know but I am here for you, should you want me to be."

Daniella nodded.

Clara smiled and started to stroke Daniella. At first she just ran her hands through Daniella's long blonde hair but then her hands started wandering farther and farther down her back.

Daniella felt the weight of the long day spent restrained and uncomfortable pour down upon her. Tiredness washing over her like a hot shower. And there was Clara, this strange wise woman who seemed to care for Daniella, she was make Daniella feel things she wasn't sure she was capable of feeling before. This wasn't lust, nor romantic love. This was something more... pure. This was trust. Pure instinctual trust. A feeling of warmth and safety that could only vaguely be compared to christmasses at her nan's when she'd been overstuffed with sweets and feel asleep before the roaring fire.

Dimly Daniella was aware of being led to a sofa and pulling her legs up onto it so she could lie on all fours across Clara's lap.

Clara was muttering kind words quietly as she stroked Daniella.

There was something else, something just faintly on the edge of Daniella's hearing. It was like a hum, a deep irregular hum, like an animal would make. It reminded her of something, something from home and her childhood. The more she heard it and the more Clara stroked her, the more Daniella was brought back to memories of those long gone christmasses when it seemed everything would be okay. because even if it wasn't, if her jumper got a hole in it or the TV was boring there Bootsy would be. She was this great black moggie cat and Daniella could swear Bootsy knew when she was upset because she'd go over to her and curl up beside her purring this great guttural lullaby. A lullaby that Daniella heard now. She smiled and felt herself slip away into a deep rejuvenating sleep.

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August the 25th 2019

Daniella woke up to the smell of frying bacon and eggs then saw she was curled into a ball at the foot of a double bed she stretched out and went in search of a bathroom to clean her teeth and have a morning shower. She considered taking some of Clara's clothes before remembering Magpie's advice to play dumb so she put the bikini back on and went in search of the smell.

Clara was wearing a piny over her uniform as she cooked what looked like almost a banquet. Fried eggs, bacon, sausages, hash browns, mushrooms, tomatoes, baked beans, even black puddings. There were large pitchers of milk and orange juice and a huge kettle of tea.

Daniella stared at the food, suddenly feeling very hungry indeed.

Clara removed some toast from under the grill and plated it up, noticing Daniella as she did so. “Hey Dany, welcome back to the land of the sapient. Must be quite a shock, coming to after your first bliss out.”

Daniella blinked and shook her head, walking forward to take a seat at the kitchen table. “What? Sorry? It must be the morning or something because I didn’t understand a word of that.”

Clara chuckled as she buttered the toast. “Nah, you’re doing great, this is all just new to you that’s all.”

“New to what?” asked Daniella. Her brain somewhat distracted by the array of food before her.

Clara removed the piny and washed her hand before leaning over the table and caressing Daniella’s left cheek. “You’re a sylph, a pet. Sometimes you’re you as you are now, a beautiful, smart, strong willed woman and sometimes, when you’re with the right person and being tret just the right way, you are an adorable daft puppy of a girl.”

“You mean I changed?” asked Daniella.

Clara nodded, smiling at the memory. “I watched it happen, I made it happen. This majestic mighty woman transformed before my eyes to a playful puppy. That’s why I gave you the collar, so I could leash you if I had to.”

Daniella swallowed, frowning. “So that’s why I woke up at the foot of your bed?”

Clara nodded again. “Also why you might not be feeling so good this morning. You were a very hungry pup last night and the beast has rather different dietary tastes. It can be a bit difficult adjusting to the fact your stomach contains food you wouldn’t eat as you are now.”

Daniella groaned. “What did I eat?”

Clara chuckled. "As if I'm going to tell you that and put you off your breakfast. What matters is you loved it at the time and I've got more for the next time we meet."

Daniella stared at her nervously. "Next time?"

"You didn't seriously think this was it did you?" asked Clara. "Because I can assure you I did not have you kidnapped so you could be my pet girl. No, I did this because I'm kind and I like you but there is only so much I can do and after breakfast you need to rejoin the other sylphs."

Daniella glared at her, her mind racing.

Clara sighed. "I know what you're thinking but it won't work. I mean you're welcome to try and I think there's some rope you could bind me with before dumping me in the chest freezer but it won't make a difference."

Daniella was silent for a long moment, disdain evident on her face.

Clara leaned close to Daniella and looked her in the eyes, saying slowly. "You were bought here for a reason and I intend to help you fulfill that reason. I don't want to hurt you but we each have roles we must play and you are going to need your strength."

"What are they going to do to me?" asked Daniella suddenly, her eyes boring into Clara's soul.

"It's better if you don't know." said Clara.

"Bullshit." said Daniella curtly.

