The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Girl

by Master_of_the_Boot1

Summary

Author Erica K. Brooks is kidnapped by the evil Count Dracula and transformed into the Devil's whore. In a place of infinite darkness and limitless sex, she becomes Vermin; the horny master of the Count's harem.

Grab a crucifix, sharpen your stakes, get your freshest garlic and get ready to wank!!!
Lust for Blood

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Monster

Chapter 1: Lust for Blood

Gems: What are gems? Well I’m only writing this so I can understand because it still seems all so f*cked up. Gems are basically magic rock aliens from outer space. Their real body is this little stone and the humanoid we see is just a hard hologram with mass. Hard-light.

Jasper is my love, she’s a polished Jasper stone and her hard-light body gives me the biggest f*cking lady boners in the universe. We met on an Island.

Garnet has a big ass and I catch myself staring way too often. I can’t let Jasper know, she would be comfortable with a three-way; just not with Garnet. But oh man, Jasper using her stem to f*ck Garnet’s ass is one of my big wank fantasies.

Me: I’m Erica Brooks, best author in the world and I’m better than Stephen King, Frank Herbert and Isaac Asimov. I’m six feet tall, blonde hair down to my ass, G cup boobs and I can bench press a thousand pounds before having coffee in the morning. (I wish)

My daily goals: I pound out every day my newest novel while still finding time to f*ck my wonderful, sexy, lovely, caring, beautiful Jasper (easy) and also work on my own little fanfiction collection to blow off steam and write utter shit that I’d never publish (hard)

My procrastination: I do this a lot and I gotta stop.

I stepped away from my computer and pushed the five empty soda cans into the recycling bin. Holy crap, I’d been writing for a long time. What was the damn time anyway?

2:12

Damn, I’d started writing since this morning at six am. From there I’d worked on my novel until noon before changing gears and writing my shitty, guilty pleasure fanfiction. For good measure I checked out the last few paragraphs of my fanfiction: Throne of Gems
“Ladies” said Countess Carmilla Bathory De Winter. “Have you met Walder Frey? He’s over four hundred years old and still kicking.”

Next to the Countess, the sick old man Walder Frey began to laugh; his fucking rat face turning red and his laughs sounding fake.

The Countess laughed as her handmaidens brushed her hair and brushed their big tits across her face. “So don’t try shit with me, Lord Frey; or I’ll make you my fucking wife; and you won’t like it.” She patted her wheel lock pistol to make her damn point to the crusty old man.

I laughed at the utter shit I was making. Maybe you need to write deliberate shit to make good stuff. As kind as the critics were, I struggled not to take any praise seriously; and after all these years and all this financial success I was still my own harshest critic. I was never going to improve if I believed my shit didn’t stink.

As I finished the final few sentences of my fanfiction, I felt a dull pain form in my pelvis but I had to finish what I started. The editing was already finished when the pressure in my body built up, but I still couldn’t stop what I was doing. I uploaded it to my documents library and pressed the update button for my account on Fiction4Fans dot net.

There!

Good goddesses, it was finally up. There it was. Later on I’d upload it to my other fiction accounts but right now I had to piss something fierce.

Shoving myself backwards, I raced as fast as I could to the bathroom, only to find the door locked. On the other side, I heard a nerdy, nasally voice speak, “And you will all fear the wrath of Green diamond.”

“Peridot!” I shouted as I knocked on the door. “I need the can!”

“Go in the ocean, you clod!” she shouted at me through the wood.

I did the pee dance on the spot, feeling like I was going to explode right then and there. “Fuck’s sakes! I don’t care if you’ rubbing one off in there, I gotta piss!”
“You’re disrupting my creative time!” Peridot shouted at me.

Oh god, I shouldn’t have drank all those sodas and that coffee.

Thinking fast, face pouring with sweat, I threw my shoulder into the door and broke the door down. There was a small green woman, no taller than my waist. Her diamond shaped blonde hair was styled up into something like a Mohawk and my hair care products littered the flood. Peridot had a green towel tied around her neck like a cape and she was currently holding court with a few rolls of toilet paper, some Mrs. Clean and a few bottles of shampoo.

“I would have been done in three or four local hours!” the Green gem squawked at me.

I ground my teeth as the pressure in my bladder became critical. “Peridot, get the fuck out before I piss myself!”

Peridot crossed her arms and huffed. “Why don’t you distract yourself with that song you like so much; the Winds of Pap-smear or whatever it’s called. “

Red hot anger crossed my heart and I don’t remember how I grabbed Peridot by the scruff of her neck and carried her to the front door. “GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!!!!” I hollered as I drop kicked her onto the lawn.

Peridot went flying like a green bird and landed on her face. Slamming the door on her, I sprinted to the shitter like my life depended on it; and you fucking bet it did!

I almost didn’t make it to the toilet, but throwing my pants off like a madwoman and my panties with it; I finally made it to the pot.

Oh it felt so good. I sighed in relief and shut my eyes. Insult the song Rains of Castamere around me at your own peril. It’s only my fucking wedding song, so pray there are no sharp objects near me when you disrespect it.

I swallowed and grunted, thinking about how I was going to have to reorganize all my hair products. Of course, I never really used the stuff except for appearances at ComicCon; but people
bought me that stuff as gifts, I couldn’t just treat it like trash.

I groaned and reached for some toilet paper from “Green Diamond’s” court.

Was it me or was it kinda dark?

Like, it was pitch black outside; I could see only inky sky through the bathroom window. Had I been pissing for seven hours straight or something?”

Just what the hell had happened? Did I lose hours and hours? Time to look at the old watch.

2:21

What the ever loving dogfuck was going on? Glancing out the bathroom window, I saw something in the distance glowing up the night. There on top of the hill that normally filled this vista was of all things, a giant castle.

The thing loomed in the shadows like Dr. Seuss’s worst nightmare; full of harsh angle, sharp surfaces and enough gargoyles to give Batman multiple orgasms.

What the fuck was that thing doing on a hill facing my bathroom window and why was it midnight at two in the fucking afternoon?

I didn’t have any time to answer as that was the moment when a flock of bats smashed through the window pane and came cycloning into the bathroom.

“Fuck off!” I cried as the winged shit-heads soared, fluttered and bit at me; clawing at my face and pulling at my hair. Falling forward, I put off wiping to grab the handgun I’d taped behind the air freshener. Flicking off the safety, I fired a couple of shots into the thousands of bats making themselves at home in my bathroom. “Die, you bug fucks!” I screamed before firing a few more shots into the fluttering horde.

Realizing that I’d brought the wrong weapon to this fight, I reached one hand to pull up my sweat pants while tapping deep into the ground gem dust embedded into my vocal cords.
“FUS-RO-DAH!” I dragon shouted into the swarm of bats, blowing apart the little shit-stains like jars of jam and sending the rest zipping away like a tornado blew them away. It also had the unfortunate side effect of blowing a giant hole in the side of my house but that’s a small price to pay in order to get the bats out of my frigging pubic hair.

I cleared my throat as a fog began to filter into the room. I made myself one; the human and the dead remnants of a gem I’d killed, the first gem I’d killed.

“Protego!” I shouted, as a cyan barrier formed between myself and the mist. Dragging myself up, I fully got back in my pants, holding my gun ready. My throat thrummed with power as I felt Tourmaline in me; the corrupted gem who I’d ended in self defence.

I adjusted my stance in the martial arts stance that my friend Pearl had taught me. I could definitely take whatever this was. I could--

CLANG!!!!

Someone hit me from behind with a frying pan.

Stars lit up behind my eyelids and I couldn’t feel my body as my face broke my fall. Someone or something rolled me onto my back because there was no way I was getting myself up. Looming over me was a blue, matronly woman with Princess Leia Hair and a murderous leer.

My vision darkened and I coughed up blood. Over me, the gem held up my prize cast iron frying pan and twisted it like clay; raising it to club me to death.

Twitching and coughing blood, I saw him. Tall, aristocratic and pale; the blue gem knelt before him.

“Throw this one into a burlap sack and send her to the castle for processing; this one is for my harem, Holly Blue Agate.” The man’s cultured voice felt soothing, friendly and false.

“Yes, naturally, your Eternal Darkness,” simpered Holly.
The last of my vision left me as I saw Peridot appear in the hold in the wall, using her ferrokinetic powers to slice the man in half with a levitating car door. “Eat shit, you clod!” she shrieked.

I saw nothing else, but before I lost consciousness I heard the sound of flesh ripping, the unearthly braying of wolves and the sickening noise of flesh ripping as Peridot’s screams were cut off.

Then everything was still, absolutely still.
Welcome to the Family

Chapter Summary

In this episode, Erica is transformed into Count Dracula's Futanari servant and pleasures his three brides. Meanwhile, Jasper and Pearl shower together.

All credit goes to http://archiveofourown.org/users/Evilsnotbag/pseuds/Evilsnotbag for creating Erica and making a wonderful AU of Jasper in Steven Universe.

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Monster

Author’s note: I do not own third party properties, Erica K. Brooks belongs to Evilsnotbag. The hardcore sex begins in this chapter. Please enjoy, audience perversion is advised :)

I don’t remember anything very clearly. There was pain and there was darkness. Chains wrapped around my ankles and wrists and someone pushed a cattle prod into my pussy. I screamed as sparks flew from the prod and my labia roasted like barbecue pork. A blue fist socked me in the gut and I shit myself from the impact. Holly Blue Agate grinned as she took my face in her hands, “Prepare to receive the mighty cock of Dracula, slut!”

She wound up one meaty fist and punched me in the face as hard as she could. I saw stars and I think I blacked out.

She must have hit me so hard that my soul left my body for a few minutes. I screamed as I fell naked down the volcanic summit of mount Doom, Frodo and Sam gave me the middle finger as I plunged to my death in the lava below.

Why those little cunts!

As I fell into the fire and flames of Mount Doom, strange trees began to appear out of nowhere; pummelling every inch of my naked body with their python thick branches. I felt like every championship boxer who ever lived had kicked the shit out of me all at once. And I still fell.

I saw Parker, my publishing agent and best friend; as she’d been when the pair of us were acne
disfigured teenagers drinking way too much and doing coke we found in her dad’s desk.

“Holy shit, Erica,” Parker moaned to me as the wind blew past my face and through her hideous mullet. “That footballer gave me gonorrhea! My pussy is melting like an ice cream cone in July!”

I screamed as the cobblestone floor rushed up at me.

When she woke up in Dracula’s castle, it wasn’t Erica who opened her eyes. It was rather someone else; someone with a killer headache and a strange weight on her crotch that she wasn’t used to. Animalistic growls cleared her throat as she began to frantically scratch her messy, tangled hair.

Dracula raised one arm, introducing the newcomer to his brides. “Ladies, I’d like to present to you, Vermin. She will be my new rooster in the harem. Vermin, show the ladies what you can and will do.”

Vermin gave a half bow to the Count, her leather rat’s mask gleaming in the torchlight. Her animal submission faded as from behind the mask she took in the sight of three fine vampire ladies in the sheerest silk gowns; ideal for tearing off.

The three vampire brides bared their fangs and laughed at Vermin, uttering insults and verbal barbs that she neither understood nor cared about.

“A rooster, this drowned rat?” laughed the redhead.

“Look at that hideous cock between her legs; she’s a freak.” laughed the black haired one.

The brunette pointed a contemptuous claw as her gossamer gown shifted and exposed part of a pink nipple on her abundant chest. “She’s close to menstruating, I hate her.”

Vermin looked down at herself, feeling up her rough burlap dress and her distinct lack of breasts compared to the three vixens eyeing her like a cross between dinner and the ants at a picnic. There was something between her legs, a tubular member that was fully male and perfectly formed. The thick, veined, purple headed appendage pulsed and with each beat of her heart, Vermin’s donkey sized lady cock stood full mast.
The three brides said something else that didn’t matter. Vermin was already scanning around the cold dungeon that she’d woken up in. Behind the three brides, Dracula rode in a mechanized throne that walked on jointed, hydraulic limbs. His red eyes narrowed with only the most detached form of curiosity.

The floor of the dungeon was filthy, with centuries of muck, grime, bones and who knew what else. There was also a rusted piece of faucet pipe sitting among the bones of what looked like a dead satyr. Vermin saw out of the corner of her eye that the three brides were closing in on her; testing her. The animal in her responded to the challenge.

With a flip of her foot, she kicked the faucet pipe in the air and smashed the redhead across the mouth with it as hard as she could; blood and fangs went flying, splatting on the edge of Dracula’s fine cape. The Count only watched impassively.

Pivoting fast, faster than the surprised vampires, Vermin smashed the pipe right into the ebony haired vampire’s crotch. Her red eyes bulged with shock and pain at the strike to her box, before Vermin opened her mouth and unleashed an undulating wail that created black and white stripes in the air. The stripes struck the vampire woman with enough force that she smashed the thousand pound dungeon door off of its hinges.

The blonde was last, lunging at her with bared fangs and brass claws. Her voice attack immobilized the creature, forming a toneless warble that sprouted long glowing chains from her throat. The chains wrapped around the blonde vampire like Japanese robe bondage; lewdly highlighting the curve of her breasts, the supple ass and fine hips.

The creature spat and hissed at her as the chains held her fast to the filthy ground. Vermin looked up, glaring at the other two vampire brides, daring them to try anything. Hand clenched around her pipe, her free hand began to clench around her sensitive cock.

Vermin got to her knees, hovering over the snarling, imprisoned vampire. The other brides kept their distance, like pack animals being cowed by a superior predator.

Vermin’s technique was brutal and uncaring; she was an animal and mating season was open. Cocking her head from side to side, she took in the immortal blood drinking demon whose ivory skin, flaxen hair and ruby eyes could bewitch men and women alike; it was just meat to her. Meat which she began to claw with dirty fingernails and rough hands; feeling every square centimetre of succulent breast flesh, to the lovely dip below the “v” of the vampire woman’s maidenhood.

The imprisoned revenant snarled but started pushing back against Vermin’s rough hands, as though
trying to meet that animal lust on her own terms. More than that, the estrus musk of Vermin was getting into the bride’s nostrils, overriding her sense, her shame and her pride.

The silk gown tore, that was how Dracula designed it. It was meant to compliment the desires and tastes he’d given Vermin. Vermin had no complains with a full frontal view of the vampire woman’s exposed, wet sex; strings of desire clinging to her thighs as she vainly tried to close her legs.

She wasn’t trying as hard as she normally would have as Vermin’s tool came in. The act of copulation was as violent as the act of subduing the undead woman. The head pressed against the fine, pink lips and then a thrust of hips brought it inside.

Her high pitched moan of pain and pleasure reverberated through the dungeons. The other two brides watched with anger, frustration and lust. The midnight haired vampire pulled open gently her blue silk top and started to fondle her breasts, playing with the hot pink nipples. The Redhead was even more lewd in her display of shameful desire, she squatted down; supple, dimpled ass exposed for all to see. With hardly a shred of decency her fine red fingernails started to tease the bright, groomed bush and then the more fleshy, engorged clitoris.

The blonde vampire moaned and screamed for more as Vermin jackhammered into her. The bewitched human had no way to track the time and no concept of it; there was only her need to breed. Hands free, they both ran down the vampire woman’s full chest and painfully twisted her smaller, pink nipples. The blood drinking succubus bared her fangs and screamed “Yes! More!”

Vermin was only to happy to oblige as her member stretched that sweet, wet cock-holster and crashed like the waves into her victim’s g-spot. Her hands changed spots as she smacked the vampire woman across the face as her bucking grew too wild; she cried out at Vermin’s powerful and merciless hand.

The pace of thrusting increased as the rooster of the harem bred the dams it had been provided. Vermin’s dirty nails raked across the silken skin of the vampire’s globular ass cheeks. The flesh was soft, just enough squish but also a bit of firmness to keep things going and going.

Dracula merely looked bored as his other brides openly began fingering themselves before him, exchanging open mouthed, tongue filled kisses and tearing open their gossamer fey dresses to make things easier for the dick girl later down the line.

“Based darkness, I grow bored,” Dracula uttered, “I’m to my marijuana room; you all sicken me.” a pillar of fire and light shot up to the ceiling as the Count and his mechanical chair vanished.
The air was thick now with musk and sexuality, two brides furiously played with each others bodies and french kissed as Vermin dominated their flaxen haired sister. Clothes lay torn on the floor as they descended on the dickgirl and their utterly dominated sister.

The redhead reached under Vermin’s burlap dress and started to play with the modest, but sensitive breasts that hid underneath. The black haired one, shared a deep soul kiss with her blonde sister; while her pale hand reached under Vermin’s godly penis and found a fully functional, puffy pussy that was crying out for some relief.

The orgy turned into a well oiled machine. At the head of the machine was Vermin, the absolute master of the squirming, squealing, squirting woman flesh underneath her.

The blonde screamed out, her legs wrapping around Vermin’s back as her sopping wet cunt clenched around the shaft dominating it. The brunette and the redhead both gushed and came at the sound and smell of their sister’s sexual bliss.

A flood of hot juice erupted from Vermin’s cock as she pushed farther than ever before, slamming into the cervix and somehow even breaking past it; painting the inside of the blonde with hot, steaming seed. She didn’t stop, unlike a man there was no slowing down, no softening and no stopping. Vermin kept fucking as though trying to push her load into the back of the blonde vampire’s throat.

Ripping her wet cock from the blonde, Vermin sprang on top of the redhead and tackled her to the ground. Manoeuvring like a circus contortionist, she placed her hips over the face of the brunette and her own face over the fire red crotch before her.

“Ver-min!” the redhead choked out as the dickgirl’s skilled tongue began to taste and lap her sex. Meanwhile, the brunette was pinned to the ground as Vermin’s cock stabbed into her mouth and into her throat. Not stopping from cunnilingus, Vermin began to pump her cock in and out of the fanged maw of the brunette; either bravely or insanely trusting the fanged creature not to bite.

The raven haired vampire’s eyes watered as the female cock violated her throat; her hands grabbing Vermin’s thighs to help her pump in and out harder while the blonde planted her face in her sister’s crotch and began eating her out.

The torchlight’s flickered as the orgy went on and Vermin carried out the sweaty business the Count intended for her. Here in Castlevania there was no day or night; only eternal gloom and the
every watchful eye of the dark master. Eventually Vermin would tire out when even her superhuman, undead conquests could take no more pounding, sucking and licking.

The brides would retire to their coffins and Vermin would devour a plate of raw chicken left out by an Imp before passing out on the filth of the dungeon floor. When she woke up, she’d be on the prowl again for pussy.

Jasper and Pearl walked into the shower room at the Crystal Temple covered in mud and shit from a local farmer’s field. The two gems phased away their clothes, which still did nothing to solve their mud and feces problem. Jets of steaming water began falling from pipes in the wall and the gems bathed.

“I gotta say, Pearl,” said Jasper approvingly, “You fight like a bastard maniac. I never expected you to tackle me like you did. I was almost ready to call the Earth Police because I was being assaulted.” She laughed at her own joke.

Pearl just shrugged and rubbed the shark fins she called shoulders. “Just because I prefer my home neat doesn’t mean that I won’t fight for my survival. I think you of all people would appreciate that.”

“I do,” Jasper laughed, running water through her mane of bleached white hair. “You bite like an agate, fight dirty like a Flint and claw like an obsidian. Heh, you attacked my groin with your teeth; in five thousand years nobody’s ever tried that, or got close enough to try that!”

Pearl shrugged, just dumping strawberry scented shampoo all over herself. “I’m sorry for biting your stem, but you said to give you my best.”

Jasper laughed, washing at the tentacle like appendage sticking out of her bushy, white pubic hair. The stem twitched and writhed as Jasper worked to soap it up; clear, angry bite marks stood out in the middle of the phallic organ. “Ah, she’ll recover.” Jasper then turned to look at Pearl’s own stem; which dangled down to her knee.

The big quartz soldier whistled approvingly at Pearl’s junk, “Now in all my days I’ve never seen a Pearl hung like you are?” her booming laugh reverberated in the shower.
Pearl froze, her face suddenly impassive. She halted everything, half covered in dirt and suds. Jasper missed the smaller, ivory coloured gem’s reaction, happily continuing her own wash job. Unlike Jasper’s, Pearl’s stem remained mostly still; reflecting its owner’s shame.

“The reason you never saw any Pearls with proportions like mine is because they’re all dead; shattered,” Pearl said in a hollow voice.

Jasper looked surprised, taking in Pearl’s sudden angst with shock and confusion.

“The body type parameters for Quartz Type soldiers is to the eightieth percentile; for Pearl’s that goes up to the ninety-ninth percentile,” Pearl explained clinically, “Pearls which deviate from their custom body plan by one percent are shattered and ground down for calcium carbonate.” Shame filled her voice, “I’m alive now because at my inception I shape shifted my size to fit with what my master wanted; for decades at a time, just keeping the same form.”

“Uh,” Jasper didn’t know what to say, “I never knew it was possible to shape shift for that long.”

Pearl shook her head, “If you value your life, you can.” She paused and stepped under the water to rinse. “Look, it’s not your fault; you can’t have known. There’s a lot that I’m only just starting to process. I’m probably going to seem touchy at times, so if you can just be patient with me, that would be helpful.”

Jasper nodded, not understanding the Pearl’s dilemma but willing to abide by her rules on matters such as these. “I can do that. Let me know if I step over a line.”

Pearl gave a tired smile, “Thank you, now sorry but I have to leave early. I’m meeting someone about—swords, and things.” she said hurriedly, before leaving.

Jasper shrugged her bear sized shoulders and took her time rinsing off. Shaking herself like a dog, she was satisfied that she was clean and dry and strolled through the home of her new, strange allies; the crystal gems. Then the phone went off.

“They’re not here, whoever you are,” Jasper answered gruffly.
“Jasper, get your ass moving!” said the British voice on the other end of the line.

“Garnet?” Jasper asked, thrown off by the fusion’s urgency.

“Erica’s been taken! Move your ass now before the castle on the hill vanishes!

The huge gem turned around and saw of all things, a nightmarish castle that wasn’t there before. Her simulated heart froze when she realized that was where her human wife was.

Dropping everything, Jasper charged through the nearest wall and with a single leap jumped over all of beach city.

The Castle loomed before her like Satan’s summer home when it began to flicker and fade in the artificial gloom.

“No! No!” Jasper cried out impotently. Putting all her strength into it, she mustered a mad spin dash towards the main gate of the castle. Her attack would have blown the ceramite door off it’s hinges, but the castle faded out of reality like a nightmare.

Jasper slammed into a rocky outcropping, shattering it like glass. Frantically glancing around for any trace of the castle or Erica, Jasper found only nothing but hills and grass.

The most important person in her life had been taken.

The Quartz slammed her mighty fists into the ground, creating a mini earthquake in Beach City. Whoever took Erica, Jasper would hold their heart in her hand.
Delmarva, South Beach

I sat on the beach with Greg Universe, a bottle of whisky and some marijuana. I couched and laughed as I took a toke off my Cylon head pipe. “That’s dank ass shit, Greg,” I sputtered and giggled.

Greg took a big gulp from his Scooby-Doo cup of whisky and Gatorade. “Thanks Erica, I get it from Vidalia and she got her seeds from Rose. Back in the day, Rose shape-shifted a working liver and brain so that she could get drunk or high.”

My frame shook with laughter at the mental thought of Steven’s noble and pure mom in her white wedding dress getting drunk and dancing on the tables at a bar. “Oh man, Alien Space Queen fucking party’s hardy, eh, Greg?” As the two of us cackled like fools, I took a big gulp of my whisky and Karstein Energy drink from my lovingly beat up Captain Picard mug.

The older musician threw back his head and blew weed smoke up to the full moon, tapping out his glass pipe. “Yeah Rose had a lot of different sides to her that I’m not ready to tell Steven about. Like how she used to like sitting on Pearl’s face or jerk it to furry porn. When I got with Rose, Pearl was so upset she stopped having sex with Rose; so Rose began sitting on my face.”
This made me laugh my fucking head off as the mental image of Steven’s bear sized mom planting her rosy, supple ass on Greg’s face. Face sitting. It was definitely something I needed to do with Jasper; she’d learned enough about human breathing habits that I thought we could do it safely. “Wow, I would have loved to have met her.”

“Man,” Greg looked up at the night sky, “She was fucking awesome. She loved my music, she could write music like a beast, she helped me realize my bisexuality and she was the most brutal D&D Dungeon Master you ever met.”

I drained the last of my Picard cup and belched loudly, “Not as hard as my first friend-zone crush was. She was straight but so hot, and when she turned me down to date, the next thing she did was invite me to her gaming party. Then my fucking ass got ganked by Mind Flayers in the first level, in the first dungeon of Castle Grayhawk. It’s good I didn’t hook up with that bitch, but she told a great arc.”

Greg chugged the last of his own foul bevvie before sharing the last of the one star whisky that tasted roughly like piss, burned like lighter fluid but at least got you fucked fast. “Here’s to mind flayers, badass music and getting high as fuck on the beach. I’m going to be so fucked up in the morning but I won’t regret a thing.”

We clinked our shitty plastic cups and drank, “And here’s to epic hangovers where you eat enough bacon to choke a T-Rex!” I cheered.

Laughing, we somehow got ourselves home that night. Greg left the keys to his van with Garnet and I somehow stumbled home and passed the fuck out on the couch. The next day was when the Count and his lackeys came to town

---

**Castlevania, Now**

Vermin jumped from one giant cog to another in Dracula’s castle. This place was endless, there was no beginning and no end to the Gothic madness that was Castlevania. Bunching up her powerful legs, the feral dickgirl propelled herself to another giant cog before leapfrogging onto an overhanging platform. Like the inside of a city sized clock, the gears ground endless in darkness.

Opening her maw, Vermin let out a siren yell which created a luminescent bridge of notes. Expertly, she sprinted across the bridge before it vanished, taking herself to a rusted open grate in the endless gear room. Like her namesake, Vermin crouched down and began sprinting through the air ducts and utilities passages of the castle; guiding herself by sense of smell and the illumination
of her vocal powers.

Time had no meaning in Vermin’s world. She fucked until she was hungry, ate to regain energy and fell asleep when fucking completely tired her out. Then the cycle began anew with a fuck and a plate of raw eat and onion from the Count’s wretched underlings. There was no day and night cycle in Castlevania; the torches, electric lights and magic braziers always burned eternally and the dark parts of the castle remained as the abyssal depths of the sea.

While time had no meaning, sound and smell did have vital significance to Vermin. Riding on the air currents, she could make out the malodorous sulphur smell of demons. Vibrations ran across the interior of the air duct; the heavy stomping of cloven hooves. Vermin changed her direction accordingly to investigate the noise and scents. For the return of the demons could only mean one thing.

They stormed through the foyer of the Castle and Vermin watched them. Lithe, twitching imps who could climb gecko like on any surface. Barons of Hell, like pillars of flesh, hide and hatred. The demons marched in something close to order, dragging behind them floating pallets of stolen goods from the recent raid.

Vermin watched the take. Down below there were boxes upon boxes marked with goods. Some of the boxes spilled over, revealing modern electronics, works of art, thousands upon thousands of books of all types. More boxes with lids put in improperly popped open during the cavalcade of demonic might. Bubbled gems of all things, stolen gem artifacts that even the Crystal Gems had been unable to liberate or discover. All of it meant for the Count’s personal collection and eventually his mad science lab.

Singing was what took Vermin’s attention away from a gigantic crate full of chocolate and dry aged beef. A brawny, undead Pirate woman was stomping at the head of the column of demons; her aged and scuffed boots slamming into the marble floor and staining it with mud, blood and shit.

The undead pirate woman adjusted her captain’s hat across her curly read hair; freckles were still visible on her deathly blue complexion. In a thick Scottish accent she sang to herself as her calloused and scarred fingers played with a Smartphone.

Fuck you, you’re a fucking wanker!

I’m going to punch you right in the balls!
The pirate woman holstered her cutlass and as an afterthought flicked the safety button for the laser cannon holstered at her side.

_Fuck you, with a fucking anchor!

_You're all cunts, so fuck you all!

Very pleased with the phone in her hands, the undead pirate woman spun around; her muscular legs straining against her pants and her wide hips and ass nearly killing the fabric. “Hey, why didn’t you tie down that crate like I told ya, ya shit shit-gibbon!”

One of the imps gave a demonic shriek as a large metal box fell over on its side and crushed the monstrosity. Spilling out were another vital treasure that the Count Craved.

Women.

“Don’t fucking come any closer, we’ve got a gun!” bluffed Jenny Pizza as she held her twin sister Kiki to her side. Priyanka Maheswaran said nothing, wide eyed at the insane demon world she’d found herself in while a fourth woman cursed a streak to make the Pirate captain blush.

“Get the fuck off me!” said the woman with a slight Swedish accent, her coiffed blonde hair wild and sweat soaked from imprisonment. “Do you pieces of shit know who I am? I’m Victoria McMillan-Brooks! When the authorities hear of this, you’ll be fucking put down and made into cheap fast food! You hear me!” the high powered business woman jabbed fingers wildly at the glowing eyed, yellow skinned imps surrounding her.

The Pirate Woman decided this piqued her interests. “Bring that cunt over here.”

In Response, a twelve foot tall Baron of Hell took Victoria in one of its iron hide hands; sulphur and steam exhaling from its nostrils. Not looking away from the demon's Halloween lantern eyes, Victoria banged impotently against the monster’s hand and shouted at it. “Get the fuck off you, you bovine, Minotaur bastard!”

The undead pirate woman laughed right before she felt something long and hard ride up between her ass cheeks and two calloused hands grab a handful of her large tits; hanging free in her white shirt without the help of a bra. Grinding her teeth, the Pirate threw Vermin off of her with a
perfectly executed Judo throw. The mindless futa woman slammed into the cold marble; stunned by still very hard.

The Pirate growled at Vermin, raising her muscular arms and shaking her fist. “Not me, ya fucking arse bandit! If I wanted ya, I’d shove a piece o’ cheese in my gash; idiot!”

“You, unless you want to spend the rest of your life in a Maximum Security Dyke Lodge, I suggest you let me go and I’ll forget your name and ugly face!” Victoria shouted at the Pirate, while the Hell Baron held her impassively. A moment later, the demon dropped the slight brunette, Swede woman onto the floor next to Erica.

Laughing, the Pirate bend down, her breasts straining against her shirt; highlighting her perfect gumdrop nipples. “Hey Cunt, you look someone who knows how to use their mouth,” she laughed as she swiped a finger across the screen of her stolen phone. “Is this your phone, Cunt?” The background was the default but a quick look into the Cameras revealed a few photographs of Victoria in a lovely summer dress, with a lovely blonde little girl next to her.

The Pirate laughed again as she zoomed in on the face of the little girl next to Victoria. “Is that yer nionag?” She gave an evil grin. “She’s gotta be eight, maybe twelve? She’s a fine lass, in two or three years she’ll be servicing glory-holes at the loo in the orphanage. In five years she’ll be selling her arse on street corners. Oh I’d hate to lose a corner to a cunt like that.”

Victoria screamed as Vermin was just struggling to get the ringing out of her ears. The slight Brunette lunged at the Pirate woman, only to take a punch in the face and fall again. She screamed as the large hands of the Pirate Captain grabbed her by the hair and lifted her off the ground by it. “You know what, Cunt? I think you’re just what the Count wants?” She looked up at the Hell Baron, “Take this Cunt to the shower room. Shave her muff, scrub her down and tie her up!”

Writing and struggling to escape, Victoria looked unbroken before the maniacal pirate woman; giving her the middle finger.

The Pirate licked her lips, like a mentally unstable version of Merida from Brave. “I’ll do a little quality control before his Long and Hardness has his merry way with yer slit. Ya know, as a woman should,” she laughed as the Hell Baron grabbed Victoria, giving her time to grab her crotch suggestively and shove the stolen Smartphone into her cleavage.

The Captain turned to Vermin, who was eyeing her like a dog would meat; cock at full mast. “Now if you want to get yer boabie wet, try her; she’s more yer type.”
Vermin turned and looked at which woman the Undead Pirate was talking about. Her gaze fell directly on Dr. Priyanka Maheswaran; mother of Connie and wife to Doug. Vermin forgot all about the giant booty of the pirate woman or about the screaming, cursing Swede who was in fact the sister of Erica K. Brooks. She just knew that she’d found a new cunt to ruin.

Priyanka was terrified, confused and nearly naked; having been snatched from a relaxing spa day by the hellish armies of a crazed vampire lord. She was even more confused and terrified when she and women she recognized from Beach City were taken away in metal boxes. Her assumptions went to the worst as visions of death camps and gas chambers danced horribly in her head.

It made sense, stolen in the middle of the day, taken away like cattle; there was no reason to assume that any of them might make it out alive. She could not say these fears aloud to her fellow prisoners. Even assuming there wasn’t a swift and brutal death ahead of them, there was much worse that could happen to women prisoners. There had been at least one night cycle following the kidnapping; brought about by airborne sedative gas.

Priyanka had dreamed of a crimson eyed man in late Medieval Splendour; her face was impassive while hate burned in his heart and true evil lurked inside. She dreamed of a dark crystal that made up the heart of the Castle and the red eyed man’s twisted dreams.

Now, betrayal of betrayals was her dear friend, Erica Brooks; moving like bastard animal, dressed like a monster and bearing an unspeakable length of maleness by her legs. True, a mask hid her face but there was no disguising that red stripe around her arm where the burlap dress lifted up.

“Erica!” Priyanka called as the huge, red, towering demons began to right the metal box, “Erica are you—

She never got to finish her sentence as her old friend grabbed her by the throat with inhuman strength and took her away from all the familiar faces. She couldn’t even scream as Erica wound back and punched her right in the face.

There were stars.

There was darkness.

Then there was a giant Parisian style double Decker bed in a room full of dark stonework, priceless
art and an enormous mirror on the ceiling and inside the bed’s second layer. It allowed her to get a real good look at her new black eye.

Priyanka stood up, her once comfortable bathrobe falling off. Flustered, she frantically tried to shove her exposed right breast back under cover when someone stopped her. “Erica, please, we have to get out of here!”

It was Vermin, not Erica who was now staring down at Priyanka from behind a finely crafted leather rat mask. Vermin wasted no time, taking the shoulders of the spa bathrobe and ripping it off the shapely mother of Indian descent. Priyanka shrieked as she covered her sensitive, chocolate nipples with her hands. Vermin looked down at the doctor’s choice of underwear.

"Please stop," Priyanka begged as Vermin tore off her black and red thong. Before her capture she'd been planning something with Doug, and Vermin cared only for the dripping wet snatch hidden by the offensive garment.

The musk overcame Priyanka as she became mesmerized by the gigantic woman-dick hovering in front of her face. Her mind and heart screamed out no! There was her husband, she’d be betraying him. There was her daughter; what kind of example was she setting for her only child? But the animal within, one cowed by the lust and strength of the Vermin, was very much singing a different tune.

Torn between terror and lust, befuddled by the musk and some unseen influence, Priyanka took the hot, thick shaft in her hand. Cheeks burning red and greying hair wild, the otherwise upstanding mother and outstanding Doctor lowered her mouth down on the heavy cock of her captor.

Priyanka’s taste buds lit up with pleasure at the salty musk of the purple head, her tongue teasing the alkali drip coming from the dick slit. She hardly had a moment to think when Vermin grabbed her by the back of the head and pushing her down. Priyanka’s eyes watered, struggling not to gag.

She did it, she somehow managed to take it down to the hilt. Her body fighting her, her need for oxygen ripping her apart from inside and the wetness dripping down her legs marking her with shame. Vermin allowed Priyanka a chance to breathe, but only just before thrusting her dick back into the woman’s hot mouth; this time harder and less forgiving.

The Maheswaran matriarch gurgled and spat, but pushed her head voluntarily down the member that occupied all her senses. In shame and against her best senses, her left hand reached down and began to play with the mocha folds around her glistening, pink pussy; working over the jelly bean sized clit.
The Count’s Rooster dragged Priyanka down to her level and beat her down with experience. The Rat minded woman showed no mercy, turning Priyanka’s mouth into an oral cunt made just for her pleasure. Whining, keening and wanton, Priyanka responded to her master, sucking and blowing the shaft with all her might as she thrust two fingers into her sopping cunt; imagining what this human beast could do down there to her snatch.

It felt like she was just starting to get comfortable deep throating that monster when it was yanked away. Like a good little whore, Priyanka leaned forward, trying to get one last taste of the dick. Then She was shoved backwards onto the bed and her legs spread wide.

First there was pain as the blunt head of the penis crushed past the yielding brown lips. Priyanka shouted and screamed as her pussy stretched wide, her pink little clit rubbing against the saliva slick shaft and desire dripping down into her butt crack. She had to grab the headboard to steady herself as she was filled in a way that no man or toy had ever been able to.

“Yes! P-Please, fuck me!” she begged the dickgirl who violated and despoiled her and turned her into a quivering pile of fuck meat.

Ripples ran up the middle aged mother’s body as Vermin drove furiously in and out of her. Her soft, jello bum slapped against Vermin’s hips and her modest breasts shook gloriously with every action; the dark nipples fully erect.

The first orgasm came coiling out of Priyanka’s gut and screaming out her mouth as her partner began to mercilessly pinch her small sensitive nipples. She never thought she’d feel such pain since Connie stopped breastfeeding, but this was a new level of sensory torture. In Vermin’s skilled hands, the nerve endings in those nipples were teased, tortured and made to scream for mercy. Her breasts were cupped, pinched and clawed. Pleasure and pain mixed into one as sweat poured down her lithe, well cared for body.

Another orgasm took on Priyanka as she felt a buck from Vermin’s hips that was something out of the ordinary. Then a horrible thought cut through her mindless lust, “No, please, don’t.” She moaned as her captor struck her g-spot. “Don’t—ah!—come in me!”

Despite these protests, Priyanka pushed her hips harder into Vermin’s dick, trying desperately to milk everything she could from that divine monster cock. It came simultaneously as Priyanka’s needy walls clenched and Vermin’s own maleness exuded its hot spray directly into the kidnapped mother’s womb.

It was as Vermin pulled out and thick, white goo started to leak out onto the sheets that Priyanka
realized what she’d done. “Oh,” she said in a whisper, seeing herself clearly; betraying her husband, throwing away her morals and becoming the plaything of devils. Tears filled her eyes, “Oh, Doug.”

She had no more time to think on her betrayal as she was spun around and planted face down. She had no idea what was going on until Vermin parted her toned, well exercised buttocks. “Please, don’t! Erica I’m begging you!”

The begging only helped to turn Vermin on, as she pointed her shaft directly at Priyanka’s dark, dirty opening. The brown pucker stood no chance against the slick, wet dick. The woman felt like her body was being split in half as her ass was mercilessly violated by her demon possessed and hellbound friend.

Still worse, the musk was kicking back in again and mental images of her old family were fading. The shaft slid in her, mercifully lubricated by her own juices; but unprepared, her ass was going to be severely damaged from this. Agony ripped through her as she felt Vermin bottom out, her entire canal on fire. Yet the stimulation against her vaginal wall was... it was too much to resist.

Priyanka began to clench her sphincter around the shaft, her body writing and undulating against the sweaty, dirty form of vermin. Her stretch marked hips worked in the dim candlelight and she clenched the pillow tighter than the Hell Baron could have.

“Doug, forgive me,” she whimpered as she bit the pillow and pushed her ass against Vermin’s cock. She understood now that this wasn’t Erica. Sodomized by this stranger, she realized she could forgive Erica.

But she would never forgive herself.

Delmarva, Now

“What the fuck is a vampire!?” Jasper screamed as she towered over Garnet. Off in the corner, Amethyst sobbed into Steven’s shoulder over the kidnapping of Peridot. Connie hugged Steven and held his hand; both shared uncertain looks.

“Vampires rose out of the industrial waste from the kindergartens,” Garnet explained in a comically
“Humans died from drinking tainted water, and some of them had their cellular machinery replaced and re-purposed by excess genetic fluid and dark magic. To date, this Dracula is the first vampire we’ve known who was fully sentient. He travels in a highly advanced structure called Castlevania; it appears once a year but never in the same place. Rose and the rest of us tried to kill the Count but never could track him.”

“Then we’ll track him now!” Jasper shouted, thrusting a finger into Garnet’s face. “If I have to I’ll turn the cosmos upside down so I can find my wife and castrate the son of a bitch who took her from me!” Veins bulged in Jasper’s neck and her eyes were saucer wide. “And I’m not even the only one he’s hurt; Amethyst, the humans, more. We have to end this!”

“We will,” said Garnet, taking off her glasses. Her three coloured eyes focused on Jasper with the utmost solemnity. “There’s a narrow path ahead; a future where we can return those who were lost. We will have help from you know and hate.”

Before Jasper could decipher Garnet’s prophecy, she turned to the window where a speeding RV crashed through the wooden picket fence around Steven’s house and tore up the grass as the driver braked.

Jasper ran outside before anyone else and her eyes widened still as the gem who she’d once called jailer, rapist, captor and lover walked out.

“You’re not going to like it,” Lapis Lazuli said laconically, “But me and a friend can help you get back the ones you lost.”

Chapter End Notes

The song that the undead pirate sang was the song "Fuck you with an Anchor" by Alestorm.
Vermin shows the Pizza twins, Jenny and Kiki a few tricks, and Lapis Lazuli returns.

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Monster

Chapter 4: Pizza Sandwich

Delmarva, Erica’s house, Fanfiction Night

“That’s so amazing, Erica!” Steven beamed, stars in his eyes, “I still can’t get over that you write fanfiction!”

I shrugged my shoulders, “Honestly, most of my fanfiction is shit; but it feels good to write.” I adjusted the printed sheets of paper in my hands, my hands clammy with nervousness. “It started when I wrote in a pretty princess diary book about Dianna Troy and Beverly Crusher getting married and it just never quit me. Even as a professional novelist, I like looking at other people’s fanfiction of my work; good, bad and weird.”

“That’s really open minded of you, little monster,” Jasper purred, her large hand caressing the back of my neck. “Singing always made me nervous, goes double for story telling.”

“Well that puts some perspective into why the fusion was so easily able to beat you the second time with the power of song,” Peridot’s morally superior tone cut through the pleasantries.

“Shut your cake-hole, you angry butt-plug,” Jasper snarled and waved her fist at the green gem.

I put a hand on my beastie’s chest and tried to keep the peace. She was my love but she was still of a fiery temper. It might have been Peridot’s idea to host a fanfiction night, she still lacked any kind of tact or manners. I thought it was endearing half the time but it was better to nip these things in the bud.
“Yeah guys!” Steven jumped into the centre of the circle of chairs. “We’re all buddies here and buddies shouldn’t fight. This should be a chance for everybody to shine and show their stuff, also Connie apologizes for not being here; she had violin practice.”

“Shoot,” said Jasper, slightly dejected, “I was looking forward to her Unfamiliar Familiar stuff. That last fight scene between Lisa and the Neuromancer was the bomb.”

“Though her primitive fight scene was competently constructed,” Peridot began, raising her voice, “It was nothing compared to my own portrayal of Pierre and Percy’s wedding proposal!”

Jasper looked like she was about to slap Peridot when I spoke out, “Actually it was pretty good, Peri. I think you made a real breakthrough with that.” I smiled at Peridot and my Jasper, “I actually believed those two belonged together and not just because you as the author said so.”

The angry green gem finally simmered down, a smile gracing her emerald face. “Your praise, though humble is duly accepted as right and proper.”

“So let’s get started!” Steven shouted, planting himself down in his chair.

As everyone else got their printed out stories ready and argued about who’d read first, I took a moment to grab a cold Altdorf Kola from the fridge. I chugged down the caffeinated, sugary, definitely unhealthy drink. It was kinda good, kinda shit; but it was better than smoking, which I’d given up.

As I sipped my bevvie, I saw that Steven was the first to go with his fanfiction. By custom, we’d all go around reading a paragraph at a time, maybe a couple if they were really short.

“Percy screamed as Pierre pounded his bloody fudge,” Steven began.

Soda began squirting up my nose and Jasper burst out into open laughter. Peridot just looked confused by Steve’s word choice.

“His bloody fudge?” Jasper laughed, nearly doubled over.
I coughed on my drink, wiping my burning nose.

“Why was Pierre pounding a confectionery treat?” Peridot asked innocently.

This time I started joining Jasper in the laughter. “Look it up online, Peridot,” I coughed, half laughing. I had to ask, “Steven, how the hell did you come to that word choice?”

“I talked about it with my beta reader, Commander of the Slipper,” the boy confessed innocently. “I was going to use words like asshole or shit, but Slipper said that “fudge” would be more romantic.”

“It’s—very interesting, Steven; though I’m not sure that romantic is the word I’d use,” I explained to the boy gently, taking another sip of soda to stop the coughing. “Go right ahead, we’ll listen.”