Clara grimaced. "If I tell you then you need to know that if you don't calmly accept it things will be much much worse."

"How?" asked Daniella.

"They didn't just turn you into a sylph, that was just the first injection." said Clara bitterly. "The second turns you into a great and terrifying beast so savage that the only way it can be tamed is by tempering it

with a sylph's innate submissiveness and obedience. They know the power you have, they know just how much damage your body can withstand. The only way they can do what they do is because the sylphs willingly accept it so if you don't then you present a dangerous virus that must be eradicated with extreme prejudice. I care too much about you to let that happen."

"But I take it I can assume it won't be pleasant?" asked Daniella irritably.

Clara gritted her teeth then grimaced. "More pleasant than the alternative, much much more pleasant."

"And you'd help me if you could?" asked Daniella.

"In a heartbeat." said Clara earnestly.

"Then I thank you for the food because it looks like I'm going to need my strength." said Daniella, bitterly.

Clara smiled sadly then ran a hand through Daniella's hair again.

Daniella glared at her.

Clara sighed and pulled up a chair to sit opposite her.

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August the 25th 2019 - An Hour Later.

Clara stood with Daniella before a large metal shutter that was slowly chunking upwards. There was a leash in Clara's left hand that was secured to the collar round Daniella's neck.

"Now remember, walk don't run." said Clara. "If they know they can take you out easily they're less likely to fire."

Daniella nodded. "Thanks, I guess."

"There are going to be queues before machinery when I unleash you, you join one and do exactly as the video screens instruct, understand." said Clara.

Daniella muttered in frustration. "I could be walking to my death."

"Yes, and your very survival depends upon your willingness to." said Clara.

Daniella groaned. "Fine, fine. But if I do die I am going to haunt you so bad."

Clara nodded. "I would expect nothing less."

The shutter finished rolling upwards and Daniella could see out into a vast complex with masked people in armour and carrying large guns watching a hundred naked women as they queued up before metal gates.

"Tad overkill don't you think?" said Daniella.

Clara laughed, watching the other guards carefully. "Actually there's been cutbacks. There should be more, a lot more. You'll learn why soon."

Then Clara grabbed Daniella's face in her hands and snogged her before unleashing her and patting her bum to encourage her to walk forward.

Daniella stumbled then looked back at Clara in confusion before heading to join the back of the nearest queue.

Clara stepped back through the shutter and it shunked swiftly close.

Daniella walked carefully, noting the layout of the complex and the patterns of the guards. Clearly years of playing Assassin's Creed games had rubbed off on her. She almost felt like she was blending in when she joined the queue as a result, not actually queuing for god knows what kind of unpleasantness.

Then the queue started moving. One body at a time every thirty seconds like clockwork. She counted it out with her left hand doing groups of five and her right noting the groups, twenty six onward indicated by touching her nose.

As the queue neared the end Daniella noticed that there was a black curtain dividing whoever was at the end from those behind. Then she saw why as she crossed the curtain. There was a spotlight in the ceiling that shone down on Daniella as an lcd screen swung out from the side to show a video of the guy she had been forced to stare at earlier:

Greetings, my little lamb, welcome to your orientation session.

I am your lord and master Geoff and as you should know already I see you as an investment.

Why are you an investment? Because you can heal in ways science does not fully understand.

That means you can be slaughtered for your lovely hair and limbs without actually killing you or ruining the chance of another harvest so if you'll just step through the door way we can see about that first harvest.

The screen swung to the side and an arrow lit up in the floor.

Daniella walked forwards, remembering Clara's words.

A tall white clean shaven man in wipe clean overalls that were spattered in blood stood waiting for Daniella. There were a number of conveyor belts, labelled from left to right: Investments. Hair. Brain. Eyes. Teeth. Left arm. Right arm. Left leg. Right leg.

Daniella farted but couldn't honestly be sure it was just a fart.

The tall man placed a gloved hand about her jowls and started inspecting her with a professional eye as his other hand readied a knife but then he noticed her collar and hissed in her ear. "Anybody behind you?"

"No..." said Daniella nervously.

The tall man chuckled, placing the knife down and patting Daniella on the back companionably but with such force that she fell forward and had to catch herself. "So you're one of Clara's yeah?"

Daniella nodded. "Is that a problem?"

"Nah man, Clara's a mate." said the tall man. He stretched out a hand. "The name's Jake by the way. Jake Snyder, pleased to meet you."

Daniella stared at him then looked around the place as if to confirm. Man in bloody overalls with knife, clearly labelled conveyor belts and her, under instructions to be harvested as an 'Investment'.

“Ah...” said Jake, noting her reaction. “No, I get you. I am going to slaughter you. I mean just to be clear that is what’s going to happen but I like Clara and that means I like you so we aren’t going to do this like a cold assembly line job. Or disassembly line job I suppose. I always try to be quick and painless but for you I can be something more. I can be a friend.”

Daniella kept staring at him.

“I know, I know, it sounds daft right but the reaper is the greatest friend you can ever have in here.” said Jake. “Because one way or another you are going to get slaughtered a lot and me, I see this as a job, just a job. So I do it to the best of my abilities but there are some men who don’t need to be paid, who don’t just see this as a job. The reaper man decides how much pain you go through, how quick you heal and how long it takes. You want your reaper man to be your friend, believe me.”

Daniella snapped “So what? You want me to be fucking grateful, is that it? Maybe you want me to suck your cock and call you Sir as you dismember me?”

“No...” said Jake, genuinely upset by the suggestion. “No. I’m not like those cunts but they do exist and because you belong to a friend, a friend who has helped me become a lot more humane in what I do I will try very hard to see that I or someone I trust not to be a cunt slaughters you in future.”

Daniella fell silent, just looking at him warily.

Jake nodded. “Yeah, sorry.”

Daniella swallowed. “Just get it over with yeah. I take what you mean but I don’t like this and I don’t want to be here and it is taking all the strength I have not to just turn and run or else curl up into a ball and never stop screaming.”

Jake frowned. “Fair enough. Close your eyes and count to ten.”

So Daniella closed her eyes.

“One elephant.”

Jake picked up the knife.

“Two elephant.”

Off came Daniella’s left arm.

“Three elephant.”

Off came her right arm.

“Four elephant.”

Off came her scalp.

“Five elephant.”

Off came the top of her skull.

“Six eleph-”

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August the 25th 2019 - Presumably

Daniella woke up naked in a cage. As she looked for a way out she noticed there were barrels attached to one side and here her bikini and collar had been tied except she noticed something attached to her bikini. A piece of cloth was attached that read:

Dany,  
I know you’re scared so here’s some advice.  
Don’t panic.  
You can breathe underwater.  
Jake.

Daniella stared at the note in confusion for a moment until a klaxon sounded, hydraulics started up and her cage was lowered deep underwater.

Daniella searched frantically for a way out and even considered if she could somehow cut herself up so she could fit through the bars. Then she heard the screams.

Daniella had been so fixated on her own predicament she hadn't stopped to consider the others but now she did she could see a hundred cages each filled with naked women who were desperately screaming as they drowned. Then the screams got worse as Daniella started to hear the sound of metal being torn apart. The sound was getting closer, like a wave of panic.

Daniella stared at the bikini, collar and note, reminders of the two people since this mess began who had actually done what they could to help her. She remembered their faith that she would survive and fuck it, even if she didn't was better a quick death. So Daniella drank the water in, drank until she choked then drank more.

She felt herself give into something. A huge wave of pain hit her as her lungs collapsed, her skin burst and her bones shattered. She felt herself swelling up, ballooning in size until the metal cage burst open around her. As the cage rose to the surface Daniella felt it leave like a finger dragged up her back.

There was a woman before her, a small asian woman. She was panicking as she was trapped inside her cage and started to suffocate. As Daniella watched, the woman's body grew in size and her arms retracted into fins as her legs and feet fused to form a tail, skin replaced by fine grey scales until she grew so large that her cage popped and floated to the surface.

Daniella tried to swim away and that's when she noticed her own lack of arms and legs but there was sensation. Not much but as Daniella studied the transformed woman before her, she began to understand it. She had no arms but she did have fins to steer and if she kicked her tail...

Daniella glided beside the transformed woman and tried to smile.

The transformed woman promptly opened her mouth so wide she could swallow a man whole before utterly failing to swim away.

Daniella nuzzled her gently with the side of her head then waved her left fin and gave her tail a gentle kick to help the transformed woman figure swimming out.

The transformed woman wiggled her fins and kicked her tail then she smiled at Daniella. Now Daniella understood why she had tried to scream when Daniella had tried to smile at her.

Daniella swam underwater, studying where they were. A vast concrete pool lined with pipes for filtration and maintenance systems. Then she swam to where her cage lay floating on the surface of the water.

Her friend joined her, poking her own head out of the water.

A masked guard from a nearby railing pointed its gun at her. “You there, get away from the cage.”

Her friend slunk away into the depths.

Daniella smiled.

The guard was panicking now. “I said get away from the fucking cage!”

Daniella retreated back under the water but she had a plan. See, she’d noticed how the transformation had started once the body needed to adapt and she remembered what Clara had told her, that the guards were terrified because of the power of the beast Daniella could become. Except a shark wasn’t really dangerous. Not if you were smart about where you built your evil base anyway and a naked woman couldn’t exactly do much against armed guards, even if she could heal. So that meant the guard was afraid because of something else, something that Daniella really wanted to know about and thanks to that idiot and years of playing underwater levels in games she knew just how to find out.