Steven got ready to finish reading as Peridot’s face grew pale and a look of horror came on her as she realized what “fudge” meant in this context. She frantically typed on her tablet in order to find an alternative meaning for those words, but her search was in vain.

“Percy screamed as Pierre pounded his bloody fudge. This was the seventh time that Pierre had done this and he was still really, really frisky. All he wanted to do all day was fuck Percy, whether Percy wanted it or not. Because he broke Percy’s mind with hundreds and hundreds of orgasms, Percy couldn’t say no to Pierre’s meat telescope.”

“Excuse me,” said Peridot. “I have to vomit.” And she left the room.”

Steven looked down, sad that his writing had done something other than bring joy. I elbowed Jasper in the ribs as she struggled not to burst out laughing.

“Hey Steven,” I assured him, “I know this may seem hard, but write what you love and go for the balls. I got a feeling that you like to write a certain way, and I think if you really work on your grammar and story telling you could be like Stephen King or George RR Martin.”

A strange look came over Steven’s face. “I ship Walder Frey and Roose Bolton so hard. Those two shipped together online got me into writing and I love it. I can bring some of my lemon Woose fics
"over next time to read." He began to smile brightly.

Over my shoulder, Jasper struggled harder not to laugh; obviously picking up my look of disgust at the idea of graphic descriptions of Roose and Walder’s crusty old dicks. Still, I smiled and tried to encourage Steven, “Sure kiddo! Go for it! When Peridot gets back, we can keep going around and we’ll finish the night with snacks.”

---

**Castlevania, Now**

For a rootless monster like Dracula, every new planet was rich pickings to raid, every new shore a good place to pillage and burn and every isolated starship was a ripe and inviting target. The gem hand ship was just one such target.

Castlevania interrupted the ship’s faster than light Warp stream, bringing the massive vessel into real space. Cannons and point defence systems opened fire on the ship’s sides. While it would be easily able to withstand laser and fire blasts from a fusion like Alexandrite, the Hand Ship was only built in mind with inter-gem conflict. Through his mad science and black magic, the count had configured weapons systems that ripped through the armour on the ship and damaged the drives; leaving her dead in the water.

To start things off, uncountable demons teleported on-board the Gem Hand ship; their hell-born warp magic defying the gem’s anti-teleportation defences. Imps by the thousands clogged anti-matter beam traps with their corpses, Barons of Hell powered through forcefields and automated direct energy turrets like thy were nothing. Bloated, stinking mancubus demons opened fire with advanced magical hell missiles; ripping gems and robonoids to pieces.

The gems onboard the vessel fought back but there were too many demons and their computer systems were under cyber attack. The Peridots tried in vain to bring back most of the ship’s deadlier robonoids online when Dracula himself teleported onto the bridge.

The Count stood in full battle armour like some kind of storybook knight. With a wave of his hand, a wave of burning energy shattered dozens of Quartz soldiers. With a thrust of his sword, red lightning from a warp dimension beyond our own burned out the circuits of War Sphinxes and other mechanical horrors.

From behind the Count charged Holly Blue Agate, riding on top of a red eyed werewolf and waving her whip. The former supervisor gem screamed with rage and pleasure as helpless era 2 Peridots had their energy bolts redirected by her whip. The werewolf she rode tanked the energy
beams, crushing Peridot gems it in its yellowed teeth. “I keep what I kill!” Holly laughed maniacally as the Peridots gave up, trying to run when they realized the escape pods weren’t functioning. “Don’t worry darlings, Holly blue will be gentle on your anuses! HA-AH!”

More than even Yellow Diamond would have allowed, the Count encouraged Holly Blue Agate to reach deep into her inner well of hatred, blood-lust and greed.

From behind Holly, a figure in burlap dress and rat mask literally vomited up a green knife. Vermin charged screaming at a large Jasper soldier with a gem destabilizer and a gem-weapon battleaxe. The feral human woman knocked the destabilizer aside with a blast of warped and evil looking music notes from her throat. With a thrust, lightning travelled down her arm as she sliced the Jasper’s weapon hand off. With a final thrust, she drove the dagger into the Jasper’s open, screaming mouth and twisted. The big gem poofed and her stone fell to the ground.

Vermin hissed and moved onto the next gem, as a legion of robot Spartans teleported onto the bridge.

From the exit came a tidal wave of nanoprobes; a wave of Gray goo able to scour planets clean of life. The robot Spartans opened their mouths with a collective hydraulic hiss. There was a great shriek as the Spartans began to suck up the nanoprobes; taking a planet destroying weapon and reducing it to nothing in the void behind their metal teeth.

The Jaspers and Amethysts on the bridge began to turn and run as they’d lost half their number, their best war machines and a super weapon that had been devoured by damn empty eyed robots.

Dracula pointed his sword at the fleeing gem soldiers as Holly pulled out her cock from under her spider web patterned skirt and began raping a Peridot with a destroyed limb enhancer. “Take whatever booty you can claim, but this ship is mine!”

Everywhere on the ship, the Count’s demons roared with infernal sadism, his robots clanked tirelessly and creatures like Vermin and Holly rejoiced in the pleasure of the kill.

Time passed and it was over all too soon. The Gem Hand Ship was stripped for spare parts, its databanks plundered for useful schematics and strategic information and then pushed into a super massive black hole. Those gems who weren’t taken as sex slaves were shattered or else used to power the Count’s twisted machines; just like his robot Spartans who each had a living gem built under their devil brass carapace.
Vermin felt tired after the fight and wanted very much to have some rest and relaxation. She tilted her nose up and caught a scent on the air. It smelled like mozzarella, pepperoni and tart fish stew. She knew that smell from the time before she was Vermin.

The smell called to her, it smelled rustic, warm and homely. Then there was the faint undertone of fear and pussy beneath the scent of fresh baked pizza. That more than anything drove Vermin into the air ducts, away from the marching army of demons, robots and madwomen who comprised the Count’s Nightbreed army.

The ducts were home to her and the smell of cunt was calling to Vermin. Through the grates, Vermin could see the demons moving crates and pallets down various corridors for processing. The cursed, demonic cooks of the castle would definitely be preparing a feast of flesh for a job well done.

Down below, she could see two Imps trying to get through a door. The doors opened automatically only for the Count; which was why all others in the castle had to hump the doors to get them to open.

Vermin didn’t stay to watch the Imps thrust their bony hips against the door, she had pressing business. She passed through various rooms, in the air ducts, seeing gems of all types in chains; threatening, pleading or making idle chatter to hide their fear. She saw the blonde haired woman who mouthed off before, stuck under the undead pirate woman, who fucked her silly with a strap on dildo.

The brown doctor woman who Vermin had bum-fucked yesterday sat curled up in a ball on the bed she’d been left on.

All of that wasn’t important next to Vermin’s true goal.

Kiki and Jenny hugged one another tight as the wall of robotic Spartans was the only thing standing between them and the snarling, lithe demons that walked along the walls and bared their needle teeth. Each twin was silent, her face buried in the others shoulder as they’d done long ago in childhood when the monsters under the bed became too close.

They always had each other in their lives, even when Jenny used to guilt Kiki for “me time” there was always an unbreakable bond. They were there through each other’s first breakup and they were there when their grandmother Nanefua Pizza got torn to pieces by a pack of starving werewolves. The old woman went down fighting; cut up one werewolf with a chainsaw and tore the jaw off another even when both her legs were gnawed off.
The girls missed their Gunga, they missed their family and they missed the Pizza place that was their family legacy. Like in their childhood, when the closet monsters got too close they held onto one another.

The twins were shocked when a note like the growl of a death metal song shocked the Imps, the strange creatures scuttled towards the hump-activated door as a strange woman in burlap dropped from an air vent.

The tall, brunette woman in a rat mask bent low and released from her throat, glowing binary computer code which entered the heads of the Spartans. The mechanical warriors photoreceptors turned green and they began to march in lockstep out of the room; leaving the twins alone with the strange woman.

Jenny took in the strange woman who looked as though she’d gained a fair amount of muscle in a very short time. Truth be told, under the dirt and blood, she kind of was a real looker. The stretch marks and scars were pretty sexy; especially the shark bite looking one on her leg. If Jenny had a weakness it was for the hot, older bitches. “H-hey there, hot stuff.” she tried her best (not very good) pick up line on the strange woman in a rat mask.

Kiki looked nervously at the weird rat queen who’d driven back the nightmares and the things from under the bed. Unconsciously, she also got a good peak of cleavage down the front of the woman’s rough, burlap dress. She looked at her sister nervously, “Don’t encourage her,” she whispered.

Jenny held her twin closer, unable to control her rise in body temperature as Vermin strode confidently towards them. “She’s not so bad. I don’t see any fangs like that white guy with the cape and the crazy beard. She looks kinda cute.”

“She’s not cute!” Kiki said in a louder voice, still trying to avoid eye contact with the crazy feral lady; especially as her dress slipped down and a bit of rock hard, strawberry pink nipple peeked out.

“She’s plenty cute, look at those boobs; look at the curve of that ass under that raggedy old dress,” said Jenny, relaxing her stance and opening up to the horny stranger approaching them. “She’s like Rhiannah with the TV on the wrong colours.”

Kiki was about to retort when she saw something peek out from under the burlap cloth. A gigantic penis was lifting up Vermin’s skirt and exposing the dripping, pink pussy underneath. “She’s a he,”
said Kiki with unwanted arousal.

“Don’t be rude, my favourite twin,” said Jenny, eyes now fixed on that giant cock and puffy, perfect pussy. “She’s just a person like you and me and I think she’s horny.”

“Are you crazy?” Kiki hissed at her sister as Jenny got her knees. “I don’t know about but I’m saving myself for marriage.”

Jenny laughed as she dragged her sister to her knees. “Come on, girl; we both know that you fuck Buck and Sour Cream when I’m too tired. Now let’s lube this up with spit and squeeze it into your butt a few inches at a time.”

Kiki was about to say “What?” when Jenny took advantage of her wide open mouth and shoved her head onto Vermin’s dick. The sexy, dark skinned girl’s eyes widened as her mouth was suddenly full of a different kind of salami. The head was musky, salty and even a little bit sweet. She barely even had time to really swirl her tongue around the glans when her sister pushed her head forward.

Vermin purred; a low rumble deep from within her chest. She didn’t even have to put any effort as Jenny used her sister’s mouth as a masturbatory aid; her own delicate, painted fingers gracing the outer lips of the dick-girl’s pussy.

With a quick thrust of her fingers, Jenny felt around the velvety insides of Vermin. The woman’s body clenched around Jenny’s finger; feeling slick, warm and smelling musky. As her sister choked on Vermin’s monster cock, Jenny closed in on Vermin’s up until now, neglected cunt. The hot black twin sniffed deeply of the scent and started to lick the outer labia as her fingers sawed in and out. The girl’s thick lips smiled and she salivated.

Pushing her face into it, Jenny pressed her lips into the puffy pussy and started to taste the inner labia. Salty, moist and sticky, it made Jenny hungry. A fire lit in her belly and Jenny started to work her finger and tongue in tandem, savouring the velvety taste and hot skin.

A fever started to come over Jenny’s body and she used her free hand to start tearing off her meagre clothes; she popped off the buttons on her simple cotton night gown and began to slide it over her slender shoulders. Jenny’s large breasts fell free, bouncing in the torchlight; her cocoa nipples stiff and needy.

Kiki was getting Vermin’s dick down, gasping before it went down her throat once more. Her eyes
watered as her head went forward, and forward and forward. The cock slid down her throat, lubricated by layers of sticky saliva; her throat bulged from within and had she worn a necklace it would have snapped off. Her red eyes widened as the tip of her nose touched Vermin’s unkempt pubic hair.

Holy fuck!

Kiki felt a wetness on her thighs and was ashamed and humiliated by her own arousal. Her sex was conspiring to betray her as her body became the oral-cunt of this mutant. Yet for all her shame and talk of wanting to save herself until marriage, she so badly wanted the monster cock in her snatch.

The sex fever was taking over and the hot desire in her snatch was spreading all over her body; Kiki’s skin began to pour sweat, droplets of it dripping down her lingerie clad breasts. She struggled to hold the cock in her mouth, Vermin gently massaging her scalp.

When her sister grabbed her ample tits and yanked her top down, she didn’t protest in any way. Her boobs were way too hot and there was a single bead of sweat travelling down her cleavage. This way at least her girls could breath free.

Same with the bottom, Jenny reached down and tore off Kiki’s expensive thong bottom; letting her jiggly, dimpled ass hang free and breathe. All that running she did made it toned, but that padding just never went away.

A slap of her sister’s hand and her ass jiggled most delightfully; it wasn’t like other people ever wanted her butt padding to go away. Kiki and her sister always had fine, plush asses; it was a twin thing.

Both of the twins were now totally nude, neither with a stitch of clothing on their fine, toned forms. Kiki pulled off of Vermin’s cock, gasping for breath as her sister pulled away from Vermin’s cunt, her lips and tongue sticky and creamy.

Taking her sister by the shoulder, burning hot skin on burning hot skin; Jenny pressed her large, bountiful breasts against those of her sister. The twin sets of nipples jabbing into one another and demanding stimulation. The two girls began to rub their tits together, trying to relieve some of the tension.

Vermin took her cue, thrusting her cock between the jiggling, wobbly, round, firm breasts. Both
girls gasped as the mammoth manhood rubbing between their udders. Kiki followed her sexually aggressive sister’s example and began to work and play with Vermin’s moist, dripping pussy.

Vermin thrust her cock into the sweaty, hot boob sandwich and Kiki thrust her index and middle fingers’ into Vermin’s snatch. The cock monster was in heaven as the two girls titfucked and pussy fingered her.

Lost in a cocktail of mating hormones, magical sex pheromones and sisterly love; Kiki took the lead by grabbing her sister and giving her a large french kiss; dribbling spit and drool over the cock fucking their big titties. Jenny returned the kiss in her bacchanal depravity; all sense of decorum and decency gone and the madness fully taken over.

The titfucking was nice, and the pussy rubbing was nicer. For probably the first time, Vermin wished for someone with a giant cock to come in and just have a go at her snatch; but she had some business to take care of first before that happened.

Kiki was too busy making out with her twin sister to notice Vermin stop massaging her scalp. She did feel Vermin grab her by the back of the neck and throw her forward. She held out her hands to stop the rush of the dungeon floor, she also felt two strong hands grab her ass cheeks and spread them.

Kiki’s eyes widened as she felt something big press up against her tight, mocha pussy lips. She grunted as that special something pushed up against her pussy; catching the labia against the inner wall. She groaned with pain, but it soon passed. New pain came to replace it.

Her sore labia hardly had a second to recover as it was stretched thin and pink; to the utmost limit. A tight spring inside her belly coiled until she felt she would come undone. Her limbs felt weak and her body trembled. From the corner of her eye, she spotted Jenny twisting one of her nipples and furiously fingerling her own pussy.

Kiki panted like a dog as Vermin’s cock filled her as deep it would go. The feeling of fullness was painful, pleasurable and it was everything that she wanted. It was the biggest dick she’d ever taken; beating out Sour Cream by just one inch. She had no idea how Buck or her sister were able to take Sour Cream to the hilt each time.

The young runner and part time pizza employee pushed back against Vermin’s cock. She wanted the hermaphroditic woman. She wasn’t sure what label to apply to her; but there was a strong female energy that made her stand out from other men, no matter how butch or femme those men could be. The strange dichotomy of female energy and male anatomy made Kiki more aroused and
strings of pussy juice clung to her thighs and dribbled on the floor.

Her moaning became screaming as Vermin bent over her and started to grab and knead her soft, dark boobs. Her nipples sang with delight as the rough, calloused hands of Vermin pinched and twisted them. Over her, Vermin’s strong, hardened form held her in place like a boar mounting a sow in the mating season. She was being degraded and she wanted it.

So when the cock was suddenly pulled out, she could only wonder aloud, “Wha-what? Why’d you stop?”

Vermin answered without words. Without a single growl or grunt, she grabbed the nude, trembling Jenny off the ground and started to guide her dick in.

Jenny yelped in protest, “Hey! That’s my but! That’s my ass!”

To be honest, Vermin wasn’t that picky. She’d taken up a sexy, curvy girl and that was all she wanted. When her dick, wet with Kiki’s fluids began to push up against Jenny’s sensuous, brown pucker she was happy as a pig in shit.

Jenny was a bit reluctant at first, as she screamed her head off; Vermin’s strong arms holding her up by the legs. “Hey! Go slow! Go slow!” It began to slide inside her jiggly, sweet booty. “Oh-oh-oh fuck!” she screamed.

Kiki watched in awe as Vermin held up her sister just beneath her knees; holding her legs up near her shoulders and giving her maximum access to the goods down south. It was really all too hot.

As Jenny’s ravaged asshole screamed in pain, Vermin slowly guided her down the long, thick impalement pole she called a dick. As it pushed its way inside her, Jenny felt her ass clench on the long member; unlike her sister she began to scream full volume from the start.

Kiki for her part sat down on the ground so that both her hands could work at her pussy; the site of her sister being sodomized arousing her beyond measure.

Jenny yelled as she felt Vermin’s hips pull back and her arms lift her up; pulling that cock back until her head touched the inside of her sphincter, then pushing it all back in. Jenny arched her back and screamed for Vermin’s brutal animal rutting, “Yeah! Yeah! More!” She panted like a bitch in
heat, body dripping sweat as if she’d just jumped out of the shower.

The cock pistoned in and out of Jenny as Kiki got closer, crawling on the ground like a cowed doe approaching the business end of a horny stag. Meek and sweet, Kiki shoved her hand into her sister’s shaking pussy and began to expertly and skillfully eat it. Jenny’s features contorted as the ravaging of her ass and the gentle tongue massage of her pussy filled her nerves with conflicting impulses.

The girls danced to Vermin’s tune, engaging in a sick, incestuous ritual like the dancing of the Maypole as directed by George RR Martin. It was only a matter of time until in her orgasmic bliss, Jenny felt Vermin’s cock start to pulse. “Cum in me!” she begged in a hoarse, winded voice, “Please, fucking cum in my ass!”

The heavenly cock monster did not disappoint. Hot, thick seed painted the inside of Jenny’s body; filling her like the rutting of the virile stag. Robert Baratheon himself would give his seal of approval to the scream of joy from Jenny and the eye rolling orgasmic shocks going through her.

Vermin dropped Jenny to the ground, thick, white streams of fluid leaking out of her destroyed anus. She still had another twin and it would be uncourteous to leave that sweet booty unfucked. Kiki looked up at her with sexual worship, her mouth full of her sister’s lady cum.

Then it all went to hell. A stabbing pain thrust through Vermin’s abdomen. Groaning in pain, the rat woman doubled nearly over; grinding her teeth as blood started to leak down her legs.

“Please,” said the half dazed Kiki, reaching out to pump Vermin’s stained and soiled cock. “I want you to fuck me too, I want you in my butt just like my slutty sister.”

Vermin looked down at Kiki with contempt in her eyes; the rat mask caught the light in a strange way. From where Kiki knelt, it looked like the rat mask itself was scowling at her. Nearby, her sister muttered incoherently as a fresh wave of cum leaked out onto her ass cheeks.

Hissing, Vermin swung her hand and slapped Kiki across the face. The force of the backhand blow knocked the girl aside. Kiki picked herself up clumsily off the dungeon cobblestone, tasting blood in her mouth. She shook and tried to block another strike, but failed.

Vermin hissed and spat, a fresh wad of clotty, brownish blood dribbling down from her cunt. The pain felt like she’d had a whole packet of razor blades pushed up her ass and pussy at the same
time. A third strike knocked the girl to the ground.

“P-please, fuck me,” Jenny begged, “I love you.”

Vermin hissed once more, the pain in her womb growing more intense. She felt like every championship martial artist who ever lived was playing speed bag wit her uterus. She had to escape, she had to get out of cover and find herself a safe, little rat hole.

“Come back!” moaned Jenny, starting to drag herself out of the dirt, “I need you. We need you.”

Vermin ignored them, clenching her agonized womb. With a strong leap, she jumped into the air vent she arrived in and scurried away, leaving a trail of blood and vaginal slime behind her.

The darkness and solitude brought her comfort and a feeling of safety, but it couldn’t banish the pain. Vermin stopped and whined like a beaten dog as her womb started to contract. This couldn’t be happening to her; she couldn’t wrap her mind around this horrific betrayal of her body.

Forcing herself to ignore the agony, she looked around and sniffed; her blood would likely draw the attention of imps, other vampires and anyone ruthless or hungry enough to take advantage of her situation.

Wordlessly, silently, Vermin swore to herself that she would come out of this moment of vulnerability twice as horny, twice as virile and twice as deadly. As payback for being born a woman, she’d make them all bleed out the ass.

The though made her horny again, even with her suffering womb.

______________________________

Delmarva, Crystal Temple

“What the fuck are you doing here!” Jasper roared, her fists clenched and her crash helmet summoned.

Lapis Lazuli looked at Jasper through a pair of expensive designer sunglasses and adjusted the silk
shawl that she’d wrapped around her head in a hijab style. “Hello to you too, Jasper.”

“Lazuli!” Amethyst screamed, running to give the water witch a hug.

Jasper reacted instantly and grabbed Amethyst by the back of her neck and lifting her off the ground. “Stay the fuck away from her! She’s a crazy rapist!”

“She’s my friend, she was Peridot’s friend!” Amethyst sobbed, mourning her missing mate and any connection she had to the lost, little green gem.

“She’s not your friend.” Jasper roared again, “She’s a fucking rapist! She tried to kill Erica and suicide by cop through me! She lied to Steven and all of us. Fuck you!” she pointed an accusing finger at Lazuli, who only stared back silently.

“Jasper,” came a little whisper.

The quartz warrior dropped Amethyst and looked over at Steven Universe, “What?” she said in a low voice, body trembling with rage.

“Let’s listen to her,” said Steven quietly, holding Connie’s hand. “Nobody’s denying what she did to you or Erica, but she wouldn’t be here without a reason.”

Jasper grit her teeth. Just seeing Lazuli here made her feel like she was inhaling razor blades and breathing out jalapeno sauce. With her crash helmet still on, she nodded slightly at Lazuli, struggling to restrain her desire to kill.

Lazuli brushed out a few wrinkles on her expensive blouse and human dress underneath. She shifted practised balance in fine red high heel shoes. “You’re not wrong about me, but while I’ve been away I’ve been killing vampires. I started out by accident when some cunt with fangs in Sunnydale tried to shatter me, and most recently I’ve been fighting and killing vamps out in Barrow, Alaska.”

The water gem refused to meet Steven’s ashamed look or the consternation of Garnet, but she kept her eyes on Jasper. It made Jasper feel alone, vulnerable.
“I didn’t do it alone,” said Lapis, “I met this vampire killer, a real bastard of bastards; take this fucker to the holy land and start your own crusade, type of badass. She’s one of the Belmont’s, one of the oldest monster killing families on earth and some of the best. If anyone knows how to kill Dracula, it’s her.”

“So we’ll meet your partner and you can fuck off and die, Lazuli!” Jasper screamed, only a hair’s breadth away from tearing Lapis apart limb from limb.

“I get you don’t fucking like me,” Lapis stated evenly, “I don’t fucking like me. If you killed me, you’d be doing me a favour. But we’ve got something in common, you want to kill Dracula and I want to kill Dracula. If we kill Dracula, we can get your Erica back; I owe her that much after what I’ve done.”

Jasper stomped forward until she and Lazuli were face to face, she was this far away from stuffing Lapis’s fine sunglasses right up her blue ass. “What about what you owe me, you little cunt?”

“I know I owe you,” said Lazuli, her voice hardening. “I got no business asking you to trust me, so don’t. Just think like a fucking soldier and treat me like an asset. If you don’t trust me I can’t betray you.”

Jasper looked to Garnet, waiting for the future seeing gem to weigh in.

After a moment, the Afro-looking gem conceded, “We don’t need her, but we need her partner.” Garnet looked to Lapis, “Your partner is still at McDonald’s, we can meet her there.”

Lapis nodded. “If anyone wants, I can give you fuckers a ride in the RV.”

Amethyst ran forward, “Shotgun!” she called, a bit of her old sense of humour coming back through the sorrow.

“No fair, Amethyst!” shouted Steven as she sprinted after the purple gem, Connie ran after her boyfriend.

“Don’t you fuckers think about it!” Jasper shouted, running after the shorty squad. She stood in the doorway of Lapis’s RV, arms crossed. “If anyone is sitting shotgun, it’s going to be me.” She pointed at the water witch, “You, drive safely, below the speed limit. Don’t try anything funny. If
you so much as run a red light I’m going to bust your ass; any questions?”

Lapis looked taken back by Jasper’s aggression and forwardness. She frowned and then gave the smallest of smiles. “Prepare for a safe ride, Jasper,” she promised. “Together we’ll get your Erica back.”

Jasper felt a chill run up her spine for reasons she dared not admit to herself. She turned sideways and planted her big ass into the copilot’s seat; a disappointed Steven and Amethyst stormed by, miffed at their missed opportunity.

Connie followed and Lapis came last. Garnet jumped on top of the RV as it took off, the headed off to McDonald’s, to the Last Belmont, to destiny.

---

Omake

A man turns around from his typing desk and his cheap laptop. He is the Master of the Boot, acclaimed writer, security guard by night and talentless hack.

Master of the Boot smiles at his readers through the fourth wall. “Hey guys,” he says, “Do you know what we haven’t done recently? We haven’t checked up on my brother Steven! What are you up to, Steven?”

We cut to a man who looks a bit like Boot, except that he’s wearing a latex pig mask and fucking a Stretch Armstrong doll with a hole cut into the bottom. Steven grunts, gasps and then throws his head back as he cum.

We cut back to Master of the Boot as he shakes his head. “Oh Steven, you wacky guy, you.”

Fade to black.
Well that was a rush.

Honestly I never imagined that sex scenes would be so gratifying to write. It actually felt like a deep cleanse of my soul.

Doing this story has been so out of my wheelhouse; it’s actually very edifying. I used to be very phobic of sex and sexuality. This is making me feel better.

And while we’re at it, I hope ya’ll enjoyed this. I know I did. Read and review!

Ta

Master of the Boot
Chapter Five: Time of the Month

Delmarva, Erica’s house

I typed furiously at my computer, working on the closing chapters of my newest book. In a very short while the world would be graced with the presence of Nigella “Viper” Dawson; outlaw biker, demon slayer and the Everchosen of Satan’s Hordes; world destroyer or saviour.

Unlike my fanfiction there was no room for error, no chance for forgiveness. I had to be as swift and merciless with my words as Nigella was with her fists, her guns and her knives. Every book I’d ever read, every fanfiction I’d ever cried over and every movie I’d scorned was preparing me for the finishing of this novel. It’d be done in a few weeks and I truly had no idea how the world would take it. I wanted it to be beloved by all and I expected it to be the most hated novel around since Twilight.

I huffed and took a sip of my cold coffee. The stuff tasted like shit, but like the pain that a boxer feels it drove me on to beat the shit out of this book. This was my enemy, this story was my foe. I was Oberyn and this goddamn novel was the Mountain. If I wasn’t careful it would throw me to the ground, gouge my eyes out and crush my skull with its hands. If I was careful and the gods smiled on me (maybe) I could drive my spear through the novel’s armour, cut under the armpits and open its fucking arteries. I’d stand over the corpse like a nasty cave-woman standing over a recent mammoth kill.

I mentally kicked myself for my lack of historical accuracy and I beat myself up even more as I wrote Nigella making love to her partner Ebba Brodun. When it came down to it, the details of the lovemaking had to be taken care of or else the whole thing would turn into a terrible porno nightmare. More than that, this beautiful, tender lovemaking was going to summon a castle in the heavens.
From there I had to transition from a beautiful love making scene to a confession of true love, to the arrival of a Disney fantasy castle to the dawning of a demon world raising hell for eternity.

I spoke the words aloud to myself as I wrote them, “Make your choice, my child; choose this woman and you will never again have the black wings of hate that will carry you to the heavens.”

I bit my lips and typed more and I had to once again speak the words aloud as though they’d just vanish from reality otherwise. “Ebba, sometimes I don’t know what to think about all this but you never gave me a choice. Our fates are bound and no one can touch us.”

“Very good, my sweet puppet” said the pink demon, ‘You didn’t disappoint.” I spoke the words of A’Ddimno, right hand of Satan. In that moment I knew that my vision on paper was taking true life.

THUD!

I looked up and saw my own true love, the beloved Jasper arrive. Nigella, A’Ddimno and Ebba could all wait. “Beastie!” I cried out as I ran for her.

Jasper didn’t hug me, instead just flopping down on the couch like a lazy sitcom dad. I ran for her and wrapped my arms around her large, warm frame. However it took her a few seconds for her to bring her large arms around me in a stiff an awkward hug. I frowned in her grasp. “So, I take it that something is getting to you?”

Jasper huffed. “Something like that, that little shit Amethyst insulted me.”

I turned and looked at my jumbo eighties hair band lover. “She loves you like a sister; what the hell happened?”

Jasper huffed again and ran a hand through her bleach white hair. “Well we were finishing training and suddenly Amethyst pulled a couple of sweaters out of her lunchbox and started eating them. She offered me one and I said yes.”

I nodded, “Go on, love.”
Jasper snarled out the rest of her story, “So I bit the bullet and I started eating the sweater. I though the polyester was oily, savoury and a bit chloride. The cotton in it was chewy, cellulosey—almost like tree wood but nuttier. I said all of that to Amethyst and she got all huffy with me and told me to fuck off.”

I looked at my lover, “I don’t understand.”

Jasper stood up, holding her arms up in outrage. “She just started flipping the fuck out. She told me to fuck off, told me to stop it and stop mocking her. I told her to suck my fucking dick and that I’d send her head to the moon if the didn’t simmer the fuck down! She threw a punch and I threw a punch and we started swearing at each other. If the dumb cunt had just backed down the day wouldn’t have been ruined.”

I was still confused. “Baby, why was she so upset that you talked about the flavour of a sweater?”

Suddenly Jasper looked ashamed, looked embarrassed. She started looking away from me and scratching the back of her neck. One of her hands went up and rubbed against the gemstone that made up her nose and her true body. “It doesn’t matter, she shouldn’t have gotten all the fuck up in my face.”

“But it doesn’t make any sense,” I protested, “Amethyst got angry over you describing the food; is that what happened? I’m not misunderstanding you?”

Sullenly, Jasper nodded, “Yeah, she got angry because I described the taste.” her voice lowered and lowered until it was barely a whisper.

“So what am I missing?” I asked. “Did you insult her bitch or something or scratch her car?”

“Amethyst doesn’t own a car and I never insulted Peridot!” Jasper snapped.

I would have told Jasper not to yell at me but I was too busy sniggering over the fact that she thought of Peridot as Amethyst’s bitch.

“It’s just that Quartz soldiers aren’t supposed to taste,” Jasper said in a voice like a mouse’s
I sat up and look at my Lion of Castamere. It took me a few seconds to understand what she was trying to say. “But, Amethyst eats all the time; she’s like a fucking garbage disposal. And you eat and taste, you told me all about the corn we ate and about the sweater you ate with Amethyst.”

Jasper put her arms around herself and pulled away from my touch. “Well, I’m not supposed to taste. Amethyst can’t taste. She’s always eating different shit to enjoy the textures. You remember on Deep Space Nine how the Vorta can only taste rippleberry and certain nuts?”

“Sure,” I said, “It was a method of control by the Founders; to remind them how they used to be small forest animals like Hobbits.”

Jasper looked off to the side, avoiding my gaze. “Well a few thousand years before I was made, the Diamonds decided that taste was an unsanctioned form of pleasure for their foot soldiers. Quartz units like me were built with scent sponges so we could detect bombs and environmental hazards; but our tongues are only for talking.” She let out a long, deep breath and shuddered. “It’s not like we even need a sense of taste. We can’t be poisoned like humans and there’s no reason or purpose for us to eat. We only have stems and feel pleasure because the Diamonds decree it. Amethyst only eats to experience the texture of food.”

“So why can you taste but not Amethyst?” I asked.

Jasper remained silent, curling up on the couch into a ball like a scorned dog.

“Hey,” I said, giving her large body a shake, “Don’t go shutting me out. Why can you taste but Amethyst can’t?”

Jasper stayed quiet, curling up tighter than before. Now she wasn’t even touching me at all.

“Babe, Jasper, I can’t help you if you just clam up like this,” I tried to be gentle with her, putting a hand on her shoulder. “You can sit here until the sun burns out but I’m your wife and whatever is going on in your life you can trust me with.”

My love shot up, her eyes wide and brimming with tears of shame. “I CAN TASTE BECAUSE I’M DEFECTIVE! I’M AS DEFECTIVE AS THAT OVERCOOKED RUNT I RAN INTO ON MY FIRST
VISIT TO THIS PLANET!” She screamed as loud as she could, the windows rattling and her arms waving in the air like she was trying to fend off an attack from me. “The reason I have a sense of taste is because I’m defective; I’ve got a feature that I shouldn’t have because I was made in the shitty-ass beta kindergarten and even the fucking Kindergarten Kid that Could wasn’t able to escape the curse of the beta. I’m the same as the rest of my defective, under cooked, overcooked shit-ass clutch!”

Jasper panted as if she’d run a marathon, her frame shuddering as if with a fever. My Jasper trembled like a leaf and not at all like the mighty, indestructible warrior she’d presented herself as when she first faced off against the crystal gems.

I was no stranger to body issues, body shaming and other problems but I had the faintest idea that Jasper was feeling something different. She’d spent literally thousands of years living under a totalitarian dictatorship, but that wasn’t what was really crazy to me. In all that time, Jasper had been basically regarded as the physical ideal that all others lived up to. I’d grown up an acne afflicted dyke with man’s hands, being treated as the perfect anything was more crazy to me than any of the alien shit.

I put my hands on Jasper’s, “Let’s lay down some ground rules for talking about this. For starters, I won’t ever use the d-word.”

“Dick?” Jasper blurted out, on the verge of exploding into tears, her lip quivering with sadness.

I wanted to laugh but couldn't find it in me. My beastie needed me. “I mean defect. I won’t ever use the word defect; and you shouldn’t use it either. From now on, we’ll both just say different. You’re different, I’m different, we’re all of us different no matter what galaxy we’re in.”

Jasper sniffled and wiped the tears from her eyes, “Different, okay. Now what?”

I nodded for a moment, setting myself into Jasper’s vast, warm lap. “Now we just admit to ourselves that different is good; different isn’t bad. You are a person, not a thing.”

My little monster hiccuped a bit and gave me a sad smile, “You just saw that in a movie.”

“I always loved Mad Max, and I love the new movie,” I confessed. “But it still stands. You’re not a thing and you never were. Our children will not be warlords.”
Jasper hugged me, taking me into her loving embrace. “Our children will not be warlords,” she said with conviction and steel under the sadness.

“I may not always understand what’s going through your mind and the same for the reverse, but you can always count on me to be a safe harbour. I’ll never judge you,” I said as I buried my face between her large, luscious breasts.

“And I’ll be your protector,” said Jasper, her tears drying and her voice steadying, “Now and forever until the stars burn out.”

I wasn’t in Jasper’s arms.

I was taken out of the memory.

I was somewhere else. I looked around, trying to remember how I got here, how I wound up in this place.

The world was black and white, everything was bleak and colourless. The world was drained of life, turned into a void that stretched on forever.

What little I could make out with my human sensibilities was limited. But there was no mistaking the mosaic of Pink Diamond.

As i started at the mural of the diamond matriarch, I saw someone.

I think it could have been a woman, but I could only guess through her billowing pink cloak.

Wait, Pink?

Where had she come from?
I took a step on black and white tiled floor towards the woman and I got a better look at her.

She was tall, taller even than Blue and Yellow Diamond. If the proportions of her hood and cape were anything to go by, she was broader in the shoulders and thicker than either of them.

The pink woman shifted, her cloak pulling back to reveal a powerful, muscular female body clad in fine armour. I looked into that hood of hers but I saw nothing, or it would not reveal myself to me.

My eyes hurt to look at her, but I could make out a little. There were two eyes. There were teeth; many, many teeth set up in a great grin.

And I woke up as Vermin.

Castlevania, Now
An Imp

Castlevania was dark and full of danger. There was nowhere in the castle that was safe or secure and that went double for the kitchen levels. Vermin staggered through the dark and winding hallways of the kitchens, their off white tiles stained with blood and dried fluids. Flickering incandescent bulbs haphazardly illuminated the halls and in some cases they went dark over bottomless pits, pressure pads and booby traps.

There were a thousand ways to die in the kitchens and ten thousand ways to become someone else’s meal. Crippled by her period and exhausted by endless sex, Vermin knew that this was the perfect place to hide.

The masked woman grunted and leaned against a wall, turning her head instinctively to avoid an arrow meant for her head. The automatic launcher in the wall glowed red as she’d triggered its
motion sensor. A quick shout like a police siren sent a glowing note like a ninja star and destroyed the arrow launcher. Vermin gasped, even her throat hurt from her vile, treacherous period.

Growling like a dog, she punched herself in the lower stomach; sending unnecessary pangs of agony through her entire body. The outburst left her feeling no better and like a coyote with a leg stuck in a trap she saw no way out. She’d chew out her own womb if given a chance; it wasn’t like she wanted children or cared about them.

She’s probably eat her babies when the weather got too cold or if the Count forgot to feed her.

Pushing herself forward, Vermin shambled barefoot past a pair of swinging saloon style doors only to get shoved right back out by a mancubus demon. The obese, cybernetic monstrosity roared at Erica and slammed its metallic gun-barrel hands together in a thunderous display.
Vermin snarled at the rotund mass of cancerous flesh and spat her knife out. With a quick slash, she cut through the thick, radioactive cables across the thing’s flabby chest and ripped out the mini fusion reactor over the monster’s heart.
Ignoring the smell of rotting flesh, Vermin shoved the micro reactor into the Mancubus’s open maw and gave it a punch in the throat to help it swallow.

The dull monster’s single green eye widened with mild shock before its entire upper body exploded like a raccoon on the highway.

Groaning, Vermin found the demon’s foul smelling guts to be too much even for her tainted sense of taste and smell. Without hesitation her summoned knife dissolved and she threw herself into a large vat of water probably meant for soup.

Soggy and cold but much cleaner, Vermin shook herself off like a dog and continued to shamble down the hallways of the kitchen, warding off Imps with a glare and hiding from the sight of a roaming Hell Baron; a creature she’d have a tough time killing on her best days.
When it felt like she’d been walking through the labyrinth kitchen forever, past a million bubbling pots, butchered animal carcasses and roaring fires, Vermin finally found a quiet spot to just be fucking miserable and curl up while her period raged.
Her luck was with her today, there was a giant block of cheese just sitting on a counter top. Vermin took it and started to gnaw on it like her namesake; growling, chewing and spitting up cheese rind as she inhaled the huge block of cheddar.

As Vermin finished for what most women would be a month’s worth of cheese, she noticed that someone else close to her was eating. The Count’s three vampire brides were all leaned over a giant silver tray the size of a hospital stretcher and sucking away. Vermin shifted, feeling more blood run down her legs; the cheese in her stomach suddenly not sitting so well. It felt like she was going to puke.

“Oh, Ratty,” said a smooth, feminine voice.

Vermin looked up at the redhead vampire bride who’d spoken. Were they talking to her? She glanced around to see who the hell else she could be talking to.

“Hello, ratty,” said the Redhead, licking the blood dripping down her chin. “Yes I mean you, it’s a nickname.” She clarified, pointed one crimson claw at Vermin.

Vermin huffed, blinking her eyes and clenching her fists. Her womb hurt badly but she’d defend herself if she needed to. The black haired vampire reared up from the silver tray, her enormous breasts straining against her silk dress and her nipples almost poking through.

“Don’t look at us like that, Ratty,” said the raven haired vampire bride. “We were mean to you at first, but we think you’re rather lovely. At the very least you gave us the most pleasure we’ve had in centuries.”

Vermin shifted where she sat, trying to ignore the searing pain in her lower back.

The blonde bride got up from the tray, licking blood and vaginal juice off her fingers. “It’s good to meet you Ratty, we forgive you for roughing us up on our first meeting.” Her tone was a bit frosty but overall she seemed sincere. And if she wasn’t sincere then Vermin was confident in her ability to fuck their shit up one more time.

As Vermin winced, someone else in the kitchen room groaned weakly. Vermin’s eyes caught sight of some fine, brown breasts, dark nipples and bright red bite marks where horny vampire vixens had bit down.
Priyanka moved weakly on the giant silver tray, splayed out on a bed of lettuce like a roast turkey or a carved ham. The Indian-American woman groaned, menstrual blood and arousal leaking out of her pussy and fang marks on her breasts, thighs and neck. Her eyes rolled back in her head. Her moans were those of both pain and pleasure as one of the vampire women, the redhead shoved a finger inside her bloody, puffy cunt.

The woman doctor moaned with slavish devotion as the vampire woman began casually playing with her engorged clitoris. The redhead fingered Priyanka without looking at her, “Let’s start over, Ratty. My name is Marishka.” She pointed to the midnight haired vamp, “This is Annika and the straw haired cow is Elizabeta.”

Elizabeta hissed at Marishka and Marishka rolled her eyes in response. Marishka ignored Vermin staring down her cleavage, she was much more annoyed when Vermin’s attention shifted to the shaven and trimmed bush through Annika’s sheer gown; easily the most see through the lot of them.

“Dinner can be put on hold,” she said as she floated over to Vermin and put a hand under her burlap dress. “Come girls, there’s plenty of good blood here; and it is fresher, purer and stronger than the stuff in that little toy’s veins.”

Annika stretched high, throwing her head back and pushing her crotch as aggressively as she could into Vermin’s face; her full ass and hips rocking. Vermin had to admit that the view was quite good where she was sitting; she could almost forget the agony in her womb.

“I’m plenty full,” purred Elizabeta, uncovering the burlap over Vermin's thick but still half sock cock. “She’s got a cunt down there, so enjoy that; I want the meat.” From out of her full, red lips, a long snake like tongue extended and began to work over Vermin’s veiny shaft.

The bestial woman groaned as Marishka’s own long tongue began to tease around her pussy, feeling up the clitoral hood and starting to search around for her still functional and still present clitoris. Vermin looked straight forward as Annika phased right out of her clothing, standing as naked as a jaybird. The raven haired vampire spread her legs and floated up, putting them over Vermin’s shoulders. “Last time you were very mean to me and my sisters, a bit of pussy licking would make for a fine apology from a cute Ratty like you.” She spoke to Vermin like someone would talk to a dog, but no ( sane) woman would dare do this with a dog.

Vermin went for Annika’s pussy, with its pubic hair shaved into the shape of a spider of all things. She wasn’t as rough as she wanted to be; she couldn’t bend forward too much. Still, Vermin was definitely rough enough for the tastes of the horny, jaded vampire woman. The tight, smooth pussy gave way to thick pink lips which tasted sweet and a bit salty.
Down on the shaft, Elizabeta opened her mouth wide and sucked on the head; starting to peek out of the foreskin. Her two delicate, clawed hands started to work over the shaft. As her drool ran down the long, thick penis she started to force it between her two very large breasts; giving a titjob and a blowjob at the same time.

The orbs of her boobs massaged the shaft and pressed all around it as though trying to suck it in. Elizabeta knew how to use her tits and Vermin hardly had to do any work.

Meanwhile on her cunt, Marishka’s elegant tongue parted the thick pussy lips and took in the rich, gamely musk. Vermin tasted of wild hunts and dark places. The tongue ghosted over Vermin’s asshole and like superhuman dexterity struck at the clitoris with loving embrace. The blood made it all the sweeter; the thick uterine blood the richest treat to the vampire, far better than the supposedly sweet blood of virgins. The menstruation spoke of experience, age, wisdom and raw femininity. No man had anything in his body to match it and only girls should be so lucky to have such a holy grail of ambrosia between their legs once a month.

Vermin might have disagreed, but the sex was doing a good job taking the edge off the pain. With left hand she grabbed Annika’s firm, round white girl ass and kneaded it. The mix of firm and jiggly felt so right in her rough hands and Annika welcomed the hard touch; stronger than a man and also more skilled than even Casanova could ever hope to be.

With her left hand, Vermin serviced Marishka’s sweet, pink pussy with the hilt of her knife. The hilt worked very well as a dildo in Vermin’s hand. It was ribbed and thick, meant for a good and comfortable grip; it also did a good job of stimulating the walls of the pussy and the outer lips. Slick as it was, Vermin kept the top half of the knife hilt dry. Much as she liked pussy, she was no man; she didn’t let her dick think for her. She did not let her dick allow her to trust, much as a tiny, forgotten part of her may want to.

Annika groaned and grabbed Vermin’s hair in handfuls as the brunette rat woman stuck a finger into the vampire woman’s fine asshole. The vamp ground her pussy against Vermin’s skilled tongue and pushed her ass back onto that wriggling, talented finger.

Elizabeta’s eyes rolled back into her head as she sucked as hard as she could on that cock; her cheeks deflating from the effort. Her boobs were doing an excellent job of being a cock holder, the twin mammaries sandwiching the cock like buns with a sausage. Her erect nipples rubbed against Vermin’s burlap dress and send sparks of pleasure through her body.

Marishka moaned into Vermin’s pussy, french kissing the inner labia like an old lover long lost. She drank deeply of the blood and lubrication within. It filled her with energy and invigorated her;
it also made her nipples and erogenous zones more sensitive. So she wasn’t too upset when Elizabeta pushed her off and shoved her face and snake tongue into that sopping wet pussy for herself.

Marishka turned around, too phasing out of her silk down and getting on all fours for Vermin like a sow in heat. Hissing with pleasure, her fangs extended as she pushed her pussy onto Vermin’s cock. The knife hilt had been good but it wasn’t as big, as warm or as hard as the cock. She missed this. It had been truly too long since they’d had a good rooster here in Castlevania.

Vermin transferred the knife hilt over from Marishka’s dripping pussy and pressed the blade against Elizabeta’s cheek. The pussy starved vampire could only stare in shock as Vermin made the tiniest paper-cut nick against her ivory skin.

A thin, fine line of blood dripped out before quickly regenerating. Elizabeta’s features went from shock, to rage to arousal as Vermin took the slightly bloodies knife blade and licked the crimson essence off it it. Vermin gave a lecherous, sideways grin as she worked around the spicy, deathly, shockingly hot vampire’s blood in your mouth. Vermin stuck out her tongue and pressed up her knife against Elizabeta’s throat. The golden haired vampire gave her own smile as she realized who was in charge and that it turned her on.

“Don’t stop,” begged Annika, pussy suddenly unattended. For her troubled, Vermin attacked her pussy with twice the ferocity; biting, licking and chewing on the swollen clitoris. She was fierce and painful and the vampire woman loved her for it. Just to make it interesting, Vermin put two fingers into Annika’s asshole—just for the practice.

Marishka felt it, the pulsing in Vermin’s cock as her seed started to flow. The vampire woman clenched her pussy around the futa cock, hoping to take in all that sweet, hot seed for herself. It might not have the life giving properties of blood, but the cum was thicker, hotter and more importantly the smell and taste of it marked her as Vermin’s bitch. She was so turned on by the thought, by being debased and violated by this she-bitch in heat. She wanted to go around this castle with Vermin’s smell on her pussy and mouth.

The volume was cum was simply too much for her and it began to leak out of her pussy. Thick, white semen gushed out of her stretched and abused pussy lips, leaking all over Elizabeta as she guzzled on period blood. She was about to lean in and lick the cum off her vampire sister when Annika pulled away from Vermin’s hungry mouth and planted her pink, compliant asshole down on the soaking wet cock. Vermin still had a lot of seed to give and there was no way the sisters would go without or go without taking more than one load.

“Oh, Ratty!” Annika shrieked, her long black hair flying like the feathers of a cockatoo. “Fuck my ass! Fuck me hard!”
Vermin couldn’t, her damned womb wouldn’t allow her but Annika was nice enough to actually do most of the bouncing and riding on her own, her ass slapping repeatedly against her sister Elizabeta’s equally big ass. The vampire ass dance was a sight to see.

While the quad fucked like rabbits in heat, a solitary green figure walked into the room on spidery mechanical legs. Peridot, as she’d once been known stood by the door and bowed; her cotton servant’s dress touching the filthy cobblestone and the long mechanical legs holding up her body creaking. “A thousand, thousand apologies my ladies of the night, oh most marvellous—

“Shut the fuck up, Zoe!” Elizabeta barked, her fangs turned yellow and jagged as she snarled at Peridot, her face smeared with blood and female cum.

“Uh! P-piss off, Zoe!” stuttered Annika as Vermin’s cock filled up every inch of space in her ass.

Peridot or rather “Zoe,” stood up, four plastoid, segmented legs produced from a metal harness underneath her dress. Her face was broken and sad, like a scolded child; an iron crown covered her gem and made her look like a parody of a princess.

“What is it, Zoe?” hissed Marishka, waving her claws at the beaten gem in a faded blue servant’s dress.

Zoe bowed her head and clutched her crown as though trying to shut out schizophrenic voices. “My lord has asked me to collect the brown woman; to heal her from your feeding.”

“Get on with it and get out!” roared Marishka, slamming her fist into the stone floor hard enough to crack it.

Skittering like a cockroach, Zoe sprinted past the vampire woman and Vermin; who gave not a solitary fuck about her. Two more mechanical arms with endings like barbecue tongs extended from under her dress and picked up Priyanka off of the silver tray. Priyanka groaned and mumbled, weakened nearly to the point of heart failure and still craving the bite of the vampire and the feel of Vermin’s cock. Especially the feel of Vermin’s brutal, muscular body against hers.

Zoe gave a watery, empty smile as her tong arms picked up the prone woman. “There, there, dear; we’ll give you a blood and nutrient transaction and then I’ll take you to meet Percy and Pierre.”
Skittering as fast as she came, Zoe/Peridot took Priyanka away. Leaving Vermin and the vampire brides to their endless fucking. Vermin had a lot more cum and a lot more menstrual blood to still give.

_Delmarva, Lapis’s RV_

Jasper sat in the passenger seat of Lapis’s RV with Connie on her lap. In the back of the RV, Steven and Amethyst were both trying on Lapis’s infinite collection of dresses, bras and panties. The Blue gem herself sat in the driver’s seat and kept to a reasonable speed and obeyed all the traffic laws. Except for Steven and Amethyst complimenting one another’s figures and how the pantyhose fit, it was dead silent in the RV.

The motor hummed like a well oiled machine and Garnet rode on top of the vehicle, utterly silent; confident in her future vision and its outcomes. Connie herself sat in such a way that it made it look like she was reading a book; from the amount of glancing over at Lapis she was doing, she acted like she suspected an attack. The sword of Rose Quartz was right within Connie’s reach and she could have turned it on Lapis in a heartbeat.

Jasper herself only looked at Lapis Lazuli out the corner of her eye; fighting to keep the cocktail of feelings at bay inside her. The big orange gem looked at the one she’d once fused with and become imprisoned with. The stress of Malachite coming undone had caused her gem to crack and nearly die. Washed up and alone, she’d wound up on a deserted Island where Erica K. Brooks was camping on.

So she would have never met Erica without Lapis. It wasn’t something that Jasper wanted to dwell on; that something which brought her such pain could lead to the happiest period of her five thousand year long life.

Lapis later tried to kill Erica in order to suicide by Jasper, for the express purpose of turning Steven against Jasper. Jasper could never grasp the motives behind that. Could Lapis have been so broken and hollow that she would rather die than live with the one being that had shown her love and respect unconditionally?

Maybe Lapis hadn’t been able to cope with Steven’s friendship and trust. Jasper had no idea what Lapis’s life was like before the rebellion; when they were still produced, Lapis Lazulis were rare and led privileged lives. Steven was very likely the first person who wasn’t an enemy, a plaything or a superior to Lapis Lazuli.
The RV took a turn off the highway towards a strip mall and Jasper saw the big golden arches where Lazuli’s contact was supposed to be. It didn’t make the pit in her stomach go away; there was simply too much history to forget. There were too many feelings.

Feelings.

Times like this, Jasper hated having feelings. She truly didn’t know why she’d been designed with the ability to think and feel. She’d have been a satisfactory soldier and killer with no more intelligence or self awareness than an ant. Maybe removing her free will would have compromised her utility in a way the Diamonds could not tolerate?

Either way it was pointless. Relying on Lapis Lazuli made Jasper feel weak, small and alone. For all her much hyped durability and strength, it had proven useless in a contest of Willpower against Lazuli. It was Lazuli who broke Malachite apart, not her. The shame of it was so great, she hadn’t even yet brought it up with Erica.

The Quartz was interrupted by Connie wrapping her hand around Jasper’s thumb, which was as thick as Connie’s thigh. “We’re here,” the young girl said, clenching her sword. “Let’s go together.”

Standing up as tall as she could in the cramped recreational vehicle, Jasper summoned the pride that was a trademark of her gem sub-type. She could do this because as Pearl was fond of saying, she was strong in the real way.

Now if only she could figure out where the fuck Pearl was.

The gang walked into the MacDonald’s, Jasper leading Connie, followed by Steven, Amethyst and finally Lapis Lazuli. The blue gem clad in expensive designer clothing took off her designer sunglasses. “My partner isn’t picking up her phone. I think she’s taking a shit.”

Jasper nodded ever so slightly and marched over to the lady’s washroom. With a single tug, she ripped the metal door off its hinges and found what she was looking for.

Inside the one person ladies bathroom at McDonald's, the mystery girl from the concert a while back was having filthy bathroom sex with Pearl.
“What the fuck?” said Mystery girl as she squatted over the toilet without any pants, Pearl’s fist shoved up to the wrist up butt-hole.

Pearl spun around, mortified at having been caught in such a compromising position. She pulled away from Mystery girl’s bloody period pussy, menstrual juices and uterine clots running down her chin. “STEVEN!?” she cried out, giving everyone full view of how she was shoving her whole fist up Mystery Girl’s round, bubbly ass. “I can explain!” she cried out.

“Holy shit,” said Amethyst, utterly in awe of Pearl, dressed up in her Bad Pearl outfit. “Pearl, you’re my hero.”

“What are you guys doing?” asked Connie, mentally scarred by the sight of her sword instructor eating another woman’s pussy and fist-ing her ass on the toilet at a shitty fast food restaurant. Connie’s horrified eyes wandered over to Pearl’s stem, which had a condom over it inflated like a balloon. On the ground there were several tied up condoms; all inflated like water balloons with thick, white Pearl juice.

“The hell?” Jasper asked, turning to Lazuli.

Lazuli just smirked, “Crystal Gems, Steven, I want you guys to meet Sheena Belmont; best vampire hunter in the world.” She looked at her nude and exposed partner, “Sheena, these guys are going to help us kill Dracula.”

“I’m glad you got laid, Pearl,” Congratulated Garnet, just having walked through the front doors and moving to placate the horrified McDonald's staff.

________________________

Omake

We now present Ramsay Bolton's Happy Time Fun Story Hour

"Sansa Stark woke up and felt the huge, enormous cock between her legs. When she was a little girl, her father Ned used to touch her. Now only her brother Jon Snow touched her, with his tiny penis. Pinching and pulling on her enormous cock, Sansa thought about Samwell and his fat, flabby ass. His cottage cheese thighs turned her on so much that it hurt. More than anything she wanted to start a fabulous gay farty pee poo party in Winterfell."

Ramsay puts down his book and drinks from a glass of milk. "Now children wasn't that exciting? There will be more after these messages."

_Cut to Commercial Break_
Chapter Summary

Vermin has fun with a corrupted gem and back in Delmarva Sheena reveals the secret to destroying Dracula for good.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Girl

Chapter 6: Bible of the Beast

__Delmarva, the past__

_I strolled home from the grocery store with two full bags in hand. I was proud of myself. I’d given up smoking and I’d done that other thing that people always say they’ll do but don’t. I was walking. I was walking in my Sarah Conner style tank-top. Amethyst advised me to dress like this in order to show off my guns; but really I was still insecure about my upper body strength._

_Plastic bags swayed from my hands as I headed up the driveway. The bags were cutting off the circulations in my fucking fingers and my feet were sore from the half an hour walk back from the grocery store. It felt much easier walking there. The milk carton I’d bought weighted on me like a prisoner’s ball and chain. Oh fuck, my left leg was cramping!_

_I gasped and put groceries down, hoping that the heritage eggs I bought didn’t buy the farm. It was okay though, champions take breaks, right? Yeah I was a champion. I was a champion of whining_
and if I wanted to make my Jasper a special dish of Isterband with dill potatoes and pickled beetroot; a family favourite from my native Sowenland.

Something ran across the yard at me as I was about to pick up the grocery bags. I heard a familiar meow and beheld my precious little fur child, “Oh Cake!” I cried out in joy. “Oh, Cake!” I cried out in horror.

My beautiful kitty, my special four legged family member, my fluffy friend; she had been painted white. The growing kitten in my arms wasn’t her usual snowy white. Someone had taken Cake and dyed her yellow.

It made her look like a dandelion as she gazed up at me through icy blue eyes. Cake meowed once more and gave me a lick; innocently oblivious to her change in colour and to my mounting rage. Somebody came into my yard and vandalized my cat. My thoughts ran through a list of suspects; from the miserable dick with the ear plugs, Lars to the narcissistic Ronaldo who’d tried to explain to Kiki and Jenny why it was okay for him to use the N-word in public.

I visualized a list of people I hated the most in this town because I was going to kick the shit out of them and make them eat Cake’s used kitty litter. I put Cat inside one of the grocery bags and speed walked as best I could to the front door of the house. I put the bags awkwardly into one hand, the weight nearly toppling me over. Cake mewed inside and it broke my heart and made me think of what I’d do to the cunt that dyed her.

Balancing like a circus acrobat, I balanced my arm killing heavy groceries and reached into my back pocket for my keys. The door creaked open and I looked in with pure horror. My entire house had been painted yellow on the inside. Everything was yellow, the floor, the carpet, the curtains, the walls and even the coats I’d hung up on a hook.

I grabbed the cat and dropped the grocery bag hard enough to crack the eggs inside. Then my Jasper walked into the door frame, completely painted yellow from head to foot. Even Jasper’s shock white mane of hair had now turned a bright shade of yellow. “Honey! You’re home early! I’m so happy to see you!”

My brain could not process what I was seeing and I was left at a loss for words. I made some sounds but nothing even approaching a coherent sentence.

Jasper picked up on my confusion and started to explain. “Oh this! Well Steven called and said Batman would be dropping by earlier so I took some precautions in case that Bat-fuck tried something.”
My brain was hurting and my temper was rising like the mercury in summer. “Honey,” I asked in my sweetest, most polite voice. “Why is everything yellow?”

Jasper’s booming laughter would normally put me at ease but today it just infuriated me; she was making me angry in ways I never thought would be possible. For a second I felt like my mother and I just wanted to lash out at my Jasper, but I couldn’t do that.

“Well Batman’s weakness is the colour yellow; he has no power over it. So I decided to paint the whole house yellow.”

I glared at Jasper, I could feel the vein in my temple throbbing. “You painted our house yellow all by yourself?”

Jasper shook her head and motioned for me to come inside; her large, meaty hand caressing my shoulder and getting wet paint all over my skin. “No I didn’t do it all by myself. I’m good but I’m not that good. I got Peridot to help me; she bitched and quite about four or five times but eventually the two of us got it done with time to spare.” My great big buff cheeto puff pointed at the now-yellow couch. “Well say hello, use your manners, Peridot.”

Peridot herself reclined on the couch, totally painted from head to foot in yellow and eating a lemon ice cream cone; presumably because if it was chocolate, Batman could use it to attack.

Cake nibbled on my fingers, bringing me back to reality. Hearing Jasper’s explanation hadn’t done anything for my temper, I was still angrier than I’d ever been in my life. Feeling like I was going to burst a blood vessel, I asked her, “Honey, did you paint my books yellow?”

My wife laughed, “Oh no, dear; I just moved them to Steven’s house and made Amethyst promise not to eat any of them. Hey, do you want some lemonade? Peridot accidentally bought pink lemonade while we were out so we painted that yellow.”

I couldn’t speak, I could barely see. I was so angry that my vision was blurring and darkening around the edges. I was this far away from unleashing some really awful things. Even the gem power breath coming out of my mouth was yellow for some reason when it should have been angry, bloody red.

Peridot stopped licking her ice cream cone long enough to explain that one. “I put a device in the
light bulbs of your home to change the colour of gem weapons; that will be twenty earth dollars for
my services rendered.”

The room was spinning, I was so angry. I was breaking out into sweat and struggling not to say any
of the awful things I wanted to say but didn’t want to say to Jasper. She was my wife, my life, my
love, my world; but how could I go and even thing these things about her.

I saw Jasper lean in to ask me something, but I didn’t hear her. I was too busy focused on the
yellow rug, the yellow walls, the yellow furniture and yellow everything. There was also another
yellow thing. “Honey,” I asked in a strained voice, “Did you paint your teeth yellow?”

Jasper’s booming laugh answered. “Sharp as always honey. My kisses are going to taste a little
funny for a few days but I promise you it’s worth it.”

Somewhere a tea kettle was boiling over and whistling like mad when I was saved by young Steven
Universe. While Peridot was getting the (presumably yellow) tea kettle in the kitchen, Steven had
shown up with Batman in tow.

The Dark Knight stared implacably at the insane sight before him. “Actually, yellow is Green
Lantern’s weakness,” he deadpanned.

“Yeah, he’s actually right, Jasper,” Steven explained, rubbing the back of his neck; embarrassed
on Jasper’s behalf.

“What?” Jasper asked, taking her painted yellow hand off of me. “Really?”

Steven nodded, getting wet yellow paint on his flip-flops. “Uh . . . yes.” Batman just stared at us
like he was expecting us to have a married couple’s meltdown.

Jasper looked around the house as Peridot walked in with a kettle full of lemon tea. I saw that
Jasper realized she’d goofed and that allowed me to keep the shred of self control I still had.

“Why don’t you clean up,” I said to Jasper as nicely as I could, “I think I left my wallet at the
grocery store.” I sprinted for the garage as quickly as I could, rage giving me wings.
Holding cake in my hands, I ignored Jasper’s pleas and jumped into my trust jeep, Lorelei. Lorelei sadly had also been painted yellow. My day was now officially ruined. Cake meowed innocently at me as I put her in the back seat. Clipping my seat belt into place, I ground my teeth and slammed on the gas pedal as hard as I could.

My jeep tore out of the garage and smashed the mailbox into a pile of splinters. I ran a stop sign and nearly ran over Lars in the process. The donut shop boy screamed like a little girl and jumped out of my way; wise choice.

And looking back, I’d give anything to visit my house once more; even if it is yellow.

Castlevania, Now

Victoria was having a shit sleep. Her period was being a raging cunt; more than usual. It felt like an entire gang of bikers had run over her midriff and then shoved her guts back up her asshole with a ramrod from an old brass cannon. Worse yet, her left ovary was acting up again; the little fucker was contracting and contorting like mad. On top of everything, her endometriosis was giving her seven different kinds of hell and suffering. It was a miracle she could sleep at all.

If she’d been asleep she must have fallen asleep, or been drugged. Victoria opened her eyes in utter darkness, feeling unfamiliar silk sheets around her body and unfamiliar silk robes slice around her figure. Jolting up, she realized that she wasn’t in her own bed or in her own home. It took less than seconds for the events of the previous . . . who knew how long, to come flooding back to her.

For a moment, Victoria could feel the undead pirate woman’s dead, rubbery lips on hers and feel her—

No! She couldn’t think about that. She couldn’t think about any of that. What she needed was to get back to her daughter, not wallow in her misery like some kind of social media abusing slut.

Turning her head, the inky black offered no clues to escape or sign of a light switch. Victoria sat up, flailing her arms around wildly, trying to find some bearing or sense of orientation. That was when she saw it.

There in the darkness were bright, glowing red eyes; the eyes of a predator. They were the glowing eyes of lions in reflected moonlight. They were the thing in the dark that frightened Victoria when she was still young and innocent. The lights in the room came on but the eyes remained.
She regarded the man cross legged in a fine mahogany throne, clad in midnight black cape, matching jacket and exquisite trousers and gleaming boots. Pale skin was framed by lustrous black hair, groomed moustache and beard; all tied together by a knowing smile and the most adorable fangs peeking from his full lips. “Stay the fuck away from me!” she shouted at the unknown man, throwing the bed covers aside and jumping out of the vast, gold embroidered bed.

“I am Dracula,” he said, “And I am your new owner.” The Count made no move to follow Victoria to the other side of the bed, big enough to hold at least seven women comfortably.

“My owner!” anger lit up Victoria’s heart and her pale skin flushed red with rage. “When I’m done with you, convicts will use your empty skull as a toilet; you anemic, child molesting sack of shit!”

Dracula was not the slightest bit bothered by Victoria’s outburst. He examined his claws in the soft electric lights, “You are a rare beauty, perfect for my collection.” He reached for a golden chalice and drank deeply from it.

Taking advantage of the man’s relaxation, Victoria sprinted across the solid gold floor and past alabaster columns. Two giant doors of wood, one white and one black marked the only way out. Grabbing a brass knocker, she pulled as hard as she could and pounded her fists on the wyrd-wood. It was all in vain as the towering doors refused to even vibrate; she was trapped.

As Victoria struggled, Dracula put down the chalice and licked his bloody lips. Victoria spotted this with disgust. “Are you drinking blood?” it was more an accusation than a question.

The Count nodded, “Blood, your blood; some of the most energetic and potent I’ve had in some time.” he started to laugh when he saw Victoria check herself for wounds. “Don’t worry, I wouldn’t open your skin without good reason. You were already bleeding profusely when I found you so I took what was rightfully mine.”

“You touched me in my sleep and drank my period?” Victoria could barely hide her disgust, she wanted to puke. She gasped as she saw the Count just appear before her, like he’d teleported across the room or moved so quickly her weak human eyes couldn’t follow.

The Count gave Victoria a smile that was cold and empty. One of his hands took Victoria by the back of the neck and lifted her up like a kitten. She struggled against his iron grip as he took her back to the bed. Throwing her amidst the puffy covers, she sat up, looking for another way out. The Count simply regarded her as an owner would regard a new, disobedient puppy.
“I took of your blood because it is owed of me.” He purred, looming over her; overwhelming her with his size and the width of his shoulders. The large cloak he wore only helped to make his outline even larger and more intimidating. “You are now the crown jewel of my collection. You’ll be treasured, loved and pampered. All your old concerns are finished, as is your old life.”

“Who the hell do you think you are!” Victoria cried out, thrusting an accusing finger at the Count.

The vampire lord was amused by Victoria’s defiance. With a flick of his hand, one of his brass coloured claws sliced through her silk robe and let one of her breasts loose. She gasped and tried to cover her nudity, her cheeks burning with shame. She shrank, turning away from the vampire lord; trying to stay decent for her own sake.

There was a rattle of chain and the snarl of a beast. Victoria cried out as a crazed, growling woman ran at her from behind the Count’s mahogany chair; stopped dead by a collar around her neck. Victoria cringed, covering her face at the other woman’s feral and frankly evil smell.

On the ground, Vermin straightened out, resenting the length of chain around her neck. Master gave her permission to ravage the new bitch but then he put this chain on her. He was truly cruel; not that Vermin was the least bit surprised by that fact. Growling, she began to tug at the chain while reaching out for the new cunt’s exposed breast.

“Get back, freak!” Victoria shouted, scooting back on the bed, away from Vermin. The Swedish woman nearly wretched at the other woman’s tangled brown hair and crude burlap dress. Her eyes widened with shock at the long, veiny cock coming out from Vermin’s dress. “Get away from me, you tranny shemale freak!”

Vermin growled, eyes narrowing behind her rat mask. She clenched her knuckles white and pulled on the chain; gem energy travelling down her limbs.

“I also own her,” the Count laughed as if he was the only one in on the joke, “She is valuable but she will not be loved and treasured and protected like you will; my sweetest Victoria. I’m even putting you above my own vampire brides.” He flutterted his long eyelashes at her, “Does this not fill you with joy?”

This time there was nothing that Victoria could say. She was caught between two monsters; one honest and the other dishonest. To her right the Count appeared again in an eye blink, the red light still visible in his eyes when his hair cast a shadow over his face. To her left was the beastly
hermaphrodite woman in a rat mask who smelled like the inside of a bacon flavoured condom.

When Victoria didn’t reply, the Count got right into her face, fangs longer than before. “It’s the old choice, the lady or the tiger, beauty of the beast,” his smile did not reach his eyes and his long hands were starting to reach for her chest. “Please allow me to make the decision for you.”

It was then that Vermin’s own reaching hand grasped the edges of Victoria’s dress, nearly strangling herself on her collar in the process. The Count’s eyes burned with fury as his rooster was doing its job a bit too well.

“That’s enough, Vermin!” he bellowed, punching her right in the uterus. “I’m no longer amused by you. Take your leave.”

Vermin’s eyes bulged as the Count’s sledgehammer fist struck at her womb which was still in the last day of her period. It wasn’t as agonizing as before but the unexpected strike lit all her pain receptors on fire and made her feel like she was going to piss herself. Thing, watery blood ran own her legs as she doubled over. She barely even noticed when the collar around her neck detached and fell to the floor.

Weakly, she tried to pick herself up and retreat only for the floor panels to open up underneath her to a bottomless chasm. Vermin screamed as she fell into the endless shadows. Wind rushed past her face and as the heart pounding terror reached its zenith, Vermin landed on a pile of pillows and used needles.

It took some time for Vermin to orient herself. Around her the walls of a dumpster, no different from any earth dumpster, loomed yellow and rusted. Just the act of getting her arms to raise herself up was a challenge; several used needles formerly full of god knows what stuck from the exposed flesh. Vermin growled at one syringe in particular sticking through her lower lip. Unceremoniously, she took hold of it and pulled it out like ripping off a band-aid.

Nearly falling over on her platform of old, cum stained pillows, Vermin began to rip the dozens of used syringes from her body. The pain in her womb was staring to lower to a dull roar and she ground her teeth with frustration. The woman with her master was very hot; she had some relation to the woman that Vermin had been, but it wasn’t like she really gave a shit. Cunt was cunt and cunt was good.

Growling, Vermin bunched up her legs and stood. Peeking over the top of the dumpster, she could make out a vast recycling facility that processed everything from kitchen scraps and used plastic to radioactive waste and the corpses of human clones. Vermin eyed the steel barrels with radioactivity
symbols on them placed on palettes next to a heap of bloody Zooman uniforms. She wasn’t exactly literate but she had an idea that this place would shorter her overall lifespan; call it a hunch.

Sore and stumbling, Vermin landed on the cold, dirty concrete floor. The scuttling of padded feet in the shadows let Vermin know she wasn’t alone. Like a boxer before a match, Vermin cracked her neck right and left. Cracking her knuckled loudly, she effortlessly vomited up a green knife and got ready to face whatever was coming for her.

Something pale and subhuman shot out of the shadows and Vermin was ready. Sweeping low, she kicked out her leg and knocked the thing head over heels. Behind her another pale thing came for her; from its mouth shot a re-purposed esophagus tipped in a bone barb. Vermin grabbed the blood sucking appendage and tugged on it, spinning around and throwing the thing against a radioactive barrel.

Raising her knife, Vermin charged to make a killing blow when the creature spoke to her. “Ri-ca!” it said in a deceptively childish and bright voice.

Vermin stopped, not knowing why. She heard that same name again, “Ri-ca!” from the second pale creature.

The first pale thing crept forward on all fours, the tattered remnants of a Zooman outfit fluttering around its skeletal frame. The only tell that she was female was her voice; breasts, hair, nose, ears and vaginal opening were all gone. The pale thing looked up at Vermin with a sickeningly, honestly innocent expression. “It’s me, Ri-ca! It’s J-10!”

“And it’s Y-9, Ri-ca!” said the second pale thing, creeping up before Vermin.

Vermin merely grunted in response. Looking over the pale things who a moment ago had tried to attack her. She could kill them now, but something about that name. That name of Ri-ca, it made her very angry. It wasn’t like when the brides called her “Ratty.” This made Vermin upset for reasons she couldn’t readily quantify or name.

Ri-ca was the name of someone else, someone that Vermin would very much not want to think about.

J-10 rubbed her emaciated body against Vermin’s legs like a house cat. Y-9 did much the same, displaying animal affection for an animalistic woman.
Clenching her knife, Vermin was torn on what to do. Both of them were barbie smooth down south with no genitals of any kind. Both had mouthfuls of translucent needle like teeth; at least the fangs of the brides didn’t hurt her cock too much during a blowjob. She appreciated their display of submission but she really didn’t like being called Ri-ca; and she couldn’t speak so she couldn't ask them to stop.

J-10 flashed a childish smile at Vermin, “It’s been so long, Ri-ca, you went away after the choosening and then the Scary bad man took ten times ten of us.” Her smile went away as she confessed her pain, “He hurt us, he hurt us real bad and he was bad even if he says he’s not bad.”

Y-9 put his arms around J-10 as she began to weep something the colour of semen. “The Scary Bad Man hurt us and did things to us with his pee-pee. He hurt my bum too because he said I was woman.”

Frankly, Vermin had no idea who the Scary Bad Man was. Maybe they were talking about her master, but everything and everyone in this shit-hole of a castle was scary and bad; her included. More importantly, why did they keep mistaking her for someone else?

Vermin growled at the two mutants, she barked but they refused to move away from her. Y-9 kept rubbing his face against her knee while j-10 sat up on her haunches with pure innocence; it was sickening. “I know it’s you Ri-ca, your mask is scary and bad but it’s still you. We love you.”

Love. Just hearing the word made Vermin bark louder, snapping her teeth; drool dripping down her chin in anger. She wasn’t this Ri-ca, and she was much more than a mask. She was the Count’s rooster and she was brought into this world to smash pussy. These two mutated milksops would not diminish her achievement.

Without warning, J-10’s esophagus tongue shot out and speared a rat scuttling amidst the mobile platforms on rails. Y-9 did the same, spearing the rat and quickly draining the small mammal of its blood. Sucking up his barbed esophagus tongue, Y-9 smiled and held up the drained rat for Vermin. “Here, Ri-ca, you need to eat to stay strong. There’s no voice so you need to eat with friends!”

Vermin hoped that a little display of messy eating would throw them off. She grabbed the bloodless rat and bit its head off, chewing with her mouth wide open. The rest of the flea bitten, rabies infected rodent was shoved into her mouth like a sullen teenager eating mom’s mac and cheese. Vermin growled through the chewed rat.
J-10 and Y-9 began to move away from Vermin, “Stay strong, Ri-ca; I had a dream where you save us all. You can do it.”

Vermin clenched her knife. Yeah she’d save them; at least save their asses and mouths for herself when this was all over. She glanced down and saw more rats start to scatter amidst the endless rows of dumpsters and mine carts full of garbage. Spinning around, Vermin felt the vibrations before she actually saw it. What really tripped her up was that this thing had no scent of its own; just what it managed to collect from its environment.

The corrupted Biggs Jasper had once been part of Rose Quartz’s rebellion. It had been a personal friend of both Rose, the Dangerous Renegade Pearl and Bismuth herself. That was a long time ago and the years had not been kind to Biggs. The Crystal Gems never managed to capture her and before they could, she’d been captured by the Count during the eighteen hundreds.

Through telepathy and torture, the Count could bend Biggs to his will; but now he had no commands for her and didn’t much care what she did. When that happened, she did what most corrupted gems do; run around like animals in pain and attack nearly everything that moved.

Biggs lowered her head at Vermin, her giant bull horns spread as wide as a man is tall. Vermin was winded by the impact and vomited up the raw rodent she’d just eaten. The quadrupedal corrupted quartz kept on charging, its hulking body smashing over metal waste containers and smashing radioactive barrels wide open.

Vermin looked around, stuck to the front of the quartz’s head like a bug on a windshield. From where she could see, the two of them were heading right for a fucking big wall that looked like it was made of solid concrete. She wasn’t willing to bet her durability against this fucking thing so she performed a skillful flip and landed amidst Biggs’s giant white mane.

The wall exploded into metal shards as Biggs collided through it. Vermin’s bones rattle from the impact and she felt like she’d bitten nearly through her tongue. She squinted her eyes against the rust clouds in the air and didn’t like what she could barely make out.

The two of them were running blindly through the waste processing levels, now they were running on a giant rail bridge over hundreds of vats of molten metal and giant shredder units. She knew that she had to put the brakes on this crazy train before they fell into one of the vats. Thousands of degrees of molten steel would be no problem for a quartz; for her was a sure way to the grave.

Biggs leg out a pained bellow as the fleshy being on the front of her face drove a gem weapon of all things into her ear as deeply as they could. The corrupted gem veered sharply left as the little
fleshy humanoid fell off. Biggs wildly kicked her bovine legs as her single cyclopean eye failed to register what was exactly going on. When she fell into the shredder unit there was a lot of pain.

Vermin watched from the rail bridge as she saw the Biggs Jasper fall into a giant shredder machine. When the shredder started to smoke, sputter and spew out sparks she knew that her problems were not over her. The Biggs Jasper smashes horns first through a metal chassis nearly two meters thick. The rest of her body followed, covered in cuts and lacerations from diamond edged masticators.

Howling in challenge, Biggs stood up on two legs; her body transforming into some kind of one eyed Minotaur beast. Her stomp of cloven hoof feet made the garbage level shudder and most of the machines go into standby mode. As smelters, grinders and other recycling gear went into maintenance cycle, red lights and sirens went off everywhere. Vermin ground her teeth and bared them in a ferocious grin stained in blood and flesh. One hand clenched a knife and the other curled into a fist; her frame shook and some kind of barking half laughter reverberated from her throat.

Biggs bellowed, spraying snot and steam everywhere. Grabbing a half ton piece of diamond coated cutting blade, she lifted it and hurled it at her foe.

Out of Vermin’s throat came a glass shattering high note and a leash of pure white energy that latched onto the flying piece of metal. Twisting her head, the energy leash threw the metal hunk off into one of the smelter vats. Biggs flinched as molten steel flew into her hundreds and hundreds of wounds. Normally it would be fine, but like lemon juice for a human it now stung. This temporary pain gave Vermin the opening she needed.

She came out of nowhere and attacked with a series of hooting notes that launched razor sharp notes at Biggs. The huge cyclopean gem corruption fell to her knees as her tendons were cut. Falling forward, her body smoked from the rapidly cooling metal on her; her single grapefruit sized eye taking in Vermin with something akin to fear.

The gem corruption shuddered and her whole body shrank down. Vermin watched with murderous intent, her smile still crawling from ear to her and her cock as hard as diamond itself. She became very pleased when Biggs form ceased glowing.

Moo!

Biggs let out a pathetic bovine uttering. She was still large, as big as Erica’s Jasper was, with a few notable differences. Vermin’s eyes were instantly drawn to the probably J cup at least boobs on Biggs’s chest. Those nipples were standing up quite nicely; each one the size of her thumb and made perfectly for sucking. Biggs still had the bovine bull legs but her large, wet pussy and full
labia were pure humanoid.

Even better, her gem had the unfortunate position to be where her clitoris should be. That took Vermin by surprise and made her laugh all the harder. On the ground, wounded, dazed and weakened, Biggs gave a moo of submission and spread her thunder thighs wide. Her clitoral gem sparkled, matching the mottled pattern of her body.

Never one to go down on another woman, Vermin just had to think about how this could humiliate the downed corruption. She wasn’t one for something as cerebral as humiliation, but the brush with the Zoomen had left her with at new type of anger that needed to be addressed.

Letting go of her knife, Vermin was confident enough in her powers to do this bare handed. Grabbing the lush, white bush above she took a great big sniff of that wet, sopping cunt. At the touch, Biggs shuddered and grabbed the wreckage around her for support. Her hips with their chiselled abs and rock hard ass lifted up for Vermin’s pleasure.

Oh that scent, it was dark, rich, musky and full of arousal. Strings of sticky juice stuck to Biggs’s thighs. Shrunk down to this form, most of her cuts were largely cosmetic; though they did make her look delightfully beat up.

Not wasting a moment, Vermin ran one finger down the centre slit, causing the pitiful creature to moo once more. Vaguely, Vermin was aware of the difference between corrupted and uncorrupted gems. Teasing the puffy, swollen pussy lips, she was only too glad to advantage of someone who’d been a person and was now an animal. That animal she could fuck raw and dominate much more easily than a person.

Biggs looked down at Vermin through her one large eye. The corrupted gem had enough higher thought processes to feel fear, shame and arousal. What this meaty biped was doing to her felt wrong but also felt good. Her old, dormant soldiers instinct told her to submit and present her sex for the superior fighter.

Vermin touched the clit gem and Biggs shuddered, squealing with stimulation. The gem was her, it was the centre of her intelligence, the source of her soul; and now this strange woman was running her hot tongue over it and kissing it passionately. The burning shame only made her wetter and Biggs grabbed her over large breasts, mooing once more for her conqueror.

Vermin loved the smell and taste of the pussy, looks like gems only have an indigent smell while in heat. Reaching in with two fingers, she began to work around the velvety insides. The walls clenched around her finger, greedy for more. Slowly she began to feel the inner landscape, finding
every fold and crevasse until she found a spot deeper inside that corresponded with the human g-spot.

Biggs bucked her hips and slammed her fists into ground, letting out a keening whine for more. Granting her wish, she could feel Vermin’s tongue playing with her inner labia as she worked on the g-spot. Electric feelings shot up Biggs’s spine and into her belly. Tears of pleasure wept from her cyclopean eye as Vermin stuck one finger into Biggs’s ass. The ass and pussy play made the corrupted gem whimper like a puppy, pleading desperately for a treat.

Vermin worked the vagina, breathing in the musk like a precious perfume and licking away the arousal that was soaking her hand. Yanking her finger out suddenly, she kept working Biggs’s asshole; greedily she began to suck the sticky lubrication off her hand. As Biggs mooed for her, she thrust her fingers back inside; forcing the fingers in first and then working up to her entire first.

The corrupted quartz bucked her hips and squirted as Vermin’s fist stretched out her lips. Shoving it into the wrist, Vermin began to twist her hand around and brush her knuckles against the g-spot. The female squirt sprayed all over mask and into her mouth. She slurped it up like the nectar of the gods.

She felt something inside; Vermin felt different. Something felt right with what she was doing. The corrupted gem was something special. Not in the sense that she loved her or cared about her, but in the sense that she was the gem’s master. To fist her so expertly, lick that perfectly placed gem and now stick the whole of her other fist into her ass; she felt like she was Biggs’s master.

It felt good to be the Master. Her master gave her what she wanted, but he never gave her this feeling. This feeling she gave to her self.

Biggs squirted once more, pinching with giant, rough hands her enormous rubbery red nipples. Vermin shoved her face right into that tight, large snatch; greedily sucking up every drop of arousal and licking and sucking her prey’s clit. The prey pleased her and she could give it the bare minimum.

Pulling her two hands out of Biggs’s cavities, Vermin smiled and began to lick off both hands. The debauchery was a physical substance on her skin that tasted sweeter than any sugar and was more addicting than any drug. Adding to the whole thing, amplifying the feeling in her pleasure centres, Vermin saw something in Biggs’s eye and body language.

Love.
Biggs loved Vermin.

“Tch!” Vermin scoffed, the corrupted gem must have led a truly tortured and shitty life to love someone like her. Her master really did make her look kind and gentle by comparison. Her pride inflated until it as as large as her cock. Holding up one hand, she spun her finger around.

Biggs Jasper got the message, getting up and getting to her knees. Her one eyed bovine face wept tears of residual pleasure and shame. In her mind, scattered images of the old rebellion played like an old cinema reel. She could remember that and remember what the Agates used to do when she and her sisters got in line.

She was so lost up in reminiscing that she almost yelped when she felt the small, strong hands grab her haunches. Biggs tries to speak, tried to say something. All that came out was more dumb beast noise and the keening wail of a whore when the monster cock started to force apart her cunt.

All thought was driven from her head and Biggs wholly gave herself into bacchanal pleasures. She thrust the large, boulder like ass cheeks of hers back into Vermin’s hips. When Vermin grabbed her long white mane and pulled, she bellowed with pleasure and clenched around the cock. She even reached down with one of her clumsy hands and began to rub her gem furiously. She panted like a human being who’d run a marathon and her whole hard light form began to pour sweat; running down the ripped, solid muscles.

Biggs adored her new master and wanted to please her, she wanted to take all of her master’s seed and make her master just cum and cum. She had no concept of time as Vermin dominated her like a bull in heat; a fitting picture.

When Vermin flooded her pussy with hot spunk, she was worried that it would be over but the press of a cock against her anus assured her this was just the beginning. Anal violation took her and Biggs bellowed like a cow in heat. She was Vermin’s big, dumb, big titted bitch and she liked her that way. Even better, Vermin took her hands off of Biggs’s huge ass and put them on her breasts. She started to squeeze and knead the breast flesh while the fucked the ass of the Minotaur like gem.

There was no way for Biggs to keep track of how many times she squirted. If she were an organic being she’d have become dehydrated by this time. The sensation in her body was too much and she fell onto the jagged floor. She could hardly muster any energy to protest as Vermin pulled out of her ass; once she’d filled it with cum of course.
Vermin strolled over to the front of Biggs and looked down, truly looked down on the bull headed, horned, one eyed gem who’d been her cock sock for the last four or five hours. After banging like that, she could almost forgive Biggs for trying to attack her. Still, she was forgiving enough to allow Biggs a chance to say she was sorry in the way that mattered.

From under her burlap dress, Vermin thrust her cock into Biggs’s face. Biggs knew what she had to do, opening her jaws wide to release a long, log like tongue. Eagerly and desperately, Biggs started to lick Vermin’s cock clean, polishing the meat like a fine treasure. Master Vermin was most pleased when the extra length on the tongue found its way into her own cunt.

Vermin purred like a wildcat as she got a sloppy, tongue filled blowjob from Biggs and a side of cunnilingus to go with it. If Biggs served her cock and pussy like this in the future, they could have a great working relationship together.

“L-L-L-l-l . . .”

Some noise started to creak out of Biggs’s throat. Vermin hardly noticed until the word came out, not in English or Swedish or Wallachian, but in a very old, corrupted bit of gem language.

“L-Lo-love . . .”

Vermin’s eyes widened and a sardonic smile took over her expression. Complex feelings of anger and frustration threatened to kill her buzz. Sure, Biggs wanted to be loved.

Reaching down gently, Vermin took both of Biggs’s long horns. She flashed her the briefest of friendly smiles before working her dick into the back of Biggs’s throat. “Tch!” she scoffed as she leaned her head back and shut her eyes. She could throw Biggs a bone later, but for now Mamma Vermin needed to feel a Quartz’s hot mouth and big hands.

Nowhere, No Place

I wept for joy as I saw J-10 and Y-9 through the veil of space and time. I cried with honest tears of joy a their beautiful faces. I saw J-10’s lovely golden hair wave and I saw Y-9’s dark skinned beauty. They both looked so pure and happy and oh my gods it hurt to see them but not touch them.
J-10 spoke to me as the gateway between this place and the real world closed. “Stay strong, Ri-ca; I had a dream where you save us all. You can do it.”

“I’ll save you, I’ll save all of you!” I shouted as the gateway was gone and the two beautiful Zoomen were gone. “Go with Freya, you beautiful kids.”

I sobbed and wiped the tears from my face. I had no idea how long I was here, but every second was an eternity and a million years was an eye-blink. I’d seen the Pink Woman, but she was gone.

Endless grey surrounded me and I had nowhere to go, but I knew I was alive and for now that was enough.

I smelled something, human sweat and musk. I turned and there were other smells, there was some kind of perfume and the scene of fires, straw and dirt. I saw myself in a medieval castle of all things and I saw a boy.

The boy walked past me, unable to see me; marching with the blind purpose of a wind up toy. The boy who could have been no older than twelve took the arming sword he’d been carrying with him and cut the head off an older boy.

The fourteen year old hit the floor as his two friends yelled in rage and terror. The biggest one, drew a kitchen knife from his belt and tried to stab the black haired boy with a hawk nose and high cheek bones. The boy with the sword parried and drove the point of his sword through the larger boy’s mouth; driving the blade out the back of his head and pinning him to the wall.

The smallest boy tried to run but a throwing knife got him in the kidneys as he ran.

I spun around saw another moment from the boy’s life. He was older, colder in the eyes; less than human. The boy was with a servant who laughed and spoke with a Greek accent. “You did good, Vlahos, you did good!”

The boy regarded the filthy, unwashed servant with black teeth. “I didn’t ask, Reek,” he sneered.
“Ah but you killed that girl and raped her, and that makes our Pink Lady happy!” the servant, Reek cackled.

In a junior Janissary uniform, the boy crossed his arms. “You’ve been brewing moonshine in the dungeons again, Reek?”

Reek shook his head and scratched under his leather cap, “No, it’s not the drink, Vlahos, Vladdy, Vlad my boy. The Pink Lady is real, we’ve worshipped her longer than we’ve worshipped, God, or Allah or Zeus. We’ve worshipped her longer than even the devil! I saw her when I was your age, deep in the Drakwald. You’ll find what you really want there.”

“And what is it that I want, Reek?” the boy asked, regarding the man like an alpha predator regarding a lesser packmate.

“You want pussy!” Reek laughed before grabbing a flask at his belt.

They vanished, they all vanished. Everything crumbled into nothing and I was left in the grey and black world of purgatory.