Daniella breached the surface and belly flopped on top of the cage.

The guard cried out “Stupid bitch!” and started firing.

Daniella wasn’t exactly scared given recent events so instead she waited for her lungs and limbs to grow back then she got to her feet and reach out to the guard with now huge, clawed, furry hands, removed his gun and tossed it into the water. “Oh? I’m the stupid one? Fucking really?”

It occurred to Daniella that her voice was deeper than she was used to.

She looked at her reflection in the otherwise still water and saw an eight foot tall monstrosity with huge arms and legs terminating in furry claws, a 3 foot long shark’s tail covered partly in fur, a dorsal fin and a mouth that was large enough to be a Great White Shark’s but with the expressiveness of a human, the nose was a wolf’s and whiskers poked out beneath the nose but before the upper lip. A kind of hybrid between wolf and human pair of eyes was set back along the side of the head but with the capability of looking straight forward comfortably. Long blonde hair cascaded down her monstrous back and breasts so large they would be comical if not for the mass of muscles, scales and fur completed the picture.

Daniella vomited and watched her reflection shrink back to human with the horror of the monster she had become.

Daniella lay on the wreck of the cage shivering in disgust as bullets rained down upon her for a moment then a deep voice boomed. "Stop shooting for fuck's sake."

There was the sound of swift footsteps on a gantry as the voice cried again. "Can't you see she's scared!? She's not going to harm anyone! Fucking give me that!"

Daniella looked up to see a short overweight balding man in a lab coat dismissing guards on the nearby gantry.

The man looked down at her and sighed. "I'm sorry. I really am."

Daniella scowled. "You turned me into that- that thing! And you hurt me! You hurt me and you kidnapped me and you turned me into that! Why!? Fucking why!?"

"To make money." said the man with a shrug.

Daniella glared at him. "Is that all I am to you?"

"At the end of the day, yes." said the man. "The Simulated Brain Project pays good money for brains. People always want wigs made from real human hair and eyes and and teeth so often need to be replaced but there's something else, something that needs you to be able to transform."

Daniella stared at him and shrugged. "Well I don't fucking know do I?"

"The fin. All of that was for the fin." said the man.

"Oh..." said Daniella.

"I'm Frank by the way, Frank Corman." said the man. "I am co-founder of this business so you can blame me for everything that happens to you here. I am genuinely sorry for everything that has happened to you."

“So can I go free?” asked Daniella.

“No...” said Frank, warily.

“Worth a try...” said Daniella.

Frank snorted. “Why did you get on the cage?”

“Because that prick told me to get away from it.” said Daniella.

“Then why did you get close to this cage in the first place?” asked Frank

Daniella shrugged and started untying her bikini and collar from the wreck of the cage. “Because there were things that were given to me, nice things from nice people, I didn’t want to lose them.”

Frank nodded, understanding. “Okay then... Why don’t you take those things with you as you swim along to the next part of the harvest. I’ll make sure they take good care of your belongings and return them to you when you recover.”

Daniella almost laughed. “Why the fuck do you think I would ever trust you?”

“Because I’m a man of my word and I have never lied to you. The fact my employees have doesn’t invalidate that.” said Frank, then he sighed, looked around, shrugged and said. “More seriously though you could have killed one of my employees just now and you chose not to. I am not the kind of man to ignore the significance of such decisions. I could operate this project through terror but I find respect and mutual understanding to be far more effective.”

Daniella got to her feet so she was almost eye to eye with the squatting man. “Do you really mean that?”

Frank nodded. “Aye. Doesn’t mean I won’t kill you if I have to and it certainly does not mean that I am not about to slaughter you whenever it is convenient but if you continue to make choices like that then I shall do what I can to make the time you aren’t being slaughtered just a little more pleasurable. I don’t want a revolution if I can help it.”

Daniella nodded. "Okay, I'll trust you but don't make me regret it."

"I won't." said Frank, then he studied the pool for a moment as if thinking of what he would say next before he stood up and cried. "Now go on! Get! The sooner you're harvested, the sooner you can rest!"

Daniella sighed, picked up her bikini and collar then jumped into the water.

A huge shark loomed out of the darkness, teeth bared.

For a moment Daniella was scared but then the shark slowed to a near stop beside her and wiggled its fin at her. Daniella realised she recognised the shark as her friend from earlier and realised she was smiling, she'd waited for her. Daniella grabbed hold of the shark's fin and let herself be dragged along underwater.

The shark swam through an underwater entrance into a shallow bay area.