I looked down at my hands. Those were real. I looked at my leg, the shark bite was real. I looked at the stripe on my arm. That was real.

Lastly I felt my head where a tumour had been removed from my skull. That . . . that too was real. I just had to hold onto what was real. My time would come.

Delmarva, Now, McDonald’s

The Manager at the McDonald's rushed into the ladies room, where he found a real mess. “Oh what the fuck is this?” the Manager demanded at the sight before him. Some huge butch bitch with orange muscles had torn the door right off its hinges. Inside the women’s shitter, there was a fat bitch and a skinny bitch who were struggling to get their pants on. “Jesus, Mary and Joseph, you people get the fuck out of here!”

“Piss off, fat boy,” Said Jasper to the overweight, white haired manager. “We’ve got business here
so just fuck off before I beat your ass.”

“Why you fucking bitch, I’ll call the cops on all of you!” the man spat, his doughy face turning red.

Pearl was furiously washing her hands and blushing with shame, having just had her hands up Sheena’s fart tube. Sheena herself was doing her belt up and looked not the slightest bit ashamed; this was just another Friday night for her. Her ass hurt more than it ever had before, but it was a good hurt.

Lapis Lazuli, ally and partner to Sheena Belmont crossed her arms and watched dispassionately; eager to see where this shit would go. Steven and Connie had their sword and shield combo ready to go and Amethyst similarly were ready for action.

Luckily Garnet stepped in, reaching into her left gem, she withdrew a large gym bag. The head Crystal Gem held up a giant wad of money and shouted, “All McDonald’s staff run and get money. If you quit now you’ll all find the jobs you love!”

The Manager was confused, “What the fuck are you talking about?”

In response, Garnet blew with inhuman force and the money bundle in her hand flew apart. The whole McDonald’s was filled with flying hundred dollar bills and everything went to plan. The staff and few customers went stampeding for cash and trampled the Manager in the process.

Taking a bundle of money for herself, Sheena congratulated Garnet as she stuffed it into her bra. “Well that was bracing. I always wanted to meet Pearl’s family, I heard so much about you guys from Lazuli.”

“And what did she say about us?” Garnet deadpanned as pandemonium took over the McDonald’s.

“I said that you guys were assholes and that your singing sucks,” Lapis stated matter of fact.

Sheena shrugged, “She’s just being nice to you guys, let’s all talk in the RV.”
As the McDonald’s descended into madness and mayhem, the outside was quiet. “Very tactful of you in there, Jasper,” said Lazuli to her old fusion mate. “Ripping doors off is a step up for you.”

“Shut up,” Jasper ground out as the party started to file into Sheena and Lapis’s cluttered RV. Jasper hardly even noticed her feet taking her into the cramped vehicle. She was only aware when Connie sat in her lap, sword in sheath and ready to go. Jasper put a hand on the girl’s bony shoulder; taking comfort in it. Next to her, Steven in one of Lazuli’s dresses put his hand on Jasper’s knee. She gave him a faint smile before taking his chubby hand in her massive one.

Sheena took care of priorities, the first thing she did was reach into the mini fridge and open up the freezer compartment. Pulling out an ice pack, she put it down on her favourite chair and sat her sore ass on it. “Okay everybody, as Lapis may or may not have told you I’m Sheena Belmont and it’s my family’s legacy to kill Dracula.”

Garnet nodded, “Rose knew of your family and gave them much knowledge on monsters and demons.”

Sheena nodded, “Yup, that’s right! Us Belmonts have been killing Dracula since he first got his start and the fucker just keeps coming back.” Pearl walked up behind her love and started to massage her shoulders; the nacre gem could only smile as Sheena’s muscular shoulders lost their tension. “Also thanks for hooking me up with Pearl; she’s one of a kind.”

“Get to the point, you fat cunt,” Lapis drawled, scrolling through local clothing sales on her phone.

“Shut it, water bitch,” Sheena snapped back before turning to the crowd. “I’m going to go on a limb and say that you personally ran into Dracula. The big lady especially looks like she’s taken a loss.”

Jasper said nothing, sick to her stomach that she hadn’t been able to save Erica; that she hadn’t acted fast enough before Castlevania vanished into the ether.

Sheena sat back, “Don’t blame yourself. I give you my word that on my life, you’ll have your loved ones back.”

“And how the fuck are you going to do that?” Amethyst demanded, the short gem starting to lose her cool. “Peridot is gone and I’m shitting my guts out worrying about her annoying, green ass!”
The pink haired woman smirked and cracked her knuckles, “Well if she’s a gem like you or Water Bitch here, then she’s probably still alive. The Count likes taking gems as trophies and pets; she’s alive. And more’s the point, grape-sister; is that I have a way not only to find the Count anywhere in the cosmos but I have the final key to killing him.”

From underneath the stained and clothing strewn table, Sheena withdrew a black box made of something that reflected less light than a black hole. Taking a knife, Sheena opened her thumb and started to dribble blood on the black box. Red light glowed from within and it slid open without a sound.

Pearl gasped upon seeing what was inside, so shocked that she even forgot to bandage Sheena’s thumb. “Is that what I think it is?”

“It can’t be,” said Garnet, normally deadpan voice filled with shock.

“It’s gross!” said Steven, recoiling as he saw what was inside.

“What is it?” Jasper demanded, peering into the box.

Sheena grinned, like a kid who’s just found his mom’s secret porno stash. “Lazuli and I found this thing on an Island that only appears once every thousand years. She cleared the Oceans holding it imprisoned and together the pair of us killed things that have no names to get it.” She paused for effect and lifted it, “Ladies and gentlemen and xirs, I give you the Bible of the Beast, The Tome of Ultimate Evil, the Devil’s Balance Book; The Necronomicon Ex Mortis. Loosely translated; the Book of the dead.”

A feeling of dread settled in Jasper’s stomach on top of all the guilt she was feeling. To look at the book made her physically ill; like human food poisoning. It was ugly enough on its own, the cover bound in human flesh made from the faces of young earth women. Something deeper in the book unsettled her aside from it being made of faces and the pages being made of flexible diamond sheets. There was an evil lingering in the book that she couldn’t see or smell but could feel her.

“That book vanished after the war,” Garnet began.

Sheena smirked as she lay the cursed book on the table. “And from then, it was stolen by a Rose Quartz; one of Pink Diamond’s personal body guards and lost forever. We paid a heavy price and sacrificed a lot to even figure out where the Island guarding it was.” She looked to Steven and
Connie, who were both repulsed and horrified by the evil tome. “The book personally belonged to White Diamond and Pink Diamond guarded it. Inside are strange things; mad science, demon resurrection incantations, advanced physics, black magic and much, much worse. This thing was never meant for the world of the living, but it can help us finally end Dracula.”

“How?” Jasper asked, spellbound by the screaming faces peeking out from the cover.

Sheena ran her hands over the smooth pages. “The book is inked with the crushed and liquefied shards of shattered gems, but the words themselves are written in space and time. The thing holds trillions of pages inside of it, it’s locked off from the sight of gems; none of you will be even able to see the words, but a human with working knowledge of gem language can decipher it.”

“So I take it your family learned the gem language from Rose,” Connie ventured.

“Right-o, kid; you’re way smarter than I was at your age.” She laughed before her face went stony. “I’ve been trying to translate this book for months now; Lazuli’s been feeding me old classified information that even Rose Quartz wouldn’t have known. I’m not done translating it, but I have something; a ritual that will allow us to track Dracula. There’s a gem at the heart of his castle, kill that gem and you kill the Count. Me and Lazuli could have done the ritual by ourselves, but I think with your guys help this can be something other than a suicide mission.”

Jasper stood up, gently grabbing Connie so she didn’t fall to the floor. The Quartz warrior stood tall, powerful and intimidating even to a master vampire hunter like Sheena. Her power radiated off of her even as she bent the knee to the last Belmont. “You have my strength. I’ll give you my life and soul in exchange for helping me bring my Erica back.”

Amethyst too bent the knee, following her sister’s example and some inborn quartz instinct to pledge to the most experienced warrior. “Help me get Peri back and I’ll help you rip off Dracula’s head and shit down his neck.”

Pearl nuzzled Sheena’s neck longingly, “Where you go, I go. If you die, I die with you.”

“Thanks babe,” said Sheena, blushing beet red over Pearl’s proclamation.

Jasper looked to Lapis Lazuli, still swiping through clothing sales listings. Her stomach felt bad, from guilt, from the cursed book and from the presence of her old rapist. She knew however that they were going to need Lapis’s powers and knowledge. In era one she would have been one of the
rarer and highest aristocratic gems; she would have had the personal patronage of Blue Diamond before the Lazuli series was discontinued. She hated Lapis Lazuli more than anything, but her powers and more importantly the elite knowledge she carried would be critical to get Erica back and end this insanity.

---

*Omake*

Master of the Boot gets home from a long day of security guard work. “Well, my life sucks and my writing blows chunks,” he says to nobody in particular. “Time for video games!”

Immediately he sits down on the couch and puts on his favourite game, *Super Fuckery Fighters.*

*Select Character 1: Captain Dyke!*
Select Opponent: Robert Baratheon
Mortal Kombat style, Robert and Captain Dyke square off.

Robert waves a flagon of wine at Captain Dyke, “Your mother is a dumb whore with a fat ass, did you know that?”

Captain Dyke retorts, “And my mom was the one who gave you genital herpes, fat boy! Let’s dance!”

Robert swings and strikes Captain Dyke with an uppercut that throws her backwards. Captain Dyke recovers and throws lint into Robert’s face, stunning him and blinding him. She then attacks Robert with a ninja star combo.

“Alright, this makes up for my teeny, tiny cock!” says Master of the Boot. Meanwhile his bother Steven is in the kitchen fucking a cantaloupe with a hole in it.

**Author's note: Jasper painting the house yellow was inspired by this epic pile of shit**
can do ANYTHING he can IMAGINE-- but that's his whole PROBLEM.

He's got the IMAGINATION of a goddamn POTATO. He makes giant green FISHING POLES and MOUSETRAPS when he could, well...

...Put that ring on MY finger and just as a WARM-UP I'd send a few TIDAL WAVES in just the right DIRECTIONS. Knock out a few ENEMY FLEETS. Then get started on bringing some REAL firepower to a nasty GROUND WAR or two.

Then maybe I'd spank SUPERMAN'S butt back to what's left of KRYPTON. Just for LAUGHS.
Chapter End Notes

Artwork at the end by Evilsnotbag. She's amazing. https://evilsnotbag.deviantart.com
Interlude: Jasper Alone

Chapter Summary

Jasper is an interesting character. On the one level, she's clearly a person who feels, loves and has clear motivations. On the other hand, she also has a lot of traits that scare me and a lot of traits that are everything I hate.

What I wanted to do here was make Jasper redemption worthy, while still making her violent, traumatized and more than a little insane.

This was heavily inspired by Junji Ito, his story "Army of One."

I guess this is ultimately the story of a damaged, sad woman struggling to come to terms with the mental and physical abuse that made them who they are.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Girl

Delmarva, Happier Times,

I fell asleep next to my wife thinking of birth, happiness and children. It was the same, it was always the same. I drifted off thinking of joy, new life and new beginnings when I saw them and their faces. Every night it was a different one, but I knew them all. I knew that they were there, somewhere in the black depths of space. They were always there and they were alive.

In my dream, I walked through the halls of our home, holding a plate of steaming food for my Erica, my beastie, my all. Hot steamed corn, a side of roasted beef with gravy and mushrooms. I knew of the generosity that cooking represented for humans and that few memories are as vivid for them as being cooked for by someone who loves them. I wanted nothing but to give those memories to my human lover, my wife and forever person.

The details changed in the dream but it was all variations on a formula. Every single time in the dream, I could smell blood and that’s when I dropped whatever I was doing, dropped everything wholesome and full of life. Then there they were.
There she was.

I was no longer in my home, per dream logic. Now I was in Pink Diamond’s Castle; her Castle in the Heavens, the place that I called home for the first thousand years of my life before it was destroyed and took half of Siberia with it.

The smell of blood was overpowering, I wanted to vomit. Standing there, drenched from curly hair to armoured boots in blood was a Rose Quartz gem.

It wasn’t Steven’s mother, but it was one of the same species. The Rose Quartz I knew by serial number, by habit and by nickname. Babyface is what I called her. She hated that name, they all hated the names I gave them.

Babyface looked at me with that innocent smile that she used to lure children away from their parents. Like all the Rose Quartz’s, her eyes were a window to nothing. There was no soul to be found in that hollow, rattling skull or that damned lump of a gem at her elbow.

Erica Katheryn Brooks, my wife, lay dead at Babyface’s feet; her neck broken like a dry noodle and her skull caved in. Oh I could see the look of fear and pain on her dead face; Babyface always like hurting the mother and leaving her as spectacle for all to see. In her muscular pink arms, Babyface cradled a bloody, still living infant. Erica’s baby, my baby; torn from her mother’s womb with bare hands.

In her other hand was her gem weapon; a twisted piece of metal covered in random spikes. A weapon without beauty or symmetry; simply a tool to rip out tendons, pierce the gaps in armour and inflict pain.

I charged at Babyface like I did with the other freaks in all the other dreams. I screamed like I never had before, my crash helmet ready to pulverize her gem into dust and rid the universe once and for all of the filth that she and all her sisters were.

And I woke up, like I always do. I know where the monsters are, I have the strength to kill them but they’re always out of my reach. Every time I wake up, I see Erica next to me, warm, full of life and kindness. She has her scars but that only adds to the appeal. I can see them better than any human and they only make me want her more, physically, sexually, emotionally, for life.
As a sentient Quartz rock with a hard light body, I don’t need sleep like a human does. I don’t need food, water, oxygen, heat or gravity. All of these things are just luxuries. It’s a good thing because if I was human, Erica would notice my sleep deprivation and the circles under my eyes. I sat up next to her, putting my face in my hands.

My darling looks so peaceful and so pure in her sleep. I hate to wake her up for my fucking mental issues. She has enough on her plate, her own battles to fight; she doesn’t need to also shoulder my fucking burdens as well. I took in deep breaths, calming myself down. My bear sized frame shuddered like a leaf as I thought of how lifelike Babyface looked in the dream. They all had that look of happy innocence, even Steven’s mother; she had the look as well.

I’d always thought Rose Quartz was a monster, even before she shattered her diamond. How could I not, when I’d been handpicked personally by Pink Diamond to be the handler of the Rose Quartz gems. Not their commander, not their leader; handler was my title. My job was to reign in a group of psychopathic monsters who used their strength and myriad powers to bring ruin to any who could... might stand against the Diamond Authority.

I needed a few hours of space, Erica was in the deepest part of sleep and I could time to the exact second when she would notice my absence. I gave her a kiss on her pilowy lips and one on her red nose for good measure. Every single second that she was alive would be a second that I would take in her beauty and perfection.

I ran out of the house we shared together with the silent promise that I would always be back. I told the Crystal Gems once that a Jasper always gets what she wants. Now that I had it, I would do anything to keep what I had, to keep the love I had.

Waiting for me at a warp pad was Pearl, the dangerous renegade pearl of the rebellion; now my confidant and comrade. “How are you?” she asked me in that worrywart voice.

I actually loved that in her. I loved how when it came to the people she loved, she stressed over every single small detail; it made her a formidable warrior and a good mother figure. It made me feel honoured knowing that at any moment she would ask me if she could make me feel better.

“Can I get you something to eat?” Pearl asked me, on cue, “Would you like to play some games, do some dancing or hear a song?”

I nodded at Pearl, I think she liked doing all the things that Pearls were meant to in a guilt free way, without any threat of force. “I feel like hammered shit,” I told her, “Do you have any missions? I got the urge to kill something.”
Pearl cocked her head and pulled up a map of the galaxy through her gem’s hologram function. “Well Peridot was telling me about an era 2 facility on a faraway planet. It’s unmanned but guarded by advanced robonoids. I was hoping that the files she shared with me and you know-how would be crucial to infiltrating the facility and stealing as much Era 2 files and tech as we can get our hands on.”

I laughed at the prospect. I knew of this facility and how the robonoids within were customized to do nothing but kill gems. Any one of them would wipe out the mass fusion Alexandrite; but they didn’t know the make, model and weakness of the robonoids like I did. “I love a good smash and grab,” I smiled in a most hungry way. “Let’s go and wreck the halls, it’s been too long and I’m way out of practice.”

Delmarva, Erica and Jasper’s house

It felt good to blow up something modern. I liked knowing that I and Pearl had hurt Yellow Diamond in some small way. Pearl had done good. Pearl’s by design were good at file and data sharing; in the past she and Bismuth used file sharing to introduce ways for gems to go around their original functions. She’d once allowed gems to upgrade their combat abilities and weapons without the permission of the Diamonds. Now she used those same abilities to start countering the new technology and weapons of Era 2 Homeworld.

One day I would hold Yellow Diamond’s shards in my hands and I’d spit on them like so much pointless glass. That would have to wait because I had much more important things at hand. “I got some fucking pancakes, honey!” I shouted at my wife as she lay in bed. A steaming plate of hot pancakes with syrup in my hand.

In bed, Erica cried out in a language that was neither Swedish or English. When that was done she spoke her native language, swearing. “Holy shit, Jasper! What time is it?” She blinked her eyes at me and scratched wild brunette hair that looked like a cockatoo’s feathers.

I laughed, all my troubles and anger melting away at her adorable belligerence. “It’s noon, honey. So I made you pancakes with bacon on the side.”

She groaned and smiled, “Are these the pancakes with the special batter?”

I gave her my winning sex grin and winked at her, “Made with blueberries and buckwheat batter; just the way my baby likes it?”
She laughed and beckoned me in for a hug. “Oh my melamin, get your big, sexy, tiger striped ass over here!”

I giggled like a Ruby and put the plate on the night stand. I held Erica in my arms, felt her warmth, felt her fragility and her strength. I could almost feel her emotions, the love she felt for me like like a physical substance. I’d spent so long devoid of companionship, removed from other Jasper’s and Quartz’s. Quartz’s as a group weren’t meant to live alone; we all needed companionship in the way that humans do. As frightening as I may look, I still depend upon the constant camaraderie and physical touch of my new family.

Whether it’s making love to my Erica, helping Pearl unplug a stopped toilet or trading fists with Garnet in playful bare knuckle brawls, I revelled in it. I loved being part of a family, a team, a crew. Yellow Diamond kept me alone because it kept me hungry. As a perfect Jasper, I had no peers and I was needed to keep order in an empire that kept slowly decaying despite its technological perfect and mastery. Now I had someone I could make love to, fuck and be fucked by without having any strings attached. Erica fucked me because she loved me and I turned her on. No Diamond gave her orders to go down on me under pain of death.

It was so willing when the first thing she put into her mouth wasn’t the pancakes but my stem. Oh she was good at sucking the stem. My Kara wriggled with glee as Erica worked it with hands and mouth. Oh Stars, she was so warm and wet!

I was always gentle with her, but fuck if she didn’t take away my self control. Before I could cum, I pulled from her mouth and pushed her back onto the bed, burying my face into those two great big tits that she hid away from the public. Good; they were for me only. I took a nipple and began sucking boob like it was my main purpose in life.

Erica moaned under me and stroked my hair with one hand and clawed at my back with the other. I knew her well, and the better I knew her the more I wanted her. Oh she really did take away my self control. She ground her wet pussy against my left as I suckled her for all she was worth. Oh my sweet Erica, what did I do to deserve you?

The pancakes got cold as I fucked her doggy style, missionary style before she wrestled me to the bed and did the reverse cowgirl on my stem. My stem found her g-spot and even began to hit her cervix with just the right amount of force; not enough to hurt but enough to provide that elusive full body orgasm.

Erica wanted me, that’s what I liked about her; anything I gave her was never enough. The warrior in me rose to the challenge and even as her quivering body was still in the aftershock of orgasm;
my rough tongue began to work at the puffy folds on her cunt. I tasted myself in her mixed with her juices. Squeezing her ass with my free hand, my left finger went into her, feeling around for the g-spot.

The pancakes definitely got cold by the time she’d had her way with me. Though I think I was twice her size roughly, my little wifey rode me like a stallion and took me into the barn wet. I was exhausted and had to whip up some extra pancakes and bacon for ourselves.

The two of us were happy. It wasn’t all steamy sex and walks on the beach, but she listened to me. She shored me up where I was weak and was someone I could be myself around. She wasn’t the first to tell me my seed was strong and powerful, but she was the first to do it without being threatened or bribed. She wasn’t the first one I tied up and fucked like I owned her; but she was the only one who asked for it.

What she was thought, was definitely the first to tie me up and fuck me like I was mewling Peridot. Turns out Erica borrowed nipple clamps, shackles and butt plugs from Pearl. My sore ass was killing me; but it was good. Though how the hell did Pearl shove this up her tiny butt-hole?

Our pancakes eaten, Erica had decided I needed a good, deep dicking. Who the hell was I to argue?

My baby walked past me wearing a black leather corset and crotchless panties. Her luscious bush was on full display as were her two magnificent boobs. Erica gave me a smirk that made me weak at the knees. “You’re going to have a bad time, and you’re to love me for it, slut. Also I’m your mom!”

I nodded eagerly, my cunt sopping wet and eager for her; my stem needed a rest. “Yes mommy!” I eagerly brayed.

“Shut up, slut!” my Erica snapped, bringing down her cat-o-nine tails across my big ass. “You don’t talk until mommy says so.”

i whimpered like a dog at this; i wanted my Erica to take me for a ride. I was built to withstand bombs, I really wanted to see what Erica with her gem powers could to to my holes.

To say the least, I was walking funny for about a week but I wasn’t disappointed.
Myself, Erica and Pearl stepped off the Warp Pad. Japan was our location and the era one gem ship was our goal. Garnet was sending us in for a quick retrieval mission. Probably it’d be a cakewalk and if anything went south the three of us were harder than hell. Even Erica with the crushed gem in her throat was more than a match for any corrupted gems that might be stalking around.

“I remember when Rose used to come here for the hot springs,” Pearl began to reminisce. “The rich mineral waters were always so soothing, and more than one Crystal gem came up here before and after the war.”

Feeling impish, I decided to rib on Pearl a little bit. “Yup, and this where you could see Rose’s supple, dimpled ass as she skinny dipped in the pools.”

“Oh yes, why—what?!” Pearl squawked as she caught herself in mid confession.

Erica and myself both laughed. Laughing felt good, almost as good as sex. Nobody wanted to crack jokes with you when you were Yellow Diamond’s main enforcer and a quote perfect Quartz.

Blushing blue, Pearl reached into her gem and passed out maps. “Now the ship we’re looking for is somewhere along these mountain trails. Stay together, I’ll go ahead and scout out the location.”

Erica gave her a thumbs up, cradling her spear, “You got it, mama bird!”

Pearl frowned and left us be. Immediately, Erica turned to me and put a hand on my chest. “So Pearl is scouting ahead, what do you say we make out for a while before finding this ship?”

I grinned and gave her the sex eye, “Baby that’s disobedience, I’m going going to have to drag you into the woods and spank you?”

“Oh no!” she said in mock terror as I swept her off her feet, “A spanking! No, Jasper, no!”

A leap and a bound took us towards a beautiful babbling brook, I kissed her deeply before saying,
“As your wife I’m required to do regular ass inspections on your beautiful self. Get ready, darling.”

Her kiss was hot and eager. I let her down and began to feel her up. The warmth, the fragility, the power of her was addictive. I wish it could have lasted forever.

I should have never been so greedy, so careless or so complacent. Erica screamed and I summoned my crash helmet to protect her. What I saw made my guts drop to the ground.
Erica screamed again at the thing floating in the brook, or rather things. Several human bodies floated dead in the river, stitched together in a twisted parody of togetherness and love. They might have been a family of four before they died a violent death and were stitched together with what looked like fishing twine.

Erica vomited up the lunch we’d shared and I wanted to join her in it. Floating on the water, the corpses smiled at us; their mouths stitched up into perverse grins and their sown permanently open. My little monster wept openly, I wanted to as well but I shouldn’t have been surprised.

This was another piece of my past. Like the Rose Quartz’s kept prisoner in the human zoo; this was a thing that was gone but never truly forgotten. I hoped desperately that she had been corrupted with all the other gems on this planet. I was many things; lucky wasn’t one of them.

“Darling.” I sounded weak and weary, “Let’s go find Pearl, then we’ll go to the Warp pad and get backup.”

“Why?” she wept, “Just, why? How could a corrupted gem do this?”

I suspected who it was that did this, not what; but I didn’t anything to Erica. Like many things in my past, I tried to bury it. Key word, tried.

I took Erica and leaped with her over the trees of the Japanese forest that had seemed so beautiful. We passed by a campground where we found the same handiwork. Mother and fathers, children at play; stitched together dead with fishing line, mockeries of all that was beautiful and loving. Their cold gelatinous eyes looked at us, accusing me; accusing me. I could have prevented this. I could have stopped this insanity. There was so much to unpack that I almost missed the shuffling, zombie like footsteps behind me and Erica.

The dead humans watched, kept standing by stings attached to tree branches; like puppets. Like puppets they waited for someone to bring them to life. Then someone who’d put them there shifted, formerly as still as the dead.

Erica held her spear out, rubbing the tears from her eyes.

I knew her, I’d known her very well.
Pink Pearl. Pink Diamond’s own personal pearl.
pink pearl

A window to past times
Pink Pearl shuffled towards us with bloody hands, holding up a needle and a spool of fishing twine. Behind the rusted, iron mask her eyes were as empty and unseeing as the puppet corpses hanging from the trees. She didn’t focus on anything, just stumbling forward with the opposite of the grace and precision pearls are known for.

“Are you, who are you?” Erica tried to ask, trying to wrap her mind around the enormity of this crime. This crime which defied any sense of reason, cause or logic. Once upon a time, this was the norm on earth; an age of fear, an age of murder, an age when Pink Diamond ruled over all with wisdom and benevolence. I wanted to vomit even more just remembering it.

“Pink Diamond had a lot of secret places,” I told Erica as Pink Pearl got ever closer to us, slowly and surely. “She had vaults where she stored her treasures, where nobody could reach. I think one of those vaults opened.” I tried to rationalize it. It tried to explain for myself as much as for my Erica.

I sounded like a fool. Pink Diamond didn’t just have hidden vaults. She had lots of little hidey holes that were invisible to future vision, to scans and could only be found if they wanted to be found. Pink Diamond always got easily bored; so she always tried to keep occupied. Some people whittle, some knit; she designed sentient, impenetrable vaults and weapons of mass destruction that could corrupt all the gems within three thousand light years.

I had yet to explain that to the Crystal Gems.

Erica put down her spear as Pink Pearl craned her head each way, like she was looking for sounds only she could hear. “Hi! I’m Erica,” she waved, “This is Jasper. Why don’t you sit down and we’ll join you and talk?”

I gulped and looked at the gem before me. Pink Pearl was always strong for a Pearl, she was a head taller than our Pearl and built like a marathon runner instead of a ballerina. More than once, Pink Diamond ordered me to hurt her Pearl; I tore the Pearl’s skin off with a thin, long knife. She didn’t poof. She never poofed, even when the other Rose Quartz’s raped and tortured her. Through it all, she never poofed; was never given that luxury, never got to escape the pain. Pink Pearl was the lowest of the low in Pink Diamond’s court; we were all invited to humiliate and hurt her. It had been that way for millions of years before I was ever created from Earth’s rock.

Pink Pearl stopped closer to us than I wanted to see her. A breeze blew through the feathers that decorated her shoulder pads, sun glinted off the metallic bikini bottom she wore. Her midriff and belly button gem was exposed by the—I guess rugby pads—she wore as a top. She swayed on the spot like a drunk, still turning her head to hear things only she did.
To my dismay, she started to sing.

*We’re an army of one, army of one!*

*When you join hearts and sing,*

*Everyone’s your friend, Everyone’s your friend!*

*Nobody likes a lonely only!*

It was like being back with Pink Diamond, in her pretty pink castle. Pink Pearl still had that reedy, thing voice like she’d been screaming far too long and too loud to ever speak normally again. Her lips barely moved under her mask, which was chained to her face. Depending on which way she cocked her head, Erica and I could see the metal spikes which lined the iron mask.

On Homeworld, Pearls had always been regarded as trophies. The difference with Pink Diamond was that she knew her pearl was a person and she didn’t care. She knew that she was hurting someone with thoughts and feelings; turning a sentient being with hopes and dreams into a ghoulish trophy. A testament and a tribute to the willing embrace of evil.

Pink Pearl swayed again and this time she looked right at me. She blinked and I knew in that moment she could recognize me.

It was then that she looked right at Erica. My blood boiled as she blinked for the second time since meeting us. The strong looking Pearl looked from Erica and back to me. There was a flash of something in those eyes. She knew me, she remembered me. Now, she could tell what Erica meant to me.

Pink started singing again, this time a little louder, a little clearer and with just the smallest hint of anger.

*Army of One! Army of One!*
“I’m sorry,” I told her, like she was the physical embodiment of all my sins.

It was fast, she was fast. Pink Pearl was so fast that I could barely follow her. Erica was completely caught off guard as the pink gem withdrew a large weapon that looked like a spiky paint roller. Reflex took over and I threw myself forward into a spin dash.

Pink Pearl dodged, the strands of my hair melting the skin off her right forearm. She paid no mind and the pink muscle and wire glistened in the sun. She raised her malformed gem weapon to bring it crashing down on Erica. I changed directions and spun at her, looking to finally poof her after all these years.

Honed by Pearl’s training and the power of the Tourmaline in her throat, gem energy surged through Erica’s arms and her spear blocked Pink Pearl’s attack. Reacting quickly, she swung her spear around and smashed Pink Pearl across the side of the head. She stumbled with a clang, where it hit the mask.

I crashed into her and we struck a tree; turning a five foot thick Asian oak into splinters. Her relatively lithe body shuddered under me as we kept going and slammed into a rock face in this mountainous valley. I screamed just like I had in my dream with Babyface. I punched Pink Pearl in her masked face, her head sinking into the granite mountain side. I kept punching and punching. “I WILL END YOU, FUCKER!” I cried out at the gem who tried to murder my wife, who’d murdered so many wives, husband and children in her short time she’d been spat out of a vault.

She looked up at me with that same blank, mindless stare. She didn’t anything, she didn’t see or recognize me anymore. There was nothing and I’d helped to build that nothing. More than self defence, I wanted to commit justifiable homicide; I wanted to erase this living reminder of all the fucked up things I’d done under orders or by my own volition. If this piece of shit had just stayed inside that damn vault, which must have vanished from this reality by now, Erica would never have seen this side of me. The Crystal Gems would never have seen this side of me.

My hand shape shifted into a brutal, thing knife; just like the night that Pink Diamond asked me for a show. I thrust the knife into her guts and started to carve. Pink Pearl just looked at me like she couldn’t feel anything; or that she’d felt so much worse and this was her default state. I pulled out and went for her gem, she shifted and I missed; tearing through bone, gristle and shredding her hip joints.
Suddenly her strange gem weapon shortened it and she dragged it across my face. I groaned in pain as my right cheek was ripped open and my left eye torn out of its socket. Seeing things through one bloody eye, I roared like a bastard maniac and started muttering in anger. I don’t even know what I was saying; I was just consumed by complete hatred for the thing which was born of the same cruelty that I’d once benefited from.

“No! Stop!” I heard Pearl’s voice, which only hardened my resolve to kill Pink Pearl. I was going to shatter her; it’d be my practice for when I shattered Yellow Diamond. I imagined how Yellow Diamond would look at me in pure terror as I terminated her worthless fucking life. I’d make Blue Diamond watch when I did; show that hypocritical, two faced harlot what her grief was worth.

Pink Pearl thrust her weapon into my face again; the spikes driving through my cheek, my jaw and my eye socket. She didn’t care. She didn’t care about any of this. How could she?

So imagine my surprise when Erica drove the point of her Spear into Pink Pearl’s gemstone and 

\textit{crack!} 

It all happened at once. Pearl screamed aloud because she could have saved a fellow Pearl. I screamed because Erica should have stayed innocent; she should have let a disgusting, depraved cunt like me handle killing blow. She should have stayed away from a life I and a million others had helped destroy through long and sustained cruelty.

I felt the tears run down my cheeks as Pink Pearl’s weapon vanished. She glanced down with surprise at her gemstone and sighed with relief . . . and then she was gone. The iron mask that served as her prison fell to the ground and covered up the shards of gemstone. It was over but not forgotten.

Pearl screamed and ripped apart the mask like paper. With Pink Pearl dead, the magic holding the mask together was gone and it was now just mild steel; not even very well forged. I hugged Erica, both to feel her warmth, fragility and strength and partly to avoid looking at her face.

\textit{Beach City, that night} 

I took my wife to the Warp pad and left her at the home. I left without explanation and for a long time I just ran. I ran close to home and in Greg’s car wash I found Pearl. Greg’s van was out of the garage and he was probably on the beach or something.
I’d never seen her this way. I always remembered her as the gem who fought by by the hand ship that first time and showed no fear. Even when I tore her head off and poofed her, she showed no fear and no hesitation. As she was, Pearl trembled like a leaf as she opened the fridge that Greg kept in the back of the building.

It felt wrong, to see a grand warrior and General like Pearl be reduced to this. I just watched her take a bottle of Wild Turkey Liquor, rip off the cap and drink straight from it. Spilling liquor all over herself, she kept trembling but the booze helped to steady her nerves a bit. It helped her forget the pain; something I was an expert on.

“How’s it hanging, dangerous renegade?” asked jokingly, even if I didn’t feel at all friendly or jovial.

Pearl shook, spilling alcohol all over her hands. “I’m not fine,” she said in a thin, weak voice. She paused, looked up, looked down and said to me. “You were right to kill her, there was nothing that could have been done to help her.” She started crying, “Garnet confirmed as much.

I wanted to hug her, but i wasn’t sure if it would trigger her further. “I’m sorry,” I told my friend. “You don’t look good.”

Pearl sniffled, wiped her nose and took a long pull of booze. “I know,” she gagged on the taste, “I’m forming a working brain and liver so I can get drunk. Then I’m going to tell someone.”

Drunk, Pearl acted a lot like Pink Pearl. It was honestly frightening me. She had the same shuffling, zombie steps towards me. She had that same blank look in her unblinking eyes. For a second I thought I was going to raise a fist against the gem who’d become my best friend on this planet. We were back to that fucking place where I first arrived, wearing that fucking worthless cape and hurting the people who didn’t deserve it.

Pearl put her arms around me in a hug, not realizing how close I was to violently acting out. She looked up at me with red, tearful eyes and my heart broke for her. “Tell someone, Jasper. Do it now while you still can. Or you could end up like me.”

Just like her. I always forgot how old Pearl was, how much she suffered. I forgot how she had survived torture, rape and genocide. I forgot how people like me had hurt her, her entire life.
She began to bawl, dropping the bottle of Greg’s liquor on the ground. One last time she looked up at me, “Tell Erica, she’ll understand everything; just don’t bottle it up.”

Pearl shuffled away just like Pink Pearl had. I breathed a sigh of relief when she was gone, like a mournful ghost come to deliver a message for the living who by their crimes and sins, forged the chains of damnation.

Erica and Jasper’s house

Walking back to my house, I felt the weakest I had since Malachite. Dominated by Lapis Lazuli, I’d taken a small pleasure of affirmative nihilism. As a fusion of a gem I hated, I was free for once of all expectations. Some of Malachite was Lapis, her pride, her callousness. More than I cared to admit, even to myself, much of Malachite was me. Malachite had a hunger for blood, she wasn’t my warrior spirit so much as she was the devil on my shoulder.

I’d never felt so full, so whole as I did with Erica. I never wanted to go back to that emptiness and hunger.

I found my love, my wife, my soulmate in the living room as she prepared a lavish meal for two. “Hey Honey!” she said to me in her brightest voice.

“Hey Honey!” I repeated, but my voice was weak and thin, just like Pink Pearl. I was using all my willpower to stop the trembling, to stop shaking like Pearl had shook. With Malachite I’d never had to confront my sins, my crimes and mistakes; with Erica, it was all laid bare. Erica could see through me, she could judge me—but she didn’t. She wasn’t judging me; and that’s what kept me from running away.

I sat down and took her hand. She felt strong, almost like it would hurt me. I was afraid that Erica would hurt me for what I’d done today. I struggled to hold back my tears. She saw everything and I knew that she still loved me; stars knew why she loved me but she did.

Erica took my face in her hands, she smiled. I was so afraid of letting her down that I couldn’t say anything. So she said it for me.

“*Melamin,*” she purred, “You’ve had a long day. I honestly can’t begin to understand what you’re going through; so let’s have a nice, hearty dinner before we have any huge heart to heart talks. Is that okay?”
That was what undid me. I cracked, I broke down and the waterworks began. I put my face in the crook of her shoulder and let out five thousand years worth of tears. I wept for myself, for Pearl, for Pink Pearl, I wept for countless others, including myself.

What changed everything was this woman. Not because she loved me, people love each other all the time and hurt them. She listened to me. I was a person, not a thing. I was a strange person but I was worth something more than what I could give.

Erica loved me, and she helped me love myself in the process. That was what really mattered.

Epilogue

I fell asleep next to my wife, thinking of birth, happiness and children. I’d unburdened myself to Erica after a meal fit for Queen. I’d told her my job, handler of the Rose Quartz’s. I told her about the Rose Quartz’s. I told her that Steven’s mother was an anomaly, that overall Rose Quartz were hand crafted, custom tooled killing machines to be Pink Diamond’s personal army. She learned that they destroyed and destroyed and destroyed until there was nothing left. Whatever someone valued, whether it was innocence, children or land; they would destroy as unthinkingly as an atom bomb going off.

She once allowed me to mourn for Pink Diamond, who I loved with all my heart. To Pink Diamond, I had been a joke; she fed on me love, taking everything and giving nothing.

Yellow Diamond was a General, a leader. Blue Diamond was the law giver, a leader. White Diamond was so mysterious we couldn’t even prove she existed, but we knew she ran everything. Pink Diamond was a monster; she was a weapon, pure and simple.

And I feel asleep and like clockwork there they were. They were my curse that I could never escape. Now it wasn’t just Babyface, or Skull-fucker, or Gem-Eater or any of them. It was all of them. All of the nameless Rose Quartz’s had come to me.

They cut off Erica’s head and mounted it on a spike. They sliced her flesh apart and served it to me on a platter. You’d think they were trying to torment me, to intimidate me, but not he reality was much worse; they were trying to honour me.

I sat on a throne, with a cape, just as I had done five thousand years ago on the night when Pink
Diamond died.

I sat in the throne, weeping for my Diamond and the creatures, the things that Pink Diamond had hand crafted personally into the most powerful special forces force in the universe were celebrating. On the platter now, it wasn’t Erica but another human; she was a mother of two children, I never knew her name. The Rose Quartz’s raped her children to death in front of her before chopping them up like cattle. The youngest child was two, I know because I watched it all; numb by grief.

The Rose Quartz’s were honouring me. I was their new leader. They were nothing without a leader. They hated Pink Diamond as much as she hated them. They obeyed her because she would vaporize them if they so much as dreamed about looking at her the wrong way. They obeyed me now because I would shatter these mutants without provocation or cause.

I had to stop it, I had to break the cycle. “ENOUGH!” i roared. At once, the partying, laughing, cruel Rose Quartz’s went silent. “All of you are bubbled!” I started to laugh, and I laughed and I laughed until I sounded as crazy as they were. “You’re going to be bubbled until the heat death of the Universe and beyond! You think I’m going to give you all the glamorous death you all want? FUCK YOU!!” I laughed and brayed like a hyena.

“You’re looking to do as much damage as you can on the road to damnation but I’ll make sure you’re forgotten forever! You’ll lie in whatever shit-hole that spawned you and you’ll be forgotten just like your cunt creator.”

I laughed and laughed in the dream as my sanity slipped. I hated them totally. I mourned not my Diamond, but my own false perception of her.

I laughed and laughed as a bonfire burned. I laughed because the cruelty of Pink Diamond survived her. Would Yellow Diamond resort to rape and necromancy to create clusters all across the universe if her bitch sister hadn’t shown her how in the first place? Would Blue Diamond send out Aquamarines to kill at random, for increasingly inane and meaningless laws if not maddened by the twisted sexual love she shared for her fellow Diamond?

Would I have ever broken free of Pink Diamond’s chains in a world without Erica?

I woke up and Erica was looking right at me. I didn’t run away this time. I cried. She held me. Tomorrow night the Rose Quartz’s would come again, but I’d have someone with me; a protector, a friend, a lover, a wife.
I had once lived in a Pink Castle in the Heavens. I lived in a castle of fear, a castle of murder. I tried to defend myself with cruelty. There was true evil out there; evil for the sake of evil, evil worshipped as the highest ideal. Me and Erica, we’d be ready to face that evil.

Chapter End Notes

The artwork of Pink Pearl belongs to Evilsnotbag. Don’t share it without her permission.

This story was like an itch in my brain that I just had to write.

I guess I've always been fascinated by abusive relationships, especially between child and parent. Bad relationships are addictive, they're thrilling even as they hurt us. It's almost impossible to break away; like drug addiction.

This would never have been possible without Evilsnotbag, who made me look at Jasper as something more than a butch Space Fascist, and the Manga Berserk which gave me a look at a damaged child who still loved their abusive parent.
Chapter Summary

Lars of the Stars suffers a cruel fate. The Crystal gems begin an ancient ritual. Jasper enters her darkest hour. And a mystery is revealed.

Chapter Notes

I want to thank Evilsnotbag, not just for being a cool person and a great writer but also for all the criticism they've given this story. What they've done to constructively criticize this story has been the best gift that a writer can get. She's given me inspiration, she's pointed out problems I didn't know I had and gave me the joy of solving those problems.

Before we go any further, this story contains some extremely graphic content. If it's at all problematic or bigoted please let me know. Don't spare me.

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock girl

Chapter 7: The Fallen Stars

Delmarva, earlier

I slept with my Jasper, my love, my wife and it was blissful. We had the kind of sleep you only see on mattress commercials, the kind you only see at the end of really shitty romcoms and the covers of bodice ripper novels. Jasper was big, muscular and her giant hand was wrapped around my lower stomach. The last of my period pain was over and even without a burning womb, the warmth of my love reached my heart and my very soul. Knowing there was somebody there who loved me more than I loved myself, who would listen to me, be listened to by me and be everything that I had never imagined just changed my entire life.

Then the fucking alarm clock went off.

“Ha-HAH!” But instead of just playing the oldies radio station like my last alarm clock, this one seemed to actually speak. “Get up, you fucking fat whore! Ha-ha!”
My bleary eyes shot open at the sound of withered, raspy, old-man voice coming out of the alarm clock. Luckily, Jasper was there to hit the snooze button. I purred at the peace and quiet and wiggled my but into her hips. Then the alarm clock went off like a second later.

“You’re fat and ugly and your wife is cheating on you! Ha-HAH!” said the demon alarm clock with the voice of an abusive grandfather.

Jasper slammed her fist down on the snooze button, growling. Peace and quiet came to us once more, but once bitten twice shy.

“Bwa-ha! My snooze button is broken, cunt!”

Melamin sat up in bed and slammed her fist down on the alarm clock hard enough to make the nightstand shake. “I’ll show you broken, all over your fucking nose!” She shouted at the possibly ghost haunted alarm clock.

“Darling,” I mumbled and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, “Where the fuck did you get that thing?”

Jasper rubbed the back of my neck, “I bought that thing off of Onion for a nickel. Lie down honey, I’ll get breakfast started.”

The alarm wasn’t done yet. “You skanks want peace and quiet? Fuck you! Mwa-ha-HAH!”

Jasper had enough and so did I. My favourite quartz raised her fists and brought them down on the alarm clock with such force it crushed the night stand into sawdust. I groaned and rolled over in bed, through blurry eyes I took in the form of my love, “Why did you buy that thing?”

Jasper nervously scratched the back of her neck. “It seemed like a good idea at the time. The box it came in identified it as the ‘George R.R-larm Clock’ and I thought it would be fitting for tonight’s Game of Thrones themed party.”

Somehow the George R.R-larm clock wasn’t done with us. “I’m not broken, Ha-ha!”
That just made me flip the fuck out. I shrieked as I took the blocky plastic clock and ran to the window. Red holographic daggers streamed out of my throat as I opened the window and tossed it outside. “And don’t come back or I’m calling a fucking exorcist!” I waved a fist at the clock as it lay on the neighbours laws. “I will banish your fat ass to the seven hells if I have to!”

The clock threatened me, “Very funny, whore, but you can never defeat me; never!”

“Try me and I’ll push your shit in so far, you’ll be able to taste it!” I shouted before slamming the window shut. I had such a migraine from dealing with that, I wanted a cigarette and I was pissed off. I looked over to my Jasper, who had eyes on me like a puppy dog. “Hey honey,” I said.