A man in overalls rushed forward to drag Daniella away from her friend as two men with very sharp knives removed the dorsal fin, pectoral fins, tail and jaws before starting up a conveyor belt that carried her into the next room. The two men then turned their eyes on Daniella.

The first man asked. "Isn't she in the wrong department?"

The second man added. "I'm a marine biologist, I was not trained to slaughter women."

Daniella smiled awkwardly, then looked to the man who'd dragged her away from her friend. He smiled and stroked her hair. "This one caused a bit of a stir back in one of the earlier departments but because of her good behaviour the boss has given her permission to turn up inappropriately formed so she might see that items she cares about won't get lost."

The first man shrugged. "Fair enough."

The second man added. "But what do we do though? I only work with fish."

"Oh she is a fish." said the man holding Daniella. He put his hands over the hand she held her bikini and collar in. "Are these the items you want kept safe, madam?"

Daniella nodded.

The man took the items and placed them carefully on a shelf then he fetched a hose and turned on the tap.

Daniella started backing away. “Oh... No... No, no, no... No, thank you...”

The first man looked her in the eye. “Good behaviour, yeah?”

Daniella grimaced and groaned.

The man with the hose reached out for her neck and shoved the hose down her throat.

As the water filled her lungs Daniella screamed soundlessly.

The man with the hose forced her nostrils shut then pulled her, belly first, onto the conveyor.

As Daniella transformed, the man with the hose flung himself backwards.

The hose was removed from Daniella’s mouth and the men who’d carved up her friend carved her up with equal efficiency before the conveyor belt carried her through into the next room.

Daniella idly wondered what would be next. Perhaps they’d extract her liver or harvest her ovaries. Maybe they’d just burn her alive to fuel? After all wasn’t oil just the compressed remains of ancient fish? Then she felt herself suffocating again. Typical, fucking typical.

Daniella lay still for a moment, not bothering to open her eyes.

“You were awesome by the way.” said a soft female voice in her ear.

Daniella opened her eyes and looked up at a beautiful short Asian lady. “Hi, do I...?”

“We were sharks together back there remember?” she said. “You taught me to swim.”

Daniella sat up and hugged her. “Sorry, I didn’t recognise you. I’m Daniella Hopkins.”

“Riksu Sato” said her new friend.

Daniella ran her hand through Riksu’s hair.

Riksu moaned. “Later...”

“Okay...” said Daniella and she got to her feet.

Riksu gasped and Daniella felt something touch her bum.

Daniella turned to look suspiciously at Riksu.

“Sorry...” said Riksu and she got to her feet.

“Lets go through the next part together, shall we?” asked Daniella.

Riksu nodded and grabbed her hand. “Yes...”

They walked down the corridor together and up a set of stairs to a room humming with machinery.

A screen played a video as they opened the doors:

Hello again my little lambs,

It’s Geoff Raspberry once more.

Now I know you must be very tired and deeply sick of me right now.

That is only to be expected.

This is all new to you.

In time you’ll get so used to it, it bores you but for now there is screaming and tears.

I am sorry.

There is one last stage before you may relax however.

Welcome to my milking machine!

Please attach the pumps to your breasts and climb into the arm and leg slots provided then you will be delivered to your final destination.

Riksu groaned. “I hate that guy.”

Daniella snorted.

They approached the machinery. It appeared to be a succession of individual milking units on rails that were activate by big green go buttons.

Daniella pulled the suction cups out of her unit and attached them to her breasts then, using hand rails attached to the unit she slotted first her left leg into its hole, then her right leg, left arm and right arm into their holes.

Riksu was having considerably more trouble climbing inside the contraption but eventually she managed it and they head butted the go buttons.

The units started shooting along the rails as bars inside the arm and leg holes tightened about them to keep them in place. What filled Daniella's mind most though was the force of the suction cups. She looked across at Riksu and saw that she wasn't fairing much better.

Daniella sighed and let herself be overwhelmed by the pain and tiredness. She couldn't quite pass out but she did start fading in and out of reality. Memories of Emma coming back to her, imaging herself and Clara in similar positions, herself and Riksu. Daniella looked across at Riksu in a half hallucinatory daze, just in time to watch Riksu plummet without her arms and legs.

Riksu's scream reached Daniella as Daniella felt the suction cups let go and diamond tipped titanium cutting blades sliced through her arms and legs where they entered the machinery. Momentum carried Daniella as she fell, carrying her past Riksu to land elsewhere along a strip of deep water.

Daniella hung motionless in the water for a moment, processing what had happened, then she stretched out the stumps of her arms and legs to float atop the water.

A couple of naked blonde women ran forward to carry her out of the water.

Daniella cried "Riksu!"