“Yes dear?” she asked attentively.

I smirked up at her, pulling up my night shirt and letting my tits hang out. “What do you say you make me scream your name and then we can have hot chocolate for breakfast?”

Jasper gave me her best sex grin and pinched my erect pink nipples, “My lady, I’ll bend the knee to you but you’ll always bend over for me.”

“G-ah!” I cried out as Jasper applied the correct amount of pressure and twist on my nips.

Sex was breathtaking and I did cry out Jasper’s name a number of times. Sore in all the right ways, the two of us celebrated the end of my period and the end of this season of Game of Thrones with giant mugs of hot chocolate with cinnamon in it.
After that, it was time for us to prepare for our guests. The flour, sugar and milk came out to prepare the cookies. Everyone was going to love those. I was sure that the Jammie Lannister’s would be a smash hit. I was also confident that the Tyrion shortbread would cast a long shadow. While my Nedible Stark and Traitor’s Walk cake pops would be guaranteed to pack sugar, fondant, cream, honour and a lack of common sense.

When the deserts were done, the two of us began preparing a full sized roast boar, courtesy of the local farmer’s market. Jasper volunteered to have amethyst shapeshift into a boar and gore her with her tusks; but I thought that would be taking the authenticity too far. While the boar roasted, Jasper went to the barbecue pit in our backyard and started cooking the all important chickens. Lastly, potatoes, beets and squash from Peridot’s farm would all be oven roasted with olive oil and
When evening rolled around, I was dressed in my fancy fur cape and Jasper was wearing a gambison cloth armour with the symbol of a Quil and a sword crossed over each other. “I made it myself,” beamed Jasper, “It stands up to arrows and swords like a dream. I’m Jasper Belacqua, Bannerlady of House Brooks; and our House Motto is ‘We drink mead and kick ass!’”

My eyes watered as I smiled at her, “Melamin, I don’t know whether to fuck you raw or hug you crying.”

My Bannerlady laughed, “Not around Steven and Connie.”

The guests arrived and everyone fell on the food with laughter and happiness. Steven and Connie were the most adorable knight and bard I’d ever seen; Connie’s cardboard plate armour with metallic paint sheen blew me away for its historical accuracy. I offered the hospitality of my house to “Dame Constance of House Maheswaran”, knight of the East, while her trusty bard Stephan Von Cosmos serenaded us with a song on his lute.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K-78Xj549Ss&t=82s

Sack us a town, you’re the banner-man!

Sack us a town tonight!

Cause you’re big and you’re strong and you’re merciless!

And you send people screaming in fright!

Everyone laughed and clapped for Steven as he sang a merry song about massacring peasants and doing horrific things to a Dornish Princess. Vidalia had an outfit on that made her look like Maid Marion “I never read the books,” she confessed to me, “I just watch the show for Kit Harrington’s perfect ass.”

“That’s alright,” I said, “All are welcome at House Brooks. Oh, hey Pearl!”

Pearl stepped forward in perfect chain mail and Norman helmet. “I confess to not watching the
show or reading the source materiel; but this party provided an opportunity to dust out my old hauberk and helmet from when I rode with Freidrick the Insane."

“That was when Pearl was cool, then she woke up, “Amethyst joked, traipsing about my living room in her full plate armour. Beside her, Peridot walked regally in a fine green dress, embroidered with a three headed emerald dragon.

“Make way for Olivine Targaryen,” said Peridot in a Renaissance fair accent, “The Queen of the Age of Reason!”

“Then come with me, Tiddy Lannister,” Amethyst said in her own Renaissance fair accent, putting her armoured arm around her lover’s shoulders, “This Lannister repays her debts . . . in the sheets!”

Peridot blushed, “Oh, you charmer,” breaking character before he kissed the purple gem.


“That’s wonderful,” I said, looking at the horrified expression on the head, rendered in fondant and icing. “Is it like a cake?”

“It’s hollow chocolate, with a spun sugar skull and filled with strawberry jelly,” Garnet said proudly, “I serve it by gouging out its eyes and confessing my horrible crimes; let me show you.” She said with more excitement that I’d ever seen her express.

Garnet put the chocolate head down on the coffee table and drove her thumbs into the eyes, “Sapphire has sexual feeling for Erica and Ruby makes me order thousands of dollars of porn on Greg’s credit card!” Then with a push, she caved in the chocolate head, crushing its sugar skull and spraying red jelly everywhere.
Garnet looked around and then down at her own sticky hands, “I didn’t think that through.”

Eager to change the topic, I shouted, “Hey everyone, the show is about to start; get seated while I clean up the jelly!” Man, I hoped the jelly would come out of my fur cape.

Everyone sat down and with Jasper’s help the strawberry jelly didn’t stain the carpet or my cape. Finally I got to sit down and watch the final episode of Season 9 of Game of Thrones. This season had been fucking weird to say the least. Bran Stark had developed sexual feelings for his mother and used his Raven powers to peep on her in the shower. A Ned Stark imposter had burned King’s Landing to ashes. Dany Targaryen grew a dick and fucked her maids for a good ten minutes in the finest pointless smut I’ve ever seen. Then in the most egregious display of continuity breach I’d ever seen, Tyrion was now played by a six foot tall black man instead of Peter Dinklage.

All of us were watching the last scene of the season, my plate forgotten and my belly full of boar, mead and veggies. I was on the edge of my seat despite understanding literally nothing that had happened all episode. The Ned Stark imposter was standing over the corpse of Jon Snow as he slowly reached for his face with an evil grin.

All of us jumped back at the familiar laughter.

“Hehehehehe!”
“Oh my goddess,” I gasped, “Ned Stark was Septon Ray All along!” The former priest of the Seven had been the imposter all along!

I miss those times. I miss my friends, I miss my Jasper. I hate being Dracula’s slave. I hate that Vermin lives in my skin, in my mind and heart. I hate what I’ve become and I hate that Vermin was born from something deep within me.

Goddess help me.

_____________

Castlevania, Now

Priyanka sat up on the cold, cobblestone floor; her head spinning. Sparks of pain shot through her brain and her she was shivering from the cold. Hugging her arms to her naked body, she struggled
to retain the little body heat she had.

A pain in her mouth piled onto the chronic discomfort she was feeling. All over her neck, healed vampire bites from Dracula's brides itched like little mosquito bites. Wincing, Priyanka stood up like a newborn foal.

From what she could see by the torchlight, the room was nearly barren; with a threadbare cot and a mirror the only furniture. Walking over to the mirror, she noticed her split lip and missing front tooth.

Now she remembered. Vermin hadn't liked when Priyanka clawed her during their lack fuckfest. The doctor's nails had dug too deep and she'd gotten a punch in the face for it. With that in mind, Vermin was still the closest thing to a friend that Priyanka had in this hellhole. Pitiful.

The wooden door opened and there she was, sniffing the air and cocking her head like the animal of her namesake. Like some sort of pagan demon, Vermin stormed over to Priyanka, looming over her and dominating her with her presence.

Priyanka blinked and stepped back, holding up her arms like she was afraid that Vermin would strike her. Satisfied with such a display of submission, one of Vermin’s hands shot out and took Priyanka’s in her own. Vermin enjoyed seeing Priyanka flinch.

“Erica,” said Priyanka.

Vermin growled. There was that name again. Ever since she’d heard it from the two zoomans, infected with a degenerative strain of vampire virus, that name felt like it was everywhere. Like sand in her eye, she just couldn't get rid of it. She wasn’t Ri-cah, or Erica or whatever; she was Vermin. She squeezed the naked woman’s hand tightly enough to be painful.

Priyanka let out a yelp as Vermin pulled her out of the dungeon. The two of them stepped into what she thought was sunlight, but that was just another cruel joke of this place. Going on for hundreds and hundreds of kilometers was the hydroponics lab of Castlevania; stretching as high as a skyscraper. Vines and green plants of every type grew in synthetic environments; perfectly PH controlled water with timed day and night cycles under UV lamps. This was as close to sun as Priyanka had seen since she’d arrived in this place.

When had she arrived in this place? She was left to ponder silently as Vermin dragged her through rows of green plants. As much as she wanted to linger and feel the warmth of a UV lamp on her skin, she flinched when Vermin’s fist clenched. The masked woman who wore Erica Brooks’s skin scowled at her through the mask; she would not hesitate to take away more teeth from Priyanka.
The green hydroponics field seemed to go on forever, so Priyanka had no idea how Vermin was navigating through the jungle of steel and greenery; this paradox of nature and technology. Figures moved among the fields wide and high, pale humanoids in ragged clothing with elongated limbs and large hands. Travelling horizontally along simple steel frame bicycles and moving vertically on sophisticated hovering ant-gravity platforms.

Vermin picked up the pace, going into a full run and dragging Priyanka along with her. Over the horizon, Priyanka could just make out a large, glowing red sign. It meant nothing to her but evidently it was in Vermin’s destination.

Things when sideways when one of the farming humanoids flipped out. A pitchfork flew past Priyanka’s head and lodged itself into a square shaped tree trunk. Vermin spun around and caught a hatchet aimed for her head, catching it by the handle.

The farming creature, human in superficial details only, lunged at the two. Foam was dribbling down its lips and white worms were leaking out of its nostrils; perhaps a result of something it had eaten or tainted water provided by the Count. Either way the maddened creature flailed its limbs at them and gnashed its decaying teeth.

Vermin released Priyanka’s hand and threw a solid punch at the creature which caught it in the throat. The pale humanoid barely slowed down and draw a sharpened trowel at its belt and slashed at Vermin’s throat. The rat woman parried with her new hatchet, punching again and striking the creature in its flat, slitted nose. This time it reeled back as blood and worms poured out anew, its body shook and it began to sneeze compulsively; spraying horsehair worms it its bloody snot.

Priyanka instinctively drew away from the fight as she knew plenty about horsehair worms as parasites and because she didn't want to be tainted by thing.

Seeing she had a chance, Vermin was about to split the thing’s head in half with her hatchet when she heard a metallic whine. Spinning around, she grabbed Priyanka and started to run. The pale humanoid gave pursuit, its straw hat falling off as its long limbs pinwheeled around.

The metallic whine grew closer and Vermin frantically scanned the surrounding verdure like a rat watching out for hawks. It came out of a series of cultured bushes, a metallic sphere with no visible means of propulsion. A tug of her arm nearly made Priyanka stumble but it also meant that the metal sphere avoiding hitting her in the head. Behind them, the diseased humanoid continued to give chase, right up until Vermin vomited up a knife and threw it at the monster.

The knife buried itself deep in the humanoid’s eye and dropped it like a puppet with cut strings.
That still left the flying metal sphere. Priyanka got a good look at it. The thing slowed down before rotating, just in time for her to see barbed metal blades click out from the front of it.

The ball hurled itself at the two women. Vermin ducked and hit the deck with Priyanka. Momentum kept the sphere moving forward where it was stopped by the face of one of the pale humanoids. The farming creature had been pruning thorny vines when it looked up at the noise. The barbs of the sphere dug deep into its skull. While not human, Priyanka could very clearly read the look of pain and terror on the creature’s face. It made a bleating noise, like an injured deer as it tried to pull the sphere’s barbs out.

Priyanka felt like she was going to vomit when a power drill extended from the sphere’s smooth, chrome surface and started to spin. From the deer bleating, the humanoid started to make some very human screams as its skull was drilled into. The screaming turned into gurgling as the sphere sucked the creature’s brains out and squirted it out of a ventral port.

Priyanka screamed as brains and blood splattered all over her as the humanoid stopped making sound and toppled over. Before she had a chance to process anything more, Vermin grabbed her hard enough to dislocate her arm. Dragging her captive, Vermin ran towards a glowing green pad. Stepping onto it, the gravity catapult launched the two men in a vast arc over the hydroponic farms. Vermin let out a long wail which morphed into a pair of holographic wings.

The captive woman screamed as Vermin steered them in midair towards another gravity catapult and to another until they’d landed over a large golden grate. Priyanka panted and then screamed as Vermin roughly popped her dislocated shoulder back into place.

Turning her back on the bloody, winded captive, Vermin looked over at a hand scanning ID pad. She glanced down at her own hand and then at the pad. Without another thought, she punched a hole in the plastic casing and ripped out the guts of the scanner. Below her, the golden grate in the floor opened up and she kicked Priyanka inside without a thought. What happened to the woman after that was none of Vermin’s concern; she had done just what her master demanded of her. Frankly, she’d sooner take her chances with the metal sphere than risk displeasing Dracula.

A new raiding party was coming in. The Count’s demons were marching back at the entrance of the castle and Vermin watched from the gargoyles. Her keen eye watched for any captive women she could rape, but she saw no such thing. Instead of boxes and boxes of plunder and pallets of treasure, the raiding party had come back seemingly empty handed. The only bit of loot was in the
mighty claw of one of the Barons of Hell.

Lars Bariga banged on the iron hard flesh of the enormous demon. The pink humanoid grunted and cursed at the implacable creature of Hell. Below him, one of the Imps jumped up and grabbed onto his foot. “Get the fuck off me!” he shouted at the creature.

The imp only hissed at Lars and pulled his boot off, exposing the bright pink sweat sock he was wearing. “Hey get back, you fucker! I’m a captain and a captain needs his boots!”

The imp hissed once more at Lars and started eating the shiny black boot. Several others of its kind charged and began to fight over who got to eat Lars’s boot. That argument was settled when a Holly Blue swung her whip and cut the several imps in half. “What are you doing?” she snarled, “Bring the Prisoner to the Count!”

In response, the remaining demons refrained from jumping at Lars. Up on the gargoyles, Vermin watched with a detached curiosity. She wanted to see how her master dealt with this prisoner. Reaching back into the darkness from before she was created, Vermin felt a familiarity about this pink human; she owed it to him to watch his painful death.

Dracula stood at the gates of Castlevania, displeased. The master vampire crossed his arms over his chest and looked at Lars like a farmer regards the fox who steals his chickens. From behind his groomed moustache and beard, Dracula nodded at the Baron of Hell. The giant demon tossed Captain Lars to the ground. Before Lars could get up, Holly walked up behind him and kicked him between the legs. “Stay on the ground, worm!” she shrieked at the boy.

Lars cried out in pain, tears leaking from his eyes as the blue overseer gem put her boot heel into his lower back.

“This is the one, my lord,” Simpered Holly to Dracula, “this foul creature sabotaged your robot Spartans and allowed those disgusting off colour gems to escape.”

“You cost me the chance to study the Fluorite,” Dracula sneered, “That’s the largest stable fusion on record anywhere in history. She’s a priceless treasure and you’ve taken her away from me. What have you to say for yourself?”

“She was,” gasped Lars, in a voice barely above a whisper, “my friend.” The pink boy looked up at the Count with hate in his eyes. “I’ll die before I let some leach get my friends.”
Dracula glanced to the side as Vermin dropped down close to Lars, sniffing like an inquisitive dog. He looked at Vermin before looking back at Lars, struggling under Holly’s boot. “I don’t like his ears,” he told his personal rooster.

Lars looked up at the strange, smelly woman in a burlap dress who hid her face behind a rat mask. He sniffed and growled at him like an animal. In another life, he would have thought she looked hot in a certain way; like one of those scantily clad barbarian babes from *Heavy Metal Magazine*. That was another life as the woman got close to him.

Getting to one knee, Vermin grabbed Lars’s cotton candy hair and pulled as hard as she could. Ignoring his screams of pain and his threats, that he was the mighty Captain Lars of the Stars, she observed him. Then without warning, Vermin bit off Lars’s left ear; clamping her jaws down on the cartilage and pulling back with a rip of flesh.

The boy’s screams rang through the void of Castlevania as Vermin repeated the process with his other ear. The feral woman spat out the last ear and wiped the pink blood from her mouth. She didn't like the taste of Lars’s blood. It was too sweet, like strawberry syrup.

“Strip him naked, Holly,” said Dracula, already growing bored with this.

The blue agate grinned savagely, “Yes of course, your eternal darkness, your grace, your eminence.” Reaching down, her strong hands ripped away the Captain’s outfit which had become such an integral part of Lars’s new persona. “Captain” Lars screamed and begged just like old Earth Lars would have as he was stripped nude in front of starving demons, a psychopathic vampire lord, a murderous agate and an animal woman.

A small caught Vermin’s nose, something still tinged with strawberry but also a bit rich and musky. Glancing down at Lars’s junk, she saw in fact that he did not have a penis at all; he had a vagina. Vermin licked her lips as her large penis grew turgid; pitching a tent under her burlap dress.

“Don’t look at me,” Lars begged, now fully stripped of his pride. He shut his eyes as he began to cry freely.

Dracula took a step, looking over at Lars’s nudity. “Hm, it’s a woman. I detest drag queens.”

“I’m not a woman,” Lars cried out, “I’m a man!”
This made Dracula laugh, “The girl is a comedienne,” he smirked through his moustache. He got to one knee and started rubbing the tip of his brass coloured claw against the vaginal slit. “You look like a girl to me. If you behave nicely, young lady, you may get to keep your virtue intact. Behave like a pig and you’ll be treated like a pig.”

“I’m not a girl, you daffy fuck!” Lars shouted, free of his old cowardice or the hollow arrogance of Lars of the Stars. “I’m a guy and nobody asked you to misgender me!” He cried out as Holly dug her boot deeper into his spine.

“So I guess you’re not a nice little girl,” Dracula said, shaking his head.

“Don’t worry about it, your magnificence, your manliness,” said Holly, “Give the word and I’ll shove one of your hunting rifles into this pitiful girls’ anus and blow her pink head right off her fucking body!”

“And I just had these marble floors polished,” Dracula said casually. “Let Vermin have first go at this little girl, then you can turn her into a proper little lady, Holly. If that fails, do what you have to before the next floor polishing.”

Holly grinned as her master turned and walked away. The blue agate scowled at Vermin, “Well what the stars are you waiting for? Start rutting, you filthy animal?”

Vermin growled back at Holly Blue, not keen on being commanded by this disrespectful bitch. Holly cracked her knuckles; cracking her whip to make the point. Not wanting to waste time fighting when she could be fucking, Vermin took Lars around the neck and began to drag him along. Lars struggled against her but the Holly’s whip struck him, electrocuting him and knocking him out.

Vermin growled as Holly’s whip had nearly electrocuted her; the charge in Lars’s body could have jumped to her. Still, there was no time to worry; she was horny. She took him, jumping across platforms and over gears. Running through the main ballroom and past the kitchen levels she began to head to a special little place that she dared to call her own.

It was one room among many, no different save for the fact that there was a nest formed from discarded linens and curtains. Sleeping in the center of that nest and keeping it warm was the shrunken, mostly woman form of Biggs Jasper. Biggs was rudely woken when Vermin kicked her in the side.
Blinking open her one cyclopean eye, Biggs brayed and bowed her horned head; admitting the superiority of her alpha female. Getting up, Biggs grew larger and shifted into her most monstrous form. From there, she would rampage around the castle for a few hours until Vermin needed her again and wanted to fuck her. That would leave Vermin alone with Lars for a bit.

She began to scavenge about her lair before Lars woke up, searching through piles and stashes until she found what she was looking for. Thick, translucent cords were tried around Lars’s wrists and ankles. They began to glow and the knots fused together as Lars began to stir and struggle against them. When he woke up, Lars saw the woman in the rat mask, her burlap dress thrown to the side.

Blinking owlishly, he felt the dried salt of tears upon his cheeks and in his lashes. He clearly held the animal woman before him, female, strong yet with a giant, almost cartoonish male organ between her legs. It twitched with each pulse of her heart and a little dribble of clear liquid bubbled out the slit on the end.

For a moment Lars smiled, his voice shaky and scared. “So, I guess you’re like me; you don’t have the right set of gennies.”

She stared straight at him, blinking behind her ornate mask. Her hands clenched and as she sat on her haunches, she thrust her hips a bit forward. It was like she was waiting for someone.

“I know what you’re going to do,” said Lars, “But before you do, you know that I’m a man, right?” His voice grew so small that it was almost inaudible.

The rat woman looked him, an eternity passed before she nodded. No, Lars wasn’t imagining things; Vermin had nodded.

“I’ve always known I was a man,” Lars said, the tears starting to run down his face again. “Sadie believe me.”

Another nod from the woman. She even gave him a little smile, though it was not kindness twinkling in her eyes. One of her rough, calloused hands extended and started to feel up his . . . his vagina. Despite himself, it felt good. She knew what she was doing and it felt pleasurable despite the sick, sick shame burning in his stomach like acid. She raised one of her eyebrows, as though inviting him to keep talking.
“Are you a man? A woman? None of them?” he asked her, “I like men, if that’s what you are; I like dicks. I can make you feel good.”

Fear filled his heart as he started to push her finger inside his cunt, working it around gently and feeling the slickness inside. Nobody had ever touched him there except Sadie. This woman’s hands were a lot like Sadie’s; thick, rough and a bit gentle.

He started to sob as the pleasure built up inside his mismatched genitals, “If you make me feel like a man, I’ll make you feel good,” he begged Vermin.

A full blown grin stretched across Vermin’s face as she lazily fingered Lars. Words were a weapon reserved for her Master or the hated Holly. She liked violence and she was good at it, but she also liked the amount of power she held over this pink creature with just a few well timed nods. Despite what Holly Blue Agate believed, she wasn’t stupid. Her master had shown her how intoxicating it could be to have power over someone.

She drew her wet fingers out of Lars, sniffing deeply the vaginal musk. It was what she lived for. It was central to her being. She pushed her hips forward, until the tip of her dick was within spitting distance of Lars’s mouth.

Bleary eyed and shuddering, Lars leaned forward and took the head in his mouth. The saltiness and musk was almost overwhelming, but he forced himself forward. He began to gag as the immense member hit the back of his throat, looking up he saw Vermin give him an approving smile below her mask.

Part of the benefit of being a pink zombie was that oxygen was a luxury good now. Sloppy but full of forced enthusiasm, Lars pushed himself ever forward; letting the dick slide down his throat inch by inch. He felt like the thing must have been in his stomach when his nose touched Vermin’s pubes. He didn’t need to breathe but the gag reflex as strong with him.

He looked up at her once more, her eyes glazed with lust. She nodded at him, one of her strong hands rubbing the shaven sides of his head, just above where she’s bitten off his ears. The feeling of anger coursed through him quickly and it subsided quickly. He was afraid of her, but also she was all he had. He needed to do this for her.

He pulled back, gagging and weeping as the cock exited his mouth. Pushing himself forward he took her in again and it wasn’t the slightest bit easier. He battled his gag instinct, thanking the stars he hadn’t actually eaten anything in weeks or he might do something he regretted.
She began to pull away and Lars welcomed the freedom in his throat. Vermin took him by the shoulders and manoeuvred him over to the nest that Biggs had warmed. She lay Lars back and put her hands on his thighs. Almost like she was mocking him, she blew a kiss to the boy.

Lars felt his slow moving zombie heart skip a beat. She didn’t love him. She knew he was a man though. And men blew kisses to other men in manly ways; whatever her actual gender was. Lars began to whimper as the feral woman started to enter him. Even with the saliva lubrication, her penis was catching the edge of his labia, dragging it into her. She pushed at a steady rate, pushing it in bit by bit; he felt like he was going to split in half when it struck his cervix.

Lars cried out in pain, like a pathetic slut as the penis pushed past the cervix and started to pull back. His uterus began to clench and contract with the feeling. Compared to past lovers, Vermin was gentle and her pace was steady. She was just enjoying herself, but with each in and out Lars was starting to fall under her spell.

His body temperature began to rise as his own internal lubrication began to kick in and his vaginal muscles began clenching around her. While he couldn’t spread his legs wide due to the ties, the restriction provided its own thrill. He and Sadie used to tie each other up, but it was never very pleasurable.

With the woman on top of him, her big tits brushing his flat chest and her manly hands groping his ass, Lars was feeling full. He was feeling fucked as his cheeks began to blush a brighter pastel pink. “G-AH!” he squealed as her penis hit something special behind the cervix. Against his better judgment, Lars started to push up his hips against hers, the burning sensation from his caught labia forgotten.

He whimpered again, biting his lip and struggled against his bonds. He started to pant like a dog, “P-please, fuck me.” he begged. “Make me your man.”

Her pace started to pick up. The force of each thrust growing incrementally but noticeably. His nerves were alight through his canal and as his breathing and heart rate increased he wondered if he could take her in his ass. That would be very kinky.

He loved it. He loved her taking control, taking away all the worries and the problems that plagued him in his every waking moment. She made it all go away; all he needed to do was let her use him.

“Ah!” he screamed, no longer just whimpering, “Ah-AH!” he bucked against her, the pain in his
labia returning. It didn’t stop her as she kept increasing her pace and thrusts into his over-packed cunt. He moaned, tears streaming from his eyes as he realized he shouldn’t be feeling pleasure from this. He shouldn’t feel this good from a person who was using him.

It wasn’t like he had anything left to lose. The Off-Colours were probably long gone and they’d forgotten him. Sadie had forgotten him; too busy having fun on earth. He needed this because the feral woman with a dick was all he had left. She would hurt him and more than likely she thought of him as nothing but a cock sleeve, a cum dumpster; but that was okay. It just ended up turning him on more.

He was an object and she was now going into him like a demon of lust; like a buck in the rut. He was now nothing more than her dirty man whore. “Please, fuck me harder!” he screamed against his bonds. He gagged as her hands wrapped around his throat, her lust crazed eyes meeting his.

She started to strangle the boy, unaware that he didn't need to breathe but loving the bulge of his eyes and the way his tongue hung out as she choked him. He drooled, gagged and choked and she loved seeing him like that. More than that, she loved that she was eating out of her hand. It made the tingle in her dick feel much better.

Vermin’s back arched and her grip tightened around Lars’s throat to the point where she nearly crushed his larynx. She nutted inside him and his eyes rolled back in his head as he bucked his hips onto her tool. True to form, she kept pumping in and out of him like a devil of lust. Never relenting or letting go of his throat, she dominated Lars; flipping him over, bending him over a broken desk and fucking him doggy style.

Lars gasped and panted as Vermin grabbed his hair and pulled as hard as she could. She loved her little bitch and she was happy to have a nice little bitch like Lars. The edges of the desk cut into him and caused him much pain but she wouldn’t stop for him. She wasn’t a real dominatrix; there were no safe words here and she was his master.

She began to nut for the second time inside him when that voice killed the mood.

“Are you finished yet?” hissed Holly Blue.

Vermin gnashed her teeth and spat at Holly, grabbing Lars’s hair harder.

Holly snarled back at Vermin, “You’ve been at this for almost an hour. My lord granted me use of
Grinding her teeth with anger, Vermin hissed at Holly. She spat in her face.

Holly smiled and stuck out her blueberry coloured tongue, licking off the spit on her cheek. “Don’t think I don’t see the old you, Ambrosia. You were and are nothing more than brainless breeder and milker. The Count will get tired of you, and when he does I’m going to bury my stem into your bloody, severed head.”

Vermin huffed, pulling out of Lars; leaking a torrent of fluids over the bedding. She shoved the dazed boy forwards. She crossed her arms over her bare chest, her penis standing at full mast. Nude and dripping with sweat, she posed like a hawk defending a kill. Yet it was all just animal posturing; rutting had taken too much out of her to risk trying to kill Holly.

Holly looked down at Lars with naked hatred without reason or cure. “I’ve got so much fucking shit to deal with and now you come in and add to the pile I have to keep shovelling,” her eyes narrowed and the vein in her temple started to pulse. “So I’m not happy that some shit for brains girl needs my help with etiquette lessons. It’s not like I already don’t wish everyone around me would get their fucking asses in gear.”

Lars started to crawl away from Holly, wriggling away but Holly slammed her foot down. “Don’t fucking look go to her! You look at me when I talk to you, fucker!” Her voice was at full scream and her anger was through the roof, “Every fucking day, my thoughts tell me to kill everyone around me but I keep my shit together because that’s what an agate does! Agates terrify, and if you’re not fucking afraid of me then you’re fucking stupider than I thought!”

She scooped up Lars like a piece of meat and threw him over her shoulder. “Come on, cunt, I’ve got plans for you!”

As she walked out of Vermin’s lair, Lars looked at the feral woman and did what he did best, begged. “Hey! Don’t let her take me, please! You need me!”

Vermin shrugged at the boy. She really had no hard feelings towards him, not like Holly did. Lars reached out to her with his bound hands as he kept screaming. She also had no sympathy for him at all. That was life for you. She was strong. He wasn’t. Holly was strong, but Vermin knew that she was stronger.
She exhaled with annoyance as Lars’s screams grew more and distant. She’d already forgotten him. She was still horny, she could rub one off a few times before she needed to put her burlap dress back on and get to serving the Count.

__Delmarva, Now__

Jasper sat on the front porch of the Crystal Gem’s house and looked at her feet. Her hands ran through her long, unruly mane and she bit her lip with worry and frustration. Out the porch door came Connie Maheswaran, holding her trademark sword and wearing a hoodie to ward off the cold from this crazy night. “How are you holding up?” Jasper asked.

Connie blinked at Jasper, “I thought I should be asking you that, you look awful.” Like she had all the time in the world, she pulled up a porch chair and scooted over to Jasper as close as she could.

“Bullshit,” said Jasper, “I look great. The first thing they teach Quartz soldiers on Homeworld is how to bury your feelings and don’t act like an off-colour. I look incredible!”

“You look incredible,” said Connie with a sense of sad sarcasm. “But if you don’t want to act like a Homeworld quartz, you can talk to me. I had a thing where Steven got kidnapped and taken for trial; so I know a thing or two about what you’re going through.”

“I can’t talk about it,” said Jasper, “I’m going to cry like Pearl and I’ll never stop.” there was a few moments of silence. “Why don’t you talk, I think that’ll make me feel better than I already do.”

Connie thought for a few moments before tentatively stretching out into a new branch of conversion. “I have depression. It comes and goes in cycles. I was on the start of a depressive cycle when Steven got back from the trial. Not only didn’t he understand what he’d done by ditching his jam bud, but he didn’t understand how my depression was affecting me; that I couldn’t just jump for joy at him being back.”

“Depression,” said Jasper, “I saw a movie about that once, but Erica always said that movies lie.”

The girl nodded, “Yeah basically; at least Dogcopter is honest about being fantasy. When I get depressive, it gets hard to eat, sleep or drink and I just get this idea that everyone would be better off if I stopped breathing.”
“That fucked,” Jasper said, concern for the girl overwhelming her. “How do you live with that? Can Steven’s healing spit fix it?”

“I’ve tried,” Connie admitted, the night wind blowing through her hair. “At first Steven’s spit beat it back, but it was like my body got used to it. Steven has a hard time understanding that his spit isn’t the answer to everything.”

“So how do you guys manage?” Jasper asked.

“I sat down with Garnet and Steven,” Connie explained, “She helped him understand what I was going through and that it wasn’t anything he did or didn’t do. When I’m in my depressive phase, he encourages me to make toast and make my bed. It isn’t much, but it helps me function even when I’m honestly thinking about killing myself with Rose’s sword. It helps me gain some control over my body.”

“That’s harsh,” Jasper admitted, “It’s like you’re defective.” She shut her mouth as she realized what she’d called Connie.

Connie saw Jasper’s expression and raised her hand. “It’s okay, I am defective. You don’t have to sugarcoat it. It’s like my mom and her stretch marks; she hates them and there’s no way for my dad to make her feel better about them. But if you make fun of her for them, she’ll stab you with a pen. Everybody has a defect, but it doesn’t make them less than they are.”

Jasper smiled, “I’ll be your shield sister, your defect in arms.” She snapped a mock Salute at Connie, which the girl returned.

“Maybe when Erica gets back, we can all play Bloodborne together,” she suggested, “It’s my favourite game to play in my depressive cycle.”

“Because it’s positive and upbeat?” Jasper asked.

“No, because it’s bleak, ugly, brutal and it aggressively punishes you for making the smallest mistake. The more powerful your get in the game, the more you have to lose,” Connie said with a smile, “Also because Steven gives me massages while I’m playing and gives me positive encouragement; it helps me take down the latest Eldritch horror that wants to force feed me my soiled trousers.”
Jasper laughed, “This sounds like a warrior’s game. Together I think we can charge in and handle all monsters.”

The good mood evaporated when Lapis Lazuli stepped onto the porch, dressed in a new emerald dress, new grey overcoat and new red head scarf. “Hey,” she said to the duo.

Silence reigned as Jasper and Connie both glared at Lapis. Lapis cocked her head, taking off her designer sunglasses. “Is there a problem?” she asked, bored.

“You tried to kill me,” said Connie, “You tried to kill the Crystal Gems and you almost drowned this town.”

Lapis wasn’t unconcerned. “I nearly drowned a lot of people. Sheena says that I could have wiped out all life on earth; it’s like she wants me to be embarrassed.”

“What you should be is thankful I don’t grind you into dust!” Jasper shouted, feeling fear and anger course through her system. “I don’t know how you became what you are, but you should be on your fucking knees, begging for forgiveness.”

Lapis blinked at Jasper, staring at her in a way that made the warrior gem shrink inside. The way Lapis looked at her with hunger made Jasper feel sick. “Connie, I’m sorry for nearly drowning you. Jasper, I’m sorry for pinning you to the bottom of the ocean.”

She wanted to vomit at those sarcastic, insincere words, “Thank you, Lapis,” Jasper snarled.

“I have go to,” said Lapis, putting her shades back on, “Sheena will be inside setting up the ritual. It’s going to be something pretty heavy, it demands a sacrifice; one that would be easier if we did it together.” She turned on her expensive blue heels and left.

Jasper couldn’t say another word. Do it together. As in what? As in be Malachite again?

The thought had occurred to her. With that power could she rescue Erica? With the power of fusion, could she rip open the gates of Castlevania and lay waste to the Count’s armies? If she did that then—
Connie put her hand on Jasper’s, “Don’t let her get to you. I’m a safe person, you don’t have to be a Homeworld soldier around me.”

When Jasper said nothing, Connie continued.

“Steven is the only person she cares about and he can’t forgive her after what happened. When she says the ritual demands a sacrifice, she’s proposing mutual suicide with you; you’re the only other person she had a strong bond with.” Connie looked up at Jasper in the same way Steven did when talking her out of suicide, “Whatever you think about fusion, don’t do it with her; don’t go back to her. You’re hurting, you’re lost and she can exploit that. I was with Sheena in the house and the gem who is sacrificed won’t survive; she’s trying to convince Steven to let her use a corrupted gem. Don’t fuse with Lapis, please don’t, for your own sake.”

Again, Jasper was silent. The words would not come to her. She’d spent almost all night here on the porch. She should probably learn more about Sheena’s damned ritual; it could be very useful. But emotionally she couldn’t bring herself to be around Lapis Lazuli . . . or resist the lust for power that drove her to fuse in the first place.

Was this how she honoured Erica, by planning infidelity for the sake of greater physical strength. Jasper couldn’t talk about it, not with Connie, not with Pearl, not with anybody. Seared into her mind was the look of hunger in Lazuli’s eyes; the need. Erica’s loss left a gaping, bloody wound in her heart and soul; a wound big enough for a Lazuli gem to fit in.

Goddess help her.

Transylvania, 1456

Vlad woke but he was sure he was still dreaming. All around him was darkness except for the gigantic pink palanquin which gave off a light so bright it hurt to look at it. Against his better instincts, he began to walk into the light.

He expected the inside of the palanquin to be like the exterior, but within he found only a darkness beyond darkness; something abyssal and unnatural.

He felt nothing. He stared into the palanquin with a darkness all his own. His very lack of a soul.
gave him strength; the void could not consume that which did not exist. When he heard the voice, his hand went for the sword he customarily kept at his side.

\[ \text{You are my son, my progeny} \]

\[ \text{My newest kingsman, my wing of darkness} \]

\[ \text{You are my angel, arise Dracula} \]

Vlad sneered at the voice which haunted him, “Don’t test me, woman, or it’ll be your blood I drink next.”

Whoever she was, whatever she was, she just laughed from all around the dark.

\[ \text{You are what I made you, little Prince} \]

\[ \text{The world could be at your feet, or it could end with you being skull-fucked by maggots} \]

\[ \text{You are so close, this close to finding the Pink Behelit} \]

\[ \text{You will not remember me, but you will go with my blessing and find the Behelit} \]

\[ \text{Find the largest piece of pink diamond and truly begin to serve me} \]

Vlad would wake truly and he would not remember. He also would no wonder why his servant Reek hadn’t aged in over ten years. What he would do, was fulfill his purpose.
Under the Eyes of No One

Chapter Summary

Dracula breaks in a new bride. Erica remembers a Christmas long gone. Jasper and Amethyst have some business in hell.

Chapter Notes

This chapter represents a departure from the formula of this story. I feel it's necessary but I hope you enjoy it.

Overall, all credit goes to EvilSnotBag. This story is built on her lore, which I've tweaked and twisted with to suit my agenda. Some characters and storylines have been changed. Let me know what you think of it.

Evilsnotbag is a much more talented writer than i am. Check her out.

Heavenly Cock Girl: The Ballad of Vermin

Chapter 8: Under the Eyes of No One

Castlevania, Dracula’s Private Room, Now

Victoria Brooks, recently divorced and mother of one felt up her neck. A thousand pinpricks of pain flared through her body, the worst of her agony coming from her cervix. Painful and bruised, her labia also ached like a mother fucker. Worse still, dozens of half healed puncture wounds itched like the devil. Every little bit of it felt like the work of the Spanish Inquisition and every little bit of it was inflicted on her by one man.

Feeling a toxic mix of pain, anger and shame she crossed her legs as best she could and tried to wrap a bed sheet around her. The silk dress she wore was nearly transparent and barely left anything to the imagination; which was exactly how Count Dracula liked it.

Dracula himself had just put on his pants and was reaching for his boots, which had been scattered on the ground during last night’s love making. Victoria would have called it rape, but Dracula
wasn’t interested in her opinions, only in her beauty. “So we’ve been making love for something close to a week,” he mused, stopping to flex his muscles for his new bride’s benefit. “How are you feeling, sweetest Victoria?”

“You’re street grease, you hear me!” Victoria screamed and thrust a finger at Dracula, holding back tears from her burning cervix and the fang holes in her neck. “You’re nothing but street grease and I’m going to erase your sorry ass! You hear me, you mother fucker!”

This wasn’t the answer that Dracula was looking for. He looked over at his newest bride with feigned concern, slipping on his boots in the process. He stretched, working out the kinks in his one shoulder and like a peacock, preening and posing for his mate. In a roundabout way, he was kind of what Victoria liked in a man. Except he was a bit too hairy, a bit too muscular and far too tall. He was like a twisted ideal of male beauty, sitting in an uncanny valley between the human and beast. Dracula was both and neither.

Victoria looked around for a weapon. She knew the old myths, she remembered her grandmother’s old tales of the draugr; a corpse who rose from the grave with an unnatural hunger and lust. She kept her eye open for a spike of iron to drive through the fucker’s heart, but she’d do more than that. Given the chance, she’d cut off his head and banish him with one of the old pagan charms that Grandma Jojo inherited from a many times great ancestry. She’d apply holy water to his resting place so that he could never rise again and she could be free of his taint.

Though as she was plotting the demise of her captor, her jailer too was forming a plan of attack against her. “Let’s try something else,” he said cheerfully through his fangs. “I’ll be hosting a party tonight and I thought you might enjoy some pre-drinking, darling.” Snapping his fingers, one of the beautiful gilded walls of the room began to lift.

Victoria looked around at the hidden panel behind the wall. Her eyes glistened at the sight of hundreds, maybe even thousands of liquor bottles of every type and make. The whole thing was backlit by beautiful, dim lights and dark carved wood gave the whole thing a fine smokey smell. The giant liquor cabinet even smelled like her grandfather’s old cigars.

She barely flinched when Dracula sat down next to her and began playing connoisseur. “Through careful analysis of your credit card purchases and financial records I’ve discovered most if not all of your preferred beverages.” He pointed one claw near the top, “You began drinking at age fourteen using your father’s credit card. From there began your long love affair with Polish Vodka.”

Victoria bit her lip as the madman laid out the most shameful story of her life.
“With your graduation from university, you then upgraded to fine, quality whisky,” said Dracula conversationally, “By the time of your marriage to Jonathan, you were drinking a bottle a day. Though you also seemed to love your absinthe. I too am an absinthe man,” he smiled.

She wrung her hands as he rattled off year by year what she liked to drink and how much.

“And then with the birth of your daughter, Charlotte, you ceased drinking altogether,” said Dracula, furrowing his brows, “A curious development, but then again motherhood does suck all the fun out of one’s life.”

“You’re not fit to say her name,” Victoria hissed.

Dracula stopped in mid speech, “What?” his tone was uncharacteristically blunt.

“I said you’re not fit to speak my daughter’s name, or lick the shit off her shoes,” Victoria glared at him. If stares were weapons then the Count would have been incinerated.

As it was, he just stared at her with his vacant eyes. Wheels were turning inside that diseased brain, Victoria could tell. That horrible facsimile of a smile couldn’t hide the calculating, sterile nature of this monster.

Dracula smirked a bit as though he’d just remembered a funny joke from long past. Steepling his fingers, he gave Victoria a look that was well beyond sinister. “You’re clearly upset, my dearly beloved. Have a drink or five to calm you down. Of course, if things don’t pan out between us then Charlotte would be a fine replacement bride.”

“What!” Victoria’s jaw dropped. She couldn’t even process the magnitude of what he was saying. She couldn’t fathom what he was threatening. Her heart began to race with anger at the thought of this blood hungry draugr doing . . . just getting his hands on . . . it was too much to bear. Charlotte had to be kept safe, no matter the cost.

Trembling from her rage, Victoria reached for the Polish vodka. “I will destroy you,” she vowed out loud. Unscrewing the cap she caught that scene that she had deliberately avoided since the birth of her only child.

“Please drink, dear,” said Dracula, sounding utterly pleased with himself, “But don’t worry, I’m
not some sort of Lothario. I would at least wait until Charlotte was fourteen to consummate our relationship.”

Victoria threw her head back and started pounding the Vodka back like water. The stuff burned her throat like lighter fluid and she’d just eaten a pack of burning matches to chase it. For all the pain, she knew that she could survive this, she would survive him. This monster in the shape of a man was treacherous, calculating; so far he’d used overwhelming power and honeyed words in equal measure. She remembered the old runes that her grandmother said would protect good little children from evil, she would destroy this old draugr; this corpse that moved and walked like a man but operated with a hunger that was abhorrent in the eyes of God.

I love you, Charlotte, Victoria thought to herself as she gasped for breath and ended twelve years of sobriety. As soon as I destroy him, mommy will come back home.

Brooks Family Farm, Christmas time

I sat at the family supper table with my Jasper to my left. To the right of me was cousin Karl, looking fabulous in his tight, purple Calvin Klein shirt and immaculately shaved green Mohawk. Sitting down next to Jasper was Cousin Gerald; a cruel looking man with albino white hair, leather jacket and gang tattoos from his neck to his fingernails.

“It’s amazing to see you again, E,” Karl’s voice was musical, warm and happy. “When you were on that Island I was worried that some shark would get you, or that a boar would get you with its tusks.”

I laughed, “Nah, I’m no Robert Baratheon; I go boar hunting sober. A shark tried to get me, but that son of a gun didn’t have the stones to take me down.”

While I caught up with Karl, Gerald was eyeing Jasper. “So,” he asked, reaching for his mug full of vodka, “Are you like one of the X-men?”

Jasper eyed up my older cousin, not sure whether to be offended or take it as a compliment. “Uh, sure, yeah.” Said Jasper, giving me a look like she was hoping I’d answer for her.

Gerald seemed satisfied by the answer and took a large gulp from his vodka like it was water. “That’s pretty cool, actually. Also, sorry for that thing in the woods; when I emptied out that automatic rifle I didn’t know you were standing in front of me.”
This caught my attention, “Wait, what?” I demanded, “Gerald, did you shoot my wife?”

Jasper put one of her large hands on my shoulder, while picking up a smoked salmon with the other, “Honey, it was only some chemical based ballistic weapons; nothing to worry about. I accept Gerald’s apology and so should you. His bullets didn’t even reach relativistic speeds.”

“I got my eye on your Gerald,” I said to my white haired cousin, “I’d been training, getting strong; learning swordplay, hand to hand combat and ballet. I could take you in my sleep.”

“I don’t think she’s lying, Gerald,” said Karl, savouring the hot chocolate in his rainbow coloured mug. “I mean look at her arms, she looks like Robert De Niro in his Taxi Driver Days.”

“Are you talking to me?” I asked Karl in a mock tough guy voice. With that, the three of us laughed around the table. Jasper seemed lost in the conversation but she smiled just the same, squeezing my hand while she shoved the whole smoked salmon into her mouth and chewing as politely as she could.

Across the table, Victoria looked at Jasper with disgust and shot her a dirty look. My sister was always like that. Mother taught us that food was evil and that as women we had to starve ourselves. I’m sorry to say that my father taught us the same view; once we grew up he never stopped cracking jokes about me and Victoria turning into whales and hippos. Frankly, I think he fucked us up more than our mother in some ways.

Jasper caught the look that Victoria gave her and scowled as she chewed. Fearlessly, like she always did, she gave Victoria the middle finger across the table. My sister’s eyes widened as she continued pushing around the food on her plate. Charlie giggled next to her. Then Grandma Jo poked Jasper in the head with her cane.

“Ouch!” Jasper winced and swallowed her fish.

Grandma Jo scowled at my wife and then at Victoria, “Both of you, keep happy. This is Christmas and I’ll have no rudeness at my table!”

With that, both Jasper and Victoria bowed their heads before the family matriarch and apologized. And maybe it’s personal bias, but I think that Jasper was a lot more sincere.
“Erica,” said Gerald, slamming back more of his vodka and ignoring his food entirely, “You should come to Krakow with me. I know a guy there who organizes bare knuckle fights; one on one. We can bet on you and rake in a fortune.”

“Some reformed criminal you are,” Karl laughed, helping himself to the untouched platter of Pig’s feet. “E, honey, you should come with me. My triad will love you and you can come to Tormund and Olaf’s show.”

“Only if I’m there too!” Said Jasper, “My experience with the cloud arena taught me that nothing good comes out of fights and gambling and shit; music is much better. Also what’s a triad? Is that a sexual thing?”

“I’m polyamorous,” said Karl to Jasper, “I’m partnered with two guys who are in a heavy metal band in Bergen. At first I was their groupie but now we’re married in all but name. Triad refers to the three of us as a romantic and domestic unit.”

“Sweet,” Jasper gushed, grabbing a pickled pig’s foot for herself, “I love heavy metal. It’s my second favorite thing about this planet after my Erica.”

Karl was overjoyed, “Honey with your hair you’ll fit right into the metal scene.”

“I’ve perfected my headbanging,” Jasper grinned, “I took a few lessons from George Fisher after I saved him from a corrupted gem monster.”

“As in the Corpse grinder?” Karl asked, turning red with envy.

“The very same,” Jasper laughed, “He even gave me growling lessons. Pearl nearly shit herself after I busted out some gutterals without telling her.”

Grandma Jo poked Jasper in the head again. “Ouch!”

“No swearing!” said my grandma.
Dinner went wonderful and when desert was destroyed, the adults laid down for a post dinner food coma and the kids went to watch cartoons. Naturally, Jasper agreed to sit back with Charlie and the other kids.

“Alright kids,” she said to the crowd of Swedish children milling about her feet, “This is one of me and your Aunt Erica’s favorite cartoons; the best of all time!” With a flourish, she reached into her gem and in a bright orange glow, pulled out a DVD copy of Wizards by Ralph Bakshi.

The kids were impressed but I had to question Jasper’s choice of a movie, “Uh, melamin, you might want to watch something less intense with the young ones.”

Jasper reassured me, “Most of the grownups are asleep and I think as long as Victoria doesn’t walk in on us, we’ll be fine. Besides, it’s PG-rated! I’m the adult giving supervision for the film! It all works out.”

“Okay,” I hesitated, “But when the fairy princess with big boobs and pointy nipples comes on screen keep an eye out for Grandma Jo. She’s an awesome granny but she wants to keeps the kids innocent and you want to avoid her stick.”

Jasper saluted me, British style, “You got it, beastie! Now go and enjoy that smoking break with your cousins, I know you need it.”

It wasn’t the smokes that I needed, though the cravings still badly hit me from time to time. I just wasn’t built to be around large groups of people for long periods of time, even if they were people I loved. Going out with Karl and Gerald was the perfect excuse to do it. Besides, Karl and Gerald had been malcontent, antisocial bastards for as long as I’d know them. They were perfect company.

Outside was fucking freezing, but I had a good coat and my favourite beanie; so I was kept warm by both love and wool. Life was good as I strolled through the fresh snow. There was Karl, his green Mohawk visible for miles. Next to him was Gerald, still wearing that leather jacket and looking like something shit out by Clive Baker. “Hello, ladies,” I greeted them.

“Erica,” Gerald coughed, taking another toke from what was definitely not a cigarette. “The man, the myth, the legend. Good to have you out here.”

“Welcome to the Island of Misfit toys,” Karl let out a plume of clove cigarette smoke, “Gerald here
will happily give you some of his weed if you want to get your arse tanned by Granny Jo.”

Gerald coughed again on his green weed, “I got a spray in the car, takes away the scent. Besides, our fair lady here is trying to have a kid; so we need to be good role models for our kid cousin.”

“In that case, Erica, you’re truly fucked,” said Karl as the three of us laughed.

“Whatever, Karl,” I muttered sarcastically as the snow began falling again, “You’re living with two Norwegian metal heads and never once have you invited me to take part in a Satanic ritual.”

“We can slaughter virgins and offer their blood to Baphomet only if your big, buff, cheeto puff teaches me and my triad her head banging skills,” said Karl, flicking his cigarette into the snow.

“Jasper is amazing,” said Gerald, finishing the last of his weed. “I mean, you picked a good one. Not only is she an X-man, but she just gives me a good, warm feeling.”

I was truly blushing at Gerald’s words, “You don’t know the half of it. I feel like Freya herself delivered Jasper to me. What’s more, she was there for me after my sharkbite.”

“You really found yourself a fairytale princess,” said Karl, giving me a hug. My frost haired cousin Gerald also gave me a hug. It was warm and wonderful and with Jasper in the house, showing kids the best of nutty seventies cartoons I felt complete.

We all pulled apart. Gerald reached into his jacket. “Okay, I don’t know about the rest of you but family events bore the shit out of me. I’ve got three tabs of acid in my jacket pocket. Either I eat all of them or you two share them with me.”

“Fuck yeah!” I shouted out as Karl and I eagerly put the tabs of LSD soaked paper on our tongues. It took a little longer, but soon I was tripping balls. It began slowly, when some of the girls were doing my makeup. Gods bless those little girls, because they didn’t notice that one of the bathroom walls was slowly digesting me as they put on mascara and eyeliner on me.

And then I was here. In the grey place.
I was in an infinite plane of grey and for the first time there was someone here with me.

It was like I was looking through a window or a door. They were there in shades of grey, an old man with a long beard. Hunched over a table covered in scrolls and parchments, I’d have thought he was a wizard if not for the massive bronze cross hanging around his neck and the Byzantine iconography on his black robes.

“Don’t be a fool,” he rasped in a voice that sounded like he was dying of thirst. “You should abandon all hope.”

“Are you talking to me?” I asked him. “Can you see me? Hear me?”

“Yes, I can see you and hear” said the ancient, withered priest in his archaic, Greek accent. “I know many things, seen too much and done evil deeds. God will not forgive me, just as he will not save you. If what I do here is successful, then you may never be born. If I don’t succeed, the human race may meet its end.”

I was at a loss for words. Stuck in an eternal purgatory with a man who offered nothing but more questions. “Please, I need help,” I tried to beg of him, “I have a wife that I need to get back to. She’s naked without me. I’ll do anything I can in return.”

“You’ve changed Jasper’s timeline,” the priest rasped, “You were a distraction to her but if you think her story has a happy ending, I’m afraid you’ve not been paying attention.”

I couldn’t be angry with the man, with his pale, colorless words or his cold ways. Though he was all in grey, some deeper intuition told me there was something wrong with him. He was so thin, skeletal even. His skin was as thin as the film on an onion. And his eyes were hidden by a pyramid shaped hat, pushed much too far forward to be accidental. “Don’t you feel anything? Are you just dead inside?”

He stopped as his vulture like finger hovered over a picture of an egg shaped diamond, pink, with eyes and mouth scattered randomly across its surface.

His head turned and from under the edge of his hat I could see two pink lights. “No, I remember what emotions were like, but I don’t feel them.” His creaky voice raised half an
octave, “Jasper may love you, but she is not yours. She is not a perfect Quartz by accident. She belongs to Pink Diamond and even in death, Pink Diamond will have her.”

“Wait!” I shouted as the priest began to fade away.

“Go to your fate,” the old man’s voice echoed in the grey, “I will go to mine. All that matters is that Pink Diamond is destroyed.”

---

*Gravity Falls, Oregon, Now*

“And over here, ladies and gentlemen is the famous Skull of the Cleric Beast, from Yugoslavia!” crowed the flamboyant, older man with a fez and eye-patch over his glasses. The old man, waved his eight-ball topped cane at the gruesome looking skull that seemed to be a hideous mix of human and canine. The cranium of the thing was torn open from the inside, as though the creature’s brain had exploded at some point.

The crowd of tourists oooed and awwed at the large, disgusting skull inside a glass display case. They were definitely impressed by this thing, certainly much more than the Sascrotch and it had the added bonus of being a lot more kid friendly than the previously mentioned exhibit.

The owner of this shitty tourist trap, one Stanford Pines grinned as he saw people reaching for crappy, plastic souvenirs while he gave his spiel about something he’d bought online a year ago from someone claiming to be an immortal hunter of beasts. “Formerly Vicar Amelia Hus of the Healing Church, the vicar made a terrible transformation when she uh—I don’t know—screwed a werewolf or something, my seller wasn’t clear about it. What followed was a horrifying bloodbath all across Eastern Europe as the vicar spread lycanthropy and herpes across the continent!”

Sadly, Stan wasn’t able to move onto the next probably fake exhibit as a short, purple woman in a ski mask jumped through one of the Mystery Shack’s windows. In a shower of broken glass, the purple woman brandished a baseball bat; seemingly pulling it from the gem between her boobs. “Freeze, mother fucker!” Amethyst shouted as she busted Grunkle Stan across the ribs with an aluminum baseball bat.

Stan gasped and dropped his cane, falling to his knees. Adding insult to injury, Amethyst swung her baseball bat upwards and hit Stan in the balls. Stanford sang a high F note right before the purple woman clubbed him twice across the head; knocking off his Fez and throwing him to the ground.
To make matters even worse, a giant, orange and red striped woman charged through the wall. As drywall dust and plywood flew everywhere, the giant woman in a rubber batman mask cracked open the display case and stole the skull of the Cleric Beast. Jasper pointed at the crowd after she tossed the skull into a burlap bag. “If you go to the police, I’ll kill all of you!”

Predictably, the tourists and their families shit their pants and ran for the hills. This was more than they’d bargained for and they really believed the giant striped woman with long, white hair and a rubber mask was going to make good on her promise to kill them. In their stampede they ended up taking with them a large amount of merchandise that they’d never pay for. In other words, this was the second shittiest day in Stan Pine’s life.

With their job done, Jasper shouted to Amethyst, “Let’s roll!” The pair of them ran through the hole in the wall that Jasper made, leaving only a deserted, destroyed tourist trap. Seemingly the only person who stayed calm through the whole thing was the cashier girl, Wendy. Wendy had been looking at lesbian porn on her phone for all of it, and was just too busy to give a rat’s ass.

“Ah, sweet sister,” Wendy cooed as two porn stars playing sisters began to french kiss.

“Wendy,” came a weak, pained voice. Stan managed to drag himself up and support himself against one of the legs of the Sascrotch. “Call an ambulance, quick!” he coughed, spitting up blood and teeth.

Wendy just groaned, “Alright, but I swear if you charge me for the ambulance bill I’m fucking quitting. This job so isn’t worth it.”

Outside the Mystery Shack, Jasper and Amethyst jumped into the back of Erica’s green Jeep, nicknamed Lorelei; recently restored to its original color after Jasper painted it yellow. The Big gem took the driver’s seat while Amethyst took up the role of the copilot.

“Floor it, Jasper!” Amethyst shouted. “Before the popo show up!”

In response, Jasper put the pedal to the metal and tore out of the Mystery Shack parking lot like a bat out of hell. As the green jeep sped down the road, the purple gem started lecturing the larger one. “Dude, you were way too intense! You threatened those people!”

“Eat me, bitch,” Jasper snarled, “You committed assault and battery; get off your high horse!”
Besides, we still need to get to the portal.”

“Like the video game, Portal?” asked the little girl in the back seat with a llama sweater.

“Who the hell are you?” Jasper demanded of the smiling girl with braces.

The girl ignored Jasper’s question, her eyes nearly lit up with stars. “OMG!” she squealed, “You’re huge! You’re a huge, pastel woman!”

“Mabel!” shouted a boy next to her who’d been trying to stay hidden, “These are Lithomorph Feminam! Don’t hurt us!” he cried out as he tried to shield Mabel from Jasper and Amethyst.

“We’re not going to kill you, little dude,” said Amethyst, “But we’re nuts deep in some pretty heavy shit and I think your parents would freak if we let you come along. Jasper, let’s drop these kids off at the nearest liquor store or strip club; kids love that.”

“Yeah, Dipper!” said Mabel, “Learn to trust the rock ladies.”

The two kids lurched forward as Jasper stopped the car. “Listen, you little bastards get out of this car now! This is me being nice about it because my partner and I are literally going to drive into the depths of Hell and fight Lucifer’s minions for an alien artifact.”

Mabel looked up at Jasper with pure admiration, “You are so metal. Please let us come along, this way I can say I’m just like Katniss Everdeen.”

“Are you crazy?” Dipper exclaimed, “Mabel, let’s get out while the going is good.”

Mabel began to pout, “Dipper, these rock ladies need our help!” She turned to Jasper, “Are you trying to save the world?”

“I’m trying to save my wife,” Jasper’s hands clenched around the steering wheel, “She was taken from me and I have to get her back. Gravity Falls has a portal to hell and in hell there’s a device that’ll allow me to find her. We needed the skull of the Cleric Beast to open said portal.”
Mabel sniffed, on the verge of crying, “That’s so romantic! Please let us come along, we’ve almost died like twenty times since we came up to this dumb, old place. We can for sure be a super help to you.”

“Buy us pizza when we get back from hell and it’s a deal,” Amethyst bargained, only for Jasper to slap her across the back of the head, “Ouch! What the fuck?”

“The fuck is what are you thinking?” Jasper bellowed. “We can handle the depths of hell by ourselves.”

“You need to lighten up,” Amethyst yelled back at her spiritual sister, “I know you’re shitting your guts out with worry, I’m doing the same. But you’re turning into an angry cunt, you need to unwind. Plus you want to become a mom one day, this is practice for you. Also these kids might buy me pizza and I want pizza.”

Jasper ground her teeth. Starting the jeep’s engine, she warned Dipper and Mabel, “You kids stay behind me.” Her tone softened slightly, “I’ll protect you. And if you puke in this car . . . don’t worry about it.”

“Roger, Mamma Tiger!” Mabel saluted Jasper.

“Mabel, are you insane?” Dipper asked, totally not cool with the idea of following two potentially hostile aliens into a portal to the devil’s kingdom.

“You’ve got your weird journal thingy,” Mabel brushed off her brother, “We can use that on our journey to heck.”

“That’s the spirit, kids!” Amethyst said, giving Mabel a high five. “Now let’s go fuck up some demons!”
A Humble Party

Chapter Summary

In this chapter, the Crystal Gems finally have all that they need to launch an attack on Castlevania, while the Count shows off his unlimited power and wealth.

This is the beginning of the end.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features non-con, graphic violence and the death of canon characters. You've been warned.

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Girl

Chapter 9: A Humble Party

Delmarva, Beach City, then

I watched as my Jasper and Pearl did a fusion dance. I was apprehensive about a lot of things. Jasper and I had been talking about getting a plus one in the bedroom. I had been Priyanka Maheswaran’s first lesbian experience. Jasper showed no jealousy, only enthusiasm. But I couldn’t help but shake off a sense of jealousy.

As much as I liked Pearl, I was more than a little jealous of the friendship that she and Jasper had. They were both warriors, they were both brutally strict about cleanliness and Pearl’s well known love of Quartz soldiers with big hair and big hands had me on edge. I had no right to be. I’d gone and banged my best friend in these parts and Jasper welcomed Priyanka as part of the family. Now I was feeling edgy and off kilter about the gem who’d been both my weapons instructor and Jasper’s best friend.

The two of them were dancing in our back yard. It was something interesting. It looked less like an organized, proper dance and more like two heavy metal fans head-banging and raving on nitrous fumes. Pearl and Jasper quit stomping around long enough to start headbanging and make devil horn symbols with their fingers. With a sudden jump, the pair of them held hands and their gems
glowed. Their forms dissolved and merged into one.

There was a fog that filled the backyard and I struggled to see through it. When it cleared, I saw the fusion that resulted from Jasper and Pearl merging into one being.

The new fusion stood still, absolutely still. Her face was locked into a vacant grin that went from ear to ear, exposing her rows of jagged, pointed, yellow teeth. Unlike other fusions, she had only two eyes but I could see that each eye was actually made up of bits and pieces. The fusion’s eyes were cut into quarters and stitched back together in agonizing fashion.

Where their body wasn’t covered by a black, form fitting body suit, I could see switches and staples. It was like someone had thrown Pearl and Jasper into a blender and used the parts to build a completely new person.

They moved, clenching and relaxing their hands. The right hand was a long, bone white set of claws the size of steak knives while the left was a big, orange and red set of sledge hammer knuckles.

They began to shift from side to aside, as though stretching out the kinks from a long period of sitting down. One leg was longer than the other and bent, like a really bad case of rickets.

Blowing in the wind, the fusion had Jasper’s hair but over the front of their skull Pearl’s face had been crudely stapled on.

Without warning, the strange, Franken-fusion looked at me.

Crack!

I flinched at the sound. If I didn’t know any better, I’d say they’d had snapped their own neck to look at me. I nearly tripped and fell over as the fusion’s patchwork eyeballs narrowed on me. They were hardly making me feel comfortable as drool dribbled down their chin and panted like a starving dog.

“hEy, yOu’re eRica!” they said in an eerie, flanging voice.
I gulped as I addressed the Franken-fusion. “Yup, that’s me. Who do I have the pleasure of knowing?”

The fusion raised their sledgehammer fist and pointed to themselves with their bladed hand. Every one of their joints squealed like rusty door hinges. I grit my teeth with each single movement they made.

“i’M Li-thium qUartz!” the fusion bellowed, accidentally spitting on me through their jagged, broken, stained teeth, “i’T’s sO gOod tO bE hEre! nOw tHat wE’re iNtroduced, lEt’s hUnt dOwn aNd kIll yOur sIster!”

That wasn’t computing. “The fuck are you talking about?” I asked Lithium Quartz, ready at that point to summon my gem weapon. Were they actually serious?

Lithium Quartz started to laugh, their ribs groaning like corroded saloon door hinges. There was something gurgling in their throat and I could see thick strings of phlegm or snot bubbling over their lips. “I mEan lEt’s dRag tHat wHore iNto tHe sTreets aNd lIght hEr oN fIre!”

I wasn’t sure what to do. From what I could tell, fusions could be pretty random in terms of how their personalities manifested. Using simple deduction, I could tell Pearl and Jasper’s inner demons fucked and birthed this hideous anus-baby together.

Suddenly, Lithium Quartz let out a squeal like something from the movie Aliens. They jolted on the spot and accidentally broke their own neck again. I winced as I saw their head dangling a normally fatal angle. Their limbs began to spasm as their face started stretching sideways.

Lithium Quartz actually screamed in pain as their stapled on face tore partly free of their skull and spewed white, oily blood everywhere. They lurched forward, their arms dangling when suddenly they stood up again. The stitching in their eyeballs was coming undone and their face was stretching like rubber. I was living the first five minutes of Hellraiser, now.

The fusion laughed, a noise that I’d remember to my dying days. Fuck it, I didn’t want to sleep for the next week anyways.

“i’lL bE bAck, mOther fUckers!” they bellowed one last time before exploding into a shower of blood and amniotic fluid.
I shrieked and turned around to avoid getting any on my face. Turning around slowly, I saw Jasper and Pearl lying on the grass. The pair were spitting up some kind of black stuff that smelled like roadkill skunk.

Jasper shook her huge white mane out like a dog, spraying Pearl in amniotic juices and oily white blood. Pearl squawked and got a shitload of the stuff in her mouth and eyes. As she wiped it away and tried to spit it out, she cursed at Jasper, “Not on me!”

My Jasper hacked and smiled, “Sorry Pearl, it’s a reflex.”

Pearl vomited on the grass, clearing her system of the black I-don’t-know-what. “At any rate, the conclusion is self evident; we must never fuse again.”

“But will we still be able to fuck?” Jasper asked the smaller gem.

Pearl coughed once more and pulled a hanky out of her gem, “That’s up to Erica. I’m going to need written permission beforehand to avoid the possibility of a love triangle. After the Sardonyx/Sugilite business I’m very much keen on avoiding relationship tension.”

Part of me hurt to hear Jasper ask that. It stung. Yet I’d also gone and fucked another woman. So what did that make me. I didn’t want to talk about it. I just put a smile on my face and tried to make a joke. “Sorry Pearl, but if you want space in my sheets I’m going to have to take you for a test drive and I’m worried I may break you.”

Pearl scoffed and patted me on the shoulder with her clean hand. “If I can handle Garnet’s BDSM role play then I think I’m safe with you. Though on a more serious note, I will never betray the trust you’ve put in me.” She smiled and I felt a bit of the tension ease off of me.

Some but not all of it. I had a lot on my plate, a new novel going in for editing, my latest attempt to become pregnant failing and my post menstrual hormones fucking with me. My life was good but my life was also shit. I needed a way to blow off steam.

BEEP-BEEP!
I heard a vehicle’s horn from the front yard. Ah, there was my ride. I smiled at Jasper and Pearl, “Hey, it’s the lady from my book club. Can I trust you two to clean up the yard while I’m away?”

Jasper stood up and gave me a salute, “You got it honey! I’ll even have dinner ready when you get back!”

I smiled at her, “I love you, beastie,” and kissed her.

“I love you, monster,” she said as she kissed me back.

With that, I quickly broke away from Jasper and ran to the front yard where a pickup truck loaded with firewood idled. On the side of the truck’s rusted flank was a logo, “Sandra McGregor’s Got Wood!”

The side of the truck was opened up by a skinny Irish boy with mousy hair. “Good ta see ya, Erica!” he called.

“Hello, Harry,” I greeted.

Then I saw the person I was really looking forward to seeing. “Aunt Erica!” shouted Charlie, my niece.

“Aww!” I screamed, going into full aunt mode. “Come here you little munchkin!” Jumping into the truck, I hugged Charlie tightly. There was a whole bunch of shifting and moving as the lot of us tried to get comfortable in the truck’s dusty interior. While I was having a hug war with Charlie, a muscular Scottish woman with half her face obscured by auburn hair.

“Close the fucking door and let’s get going,” she snarled and spat chewing tobacco out the window.

“Eat a loaf of dicks, Sandra,” I snapped back at her semi playfully. I then turned to Harry, who scooted his bony hips closer to his adopted mother; making more room for Charlie and me. “So
Harry, Victoria didn’t have any problems dropping off Charlie with you guys?”

“ Nope!” Charlie replied cheerfully, “Mom was okay.”

Harry laughed and playfully tousled Charlie’s hair, “She was okay because your ma got told in advance. Also it worked cause I was the one who did all da talking.”

The truck lurched forward, the wheels squealing and smoking. We were off to book club. Technically we’d have to tone things down with Charlie around, but I’d still be able to get my daily dose of escapism in. Sometimes a girl just needed to hang out with other girls.

“I tell ye, Erica,” said Harry, grabbing some of his mother’s chew from a large, dirty encrusted bag on the dashboard. “Yer sister put me through da third degree. I swear she looks and acts like Hitler in a dress.”

I couldn’t help but bust a gut laughing at the epic diss. Maybe I shouldn’t have laughed so hard at Victoria’s expense but . . . no, fuck her.

Sandra didn’t find this funny and she punched Harry in the shoulder for it. “You watch what comes out of your fucking cave, boy. And don’t take my fucking chad.”

“Go easy on the kid, Sandra” I urged my Scottish friend, “Harry’s just having a bit of fun.”

Sandra snarled under the curtain of hair covering half her face, “Fucking boy’s gotta learn, and I’ll learn him if it kills me.”

Harry said nothing, just rubbing his shoulder and snagging another lump of chew when he thought Sandra wasn’t looking.

It felt like no time when we reached the large house halfway between Ocean Town and Beach City. Charlie and me jumped out, where my young niece began running around the large, well manicured front lawn. Sandra kicked open her driver’s door and stomped out in her heavy boots. “You didn’t bring your mutant with you?” she asked as she spat out thick, brown chew.
I pointed a finger at her while Harry showed off his switch blade to Charlie. “Okay, she’s my wife, not my mutant. You better watch your fucking cave when you talk about her, she’s the sire of my future kids.”

Sandra snarled, “What the hell kind of butch are you?”

“Tch!” I scoffed at her, “I’m the awesome kind, the motherly kind and the kind that’s way prettier than you’ll ever be.”

Before this charming exchange could go any further, a large, matronly woman wearing loud clothes and too much makeup burst out of the front door of the house. “Oh my heavens! You are adorable!” she shrieked gleefully and made a beeline for Charlie.

Charlie froze in her tracks at the strange woman with her long, red nails dyed red hair and udders larger than any you’d find on a cow.

Sandra’s adopted son waved to the flamboyant woman, “Hey, Mrs. Myr!”

“Oh Harry, you’re grown so much,” shouted Mrs. Myr as she took up Harry in a bone creaking hug. Mrs. Myr then dropped Harry and got down on one knee to greet Charlie. “And you are the most precious angel I’ve ever seen!”

I laughed and put a hand on Charlie’s shoulder in an attempt to calm her down. “Charlie, this is Mrs. Myr. She’s the head of our local book club. I met her just before my island adventure.”

Charlie looked up at the tall, older woman who looked like Hagrid’s crazy aunt. “Hi,” she said meekly.

“Oh, such a precious thing,” said Mrs. Myr, “Come inside darling, Erica told me all about you. I have juice, fresh baked cookies, books. I even have several play-stations; I hope you like the games that came with them.” she laughed.

“This is fucking nice,” Sandra groused, “But can we start fucking drinking already? Have the two retards brought the wreck-the-hoose-juice?”
I laughed at Sandra’s impatience to get wasted. Tonight I wouldn’t be doing that. I would probably only have one beer, maybe two at most. I had to set a good example for Charlie. “You’re sweeter than usual, Sandra. Did you finally find a woman who’d put up with your shit?” her snarl only made me laugh harder.

From out of the house came two more women. A fire haired Norwegian butch in biker leather jacket and full on anarchist stomping boots. The other was a smokey eyed goth girl with rippling muscles and sad face. “We have beer,” announced the Norwegian.

“Fuck beer,” Sandra swore, “Bring me wine!”

“We have wine, beer, tequila,” said the buff goth girl, “When we robbed the liquor store we just took what we could get.”

I laughed nervously as Charlie looked at me, “Ah, those two are just joking, Charlie. Why don’t you go in with Mrs Myr and play some video games?”

I turned around as Harry got into his mother’s truck, “Hey, it was great meeting you again, Harry. Say hi to Sammy and Brenda for me.”

Harry gave me the thumbs up, “Later, ladies! And have a good one, Erica! I’ll be around to drive when everyone is too fecked up,” and he slammed on the gas and peeled out of the neighbourhood.

The crew began to file inside while Mrs. Myr began to ply Charlie with cookies and juice. To my dismay, there were still guns and keys of cocaine lying around the house. At least Mrs. Myr had the good sense to get rid of the giant dildos and sex toys she usually left lying around. I winced as I noticed the jumbo punch bowl of condoms sitting on the living room table. Maybe bringing Charlie to my ladies night was a bad idea?

All us girls began to sit down on Mrs. Myr’s overstuffed couched and attack several crates of liquor. “Thanks, Jane,” I said to the buff goth woman as she passed around copies of a book I hadn’t read since middle school. “Oh my god s, the Animorphs!” I gushed. “You got the fuck-mothering Animorphs! And the first book in the series too!”

Jane nodded and passed out copies to the rest of us before grabbing a bottle of extra strong beer. “It was Talke’s idea. These were on sale at the used book store in Empire city.”
Talke threw herself down on the couch, spreading like a bloke on the London underground. “It’s the perfect start to the perfect book series. The Invasion! The tale of war, love, loss and kids who turn into animals to fight aliens. It’s perfect,” She flashed a grin marred by years of bar fights and she threw her head back and started chugging from a bottle of whisky.

Sandra coughed as she finished drinking half a bottle of wine like it was grape juice. “Aye, My name’s Jake, no last name. Nothing to give me away,” she sounded happy for the first time. Thrusting a beer into my hands, she asked me, “Oi, Erica, who’d ya rather shag; Cassie or Rachel?”

I followed the example of the other women in the room as Mrs. Myr started cutting up lines of cocaine with a credit card. “Well,” I belched as I drank the entire can in one go and grabbed another from the box, “Adjusting for age, I would totally fuck Cassie. Rachel is your Xena Warrior Princess Amazon, but Cassie is strong in the real way. She’s the heart of the gang and in my head she was always so strong and butch.”

“And I would settle for nothing less than the fine Andelite cadet, Ax,” laughed Mrs. Myr as she shot up from her first coke line of the evening. “Whether he’s in human morph or in his regular centaur form, he could do whatever he wanted to me.”

“You want the man but also the big horse dick,” deadpanned Jane, chasing her beer with a line of coke as Mrs. Myr passed around the hand mirror it was on.

“I’d have both Rachael and her her mother,” chortled Talke, “I like my women the way I like my men, strong, blonde, blue eyed and willing to kill. Rachael had the killing thing.”

I passed on the coke mirror and sent it straight to Sandra, “You mean like that British guy who almost killed Sandra?”

The big Scottish lady took a hit of coke and passed the mirror to Mrs. Myr to cut some more lines. “Brian was his name, and he’s not a bad bloke; just a bit of a cunt.”

I destroyed my third beer as we started to get louder and louder. Charlie came into the room and started asking me about the Animorph series. I was only too glad to get her into it. I even started reading to her from the first book and she was enraptured by it.

I ruined my fourth beer when Jane and Talke started doing the extra voices for the supporting cast
of the book. By the time I was on my fifth beer, Jane and I were pretending to be animals and fighting deadly aliens with ray guns. It was some of the most fun I’ve had since I was a kid. Charlie was laughing her head off. Mrs. Myr went to the meth lab to grab crystal for the over eighteen crowd.

I couldn’t do the meth or later crack because I was trying to get pregnant, so I helped myself to a sixth beer and something called Buckfast. Sandra explained to me that Buckfast was Scotland’s national drink and that it was a mix of alcohol, grape juice and the rage virus from “28 days Later.”

One bottle of Buckfast Later and I was ready to wreck the hoose like a beautiful bitch. Things was getting pretty foggy. Jasper was there for some reason and Charlie was cheering me on.

What the fuck happened?

Oh I remember!

While we were discussing the Animorphs and whether Jake was gay for Marco, Sandra started arguing that Jake was totally bisexual. Naturally I argued that Jake was gay and Sandra argued otherwise.

So the two of us decided to settle this like gentle-dykes and engage in a topless bare knuckle brawl in Mrs. Myr’s backyard. I think Jasper just liked seeing me topless.

The Buckfast tasted like I’d been drinking from a toilet and it coated the inside of my mouth like slime on a pond stone. However it made me feel like I could beat Blue Diamond to shards with my bare hands.

“You’re going to learn how we fight in Sowenland!” I boasted and bounced back and forth on my feet. Relying on Pearl’s training, I struck through the haze of alcohol to punch Sandra in the face. She took it like a champ and my hand hurt like a mother fucker. The blow I’d struck her with should have taken out Muhammad Ali.

“This is how we fight in Sowenland!” I roared and punched her in the stomach. Sandra shrugged off the blow as it made her withered, scarred, tattooed boobs jump.
“You don’t know shit about fighting!” Sandra yelled at me, throwing a ferocious uppercut that struck me in the left boob.

I winced in agony as my tit suddenly felt like it was on fucking fire. I stopped in my tracks and held my hand to my injured titty. Sandra took the opportunity to punch me in the ribs. The air left me and I was very sure that I peed myself. Then with a single jab, she punched me in the right eye and knocked me to the ground.

Everything went black.

. . .

. . .

. . .

“Are you okay, Aunt Erica?” Charlie’s voice was louder in my ears than every fucking fog horn and police siren in the world.

I groaned noncommittally. My head hurt like I’d been skullfucked by Satan himself. The rising sun in the window burned my eyes. My tit was lactating blood through my bra and onto my t-shirt.

Wait, I was in a bra and t-shirt?

I glanced around at my living room, where Charlie and Jasper were sitting on the giant couch with me. “So, what happened and how long was I out for?”

“You were out for about eight hours, honey,” Jasper confirmed, “Don’t worry though, Garnet called me ahead of time to tell me you’d be alright. When we got you home, you started puking again. You vomited all over Peridot. It was hilarious!”

“You were amazing, Aunt Erica!” Charlie gushed, looking up at me with stars in her eyes. “You’re so big and strong and you throw a punch like Wonder Woman. You got your shit pushed in but you were so amazing! I want to be just like you minus getting my shit pushed in!”
I groaned through the pounding headache brought on by alcohol consumption and hangover. “Kids these days are so perceptive.” Sat up and looked over to the wall mirror Jasper and I had hung up last week. One of my front teeth was missing and I had the most massive black eye. For the life of me, I looked like I should be calling the police. I look like I’d bee jumped by every Mixed Martial Arts champion.

“You were amazing, honey,” Jasper said with similar stars in her eyes, “Mrs. Myr filled me in on the details. You looked so hot doing that drunken brawl. When you were done power puking on the lawn I could have just kissed you in front of everybody.”

“Blech!” gagged Charlie, “You went and ruined it, Aunt Jasper!”

“You’ll understand when you’re older and you’re doing your own topless brawls,” Jasper laughed and ruffled Charlie’s hair.

“Charlie, you’re never doing a topless brawl,” I gritted my teeth, every tiny shift sending pain through my head and my boob. “So why didn’t you stop the fight or stop me?” I asked of Jasper, feeling anger rise up into my chest.

My Jasper looked at me and took my badly bruised hand, “Honey, you were taking on a foe in single combat. To a Quartz that’s a sacred act. If that McGregor woman had killed you I would have avenged you, but you need to live your own life and be free.”

“Maybe I need someone to say no, sometimes,” I was losing my temper and I resisted the urge to scream. Everything I’d felt before during the fusion session was back and worse than before. I was nowhere near as tough as I thought I was. I’d probably never be as tough as Pearl and I’d thrown a fight in front of my mate who considered it sacred.

Jasper smiled patiently, “Honey, do you think I liked it when Garnet pushed my shit in on the hand ship? No, but I’ve learned so much since then. Years of always winning had made me weak, and losing to Garnet made me stronger. I know deep down in my gem that losing this fight made you stronger.”

I bit my tongue to avoid saying anything that would hurt Jasper’s feelings. “Both of you, stop using that phrase. Pushing in my . . . stuff.”
Charlie nodded as Jasper went on. “Honey, I know you’re going through a lot but you’re not doing it alone. One thing I love about you is your toughness, especially because you showed me how tough it is to be vulnerable. So don’t be afraid of being vulnerable around me.”

I grit my teeth. “Well, I’m still mad.”

“I have a cure for that!” Jasper shouted as she pulled two giant burgers out of her gem. “Dinner for breakfast!”

“Yeah!” Charlie shouted and took her burger, running to the kitchen to grab ketchup.

This left me alone with Jasper. Suddenly my anger was deflating. As hard as I tried to stay mad at her, I couldn’t help but ask, “Is that a triple bacon cheeseburger?”

“With brie cheese, fried mushrooms and three kinds of bacon, just the way you like it,” she smiled
at me in a way that was too pure for this world.

Reaching out with my bruised hands, i took the burger and bit into it.

And by Frey a ’s bruised left boob, it tasted like pure love.

I started to cry as I chewed on my burger, “I wuff oo!” I sobbed as mushroom and beef dribbled down my chin with all the sweet juices.

“I love you, Erica,” said Jasper, “Don’t feel bad about making mistakes. I don’t expect you to be perfect. And you’ll never be replaced in my eyes. Not by Pearl, not by anybody ever.”

The floodgates broke wide open. Jasper grabbed the burger to keep it from hitting the ground, while I grabbed her huge, warm body in a hug. Her hard abs comforted me and my giant muscles made me feel safe.

Yes, I was loved. And I loved back.

Our love was pure, our love was kind and patient. Our love was hard, it was messy and it was real.

---

Castlevania, The Ballroom, Now

A fistful of gold coins hit a giant pile of cocaine as Dracula’s party began. Powerful heavy metal riffs boomed over the speakers. The ballroom was lit by strobe lights, lasers and the mother of all disco balls. The Lord of Castlevania was showing off his power and wealth and he was doing it in
a big way.

The Count himself had ditched his usual Gothic attire for something more scummy. Gone was his dress jacket and elegant cloak. Instead he wore a hideous Hawaiian print shirt left unbuttoned; all the better to show off his gold chains and his hairy chest. Dracula was truly the most repulsive man alive.

Backlighting Dracula were giant neon lights which read *Pain*. Giant brown aviator glasses threw off glare from the lights and reflected a world of sleaze. Around him, his brides were fondling him and feeling up his gold chains and his crotch. In order to look bigger, he’d packed the crotch of his ripped, acid washed jeans.

As the heavy metal music started rising to a thunderous crash, Dracula threw his head back and started to laugh maniacally in slow motion.

Who ever said that money can’t buy happiness?

Down on the ballroom floor, hundreds of guests from who-the-fuck knows where were already dancing and drinking and boogieing and puking all over the place. There was a bar, a drug shop and the door to the sex dungeon had been opened. A long table had been filled with foods of luxury, taste and cost beyond measure. Over two hundred kinds of alcohol were served, one hundred types of desert and three hundred types of h’orderves and main courses. Pleasure and debauchery was on display that Russian Oligarchs could only dream of in their syphilis fueled fever reams.

On a stage, a band played godly heavy metal music. Except these were no ordinary musicians. The band was composed of hideous, human sized puppets who looked like Jim Henson’s worst nightmare. As the guests thrashed and danced and raved, the head singer-puppet worked his evil magic and sang.
If you got the cash, I got the time

I'm just a phone call away,

Guests drank, snorted and injected drugs into their systems as they threw themselves into the music with wild abandon. High in cages above the ballroom, suspended on chains made of gold, strippers danced and gyrated. Their nearly nude, nubile bodies covered in glowing neon pain that lit up from black lights built into the ceiling.

By the gigantic banquet table, men, women and everything in between feasted with mindless abandon. They gorged themselves like Roman Emperors on foods that could only exist in your wildest fantasies or most horrific nightmares.

A woman stuffed her face with strawberries, juices running down her chin as her skin turned a shade of bright red. The woman was shoved out of the way as the Undead pirate captain grabbed a large goblet of sparkling liquid. She grinned as she drained her cup.

With a sudden belch, the female pirate captain shot a jet of fire from her mouth and set three guests on fire. She threw the goblet to the ground and swore, “Ach! Soda! Bring me rum!” she screamed, only for her demand to be met by floating biomechanical skulls which carried drink trays with them.

You’ve been dried up for a long, long time,
Grabbing a shot-glass of amber liquid, the Pirate Captain grinned as the liquid burned her throat. Belching again, this time she breathed a blizzard that froze a bronze skinned man solid as his same sex lover turned into a handsome stallion from eating a particular cupcake. The man turned horse bucked and shattered his lover like an ice sculpture. The Pirate Captain only laughed maniacally and helped herself to more enchanted rum.

In the VIP section, Dracula laughed for no discernible reason and danced like a school girl. Giggling hysterically, he threw himself into a giant golden throne with deep purple cushions. Throwing back his head, Jenny and Kiki went to serve him. Both girls looked at the count with dead eyes, their arms covered with needle marks as Holly Blue injected the two with fresh heroine.

Holly grinned as she nodded to her two strung out serving girls, clad in the skimpiest French maid outfits this side of a Russ Meyer film. “When you’re good to mama, Mamma is good to you,” she purred over the pounding heavy metal music.

Trained well and standing hollow legged from a recent pounding by Vermin, Kiki shoved a handful of Viagra pills into the Count’s fanged maw as Jenny started pouring champagne down his throat. The Master Vampire gagged and coughed as he swallowed down the entire thing. He gasped and gagged as he swallowed a month’s worth of erectile dysfunction pills with the most expensive champagne anywhere in the universe.

Dribbling drool and sparkling wine down his hair chest, Dracula slapped his knee and kept on laughing like an utter hyena.

Under the velvet ropes, Vermin stalked with a giant boner through her burlap dress. The remnants of some cakes and meat pies decorated the front of her outfit. She eyed the women in the crowd, both in the common area and the VIP section of the ballroom. Truthfully she had no idea who the hell these people were or where the fuck they came from. It was like they’d all just come out of thin air one day. There was too much choice and it was getting a little too overwhelming. So she decided to prowl the enclosed area and maybe fuck the Count’s brides again.

The band meanwhile kept on singing, being the only thing more repulsive than the Count himself.

Call me!
Like a Genie in a bottle! I’ll rub you the right way!

Call me!

With PayPal or Cash! I want to be your backdoor man!

While the leathery, distorted puppets made of human leather danced and played on stage, guests frolicked amidst unicorns and rabbits the size of ponies. Under the influence of drugs and rock and roll, the guests petted the furry animals; along with the many other creatures that the Count had released from the menagerie for this special night. Among the impromptu petting zoo, a juvenile bird blob creature let guests feed it pizza. Dozens of peacocks flashed their wonderful tails which shimmered glorious rainbows and changed colors.

Other guests hooted, hollered and screamed in a low gravity area where they played a game of balls and hoops; with the balls glowing in the darkened environment of the ballroom in every bright color. Among them, the Master of the Boot and his brother Steven were on the same team but sibling rivalry and general stupidity was costing them points. So Boot went to go and touch a Unicorn’s cock while his brother Steven started sexually harassing Sansa Stark, who was there for no reason. It didn’t end well for either of them.

Back in the VIP area, things were getting rough between Holly and Vermin. Vermin would chase after anything with a Vagina and Holly would use her whip to driver the dick-woman back. Vermin sneered and snapped as Holly threw an empty wine bottle at her head. “Get back, whore!” Holly shouted over the music, “This a party, get back in your fucking kennel!”

Call me!

Like a Genie in a bottle! I’ll rub you the right way!

Call me!

With PayPal or Cash! I want to be your backdoor man!

Dracula only laughed as his two main bitches, Holly and Vermin fought it out. The Count threw
himself upon a giant heart shaped bed and began to kick and thrash his arms; enjoying the feel of soft silk upon his skin. On the bed, Lars was chained down. Once Lars of the Stars, now Laramie of the Whorehouse was tied up and dressed in bright pink latex. Lars’s mouth was pulled back into a terrifying rictus grin by a pair of metal hooks strapped to his head and tears ran down his cheeks.

Lars began to cry openly as a coked up Count Dracula laughed and began to rub his beard on Lars’s face. Oh god! His breath smelt like paint!

The boy’s vagina was exposed for the world and he was terrified that the Count or his guests would come in and have their way with him. Looking down at Dracula’s crotch, he begged for death. Though to Lar’s relief the vampire lord jumped off the bed and skipped over to living Greek statues hauling a wheelbarrow full of crack-cocaine.

Laughing in slow motion, like something in a shitty MTV video, Dracula threw handfuls of cocaine in the air. People around him danced and snorted off the floor it was Christmas at Ozzie Osborne's house. He even did a full pirouette before shoving his face right into the three hundred odd kilos of crack; cut to 99 percent purity.

Suddenly a bright light illuminated the VIP section like a mini sun. Dracula winced and stood up, his beard and moustache white with coke. Lifting up his sunglasses, he squinted at the new figure who had arrived.

Stepping towards Lars, a hideous puppet version of Rebecca Sugar eyed the captive boy with a lecherous foam rubber expression. He didn’t even notice Holly grabbing a carving knife out of a roast beef and throw it at vermin.

Puppet Rebecca leered at Lars with her ping pong ball eyes and the boy truly knew fear. Dropping her pants, Puppet Rebecca showed off her felt and wire dick. Dracula just started laughing and threw off his glasses entirely.

She was going to do Lars with her felt dick. The band seemingly sang, channelling Puppet Rebecca’s evil thoughts like she was their omnipotent puppet master.

*I don’t care about your present or your past!*

*I love you as long as your money loves me back!*
Holly ground her teeth. The music was too loud. It was making her gem hurt. The disorder this animal caused was making her gem hurt. The imperfections of the Count’s other henchmen was making her gem hurt. Everything made her gem hurt.