They nodded to a Chinese woman and a Japanese woman who waded in after her.

"What the fuck?" muttered Daniella slowly.

Daniella was being carried backwards through some kind of great hall that stank of meat, sweat and ale. She was laid on a table and the women sat down on benches by her.

A woman that sounded tv American said "I hope you're not planning to eat her."

"Oh we're going to have a spit roast and carve her up as she spins actually." said someone close to her irritably.

Another chimed in meekly. "She's our friend, of course, we're not going to eat her"

The irritated voice called "Hey, give us that mead, and that saveloy!"

The meek one ask "Could we please have a bit of your cake for our friend?"

The America chimed in again. "Well I suppose you're going to want to stuff her if you're going through with the roast."

Daniella turned to sound of the American and sneered. "Listen, unless you want me to pop your smart mouth like it's a balloon you'll shut the fuck up."

The American said disdainfully. "That doesn't even make sense."

The irritated one said. "Oh it makes sense, you just don't wanna see how."

The meek one said "I've got some cake for you Dany."

Daniella grinned and looked at her "Thank you... Lisa, wasn't it?"

The meek one nodded and tore off a bit of cake so Daniella could eat it.

Daniella accepted the cake with an open mouth and ate it gladly.

The irritated one said. "Right, I've got you half a saveloy and a mug of mead."

Daniella opened her mouth and the irritated one dropped the saveloy in her mouth.

Once she'd eaten the saveloy Daniella turned to look at the irritated one. "Lucy?"

The irritated one nodded then said. "Now I don't want to drown you but I don't think I can pour just a little."

Daniella chuckled. "Pour it."

So Lucy poured the mead into Daniella's mouth until it overflowed.

Daniella drank greedily and found herself relaxing. She was with friends, there was good friend and she was not being dismembered, drowned or otherwise hurt. There was laughter in the air and a note of careless joy about proceedings. She chuckled and that chuckling grew into hearty laughter then choking and manic screeching. Her life had been so utterly fucked up that lying half drowned in a room full of naked people with her arms and legs removed felt nice.

Then the tone shifted. The laughter became more muted, the loud joyful discussions became hushed whispers and then the light itself seemed to fade. "Hello, Dany, I hear you tried to orchestrate an escape attempt."

Daniella winced, expecting a blow to the face. Instead she heard Lucy say. "Yes... She did... What's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong-!" boomed the new voice as the sound of choking started to be heard. "Is that I am Queen of this here Valhalla and I want my vikings to remain in Valhalla!"

"What if people want to go home though?" asked Lisa.

There was the sound of chuckling then the new voice screamed "Then they can take the permanent escape route and die!"

Daniella growled. "Your problem is with me!"

More chuckling then slap, thud, crunch. "My problem is a cancer and I will wipe every last cell of it out!"

The American chimed in "Oh come on! She's right here! You want to kill her, go ahead, noone is going to stop you. I mean look at her. She's half dead already."

A hand reached out and pulled the American over the table but her neck. "We're in Valhalla, half dead is still dangerous..."

Daniella watched two fingers drive slowly through the American's eyeballs before tossing her backwards off the bench.

Daniella cried. "She was on your side!"

The light out again but now Daniella saw why. She was a giant of a woman rippling with muscles and her long curly hair was like a cloak of power. "Tell me, oh benevolent rescuer, do you want to die?"

Daniella sighed. It had been a very long day. "Well..."

"She belongs to me!" cried a voice suddenly.

The light reappeared as the mountain of a woman turned to the sound. "Clara, my dear! How is the grand master!? Keeping you well, I hope!? I was just offering this one the same proposition I gave you ten years ago!"

"She lives!" came the reply.

"And how convenient, that you should arrive just as she was about to answer the question?" said the mountainous woman with dark chuckle.

"No coincide. I was ordered to bring her her belongings by our mutual Master." came the bitter reply.

The mountainous woman's bravado seemed to falter. "Belongings?"

"Yes, belongings." came the reply.

The mountainous woman seemed almost upset for a moment. “Why didn’t I get any belongings?”

Chuckling again but this was different, lighter. “Really? Queen of Valhalla and you still haven’t figured it out? Clothes and belongings aren’t banned. It’s just that the constant dismemberments make clothes inconvenient and of course the grand masters aren’t going to spend money on such things when they know you don’t need them.”

The mountainous woman said “Well that’s as good as a ban.”

The chuckling again.

“Well it is.” said the mountainous woman.

“Nope.” More chuckling.

“How?” said the mountainous woman, almost pleading.

“You’re Queen of Valhalla.” came the simple reply before she leaned over Daniella.

Daniella grinned. “Clara, you came for me.”

“On my master’s orders.” said Clara pointedly and she scooped Daniella up in her arms before carrying her out of the mead hall.

Clara carried Daniella through a maze of corridors and secret doors before laying her down on her double bed.

Clara went off to fetch some things, leaving Daniella alone in the room.

It occurred to Daniella that she could try to escape, I mean her arms and legs had healed a lot by now probably and even if they hadn’t she could still try... But instead she lay listening to the whirring of the ventilation system, feeling the soft mattress beneath her, the warm air at just the right temperature so she wasn’t uncomfortable.

Clara re-entered the room. “So how was your first day?”

“Terrible.” said Daniella simply.

Clara asked. “Did you meet Jake?”

“Yes, he slaughtered me.” said Daniella dryly.

“He does that.” said Clara. “Next time you see him ask him to make it nice.”

Daniella snorted derisively. “Make it nice? What’s he gonna do? Put on some smooth jazz and whisper sweet nothings as he plucks out my eyes?”

Clara chuckled then sat down on the bed beside Daniella, stroking her cheek. “No, silly... You’re a sylph. Do you know what that means?”

“That I’m a pet?” asked Daniella bitterly.

“That you’re perfect.” said Clara.

Daniella almost choked from the laughter that burst forth from her.

“I’m serious...” said Clara, her hand moving down Daniella’s chest.

“I get it, you like me. That doesn’t help.” said Daniella, giggling.

Clara laughed. “You think a lot of yourself don’t you?”

“You’re the one who called me perfect?” said Daniella pointedly before breaking out into laughter.

Clara withdrew her hand and leaned back against the headboard as she waited for Daniella to calm down. “I didn’t say you were perfect. I said that sylphs are perfect. There is a difference.”

“Well okay...” said Daniella. “How are sylphs perfect and how does this help me?”

“There was a race of aliens-” began Clara.

“Aliens?” interrupted Daniella. “Really?”

Clara glared at her. “After all you’ve been through a scientific theory so widely respected there’s actually a name for the unlikeliness of us having gone so long without having seen evidence of extraterrestrial life is what bothers you?”

Daniella sighed. “Fine. Aliens...”

Clara patted Daniella on the head. “These aliens were a great and powerful civilisation. They had amazing bio and genetic engineering skills. They were brilliant, truly truly brilliant but they had a problem. A big problem.”

“What was it?” asked Daniella.

“Nobody really knows but it made them so afraid that they decided to run and hide.” said Clara. “They could not fight this on their own so they created an artificial life form whose excretions could be combined to make a powerful substance capable of rewriting them at the most fundamental levels.”

“And that’s where sylphs came from?” clarified Daniella.

Clara nodded. “They needed to be protected, to have people expend effort keeping them alive so they made themselves perfect. The perfect lovers, the perfect soldiers, the perfect slaves, the perfect pets and the perfect cattle.”

Clara leaned over Daniella and stroked her cheek. “Sylphs are perfect and that’s what you are, perfect. You are the animal capable of expressing clearly and efficiently a very genuine desire to be eaten alive.”

Daniella swallowed. “I’m really not.”

“Jake is very good at his job and he would have known it was your first time, that you would have been scared and out of your comfort zone so he gave you the best he could without giving you yet more to think about and worry about.” said Clara.

“But it hurt.” said Daniella. “I didn’t want that.”

“And if it hadn’t hurt?” asked Clara. “If instead it had excited you and aroused you?”

Daniella went white at the thought. “That could happen?”

“Some women have been sent mad by it.” said Clara. “I mean think about the first time you discovered masturbation? How much you wanted to spend every waking moment chasing that high?”

Daniella nodded slowly, her face a mixture of terror and disgust. “That would not be good.”

“So ask him to make it nice.” said Clara.

Daniella shot Clara a horrified look. “What?”

Clara smiled sweetly. “It’s alright... I won’t let you get that way?”

“Are you sure?” asked Daniella. “Are you absolutely sure that if I begged and screamed for you to slice me up that you would deny me?”

Clara nodded then she kissed Daniella on the forehead before leaning back and saying. “You are my pet. I will do what I can to protect you and care for you and if I have to I will be cruel to you for your greater good.”

Daniella reached out instinctively and hugged Clara then she noticed something. “I’m healed.”

“Yes, you are...” said Clara taking Daniella’s hands in hers so she could kiss them. “Now do you want to go have a shower while I prepare dinner?”

Daniella grinned then she asked “Could, I have some more clothes?”

Clara sighed. “Do you really think that’s a good idea? I mean after everything that happened because of what I did let you have?”

Daniella groaned. “Fine well can you at least wash that bikini for me?”

“Of course.” said Clara with a smile.

Daniella smiled then got off the bed, heading in search of a shower. The duvet on the bed was noticeably slick with blood from where Daniella’s stumps had been.