It hadn’t always been like this. It only got this way after the Rose Quartz Rebellion when she’d operated the first generation of Destabilizer cannons. Like a human firing a gun, even a small calibre shot can do permanent hearing damage. On her best days, Holly had constant ringing going on in her gem. On worse days, she wanted to shatter herself to stop the pain.

Two things helped her. One of them was the use of liquid gallium, injected directly into her gem. It had the effect of making her dopey and slow but it stopped the pain and ringing. The other way to help her was to kill things. Back at Pink Diamond’s Zoo, she had nothing to kill and gallium was her only friend.

Here in Castlevania, she killed things nearly all the time. Though it was still always a question of who or what to kill. Nobody in Castlevania had any rights, but knowing who you could kill and who still had use to the Count was a tricky game.

She decided to ask him as Vermin skulked under a table and hid behind the tablecloth. Holly knelt before the Count, who was now fondling up Victoria.

Victoria vomited all over the marble floors, being on the verge of being blackout drunk and further weakened by blood loss. Fang holes in her neck still leaked and she could barely stand as the Count knelt down and mimed the action of licking her ass crack. As the vampire lord continued to laugh and show her off like prime cut of meat, she passed out from extreme alcohol poisoning. Victoria fell into his arms as he noticed Holly.

Who said money can’t buy you happiness?

It’s your fantasy, just give me a call!

Dracula seemed to notice Holly as he carried Victoria bridal style. A flash of annoyance passed
over his face as the blue gem harshed his buzz. One of his eyebrows raised and he pushed up his sunglasses with a free hand. Then like a wisp of smoke in the wind, it was gone and he laughed again. “Holly!” He chuckled as he extended an inhumanly long, forked tongue and started to lick Victoria’s exposed skin.

Holly bowed to her master, “My lord, let me kill the mutant you stole from beach city. She’s ruining your party!”

The master of Castlevania laughed. His tone was too low for a human to hear over the loud music; his words were meant for Holly alone. “I thought you were hard, Holly. I thought you were a killer. Are you scared of Vermin? Scared like a little lost Pearl?”

His tone was playful and his words cut like diamond knives. Holly’s hands clenched and in that moment she considered wiping that fucking smile right off his face. She thought how good it would feel to gouge out his damn eyes and feed him those fucking sunglasses.

Then with a sudden kick, Dracula knocked over a table full of prescription pills and roast meats. A carving knife the size of a scimitar hit the floor, bloody with beef drippings. “I know you’re nothing like Black Agate thinks you are. Prove it to me, Holly.” then without a further word, the Count threw back his head and brayed hysterical laughter; spinning around with Victoria in his arms.

There was no hesitation on Holly’s part, she grabbed the giant carving blade and looked for Vermin. The filthy creature hissed at Holly, spitting up a gem summoned knife. Today Holly would end the mutant.

Swinging, she cut only air where Vermin had been standing. Holly swung, screaming and foaming. Her blade cut a guest in half and showered the area in blood. Instead of running and screaming, the guests got on the ground and started licking up the precious red liquid.

Holly screamed and summoned her whip. Vermin was fast, just out of her line of sight. Blindly she swung her whip and murdered a dozen more guests and chopped a unicorn in half. The lighting around her changed to a shade of crimson and the band began playing a new song.

Suddenly, she felt something stab her in the back. Eye bulging with pain, she did not poof or retreat into her gem. Instead, she swung her whip around where Vermin’s head should have been. Dropping the beef cutting blade, Holly ripped the green dagger from her back.
Sprinting forward, she caught Vermin by the scruff of her dirty burlap dress. She grinned as she prepared to force the handle of her whip through the top of the human mutant’s skull. To keep her leverage on the thrashing dick girl, she put Vermin into a half nelson.

Yet that wasn’t the end of it. Not like it should have been.

A burst of gem energy ran from Vermin’s throat down to her legs. She ran. She ran so fast that it took Holly off guard. The agate was lifted off her feet and taken for a ride.

There was a method to it, Vermin ran into the service corridors of the ballroom; among the places that she knew best. She ran with inhuman speed and strength; nowhere near enough to beat an agate in a straight fight but enough to catch one off guard.

Holly held on, trying to crush Vermin’s throat with her arm. Yet even as she put on the pressure, her face slammed into the top of a doorway and shattered the steel support beam that made up the support. Dazed, she only got her bearings in time to see another door frame made of steel I-beams coming at her. The beam broke in two and blood-analogue gushed from her nose.

Two, three more door flames crashed into Holly’s face and she was starting to look like she’d been beaten down by a whole squad of Citrines. Nose broken, one eye swollen shut and teeth missing, Holly Blue Agate looked like hammered shit.

Vermin and Holly fell to the ground, Vermin gasping for air as Holly finally let her go. Grinding her teeth, Vermin gazed upon Holly with homicidal rage. She’d killed, she’d raped but now it was very much personal. This wasn’t the short sighted anger of a dangerous animal. This was a person with very much the intent and the ability to destroy utterly.

Pouncing on the dazed Agate, Vermin decided to show off her own brand of vengeance. She ignored the ringing sound of the Count’s laughter getting closer as she tore the whip from Holly’s hand. Looping it around her neck, she started to strangle Holly from behind.

Holly bucked like a wild bronco but Vermin forced another burst of gem energy into her arms and hit the agate right in the gem. Holly let out a strangled cry as the core of her being, the center of her soul was struck. The agate saw white light behind her eyes and temporarily lost feeling in her hard light body. Holly fell forward and just managed to land on all fours. She didn’t even notice Vermin rip her panties down.
Her body froze for a few seconds and it was more than Vermin needed. Holly gagged as her whip tightened around her neck. The head of a well used penis start to push against her anus. Grinding her teeth, she tried to buck off Vermin but only ended up breaking the seal of her ass and let the cock in. A keening whine emitted from Holly’s throat as Vermin violated her back door. Her eyes bulged as Vermin claimed her weapon and her ass.

There was a coiling in Holly’s stomach and in her pussy as a rush of pleasure started to take her. No! She couldn't! Not like this! Her body couldn’t betray her like—

“Oh stars!” Holly gasped, shamefully as Vermin forced inch upon inch of herself into the former administrator gem.

The last time someone got her ass like this was Black Agate. She hadn’t been happy when it happened. Blue Diamond got pretty upset and so set her biggest, meanest Agate to punish Holly for what had happened at the Zoo. It looked like the end, right until the Count took her in and poofed Black Agate.

Yet as Vermin mated her like a Pearl in heat, Holly screamed and pushed into it. She’d always had that. Before even the chronic pain from the destabilizer cannons, there had been that. That urge to submit that no Agate should ever feel.

Vermin terrified her. Vermin hurt her. Vermin turned her own strength against her. It made her feel good.

Holly started to cry as she pulled her face into a broken smile; a bloody crescent of masochistic misery and pleasure. One of the beast’s hands reached up into her spiderweb patterned dress and pulled a heavy breast out. The whip uncoiled from Holly’s neck and fell to the ground; Vermin didn’t need it anymore.

Holly panted like a dog as Vermin squeezed her tit and milk analogue squirted out. That was another thing no Agate should do. Lactation was for lesser gems, like Peridots or Rubies. Yet the arousal of her violation was causing her other breast to lactate as well. The front of her dress was wet just as her panties were musky and damp.

Mind very nearly broken, Holly welcomed it when Vermin grabbed her by the air and started to make something that sounded close to laughter. A sort *wuff-wuff* between pelvic thrusts that was just as soulless and cruel as the noise the Count made.
Holly heard his heavy footfalls and saw his fucking ugly neon green sneakers. The Count watched the whole thing, clapping his hands and laughing like this was Laurel and fucking Hardy.

Vermin had gone hips deep into Holly, her cock filling up every bit of Holly like a worthless cum dumpster. She bit down on the agate’s neck, marking her. It was then that Holly Blue Agate knew that she deserved to die and that she didn’t deserve the second chance at life that Count Dracula gave her.

Dracula saw it in her eyes, the moment when Holly broke and gave up all hope. He actually stopped laughing and just beamed with pride, like an artist admiring a sculpture or painting.

Vermin shouted wordlessly as they busted their load into Holly. She was far from done mating, but she was surprised by the blood splatter that struck her in the face.

Dracula wasn’t smiling anymore. A large piece of steel bar was coming out of his eye and through his glasses. He sputtered and mumbled like he was having a stroke. He reached up to rip the steel bar from his skull when something landed on his shoulders.

“Die, scary bad man!” shrieked Jay-10 as she fired her blood drinking tentacle proboscis into the Count’s remaining eye.

The Master of Castlevania howled in agony and tried to rip the vampire zooman off of him. Yet at he did so, she grabbed his face and started pulling. The flesh started to stretch like rubber; it was as though the Count’s devilish handsome face was just a flesh mask and underneath it he was just as hideous as the mutant zooman.

Coming in from the shadows, her companion Wy-6 charged at the count, bloody tears streaming from his eyes. With one great push, the thrust a broken length right into the Count’s heart.

It was like ripping out the power supply from a robot. Dracula just stopped moving. Jay-10 jumped off of him and landed next to W-9.

There was no bending of the limbs. Dracula fell over like a statue, his body creating a thunderous crash in the cramped confines of the service corridor.

Vermin’s jaw dropped and for a moment she even stopped fucking Holly’s asshole. Her master was
Holly saw it too and began to sob and laugh at the same time, unable to process what she was seeing. There was no way her master could be dead.

With the Lord of Castlevania down, the two former zoomans turned mutant vampires began to cry. The scary bad man had hurt them in ways they had never imagined and still couldn’t understand. They’d hoped that after he was dead, the hurting they felt in their hearts would stop but it didn’t. They also hoped that it would bring back all their friends who were now dead but it didn’t. They both still hurt completely and utterly on the inside. They just wanted it to stop.

Everyone was completely lost in that moment.

Then the Count got back up.

Dracula shot up, roaring like a rabid animal. He sprayed snot and saliva everywhere as the volume of his roar shook the entire castle. The flesh mask was askew. On its edges, thousands of tiny cilia tried to reconnect with his true, dead, pale, varicose skin.

He thrust his claws forward and speared the two former zoomans through the abdomen. His claws exploded out their backs, spraying white blood and horsehair worms everywhere. The two screamed in pain, holding hands in what was their end.

“Activate UV lights,” Dracula growled in a tone that would leave Satan himself afraid.

Vermin and holly both shielded their eyes as the hall was flooded with high powered Ultraviolet rays. Jay-10 and Wy-9 gave a final scream of pain, like lost children whose innocence was taken from them.

Vermin rubbed her eyes and pulled out of Holly. Holly clenched her anus, trying to keep every single bit of cum inside her body. Vermin’s cum was precious, after all.

The flash of light only lasted for a second, but such was its intensity that the zoomen were burnt to a crisp. Dracula was completely unaffected. Slamming his hands together, their dead bodies exploded into a cloud of ash. Their ragged clothes fell to the ground, smouldering.
The Count’s muscular chest heaved as he exhaled steam through his nostrils. Like a raging bull, he snorted and trembled. His shattered glasses hung from his face and he ripped the iron bar out of his skull with a quick yank. Just as easily, he ripped the rough stake from his heart.

He laughed and it was almost friendly “Want to see something funny?” he asked and the swooped towards Vermin and ripped out her right eye.

Vermin howled in agony and fell to the ground, leaking blood and optic fluid. The animalistic woman curled up on the ash coated floor.

Holly cringed and bowed before her master, ass bare and face smashed. She said nothing, merely waited for her lord to dole out justice.

Dracula stared into Vermin’s bloody eye as if it would reveal some great truth to him. “I have guests to entertain. You should both leave before I do something really funny.”

They needn’t be told twice. Both fled, scarred and frightened.

Vermin felt so sure of herself. She’d felt so big and mighty. Her master would never let her forget her place. She’d best forget her ambition before it got her killed. She winced as she crawled into a vent and the familiar embrace of darkness. Guided by smell, she could not stop the whimper of pain or the tears from her remaining eye. With any luck, Lotte could help her with her eye.

Holly stumbled, deeper into the maze of the castle. Cum leaked out of her ass and down her legs. She couldn’t even do this right. She still felt unsatisfied, about everything.

Then she walked into a room full of demons. The hellbound creatures feasted on human flesh and they paused to look up at Holly.

Holly grinned as she summoned her whip. Her gem hurt so very much. Worse since Vermin had hit it. She might be a failure, but no matter how you sliced it, she just loved to kill. So for now, she’d send more enemies to hell before she fell.

The Agate laughed a hollow laugh as she lunged at the feeding demons with everything she had.
London, Now,

Parker finished taking a shit when a portal to hell opened up in her bathroom ceiling. “What the fuck!” she screamed as she pressed down on the toilet lever.

The portal screamed with the souls of the damned and sound-fucked Parker’s ears with the symphony of eternal torture. The middle aged literary agent grabbed into the towel rack as the portal began sucking her up. “Oh God!” she screamed as the pull became too strong.

The towel rack tore right off the wall and went with Parker into the fiery pit. The publishing agent screamed and tried pulling up her sweat pants over her ass before she was sucked into Lucifer’s realm.

What greeted her was something worse than Dante’s inferno, something worse than the bullshit she’d learned about in Catholic School, worse than that new Devilman anime on Netflix and worse than being trapped in her step-dad’s fetish dungeon.

Hell was a crappy sprite of a human face from an early nineties video game. Everything around her was made up of hideous, badly rendered impressions of a human face in pain that looked more like a hideous insectoid than anything found on a human being.
The “ouch” face was the walls, it was the ceiling. It was floating around and shooting fireballs at her which were made up of smaller ouch faces. The ouch face was everything, everywhere, even the atoms in the air.

Parker stood frozen in the middle of it. She didn’t what the walls were, what the sky was and what the enemies were. Hell, the entire sky out the “window” next to her was just one stretched out face like the avatar of supreme suffering spread out over a quintillion lightyears.

The noise was deafening and the gravity did its own thing so she was bouncing around like the whole world was a trampoline. Parker’s eyes were starting to bleed and so were her ears from the horrid screaming coming everywhere.

Hell truly isn’t a place. It’s a face.
She would have lost her mind and died there if not for the sudden appearance of a band of adventurers from earth. A forty year old Mabel Pines grinned maniacally as she fired a minigun into a steam of brass armored demons that breathed fire and carried axes.
Likewise a forty year old Dipper Pines fires bolts of magic from his fingers at hermaphroditic pink demons with hot boobs and crab claws. Behind those two crazy kids, Jasper and Amethyst fought off Bill Cipher; who in this story had a giant dick made of rusty razor blades and lemon juice.

“I’m going to fuck you and your fish eating lesbian wife, Tigger!” Bill bellowed at Jasper, turning red. Jasper evaded his energy attack and his giant dick where she spin dashed at the evil triangle and sliced off one of his limbs.

“Fuck you, Cipher,” Jasper shouted over the tortured screams of everlasting damnation, “You’re a dorito shit-stain on Hell’s underpants! I fought Nurglings tougher than you!”

Before Cipher could give a comeback or retaliate, Amethyst used her whip to rip Cipher’s hat off and with summoned another which she used to rip his dick off. Cipher screamed in pain right before Jasper lunged at him and actually used her stem to punch a hole in his one eye.

“Eat it, bitch!” Jasper screamed maniacally. “Have fun being fucked by Tzeentch, Khorne, Nurgle and Slaanesh!” The red dream demon thrashed and flailed as the demons that Dipper and Mabel held off started football tackling him.
Parker watched the whole thing in numb shock. She didn’t even protest as Jasper scooped her up and jumped into the portal with her. Dipper, Mabel and Amethyst jumped through just as the portal closed, leaving Bill to deal with now the Ouch faces as well as a new army of rotted, bloated demons and twisted vulture demons with two heads.
Parker screamed as Jasper landed on top of her toilet and shattered it into a million pieces. “Sorry we fucked up your bathroom,” Jasper apologized to the traumatized woman with bleeding eyes and ears. “But we had to get back from Hell and your shitter just happens to sit very close in terms of dimensional overlap.”

Parker stuttered, “Y-yyou’re E-e-rica’s wife.”

Jasper nodded as her crash helmet vanished, “Yup. I’m sorry to say, but Erica was kidnapped by a powerful vampire lord and taken to his space travelling castle. We fought along the shores of Hell
to find a powerful artifact to let us teleport into his castle and also bring down all his magical
defences.”

Meanwhile, Amethyst started eating the toilet paper roll. She looked over to Dipper and Mabel, who now had turned back into children. “How you doing, little dudes?”

“What year is it!” Dipper cried out in existential horror.

“That was fun!” Mabel gushed, “I never knew how much fun serial murder with a minigun would be!”

Amethyst laughed as she started eating the soap bar by the sink. “Don’t worry dude, it’s only been half an hour here on Earth. Something about time and space, but your bodies are okay and you both did good. I’ll buy you both some pizza when we get back to Gravity Falls.”

Parker couldn’t focus on any of that, not when Erica’s life was at stake. “Wait, she’s alive?”

Jasper glowered, putting Parker down gently. “She is, and I’m prepared to wipe out the fucker who took her.”

Parker wiped away her bloody tears, a look of determination spreading across her crimson face. “Well you’re not doing it without me. Erica has been my friend for over twenty years and I’ll be damned if I let some pasty, Twilight mother fucker drink her blood and piss it into a pot!”

“Welcome to the party,” said Jasper, as Parker’s husband ran upstairs to see what the fuck was going on. “It just might be a one way ticket.”

Omake

Connie Maheswaran was hiding in Dragonstone, where she saw Mellisandre, the lady in red. Holding her breath, Connie peeped out from behind some curtains as Mellisandre started to take her clothes off. The young girl blushed deep red as suddenly she realized her own hidden lesbian feelings.
As Mellisandre got bare ass nude, she took off her necklace---

And transformed into Septon Ray.

“Hehehehe,” Ray chuckled as Connie bit her fist to avoid crying out in horror.
The cost of Redemption

Chapter Summary

This might be the darkest chapter yet. Like they say, the night is darkest before the dawn.

At this point I'm starting to wrap up this story, which has been a huge personal learning experience for me.

Be warned there is non-con in this chapter and some controversial subject matter.

There's also a scene set in Nazi Occupied Sweden, which never happened in history and never happened in Steven Universe because WW2 never happened. So sue me.

The character Josephine belongs to Evilsnotbag, who is a smarter and kinder persona than I'll ever be.

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains non-con, references to incest, references to violence and rape. This chapter also features character death.

Please enjoy, god I hope this doesn't suck and it doesn't turn off my viewers.

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Girl

Chapter Ten: Cost of Redemption

Nazi Occupied Sowenland, 1936

Josephine frowned as she collected a two loaves of bread from the baker. It hurt when so many others had no access to bread, but the baker gave her a kindly smile and set her on her way. In response, she left a few extra coins for the man; maybe that would be some solace.

The young, blonde girl stepped into the streets with her basket. Inside shifted a few dozen eggs, the loaves of fresh baked break and most importantly a dog eared and battered copy of Princess of Mars. Josephine would love to be on Mars right now. Or maybe America. She’d even take up an
igloo on Antarctica if it meant being away from here.

In the streets, people kept their heads down as Nazi conscripts lounged and smoked against the side of the old schoolhouse. The men in their ill fitting and mud stained uniforms scowled and tried to look tough to people who’d already been terrorized by much better armed and trained units of the Wehrmacht.

“Guten Tag, Frauline Brodun,” said one of the guards, nodding to her. His companion repeated the motion, spitting out a cigarette and lighting a new one.

“Hello,” Josephine blurted out quickly and hurried her pace. She was afforded a certain amount of esteem among the occupying force. She hated it and never asked for this but that was how life went. The teenage girl glanced up at the hanging swastika flags on the old schoolhouse. Those things were like bloody rags, stained with the life of the innocent. Worse yet, was the picture of the man shaking hands with the resident Kommandant.

Josephine stopped and stared for a moment at the bow legged man in an overlarge suit urging everyone to Cooperate with the Liberators. The man in the photo plastered not just here but all over the village shared the same distinct chin and nose as Josephine, though she certainly did not share his soulless eyes.

Voices from inside the schoolhouse caught her curious ears and she couldn’t help but be drawn in. Like Alice to the rabbit hole, she did not like what she was finding.

“I want her, I want my sister and you . . . can give her to me,” said the man in front of the desk, wearing an over large suit. The man, same as the one on the propaganda posters grit his teeth and wrung his hands in pleading.

Behind the old teacher’s desk, the Kommandant smoked a pipe and read through a newspaper. “If you want to fuck your sister, Herr Brodun, how is that any of my concern? I’ll you, none of it is my concern.”

Herr Brodun sucked in his breath and clutched at his very fine felt hat. “Herr Kommandant, I’ve given you everything you’ve asked. We’ve purged the village of deviants and subhumans and your army gets grain and alcohol. What I want is to marry my sister, Josephine and you are the highest authority in the land.”
The Kommandant put down his newspaper and looked at the other man with skeptical eyes and fatherly amusement. “You’ve been helpful, Gunther. You’ve given us everything we’ve asked. So don’t fuck it up by asking too much. Your backwoods, sister fucking ways are of no interest to me; I care even less if you stick your bitch of a sister in a wedding dress before you ruin her.”

Gunther swayed on the spot like a man high on his own sensations. Grinning under a large moustache, he deliberately and slowly reached into his front pocket. The Kommandant got a surprise as Gunther dumped on the desk a handful of gold rings, several gold teeth and even antique gold coins. “A personal gift, for you, Herr Kommandant. All yours with no need to ah . . . share or report this.”

The Kommandant raised one eyebrow, “A bribe?” he said with disdain and curiousity.

Gunther flinched at the German officer, which pleased the Kommandant greatly. Reassured of his power of his puppet, the Kommandant licked his fingers and picked up a ring. He smiled warmly as he slipped on a ring with a very fine ruby on it. He appraised the gem within the ring, “Where did you get it?” he asked with a hint of menace.

“It was a generous donation from a few families who were holding out.” Gunther’s words slithered out of his throat with a hint of glee. “The coins I pried from the cold hands of old man Salander. It wasn’t like he needed them; I think they’ll fetch a good price.”

The Kommandant said nothing as Josephine watched and overheard from the nearby window. Her stomach felt full of hot, molten lead and her knees felt weak. It was like she was a stranger watching in Josephine’s body; watching and listening as two men casually talked about buying and selling a woman like she was a piece of holiday ham.

The Kommandant showed all of his teeth in something made all the more horrifying for its passing resemblance to a smile. “Your sister is very nice. All attitude, all skin and bones; but I think you smack her around a little bit, you’ll make a hausfrau of her yet.”

“Will you do it?” asked Gunther, hardly able to contain his sexual desire.

The Kommandant nodded, “I’ll speak to the regional magistrate. Your marriage to your sister Josephine Brodun will be recognized under German and Swedish law. Though I ask but one caveat, I would like to sample your fair sister; make sure she can handle what you have to give.”
“May I watch?” Gunther’s face went red with lust.

“Don’t test my generosity, ever,” the Kommandant growled

Josephine couldn’t watch anymore.

She took off at a run, leaving behind her basket of goods. Gunther always made her uncomfortable. Papa did nothing when he hit her when they were young and he kept doing nothing when Gunther started looking at her with hunger as they both grew older.

The world became a tunnel with only one way ahead and Josephine ran with all her might. Very desperately she wished that she could go to Mars. There she would meet a rugged southern gentleman and go on adventures in the rusty red dunes. They would fight the green hordes and the hybrid vampires who lived in the dark. Mars was a good place because it would be the last place that Gunther and his Nazi friends would ever find her.

She would become a Princess of Mars herself and forget everything she heard, forget this whole stupid occupation and be free forever.

Josephine only stopped running when she noticed how dark it was. She stopped running through the forest and looked up at the darkened sky. Panting and out of breath, she checked the pocket watch her grandmother had given her.

It was now three in the afternoon and it was pitch black outside.

Her jaw dropped when she saw it.

There on the highest hill amidst the old Roman ruins was a castle beyond imagination. A nightmare of twisted, thrusting towers and battlements stabbed into the night sky. Back-lit by some kind of devilish glow, the castle seemed to stand taller than the mountains themselves and challenge the gods.

It was the wings that shook her out of her surprise. Thousand of bats were pouring from the castle and taking to the blackened skies. She screamed as the flying beasts zoomed past her head and their leathers wings struck her face. Josephine threw herself to the ground and tried to shrink down.
When the flying horde had passed she looked up and wished that she hadn’t.

They were small at first, no bigger than the bats.

They grew larger and the beats of their wings heralded the doom of the village.

With a wingspan the size of a small airplane, the hideous, bloodthirsty gargoyle screeched as it flew overhead. A sonic blast rocked Josephine’s eardrums as the monster soared overhead. She wept in fear as another gargoyle flew overhead, carrying in its deadly talons Agnes; one of the prettiest girls in the village.

Josephine froze in fear as she caught in one split second the look of raw animal terror on Agnes’s face as the winged monster took her back to the castle.

More of the monsters flew overhead and Josephine knew she had to run or end up like Agnes. Working her legs she ran to the nearest place she could think to find shelter.

Branches and leaves pelted her face as she sprinted full tilt in the darkness. It was only by extreme familiarity that she found where she was looking for.

Visible in the dim red glare of the castle, an old church loomed. Ivy grew up the sides of the building and moss covered the door. Ravens nested on the roof and glared at her with gleaming eyes. She ignored the carrion birds with their unnatural sight; glaring at her as if to say she would be next.

She started pushing on the church’s old, weather beaten doors. The hinges screeched even as another gargoyle flew overhead with the baker’s wife in its clutches.

The girl threw herself inside the church, breathing in air that smelled ancient. She gasped and panted, choking on the dust of crumbling masonry as a statue of a woman saint with giant, curly hair looked mournfully down on her. The nameless saint, once a pagan goddess, wept for the plight of Josephine in its eternal vigil over this tiny corner of Sowenland.

Screams of captured women and the howl of gargoyles filled the air and permeated the
claustrophobic interior of the church. A small quantity of red light leaked through a stained glass window, turning everything the colour of blood. Helpless, Josephine ran behind the old, rotten podium and clasped her hands over her ears.

She could not however shut out the sound of the doors flying open. She gasped and looked behind her, peeking just from out of sight.

There standing in the doorway of the old, abandoned church was a man.

No.

A beast in the shape of a man.

His eyes gleamed red in the darkness and his fangs spoke of an eater of people. No matter the fine grooming of his beard and moustache or the kingly quality of his clothes; his brass claws and unnatural pallor marked him for what he really was.

Dracula smiled as he glanced at the Christian imagery carved into the doorway and walked in like he owned the place.

Josephine clamped a hand over her mouth, holding her breath.

*Draugr.*

Just like in her grandmother’s tales. A beast of undead kin who prowled the land looking for blood. They would be know by their eyes, their corpse breath and it was even said that their king lived in a castle in the heavens.

She flinched as the stranger smashed open the pagan statue with his bare fist. She nearly gave herself away by screaming. Her eyes stung from the stone dust but she kept quiet even as her lungs burned.

Dracula looked inside the statue of Rose Quartz and grinned. A deep, pink light shone up at him and called to him. He smiled as he picked up the source of the light.
Then he picked up something else, a beautiful, frightened little girl who thought she could hide from him.

Josephine screamed and punched at the Draugr, cursing a blue streak at the beast. He smirked at her efforts before flashing a grin not unlike that of the Kommandant. “Hello little girl, do you want to marry a prince? I can make you a princess, you just have to accept my kiss and I’ll take you away from all this.”

She kicked at Dracula, trying to escape his iron clutches. Tears ran down her face and her words cut off as his hand tightened around her throat. Powerlessly, she was forced to endure his touch upon her as he slipped a shining, glowing piece of pink diamond into his pocket. He took her face and pushed her head to the side, exposing her neck.

His fangs lengthened and he laughed just like Gunther did when he got what he wanted.

Josephine thought this was how she would die. That was until she heard the sound of an actual airplane. A B-52 bomber cut through the night skies, brightening light to a world that had gone mad. The gun turrets shot the gargoyles from the sky. Three of the four engines were one fire where gargoyles had evaded the defences and were tearing the plane apart. The aircraft was on a crash course with the church.

Dracula turned his head to the stained glass window before he could bite Josephine.

CRASH!!!!!!

Everything became a blur as the airplane crashed directly into the church. Josephine cried out as a wooden support beam went flying like a stick in a windstorm and stabbed Dracula through the chest. She screamed as the entire church fell down upon her and the sound of twisted metal and exploding ammunition filled her whole world.

When she woke up she had no idea how long she’d been out for. It could have been months or days or minutes. It was still dark outside with naught but the castle’s evil red glare. The world was still insane and time counted for nothing here.

More terror filled her system as she realized that she’d almost been stabbed in the heart by a fallen piece of airplane. Gasping for breath, she pushed up against the rubble that was covering her.
Grinding her teeth, she shredded the skin on her palms against the burning debris. It was starting to get hot. Most likely airplane fuel was spreading and catching fire.

Josephine Brodun exploded through a heap of burning debris like a magnificent phoenix. She yelled in pain as she sweater caught fire. Dancing through the rubble of the church, she threw it off and started stomping on it, trying to put the fire out. The young girl yelled aloud, “YOU FUCKER!” as she took her aggression out on the smouldering remains of her favourite sweater. “FUCK YOU ALL!” she cried out.

The adrenaline in her system crashed and she fell backwards. Overhead, the body of the bomber loomed. There was no warning when someone inside kicked the door open and caused it to strike Josephine in the face.

Stars lit u in her vision as she got a right book bonk on the head. Josephine looked up at the night(?) sky. Was this was what Elmer Fudd felt like when he got bonked on the head with a mallet? Truth be told, she felt a bit more like Betty Boop in Red hot Mamma. Nothing like a trip to hell to build character, right?

Josephine did the only thing she could to try and get her head straight. She sang.

*Hell’s bells, ringing in my ears!*

*It’s certainly hot, now isn’t that swell!*

*Now somebody’s got, a hold of those bells!*

Someone didn’t like Josephine’s singing, because at that moment somebody grabbed her by the back of the shirt and lifted her into the air.

“Hey!” Josephine protested, “Let me go, you fucking animal!”

That someone spun her around and Josephine was suddenly eye to eye with a six foot tall Nazi countess. With her gleaming monocle and spotless white opera gloves, the Countess looked like she was ready for a night on the town in Wiemar Berlin instead of the middle of hell.

The Nazi Countess eyed Josephine, her aristocratic features twisted with crazed lust. With a smirk, she pulled Josephine close enough to kiss and sniffed her hair deeply. The Countess exhaled as though the smell of a young girl’s fear made her wet. “Meine goddess, you have given me another
virgin to ravage!” Her every word was a testament to her spotty sanity.

“Please,” Josephine begged, “Don’t hurt me. I like boys!”

The Countess laughed. “I will be your best and your last. I will show you my murder weapon! That is what I call my vagina!”

At that moment, a black, female United States Marine jumped out of the bomber’s destroyed cockpit. The marine dug gargoyle teeth out of her huge, muscular bicep as she called out to the Nazi Countess with a strong Brooklyn accent, “Keep it in your pants, Von Karstein! We don’t need you harassing the locals like in Paris.”

Von Karstein scowled and dropped Josephine amidst the debris. “Don’t presume to command one such as me, schweinhund!”

Josephine began to crawl away as the muscular African American woman ambled over to her and helped her up.

“Hey there,” she beamed in a way that suggest she maybe wasn’t an insane rapist. “Name, Billie. Captain Billie Blaschowitz at your service. What a pretty girl like you doing out here anyway? You shouldn’t be hanging out with losers like us.”

She tried to form words but Josephine didn’t know what to say. It wasn’t everyday that her brother tried to buy her like a prostitute only to be nearly bitten by a lecherous draugr and then assaulted by the first half of of a bad joke.

A German and American woman soldier walk into a church . . .

The joke went on because a burly bear of a Russian woman stomped out of the ruined plane, cradling a tripod mounted machine gun and draining the last of a vodka bottle. The Russian woman let out a belch that could wake the dead as she looked around. “Hey, this looks like my third husband’s house, but with less blood.”

Finishing out this terrible joke, a Japanese soldier armed with a sawed off shotgun and a katana walked off the plane. The Japanese woman looked around, her scarred face twisted into an expression of barely contained berserk rage. Her knuckles clenched white around her weapons and
her single eye gleamed in the firelight. “Where is the diamond?” she asked in a growling, seething voice.

“Patience, Sakura!” Von Karstein barked, “Only I can find the location of the pink diamond!” The German woman almost had an orgasm grinding out the name of their objective.

That was when Dracula exploded from the rubble. He ripped the giant support beam from his chest, his yellow fangs dripping drool and his face transformed into that of a hideous, rabid wolf.

“Taste Communist aggression, pig fucker!” the Russian woman bellowed as she unleashed a hail of phosphorous bullets that not only set Dracula on fire but also sent him flying backwards.

The Count shrieked as the hailstorm of gunfire ripped his frame to shreds. One bullet struck his breast pocket and a jagged chunk of glowing pink diamond flew out.

“That’s the ticket, Ludmilla!” Billie whooped with glee as she unslung a Browning Automatic Rifle off her back. The black soldier sprinted to grab the crystal just as a gargoyle swooped down from the sky and took off with her.

Unfazed by the loss of their comrade, the rest of the women soldiers fell upon Dracula and his gargoyle protectors with barbarous cruelty. Ludmilla burned and blasted them with her heavy machine-gun. Sakura blew off the head of one gargoyle with her shotgun while beheading another with her sword; the pitch black blade drank the blood of the Count’s monsters and screamed with lust. Von Karstein laughed like a madwoman as she opened fire with two sub-machine guns.

The gargoyles swarmed to protect their master, only to be ripped apart by the women soldiers.

Josephine bit her lip and tried to crawl through the rubble to safety. She hoped and prayed that nobody would notice her. That everyone would just fight for that one stupid piece of diamond and she could get away with one place. Maybe she could find a home in Antarctica.

Her hopes were dashed as a stray gargoyle landed in front of her. She cried out and tried to run, only for the monster to grab her by the arms and jump back with her. The gargoyle shrieked, only for Von Karstein to shove her guns down the monster’s mouth and empty the clips.

Full of white hot lead, the gargoyle puked up its life blood before falling. “Another dies for your
pleasure, my goddess!” the Nazi woman cackled, giving full throated praise to a deity as merciless as she was.

Dracula jumped upon Josephine, having turned into a creature half raven and half wolf. In one of his twisted limbs was clenched the diamond. With a prehensile hind paw, he took her and was off into the night sky on pitch, ebony wings.

Josephine cried out as she rocketed into the sky and the vampire lord sought to claim a prize for all his troubles. The wind from his massive wings was a hurricane that battered her like a barrage of fists. She thrashed but could not break his iron grip.

Then Billie landed on Dracula’s back.

The Count howled in rage and then pain as the Harlem soldier drove her knife into his eye. Billie reached out and grabbed a long, yellow fang. With unspeakable strength she tore it free from its socket and pushed it through Dracula’s other eyes.

Now like a wounded predator, the Count tried desperately to shake off his enemy and hold onto his prize.

They were flying blind, Billie doing her best to steer this crazy ride by punching the count; each blow striking with the force of a sledge hammer.

Josephine shut her eyes as they flew closer and closer to the castle. She was sure they were going to crash and die. Instead, the rush of breaking glass filled her ears as posh, luxury furniture broke the landing.

The wind was knocked from her body as Billie refused to relent on the merciless undead master. Grabbing a phosphorous grenade, she popped the pin and shoved it into a gaping wound in the Count’s chest. There was a shriek and a flare as the Count was cooked from the inside out. White flame burst from his mouth, ears and eyes. He thrashed like a lizard on the grill, all flailing limbs and inhuman squeals of plain.

A green light illuminated the parlour room as Ludmilla, Sakura and Von Karstein teleported in. The mad Countess grinned as she held a strange box with four different coloured diamonds arranged in unity. “The time has come!” she bellowed into the profane night.
The women charged at the Count, who even now was regenerating from his wounds and near catastrophic tissue damage.

Josephine was so focused on running away that she almost didn’t see it until it was in her face.

The Pink Diamond, the jagged lump of diamond glowed and the glow touched her eyes, her brain and her heart. Suddenly everything ceased to be. All that existed, all that mattered was the pink diamond.

Josephine didn’t even notice as Von Karstein shoved her out of the way. Taking the crystal in her hands, the Prussian woman started howling and screaming like a religious fanatic. “My master! My goddess! Pink Diamond! Make me immortal!” she cried, tears streaming from her eyes, her monocle falling to the floor.

The diamond glowed ever brighter and for a moment, Von Karstein was sure she would receive her reward.

Then the diamond started to float . . . towards Josephine, who watched slack jawed and frozen.

The German woman grew apoplectic, “No! No! You will not take away my ascension! You will not destroy my destiny!”

From her officer’s jacket, Von Karstein produced a Luger pistol and aimed it between the young Swedish girl’s eyes.

Bang!

Josephine jumped awake as the floor started sliding apart. Cogs and wheels ground as the entire room and all the walls were rearranging. Hordes of zombies were swarming to protect their Count as the other three women soldiers held him at bay, hounding him like starving wildcats.

She turned and saw Von Karstein, who’d missed her shot when the floor started opening up between her legs.
There was no hesitation as Josephine pushed the tall German woman. Von Karstein yelped as she lost her balance. Her foot slipped on Josephine’s blood and she fell into the endless dark of Castlevania. The last thing Josephine saw of her were her mad, raging eyes.

She almost missed the crystal, which flew for her throat. Sprinting again on sore legs, Josephine picked a direction and ran.

The din of battle and the roar of gunfire grew distant. A cold sense in her gut developed as she could not shake the pink lighting that followed her.

The floating chunk of shattered diamond was chasing her. This drove her to run faster still. Some animal instinct urged her to avoid the sharp, jagged diamond.

There!

Up ahead!

A door!

The put on a burst of speed as the diamond gave silent chase.

No!

The doors were closing and the sunlight was returning.

It was close, it was so close.

She wasn’t going to make it!

Josephine screamed as she jumped out the castle doors, getting one of her shoes caught on them in the process.
The landing was not kind to her, she broke her leg upon a grassy bank.

But it was daylight out. Her grandmother’s pocket watch said it was a quarter past three. The Castle was gone. So was the Count. So were the women soldiers. So was . . . the pink diamond shard.

Just like that it was all gone. The proof it ever happened was the burning B-52 in the woods by the abandoned church and the fires she could see burning in the village even from here. Josephine didn’t cry out through the pain of her broken leg. She thought of herself as lucky, very lucky.

The Kommandant was dead and the first chance Josephine got, she cut her brother throat with a kitchen knife when he was distracted.

Five years later, the war would end and she would find a man who was not like Gunther, the Kommandant or Dracula. His name was Christopher Brooks, an Englishman who worked for the OSS that went native.

She never stopped hoping that was the last she’d ever see of that Castle or its master again.

---

Mask Island, Now

Jasper lay on the sand of this tropical island and despaired. Everything on this planet felt wrong. Like the opening to the show The Last Airbender everything changed when the Count attacked. Erica was gone and more and more the whole planet felt like it was turning against her.

The big combat gem gritted her teeth as the sand rubbed her skin just the wrong way. Technically she was hardy enough to withstand small nuclear warheads going off in her face but the sand just made her want to jump into the stratosphere to escape it. The food she loved made her want to tear her tongue out and just the act of tasting was a reminder of her defective nature.

Nobody could see her defects, not like Amethyst or Captain Lars’s off colours but Jasper knew that her defects were there. Her defects were always present. She’d just been able to forget about them with Erica t her side and in her bed. The tiny (to her perspective) human had shown the heart of a lion and the personality to make diamonds kneel. When she was around, she just pushed all the bad things to the back. But she wasn’t here anymore.
Jasper was getting tired of it. So very tired. She knew the Crystal Gems loved her. They all did. Even Peridot who she was the least close to admired her and constantly invited to participate in Cosplay events revolving around that shitty Canadian soap opera she loved so much.

Peridot was probably dead, shattered.

Erica was probably dead, drained of blood and thrown aside like so much pointless trash.

Jasper growled like a caged animal and pressed her face into her hands, sitting up on the beach. It wasn’t long ago she washed up on these shores with a cracked gem and nothing but a shark bitten woman to protect her. The woman had no reason to offer Jasper any kindness. Jasper as she’d been would never have done that if their positions were reversed.

That day on the beach could have been the end, a sad, ignominious end but instead it turned into a new beginning. Or maybe it was the start of a new delusion.

Jasper growled again. Her fingernails formed sharp claws and she was tempted to run them over her skin, generate some kind of distraction from the pain within. It was just like the human act of self harm; make an external pain so that the internal pain can be ignored.

Not for the first time Jasper wondered what was the point. She didn’t need self awareness to be a warrior. She did not need self awareness to kill her enemies. She did not need to feel the need for familial bonds in order to be the killing machine that Homeworld had told her she was born to be.

Part of her wondered if this was some kind of elaborate sadism by the diamonds. Create beings with free will and then enslave them for some psychosexual kink. More likely taking away a gem’s free will would compromise their utility; turn her into a shambling zombie useful only as a way to frighten the disobedient.

The pointless philosophy did not help her. Fighting for years in Hell with Mabel and Dipper allowed her to avoid the pain and the defects, just like her love for Erica. She had neither now, only herself. It was getting too hard around the Crystal Gems. It was getting too hard to pretend to be the laugh out loud, boisterous aunt figure they’d all come to know. More and more, the life of the party Jasper she pretended to be felt like a hollow mask; a puppet worked unknowingly by the strings of Erica’s love.

Jasper punched the sand of the beach from self loathing. Erica did not deserve this; did not deserve
a mewling, weak thing to be her mate. Unfortunately, Jasper was not good at lying to herself or others. The strain of acting happy was killing her like a diamond tipped saw; slowly carving off one shard at a time.

The towering gem put her face in her hands and shut her eyes like a child trying to shut out the monsters that live in the closet, under the bed and anywhere outside of a parent’s light. What was even the point of love? What was the point of trying for a child with Erica? Was it something deliberately built into her to make her easier to control? Love had not made her strong, only shown the weaknesses hiding behind the perfect exterior. Love showed Jasper for the fraud and the fake she was; the gem who crowed endlessly about perfection and strength but was as brittle as glass.

The others would be working on the ritual and it would start soon. For Jasper it could never come soon enough. Fighting would help her forget the helplessness and self loathing she felt. Waiting for the fight was torture beyond anything an Agate could dream up.

Footsteps on the sand caught her keen ears and slowly, Jasper dropped her hands just a little. Still hiding from the monsters, but peeping out in case a helpful family figure had come to chase them away.

It as Lazuli.

Lapis Lazuli.

She’d come in her native state, no expensive human clothes to pretty herself up; no fancy designer labels on her person. There was no attempt to hide what she was. Lazuli looked so at peace, so peaceful even. It made Jasper want to puke. Lapis had always been an excellent Liar. Even with Steven, she constantly lied by omission.

Jasper watched behind her hands and Lapis spoke. “You look bad.” she said without judgment. “You look weak.” It was meant to get Jasper angry and it worked.

There was a growl tearing out from Jasper’s throat, a predator’s warning. She dropped her hands fully and felt the sharp claws dig into her palms.

She jumped on Lapis like a tiger on a deer. The blue gem did not resist or cry out. Lapis let out a tiny, cute gasp and looked up at Jasper with her waif eyes. She didn’t even protest beyond a small moan as Jasper ripped her top off.
Phasing away her own clothes, Jasper drooled and growled like something from Doctor Moreau’s fevered imagination. More beast than person, she lifted up Lapis’s skirt and tore off the panties. There was no resistance even though Lapis had an entire ocean to work with.

Jasper did not do foreplay or warning. She forced herself upon Lapis and she liked it. The cry of pain from the blue terraformer was all too real and it felt so fucking good.

The warrior gem let out a throaty laugh as an evil grin plastered her face. The demons of hell had given her the fight of a life; beings of pure wrongness, they knew neither fear nor pity. Lapis gave her something more precious; she gave Jasper a victim.

This was a pleasure Jasper had not tasted in a long time. The joy of hurting something that cannot fight back. Her claws raked across Lapis’s modest chest, marking her and mutilating the blue flesh. The very sight of gem blood caused her to pump her stem harder and faster into Lapis’s port. The terraformer screamed in pain and anguish but she pushed harder onto Jasper’s tool.

It was a joy and it let her forget her helplessness, forget her defects and her sense of self. There was only the desire for violence. This was an ugly act and it wasn’t even an act of revenge. Lapis was just the perfect victim. It could have been done with any gem, or with any human for that matter. The thought of hurting some human, ripping their delicate flesh and crushing their fragile bones only made Jasper harder and made her thrusts into Lapis more frantic.