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August the 25th 2019 - Half an hour later.

Daniella stepped out of the shower, a towel wrapped around her chest.

Clara approached with a bundle of stuff under her arm.

“Feel better?” asked Clara.

“Much.” said Daniella. “Thank you.”

Clara dropped the bundle on the floor then secured Daniella’s collar about her neck.

Daniella grinned. “Kind of tickles when you do that.”

Clara placed her hands on Daniella’s shoulders and whispered. “Do you trust me?”

“With my life.” whispered Daniella nervously.

“Drop the towel.” said Clara.

The towel flumped to the floor.

Then Daniella felt the most amazing sensation run down her back. It was like every nerve in her back was screaming out with pleasure. She moaned excitedly. And then it was over.

Daniella panted. “What- What was that? What did you do?”

Clara stepped out from behind Daniella, holding a large section of skin that she'd just sliced off Daniella's back. "Just testing an idea."

Clara walked off.

Daniella stood, just panting for a moment, then she looked at what Clara had dropped beside her and grinned.

Daniella walked into the kitchen wearing a gorgeous backless dress, pointed high heel shoes and a tiara.

Clara was busy plating up food but as soon as she noticed she gasped. "You really are beautiful aren't you?"

Daniella blushed.

Clara whipped a phone out of her pocket and held it up at Daniella. "Now this I have to remember?"

Daniella gave her a curious look. "You still have a smartphone?"

"Yes, I do." said Clara, testily. "I know they aren't cool anymore but this was cheap and it comes with augmented reality and virtual reality."

Daniella snorted. "Well I prefer the apple watch myself, does all the same things but you don't have to worry about losing it."

Clara glared at her about to respond negatively when she paused, realizing the greater significance of what Daniella had said.

Daniella frowned and found herself a chair, lost in thought. "I don't have an apple watch any more do I? I don't have anything..."

Clara pulled up a chair opposite Daniella and took her hands in hers.

“That woman, the one who got angry at me having things, she called herself Queen of Valhalla. That’s where Vikings believed they would go when they died isn’t it?” said Daniella.

Clara nodded. “They’d fight all day and drink all night, forever.”

“That’s my life now, isn’t it?” asked Daniella. “I’m dead and this is the afterlife. I don’t even know if I can die now.”

Daniella screamed in frustration. “My life is so fucked!”

Clara shook her head. “You matter...”

Daniella glared at Clara. “I’m your pet...”

Clara bit her lip and looked away.

“And now while my friends are off playing Fallout: Altered Realities and enjoying all the new forms of art that are being created I am stuck in the afterlife being slaughtered every day.” said Daniella.

Clara looked back to Daniella fire in her eyes now. “How old are you Daniella?”

“22.” said Daniella. “Why?”

“So you still live with your parents?” asked Clara.

“Well I was doing a university course on The History Of Feminism And The Sociological Impact of New Media at Wolverhampton.” said Daniella annoyed.

Clara nodded, looking severely disappointed. “I am sure that was a very interesting course but since you understand the concept of privilege let me tell you that you are and were. I’ve seen what it’s like in the big bad world so here’s what you missed when you were learning that characters in films are not realistic representations of how women actually are. The planet is fucked, the global economy is fucked, terrorism and ineffective wars to fight the terrorism keep killing the innocent and the current governments are a bunch of right wing idiots whose selfishness is so short sighted they can’t see how tanking the economy and starving the poor and middle class could backfire against them.”

Daniella stared at her. "I had nothing to do with any of that. Why are you shouting at me?"

"For the same reason feminists get mad at men who do nothing as others among them rape, abuse and murder women." said Clara. "Because you are so privileged you can't even see the problems, let alone try to fix them."

Daniella glared at Clara. "You think I'm privileged? Seriously?"

Clara nodded. "You are young and beautiful, you don't have to worry about food or a job or how you're going to pay the rent. Heck, you're practically immortal. The world outside these walls is filled with the sick, the dying, the starving, the overworked and the underpaid. You're in shit, I'm not denying that, but you are also incredibly fucking lucky."

Daniella stared at Clara for a long moment then sighed. "Look, I'm an idiot, I know that, I wouldn't be here if I wasn't one. I just... I feel so crap."

Clara nodded. "That's natural, but you are loved and you do have friends here. Tomorrow will be easier."

"Will you come see me tomorrow?" asked Daniella.

"No, sorry." said Clara. "I can't have you everyday. You need to find a way to fit in with the other girls."

"Don't you mean the little lambs?" said Daniella mockingly.

Clara scowled, then she rose from her chair. "Speaking of lamb, we were going to eat weren't we?"

Daniella grinned.