Their rutting dampened the sand as Jasper panted like a rabid animal, foaming and the mouth and drooling all over her victim. This is what should have happened with Malachite. This is how it should have gone from the start. Instead, Lapis had ground her down, exploited her ego and her hunger for power and raped her over and over until she started to like it.

But that was okay, that was how it was supposed to be. The Diamonds taught that the strong rose, and if they fell it was their own fault and they were owed no help or compassion. They must be crushed and those doing the crushing were blessed with divine power and the promise of riches.

Jasper only stopped when she caught a look at her reflection in the water. The moon was high in the night and it carried the tides in. The sea water came in and through the shifting, distorted surface she got a good look at her own face.

In that split second, Jasper’s superior eyesight, made to enable battlefield success allowed her to see her as she was.
Jasper screamed in fear, her claws retracting and her stem pulling out of Lapis’s torn pussy.

In the water she’d seen *her*. She saw the malicious smile full of teeth and rape, desiring nothing but to gorge her selfish desires no matter the cost, chase the dream of power no matter who ended up getting hurt.

Jasper looked just like Malachite in the water’s surface for that split second. Then again, as bad as Lapis was, she was only half of that damned fusion.

“What are you doing?” Lapis demanded through a split lip and black eye. “Why are you stopping, you stupid brute! Can’t you see I’m giving you my body?”

“What do you want in return?” Jasper demanded, covering her nude form with her clawed hands. “Haven’t you done enough damage?”

“You owe me!” Lapis screamed, water tentacles rising from the sea. “You owe me for everything you’ve taken from me. You took Steven, you took Peridot! You took my chance for a noble death! So you owe me!”

“I owe you what, exactly?” Jasper sneered, “I’ve been in your head! I know you used to be an Aristocrat higher than even Sapphire; it kills you that you can’t get that life back. Steven loved you, but he never would have pandered to your ego like the Diamonds did. If it wasn’t me, you’d have driven him away or harmed him like a jealous spouse. You could live free but you could never live like a Queen. You can’t go back to Homeworld either; Blue Diamond wiped out the Lazuli line when you turned on them.”

“That’s not true!” Lapis shrieked, the water tentacles forming snakes and dragons. “It’s all your fault!”

“It’s my fault the rest of the Lazuli’s tried to negotiate peace with the Crystal Gems and Homeworld, only for you to falsely brand them traitors to boost your own position?” Jasper laughed. “You played Homeworld’s game and you lost. You climbed as high as you were meant to. The shards of the whole Lapis Lazuli line are on your hands!”

“Oh, really, Triumph?” Lapis sneered, “Well who’s going to want you now without Erica? I’m the only one who can even stand being around you! The Crystal Gems are lying! They’re only using
you! Don’t be an idiot!” she began to plead. “Please, Jasper, only I can give you what you want. You want to be big, powerful. I can give you that.”

The water tentacles died down. Lapis crawled on her hands and knees to Jasper. “Let’s be Malachite again. We can be unstoppable. You can kill and rape to your heart’s content. You know you’ll never be loved except by me. Remember after your first battle, Pink Diamond had you shatter the weakest members of the Beta Kindergarten? You killed the only family that would have loved you in order to prove your loyalty. I’m all you have. I’m all you’ll ever have because Erica is dead and you should just give up. It’s only with me you mean anything.”

“I don’t need you, Lapis Lazuli,” Jasper laughed. “I don’t need Malachite either. I don’t hate you, I don’t love you. I just don’t care. In a year, I probably won’t even remember your name. So, thanks for the fuck. It was okay.”

She stood up, phasing her clothes on. Without a word further, Jasper turned and walked away from Lazuli like she hadn’t a care in the world. Like she hadn’t committed adultery on her wife. Like she hadn’t nearly said yes to the offer of being Malachite. Like she hadn’t stooped to the lowest, most sickening version of herself. Like she hadn’t given in to her darkest impulses.

She kept walking, bottling her emotions up. When she reached the Warp pad, Pearl jumped off. “Jasper!” the pale gem cried out, “I’ve been looking everywhere for you! The ritual is almost ready to begin. Sheena and Garnet say everything will be alright and that they have a sacrifice!”

Pearl then cocked her head, “Are you alright?”

“No, I’m not,” Jasper sobbed as she collapsed into Pearl’s arms and started crying. For the first time in her over five thousand years of life, she cried freely and completely. Jasper cried for herself, because of herself and because she was afraid that Erica would never want her back now.

Pearl said nothing, she just hugged Jasper tight. “Don’t hold back, you have nothing to prove or hide.”

And so Jasper cried into Pearl’s shirt, five thousand years of hidden defects and toxic behaviour let go all at once.

She was a monster. She knew it. At least she could be useful and save the woman who’d loved a despicable monster like her.
The Grey place

First there was Grey and it was everywhere. Then there was the City of Ankh-Morpork. We were in a place I’d seen in my head a million times when reading the books of Terry Pratchet; somewhere that a little-girl me had traveled to innumerable times in imagination and playtime. I never thought I’d be here in the flesh . . . was I in the flesh?

It wasn’t strange that I would be here. This was a magical city, on the polluted and dangerous side; full of cosmic and comedic violence. It made sense I would appear here. So did this mean that I was dead?

I had a feeling that I was the one who was grey here. I was the one who was lost, stuck between world and between places. The sky was full of clouds, or was it smoke? I truly couldn’t tell. Painfully, this city was as familiar as the back of my hand and wholly alien.

Devastation and decimation marked the city, as if I’d come in the wake of some unspeakable cataclysm. The Tower of Art had toppled over. The Patrician’s was a crumbling ruin. At least half of the city was on fire and oily, black smoke blotted out the sky.

How many times had I dreamed of seeing the Unseen University, walk along the River Ankh and have strong drinks with Granny Weatherwax? Now here I was, watching my fantasy city of my dreams go up in smoke.

I shed a single solitary tear as I bore witness to it in the center of Pseudopolis Yard. Broken vegetable wagons lay testament to a grave panic; escaping merchants hadn’t even had a chance to take their gold and valuables with them. There were no bodies but that only filled me with more dread; the city was dead and who knew what predators prowled the ashes.

I didn’t hear her footsteps as much as I felt her vibrations through my soul. There was a sense of darkness and malice that tainted everything. I spun around and was ready to defend myself. I wasn’t ready for who I saw and who I needed to defend myself from.

“Rose? Rose Quartz?” I gasped as Steven’s own mother stared me down with an unblinking, empty smile.

“It’s me,” she said, “No matter what name you use. I am what I am.”
“What happened to your stone?” I asked. I’d seen the picture of Rose in Steven’s house. I knew what her gem should look like. “Rose, why is there a diamond on your body?”

Rose looked up and pushed aside her bangs. Her eyes glowed pink and her diamond shaped pupils were bottomless. “You’ve met Ypsilantis?”

I frowned, unwilling to trust Rose, or the being who presented herself as Rose. There was danger everywhere, I could feel it. Ghost or not, my soul was at risk.

“He was the Mad priest of Byzantium,” Rose elaborated, “A human cursed with a memory better than any gem. He was infected by a parasite that ate his soul little from the inside out.” Her sad smile turned rueful. She looked like me when I had the brain cancer, when I tried to lie about how I felt. “I’m not infected with a parasite, I am the parasite.”

“I don’t understand,” I admitted. “What do you want of me? What is this? Will you help me find Jasper?”

Rose cocked her head. She put her hand on my shoulder; her hand felt cold and the gesture felt devoid of sincerity. “I was born from a chip on my mother’s gem. Blue Diamond incubated me in her body until I was fully sentient. White Diamond meant for me to replace my mother, though I hate to call her that.”

The wind changed and smoke filled the alleyway. I could see fire climbing over the buildings. There was a thunderous crash somewhere as fire hollowed out some storied and ancient building. I waited for her to ask my question.

“There were two Pink Diamonds,” Rose informed me, “The First was shattered, The Second faked her shattering to try and end the war. I was destined to shatter my mother, but not end her. Like the fusion experiments, the First Pink Diamond lived on in hideous unlife; where she found the souls of humans could sustain her. If I hadn’t been so blind and stupid, I could have bubbled the shards and prevented this.”

Rose took her hand off of me and crossed her arms. “You were destined to find and fall in love with Jasper. You’ve been guided by her Pink Hand since Mask Island. Pink Diamond is destined to shatter and be reborn on the Wheel of Time, over and over ad infinitude.” She dropped her smile. “I’m sorry you had to be dragged into this. Pink Diamond can never die and can never be reborn; she wants to end it. You and Dracula are the key, but unlike him you have a choice. Fate binds you,
but it can also bend to your will.”

“What do I have to do?” I asked. “Rose, I have a family. I’m begging you, just help me.”

Rose stopped and looked at me. She looked at me with pity, like she knew something awful was going to happen.

“Jasper will come to rescue your mortal body. When that happens, you’ll be given a chance to save her,” Rose elaborated, like some prophet of doom. “If you fail, Jasper will be destroyed; reduced to a husk by an injury she can never recover from. If you save her, you will bring about the end of Castlevania and change the Wheel of Time for Good. You have the power to break the cycle, Erica; you’ll know when, you’ll know how. Vermin will show one moment of weakness; exploit it at all costs.”

I wasn’t satisfied, not by far. Rose had only given me more questions. I knew from Pearl and Steven that she was a gem of many secrets; I just never suspected how horrifying those secrets would be. Like the old priest, she looked down upon me and wanted to use me.

I got another good and horrifying secret when a burning building crashed open; one of the walls just falling off. The bricks passed through us like the phantoms we were. Inside the old stone building yet untouched by the flames, an old woman dangled from a noose. And just like that, my innocence was taken away from me.

Time stopped. Of everything that I’d gone through, this would be what broke me. “Oh my goddess! Did they hang Granny Weatherwax!”

“Yes,” Rose lamented, “I’m so sorry.”

I was beyond consolation. I was fell to my knees as I knew that there was no goodness left in the universe. Granny Weatherwax was dead and I was witness to her remains before they were consumed by fire. “You maniacs!” I screamed, full of raw rage, “Damn you all to hell!” I cursed as I fell to the ground, sobbing.

Rose put a hand on me as I wept bitterly for the last shred of innocence I possessed.

I had nothing left to lose now. I was a dead woman walking and I would have my revenge.
Interlude: Peridot Alone

Chapter Summary

Peridot does battle with Count Dracula.

And wakes up to her own living nightmare.

This was inspired by this picture. https://www.deviantart.com/evilsnotbag/art/Peridot-sketch-772204046

Chapter Notes

Story contains warnings for graphic violence and male nudity. Reader discretion is advised.

Now go to Evilsnotbag's archive because she's a better writer than I am.

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock girl

Interlude 2: Peridot Alone

I Day before the birth of Vermin

I was angry on the internet and no one was angrier than I!

Livid. Furious. Outraged! I was all those things as nobody had ever been on the world wide web, as humans call it. I was browsing Library of Ours online (or LO4 as it’s called) for a quality crop of Camp Pining Hearts fan fictions. I came upon an online friend of Steven’s, The Commander of the Slipper. Whoever this Commander is should be stripped of his rank, quartered and drawn; as the humans once did to insubordinate troops on the battlefield.

This so called Commander of the Slipper (more like Blunder of the Flipper) had dared to besmirch the one true Ship of Pierre x Percy. In his story with its deceptively good grammar and editing, he had gone and desecrated the most precious and innocent of all romances; utterly defecating over the reputation of Camp Pining Hearts itself!
In his story, the campers were grown up and become camp counsellors themselves. An old and well tried trope but one I enjoy. However he crossed a line with his blasphemy; Pierre had grown into a drug dealing extortionist and KKK member between camp counsellor jobs! Even more tragically Percy was portrayed as a pimp who molested underage boys and sold them into sexual slavery for the Russian mob. Worse than worse, Paulette and Percy were Married and that hile Harridan would strangle Percy nearly to death during sex because it made her feel powerful!

The flame war between us was legendary and will be legend among the forums for days. Most recently, the online reprobate had written a chapter in response to my very reasonable and measured criticism. Commander of the Slipper had Percy and Pierre captured by the FBI and sentenced to death by the state.

I could not handle the mental image of my precious Percy and Pierre languishing on death row when it should have been Paulette in their place! Such was the force of my anger that my metal powers generated an electromagnetic pulse that wiped out my hard drive. Clearly such stress was bad for my mental well being. It would be a day or so before Amethyst returned from a training mission with Jasper and I had free time.

Oh Amethyst, oh sweet pudgy quartz with a heart of aureate alloy. Your warm smile and jiggly purple boobs drive me beyond logic and reason. When I am with you, I feel like you are my diamond and I am your Pearl. But please don’t tell Pearl that for I fear she will lord it over me like the insufferable nag that she is.

To pass the time until my beautiful purple princess of war returned, I went to the home of my dear friend Erica; famous writer, warrior, scholar, poet and the owner of the most shiny red nose I had ever seen on a human. Truly she was one of the few beings in this universe who were fit to be called my equal.

Surely she would not mind if I used her bathroom as my own role play setting. With a green towel about my neck I imagined myself as Green Diamond; a wise and powerful leader who ruled with an iron fist and a heart of gold. I had thought that Erica would applaud me for my most creative and thrilling power role play.

Sadly Erica had to urinate and that put an end to my role play; she and Steven both value their privacy. I probably shouldn’t have used her bathroom like that but better to beg forgiveness than ask permission. I spent my entire life begging and grovelling. No more. Erica can kick me out any time but like a rebellious Earth feline I will be forever part of her life and she will be powerless against my charms and cuteness.
Then the sky began to darken, the Earth’s gravity was thrown into flux and the conventional laws of physics were thrown out the window. The Castle on the horizon appeared like an omen of some long forgotten human faith; promising retribution by a bloodthirsty, misogynist god.

My mouth dropped as a strong wind blew away the green towel around my neck. I had heard the rumours. All the Peridots had. The Diamonds ran a very good propaganda network and technicians like myself were routinely shattered for the crime of gossip.

The rumours persisted. Bandits, raiders and rebels attacked every corner of the Gem Empire. Only Homeworld itself was safe from attack. Most dangerous among these threats was a mysterious structure which appeared and disappeared at will; attacking the shipping lanes and even according to some accounts, plundering data from Diamond Data Ships.

There could be no mistaking it. This was the strange moving castle which had reaved, raped and ravaged across the Homeworld Empire. The nightmare of improbably architecture loomed over Beach City like the shadow of a diamond.

For the first time since I spoke personally to Yellow Diamond, I was afraid.

My body shook and my mouth was dry. I was alone and tactically I was the weakest of the Crystal gems. In that moment I wished for Lapis to be back. As far as she’d fallen, she was an old source of comfort for me and her powers were the strongest exhibited by her class of gems.

I wished Amethyst was there as chiropeterans filled the sky. The winged creatures began to form into one being; a human like creature with long cape and groomed beard and moustache.

I wished for Amethyst as the hemophagic animated fossil stared at me; his smirk hiding barbarous cruelty and blind sadism. He looked at me like the agates used to. “Vampire” is what the humans called his kind; creatures birthed from mutagenic toxic waste found in the kindergartens. Yet they should not be sentient, should not be self aware as this creature must be. Something is wrong, something is changed.

He cocked his head like an earth predator tracking a herd animal; like an Agate tracking a slow or disloyal Peridot.

I remember my first solo mission. Everything was flawless, sublime; all factors for mission success were met exceeding all expectations. For my reward, my Agate raped and poofed me because it
made her feel powerful. She looked at me like I was worth less than a plug robonoid.

Just like vampire.

“So, you’re the one who called Yellow Diamond a Clod,” he purred in a mellifluous voice. “And you’re also the one who ruined the cluster.”

“The Cluster?” I sputtered. How could he know of that. That was top secret information, above top secret! Diamond level secret!

“I know that the Cluster imprinted on Rose Quartz like a newborn bird,” the vampire scoffed. He raised one brass coloured claw and pointed an accusing finger at me. “I did not spend the better part of two centuries coaxing the cluster to the surface only for the Diamonds great enemy to snatch it from me. So I think that repayment is in order.”

I trembled before him. “What do you want? I don’t have any money! You’re not touching my meep morps!”

He laughed, just like the Agates used to. “Dues need be repaid, and I think a fair price will be you giving me a lifetime of service. I’ll give you a purpose again and make you more than just a common peridot.”

I trembled, but now with anger. My green fists clenched as I put my legs in a wide stance. Drawing upon the spiritual influence of *The Last Airbender* I would show this impudent vampire the true meaning of metal bending. “I’m not a common Peridot! I am Melon Lord!” I gave a mighty war cry as I picked up a car and threw it at the vampire.

To my shock and disappointment, he turned into mist and the car went right through him. Turning corporeal again, the vampire chortled. “You don’t wish to serve me, fine. I’ll just go into that house and take what I please. I hope there’s a beautiful woman inside.”

He vanished in a flutter of bats and smashed open the side of Erica’s house. I had to do something. Summoning my powers, I tore a car door free and threw it at him. “Eat shit, you clod!” I hollered valiantly at him.

I seemed to have caught the fiend off guard as the car door struck him with enough force to spill
his intestines over his fine shoes. Take that! And take some of this!

I threw another car door at the dulcet toned bloodbag when an energy whip shot out and deflected it. An evil gem stepped forth from the ruins of Erica’s bathroom and growled at me. A Holly Blue Agate, one I recognized as the former head of the human zoo lunged at me. Her impact was tremendous; Jasper herself could hardly have slammed into me harder. Only Garnet’s gauntlets put more force on my hard light form.

Holly’s hands wrapped around my neck and squeezed. The Agate above me grinned snorted like that first Agate on my first mission. “Why is a little era two out here without her limb enhancers?” she laughed.

Something in me broke and green lightning crackled over my body. Ferrous materials from the remains of Erica’s internal combustion vehicle wrapped around my hands. With the strength of the Blind Bandit, I threw Holly off me, brandishing my new iron fists.

Holly blue laughed and cracked her whip again. Oh forget Green Diamond, She would fear me. I would shatter her!

I screamed as my metal powers ripped the sewer pipes from the streets. Holly was knocked back by the explosions of earth and rock. I lost sight of the vampire.

When from behind me I felt his cold, undead hands and saw his cruel grin. He lifted me into the air and landed a ferocious punch to my chest.

I screamed with terror as the force of the blow propelled me past the clouds. Gravity took over from vertical force and my short limbs flailed as the red skies gave way to clouds and the hard surface of this planet shot up at me. The crash was gem shaking but nothing that would shatter me.

Dragging myself up, I felt like a big pile of broken slate. Double vision hampered me as I saw Holly Blue carrying Erica away in her arms. I screamed again. “Leave my friend alone!” With my mind, I ripped a street light from the ruined street and threw it at the agate.

Holly blue hit the ground hard enough to create an impact crater while Erica landed (thankfully) on a neighbour's grassy lawn.
Like a monster in a nightmare, the vampire once more grabbed me from behind. He lifted me and held me by the throat. “Small and defective” he sneered, the mirth gone from his dulcet tones, “The Earth is my kingdom and you should never have come here.”

The rage in me boiled over and electromagnetic force crackled over my skin. I clenched my iron wrapped hands and to my surprise I had the strength of five quartz’s. The iron fists were part of me, part of my body and burning red hot; we had achieved synchronicity. the red hot metal burned the vampire and performed concussive damage at the same time.

He flew backwards, crashing through an abandoned human vehicle called a bus. I was upon him like Amethyst on raw cookie dough. Positioning myself atop the loathsome monster, I began to give him a truly righteous beating. “LEAVE! MY! PLANET!” I roared as my hammer blows of justice turned his head into cooked hamburger.

I took the vampire and tossed him in the air like a rag doll. I threw a punch worthy of the saga of the DragonBall and my iron hands shattered. The vampire went flying into a propane storage vehicle. A truly terrifying and thunderous boom shook the world as the vehicle exploded. Surely the vampire was dead. If not for my impacts then the fires of the liquid burning propane would exhaust his regenerative abilities and trigger a catastrophic cascading cellular failure from his heart to his marrow.

Such was not the case as the vampire stepped out of the fire. He seemed to have transformed to better do battle against me. This was not right. There was no way a vampire should have the necessary physical or magical energy to take such apocalyptic tissue damage and transform so drastically. The standard mathematical models of vampire anatomy and powers did not explain his powers and abilities. He must have more energy than any gem I’d worked with yet.

“My lord Dracula!” screamed Holly Blue Agate.

I threw parts of the propane truck at Holly but the name stuck. “Dracula?” the name was familiar. Garnet had dropped it before, always spoken with rage and a hint of sadness. Had the Vampire of the Travelling castle hounded the Crystal gems as well?

Dracula no longer looked like the dapper chap he pretended to be. Fully nude, his body was disgustingly muscled and covered with hair. I was sickened by the sight of him. His face had transformed into a burning skull with hollow red eyes.

Worst of all was the “flag” he was flying.
Dracula’s penis was fully erect and it was on fire.

The vampire Dracula growled at me before grabbing his flaming member and pointing it at me. To my eternal disgust, he ejaculated fire at me. His burning genetic canon fire flew over my shoulder and turned a tree into blackened dust.

I yelped, finding that a tactical retreat was in order. When an electro whip wrapped around my ankle. The Holly Blue Agate laughed maniacally and in that moment I felt like I was back in Homeworld’s chains.

“Shoot your burning seed on her, lord!” the Agate hooted lustily, drooling and bucking her hips.

I screamed as the vampire Dracula grabbed his phallus and thrust his hips forward. My vision was full fire and the heat was intense—my body poofed

... 

... 

... 

I reformed

“What is your name?” my lord Count Dracula asked me.

“I am Lotte, my count,” I smiled and bowed before my one true master.

“What is your purpose, Lotte?” My Lord gave me a most reassuring smile as he leaned back in his throne. Ah the Count, a true genius of our times and my only reason for existing.

No! I’m Peridot! Not Lotte!
“My purpose is to serve you my lord,” I curtsied to him once more, “I live to serve you in any way I can, even to my dying breath. I will gladly shatter myself if you give the order, my Count.”

He smiled at me and tapped a claw on the throne arm. “That is most good. Now tell me who this woman is, Lotte.”

Erica! Oh Erica!

I smiled and looked at the sedated human before me. “She was test subject your Agate captured on earth, my lord. I will do to her whatever you wish. Do you wish for me to euthanize this test subject, my lord?”

He’s not my lord! I’m nobody’s bitch! I’m not Lotte!

My most brilliant and luminous Dracula smiled and eyed the worthless human. “I see potential in her. Go into my science lab. You will find instructions on how to shape her mind and body. My brides tire me and since the death of my last one, I am in need of a rooster.”

I smiled most widely and beamed. “I think you for this opportunity my Count. I will not let you down.”

No! What are you doing? What am I doing! No!

“I will give you everything you ask and more, my count,” I smiled as the manipulator arms moved from under my dress to grab the human. “I will pour my soul into this.”

Stop it! Leave my friend alone, you clods!

“Excellent,” My Count purred, “Unflinching obedience, perfect servitude; you are the perfect peridot, Lotte. Serve me well and I will let you live. Now go and create a nice beast for my stables, a vermin.”
I have no mouth . . .

And I must scream . . .
I woke up in my jeep, nicknamed Lorelai, after the character from Gilmore girls. I groaned, wiping the sweat from my brow and hating the taste on my mouth. “Fuck, what did I eat?” I asked out loud to nobody in particular.

“Well, you ate seventeen fillet o’ fish at the local fast food restaurant,” Pearl informed me, sitting in the driver’s seat. Her blue eyes sparkled with concern, “You were in the middle of your eighteenth sandwich when you passed out and I carried you to your vehicle and drove you home.”

My cheeks burned with shame and I wanted the earth to swallow me then and there, “Tch-did I puke at all?”

Pearl nodded, her nose bobbing up and down like a bird’s beak. “Definitely, thankfully you only vomited near some shrubbery and nothing of value was lost.”
“Thanks,” I mumbled as I fished around in my pockets for some mints, or gum or something.

Awkward silence filled the inside of the car as I found only an empty pack of gum. It was Pearl who broke the silence, “Erica, I'm not an expert on human psychology but I think you were getting the sad feelz; if my pop culture knowledge is correct. Self destructive behaviour being something I am a bit of an expert at,” she confessed with a hint of shame.

I couldn’t meet Pearl’s blue eyes, she had me dead to rights and I wasn’t sure how to explain it to her.

Moments passed and the pale gem spoke once more. “I feel like something came over you when Jasper and I teamed up to defeat the flesh eating gem monster on Blood Feast Island.”

There it was. What Pearl and Jasper had done. I bit my lip, trying not to show any emotion to Pearl.

“I understand you have reservations about myself and Jasper being close,” Pearl gripped the steering wheel, choosing her words carefully. Overhead, birds sag and the shone like all was right with the world. “In the past, I was the glorious Queen of Jealousy but you have nothing to fear from me. There will be no point where you cry and listen to Jolene by Dolly Parton.”

My eyes watered. Pearl was a personal friend, a battle sister and shield maiden that I would follow into the pits of hell. I owed her honesty ta least. “I'm afraid that Jasper will replace me with you.”

“Well that’s reason—what?” Pearl squawked, “What!”

I sniffed and wiped my watery eyes with my sleeve. “I got knocked the fuck out on that crazy island, you and Jasper wiped out that monster even without fusion. Look, Pearl, you’re basically flawless and I’m just a worn out old woman. Some days I don’t know what Jasper sees in me.”

Pearl put her hand on my shoulder and squeezed gently, “Jasper would not replace you. If she did, then she’s not the gem I believe she is.” She pulled me into a hug, her body warm and weirdly rubbery. It was like hugging a CPR test dummy.
I sniffed, still unable to fully articulate what was eating me.

“Erica, I respect your boundaries,” Pearl released me from her warm, salty hug. “If you have anything you want to tell me, I will hold it in utter confidentiality.”

I looked back at my feet. “Jasper and I tried to conceive again and the pregnancy test came up negative. I’m starting to think I can’t do anything right. Years of smoking and drinking sterilized me and I can’t fight to save Jasper when she really needs me.”

“Well, I don’t ever intend to have offspring like you and Jasper,” Pearl admitted, pulling out chewing gum from her gem and giving it to me. “But I know what it feels like to feel worthless or less than you actually are. Emotions are treacherous things, especially negative ones; they serve a purpose for our mental health but can just as easily undermine our well-being.”

I chewed on the gum to get rid of the taste of fillet o’ fish while Pearl continued.

“You could never be replaced by me because you are a person who has intrinsic value,” Pearl looked at me with light in her eyes. “I could no more replace you than you could replace me. I want you to know that there is nothing I would not tell you in confidence; even with my programming blocking some of my past history from being spoken I hold you as my best friend and true confidant.”

I smiled at her, “Thanks Pearl, you’re a beast champion warrior.”

The pale gem giggled, “Oh you silver tongued rogue, you always know how to make a gem happy. If Jasper hadn’t snapped you up, I would have carried you off. Except I wouldn’t because there’s already a woman in my life and I feel very good about her.”

“That’s great!” I was shocked and excited for my friend, “Pearl, that’s wonderful. I can’t wait to meet this mystery girl.”

The nacreous gem laughed, “Funny you should call her that.”

“Let me ask you something, Pearl,” I asked as I hugged her once more, “What’s your favorite fantasy story?”
Pearl smiled at me, as the sky turned grey. “Oh that’s easy. Lord of the Rings, the original books; those are my favorite stories. It’s also Sheena’s favourite story, but for different reasons; she believes that Frodo and Samwise are romantically involved.”

I laughed, as the trees and flowers began to turn grey.

“Lord of the Rings is a story of generosity.” Pearl started to tear up, she sniffed under the onslaught of emotions. “It’s not some boorish story of barbarian thugs looking for treasure or mates. It’s the story of doing good for the sake of doing good. Not one character has anything to gain personally by destroying the ring and the ring itself can offer riches but can be used for good. Realistically it’s a story about hope where there’s very little to be found. I can relate to that. I’ve gone for so long without hope, I just needed to look for what little of it could be found. And should I shatter, bury my shards in the shire so my spirit can lay under the good green earth.”

Not like the Grey that surrounded us, oppressed us. Closed in on us.

That’s when I saw him.

The Greek priest.

The man with the pink glow in his eyes.

Ypsilentis the Mad. Standing outside of my car, all in grey tones on this sunny day.

To his side, Rose Quartz—or was it diamond? In equal tones of Grey.

I pressed my face to the class of my car as everything froze, everything but me and the two spectres from the grey place.

“It is time,” said Ypsilentis face hard and cruel, “Time to play your part, time to kill your doppelganger.”
“The fall of Castlevania is now,” said Rose, “But the war is just begun. Your children will hold the key to defeating the First Pink Diamond and stopping the destruction of the wheel of time.”

“My kids,” my mouth went dry and my heart raced at the implications.

I felt heat, I smelled smoke.

There was fire as the sky turned blood red. Ypsilentis went up in smoke, his clothes burning and his skin melting off. Rose absorbed the green flames and became a bestial, abhorrent beast like a feral sow.

The skinless man and the off-colour diamond looked upon me.

“Take the last of our magic,” hissed Ypsilentis through bloody, lipless teeth.

“It’s the last you’ll see of us,” Rose gargled, “I hope you live to see your children grow up.”

The world fell apart around me, thousands of mirrors formed me and I saw myself as some kind of animal. I wore some sort of burlap dress and covered my face with a leather rat mask.

I hated what I saw. But even if I smashed every single mirror, there was only one true escape.

“Okay mother fucker!” I snarled at Vermin, “Let’s go to hell together!”

Castlevania, Now

Priyanka woke with a start in the darkness. Crying out, she looked around. Gasping in pain, the mother of one and wife of one pulled up the torn, dirty panties that were hanging around her knees. Terrified and humiliated, Priyanka tried to see where she’d come. “How the fuck did I get here?” she asked to any god that was listening.

Linoleum floors covered in dirt went on around her, while old store windows littered the ground with broken glass. Dusty mannequins boasted styles of clothing that were older than she was. The
gloomy building smelled like decay. She could remember as a college kid when a rat died behind a wall in the dorm; it smelled like death-shit. This place smelled like that but a thousand times worse.

The stench made Priyanka gag and she vomited up bile onto the dusty floor. She tried to crawl away from the heap of human waste and stumbled into a store front display. A large sign hit the floor near her and she yelped, covering her head with her hands.

Opening her eyes, the dust cloud irritated her eyes and nose. A vicious sneezing fit took her. It was many minutes before Priyanka stopped sneezing. In her chest, her heart beat a tattoo into her ribs as she scanned around. Her sneezing left a deathly silence in the . . . department store?

“Bart’s Department Store,” Priyanka read the sign that nearly dropped on her head, “New Year’s Eve Sale . . . Nineteen Sixty-one?” she asked, not able to believe it. Glancing around again, she could see that she was in fact in a department store, straight out of Mad Men. There were jewelry displays, clothing stories and benches to sit on. Everything was covered in dust and grime and the floor was littered with broken glass and garbage. Nearby there were some filthy sleeping mats made of rags as well as rodent skeletons covered in human teeth marks.

The only source of light came from a single trash bin full of burning plastic. Melted mannequin parts smiled balefully as they went up in flame and toxic smoke. The smell made her want to gag and puke but there was nothing left in her stomach. She knew that she really ought to eat, but Priyanka didn’t trust anything around here to be edible.

Covering up her naked chest with her arms, she tried to head for an exit from the department store. It seemed that Castlevania truly had no end and no beginning. A few shuffling steps caused her to trip on something. The thing in question looked to be a human tibia. Priyanka gulped and kept going, knowing that if she stayed in one place for too long that bad things would find her.

Beyond the dim light of the burning plastic fire, Priyanka could see a red glow. “Exit!” she whispered to herself excitedly. She began to pad faster, towards the red exit sign. All she needed to do was head up that broken escalator and—

Something fleshy came crashing down the junk littered escalator and landed at her feet. A dead human body, covered in sores and riddled with disease came to a stop. Stapled to the chest of the person was a sign.

Turn back
Her heart jumped into her throat as Priyanka started running from the emaciated, diseased corpse that was too damaged to tell the gender of. She began to run as much as her bare, bleeding feet would allow. She cried out as she tripped on an old shopping cart. Picking herself up, she moved as fast as she could into the darkness. At random, she took a left turn into a large clothing store. As she moved, surprisingly clean and well maintained mannequins dotted the displays.

The doctor stopped and gasped for breath. There seemed to be no other exit signs, but that didn’t mean there wasn’t an exit to be found. Something made a crinkling noise at her feet. There, she could see and smell it. It was a tin foil wrap of some some kind of mystery meat. Getting down, Priyanka could feel the heat from the half eaten gristle and cartilage. Probably taken by some scavenger from the Count’s kitchen, where his demons were fed.

She bit into the thing and found it flavourful. Too flavourful. Not in a good way. She chewed but could not swallow. The taste of the meat was attacking her tongue, assaulting her taste buds.

Her cheeks bulged as she tried to swallow but couldn’t. It was like her esophagous had shrunk down to the width of a drinking straw. Unable to bear the sensory assault, Priyanka gagged and spat up the food. Panting and gasping for breath, she began to cry.

She missed Doug’s butter chicken. She could remember the taste of it. She remembered family dinners with her daughter and even that Universe boy. She used to protest to Doug that butter chicken was too fatty but he would just smile and convince her that it was better than butter tofu.

And here she was now, reduced to trying to eat mystery meat off the ground.

Priyanka tried to wipe the tears from her face only to see blood on her hand. Gasping, Priyanka touched her face and yes, she was indeed weeping blood. As a medical doctor she knew that haemolacria could be caused by a tumor in the lacrimal glands, or a number of bacterial species.

Looking at her bloody hands, Priyanka was shaken out of her sadness and shock when one of the mannequins stepped off of the display platform. The mannequin casually stepped down and picked up a board with nails sticking out of it. Other mannequins, male and female were also stepping down from their displays and picking up weapons; clubs, fire axes, some of them even had old and dusty church crosses.

The mannequin people began to surround Priyanka with cold, robotic marching. Empty plastic faces looked at her with inhuman emptiness. Cut into the plastic shells, she could make out glassy
eyes and raw, red skin. She trembled like a leaf as the first of the mannequin people raised a chunk of concrete and rebar and made to brain her.

The actions of an angel saved her.

Powerful and beautiful, the wolf came out of the shadows like a dream, banishing the shadows and coming to feast on the blood of the wicked. The magnificent she-wolf clamped its jaws on one of the mannequin people and ripped its body limb from limb. Miraculously, the ivory pelt of the creature avoided so much as a single drop of spraying blood.

Priyanka could only watch with stunned shock as the she-wolf moved faster than a bullet and cast light as bright as day from its golden eyes. The mannequin people lunged at the wolf with mindless, blind hatred. Their flailing attacks and wordless grunts were halted and silenced in short order.

A spray of blood struck Priyanka across the face and like a tree in drought, her body began to absorb the red liquid.

Before her very eyes the white wolf shifted and became an angelic, blonde woman in a white dress. The woman’s almond eyes and high cheekbones gave her a queenly, aristocratic cant that made Priyanka feel suddenly thirsty. In that moment, she wanted nothing more than for the woman in white to take her; to serve her with her hands and mouth and please her queen.

The woman in white looked down at the last of the mannequin people. Grabbing the wretched thing by the front of its shirt, she gave it a mighty head-butt. There was a crunch from the plastic mask and the skull underneath. A hideous, lipless mouth with exposed teeth gave a final clench before falling to the ground.

Priyanka reached for the woman, only to suddenly bend down and drink deeply of the blood on the ground. She began to grovel and pant like a dog as a forked lizard tongue lapped up the red, cooling blood from amidst the garbage and rat droppings.

Standing up, Priyanka looked down at herself, fangs protruding from her upper lip and brass colored claws growing from where her fingernails used to be.

A cold, dead realization overtook her but she still refused to believe what had happened to her.
She screamed as the Count took her on the stones of his dungeon, his face lit with cruel amusement.

Her skin kept absorbing the blood like a sponge but the white woman did not look down at her. To Priyanka’s shock, the woman grabbed her and raised her up.

Tears of blood began to drip down her face as Priyanka looked eye to eye with the tall, aristocratic woman.

“My father has hurt you,” her silver voice was more beautiful than bird song or the chorus of angels. “He has harmed you but you will survive. The curse he has inflicted on you is not stronger than your heart, your will as a woman.”

Her screaming was cut off as his fangs pierced her throat and his jaws held her tight. She started out to black out from blood loss as she saw him open a vein and drip his blood in her mouth.

Like a lost child, Priyanka wept and needed comfort.

The woman in white hugged her tightly, her embrace surprisingly warm and her body soft and motherly beneath her pristine white gown.

Sobbing, Priyanka took notice of the woman’s fangs, golden wolf eyes but human fingernails.

Any port in the storm.

The woman in white spoke, “My father comes for you. His poison has mutated in your veins and you are marked for death. My body and soul are imprisoned but I will be with you before the end. I have almost used the last of my magic.”

Before Priyanka’s eyes, the white woman vanished. Her warmth gone.

“Wait!” Priyanka screamed, before she felt some invisible force tug on her.
Not a moment too soon as the force pulled her out of the way of an axe strike that was aimed at her neck.

She spun around as the owner of the axe pulled from the concrete it was stuck in. Dracula’s eyes glowed red and his bulging, muscular body was pulsing with rage. “Stand still,” he snarled as he swung his giant, two handed Dane axe at his slave.

Priyanka fell backwards as the axe sailed over her face. Crabwalking backwards, she screamed as the axe blade swung into the ground; trying to spit her in half like a game bird. Dracula howled with rage as he swung and struck at the property he deemed defective.

He gave a mighty roar as he swung the axe sideways and utterly demolished a concrete pillar. Two meters of concrete were destroyed in an instant and the air was full of choking dust. Dracula charged through the thick clouds, driven on by blistering rage.

Priyanka turned and ran as the blade of his axe swept over her head and cut off part of her hair. Scanning around for escape, anywhere, she saw a high window over what had once been a food court. Bunching up her legs, she shot into the air and onto a vestibule. Dracula appeared in front of her in a pillar of crimson light. His face contorted with rage as he brought the axe up for another swing.

The woman acted on instinct, as Priyanka launched a high kick at Dracula and broke his axe in two. Her foot screamed with pain as it struck his chest; he was built like the hull of a battleship.

Dracula grunted and fell backwards; enraged, powerful and for the first time, fallible. He seemed stunned that a mere woman had deflected his attack and destroyed one of his shiny new toys. Grunting like a beast, he waved his hand at a wall. A steel pannel slid open and he reached inside. Going in, he produced a gigantic set of turbo charged, high octane chainsaw scissors.

Her eyes widened as she took in Dracula’s double bladed chainsaw, the twin stroke engine powering up and blue flames shooting from the exhaust.

The Count charged at Priyanka like a starving dog doing after yesterday’s Arby’s. Twin chainsaw blades closed above her head and sawed through long dry plumbing. The Turb-chainsaw threw up a galaxy of sparks at it cut through steel pipe and concrete. The noise was satanic, like rape through the ears. The Master of Castlevania laughed as he pulled back his tool for the killing blow.
“Stand still” Dracula spoke directly into Priyanka’s mind. Her limbs went stiff and her body betrayed her. She was infected with his curse, tainted with his blood and mind. She was his to command and his to destroy.

Yet as he approached her, she remembered her life before. Doug’s butter chicken. Connie’s violin concerts. A home. A life. One she would go back to, come hell or high water.

The look of shock on Dracula’s face was writ too large for lies when Priyanka stepped out from under his thrust and raked her claws across his face. The flesh mask he wore hissed and squeaked like a bag of cockroaches. Stunned, he put a hand to his face to cover the hideous monster that lurked under the refined veneer.

The Indian woman had gone running, fleeing into the shadows.

“Go ahead!” Dracula bellowed, as the flesh mask began to knit itself, thin tendrils connecting the sheets of meat. “Hide like a coward! I’ll find you! And when I do I’ll make your precious daughter watch!” He bared his teeth and tossed the saw aside. “Until then, I have plans to set in motion; more important than the life of one cockroach.”

Earth, Now

Jasper slammed the giant hammer into the bell made of warpstone. The gong reverberated not only in sound, but in time, space, hate and fuck. Dressed in ceremonial robes, Jasper wore the skull of the cleric beast like a mask and slammed the ceremonial hammer into the bell once more. The ritual demanded that a gem be shattered at the thirteenth toll of the dread bell of Skavenblight.

Beyond Jasper, dressed in a protective radiation shielded suit, Pearl monitored a super-computer which was monitoring, controlling and protecting the threads of fate and the skeins of time. They were going to basically go out and buttfuck the fabric of reality. Doing so would be the same as poking the Hydra in the eye; there were going to draw in the million and one head of the creature.

Ruby and Sapphire were crucified, their bodies nailed to giant crosses made of selenium; power cables were stabbed into their flesh which fed power into a capacitor that fed into the main super computer.

Sheena led the ritual, reading from the dreaded book itself. The Necronomic seemed to control, take command of her. Bare ass naked, she was clothed in nothing but a coating of the blood of the
wicked and a headdress made of wolf. Like some half crazed shaman, she read from the evil book and bent the forces of the universe to her will. Her eyes had turned pure white, symbols in black danced and shifted across the sclera like code in the matrix.

*Oremus patrum nostrum aeternum est*

Sheena held aloft two wands carved in symbols that called to the power of Chaos and the Four Chaos gods. There could be no going back as Sheena chanted in ancient language the magic words to begin and close the ritual.

Steven wept as Lapis Lazuli stood in chains, the willing sacrifice. Her face was empty and her eyes were cold.

*Oremus mater nostra sanctificas*

“Lapis,” Steven begged, “Say you’re sorry. We will forgive you.”

“I hate you,” she told Steven, “I don’t need you. If I can’t get what I want then I don’t want to live.”

“But on Earth you can be whatever you want!” Steven shouted as Connie hugged him and the sacrificial fire grew. “Anything, you don’t need to be what Homeworld made you!”

*Oremus Venus deus credo in nobilita*

Jasper began to ring the eleventh toll of the bell as Lapis responded. “I can be anything, then I choose not to be.” She stepped back as the twelfth toll rang.

Lapis fell backwards as the dimensional portal opened up. All eyes were wide as the hands and mouths of hell took Lapis Lazuli as their own. She screamed as her eternal torment began and she was sucked in.

“The gates are open!” Sheena screamed in joy, “Get the guns! Start Greg’s Van! This is war!”
At that moment, the moon above turned blood red, up became down and there, there in the twisting labyrinth of unreality was Castlevania.

“I’m coming, Erica,” Jasper whispered under the skull mask, “I’m coming, malamin.”

There was Castlevania, far away in a set of second hand dimensions, in an astral plane that was never meant to die.

The time was now.
Chapter Summary

The Crystal Gems Lay Seige to the Count's Castle.

The Harbinger's of the Apocalypse Arrive.

Castlevania will fall and a Demon World Will rise.

The fate of the Universe hangs in the balance.

Chapter Notes

My life has been super stressful and busy, but this story gave me joy.

Check out Evilsnotbag, she's super talented and amazing as a person.

I only own the four Hellcats, everything else is either Evilsnotbag or Rebecca Sugar.

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Girl

Sweden, Brooks Family Farm

Josephine Brooks knew that she was dying. She was shocked but not surprised. She was old, very old. Having had outlived her husband she knew the meaning of pain; physical pain in her heart was nothing compared to the heartache she’d endured. She knew that she was dying; it was as real as her grey hair. Everything hurt. Everything was slowing down. She was dying and that was no excuse. She had to take care of her great granddaughter Charlotte.

Things with Charlotte were not going well. Her mother and her aunt Erica had gone missing almost a year ago this very day. Outside, heavy rain and lightning tortured the night. The girl was besides herself with grief. Her grief was manifesting as anger but that was better than the sulking and starvation she’d been putting herself through.
“Come and eat, child,” Josephine called to her blood relative; caring for her until the rest of the family could show up and take her in.

“Eat shit and die, you old cunt!” Charlie snapped at her grandmother. Tears splashed down her face and started to wash away the black and white makeup she’d smothered herself with. “you’re not my fucking mother.”

“Keep that up you’ll feel the back of my hand, child,” Josephine gritted her teeth and clenched her cane. “You can say whatever you want to me but get your face washed off and get ready for supper. As long as you’re in my house you will eat.”

Charlie ran up the stairs, “I’m going to eat in my room.” she announced as she stomped upstairs.

“If you are, then watch something other than that damn film,” Josephine yelled back at her.

“I like *The Crow!*” Charlie stomped her foot, tears streaming down her face like a waterfall. “I’m dead inside, just like Eric Draven!”

“So you know that it can’t rain all the time,” Josephine raised an eyebrow, ignoring the pain in her chest that wouldn’t go away no matter how many pills she took. She was nearing her end. Maybe she had three days tops. Josephine would spend her remaining time on this earth taking care of her loved ones. In her many years, she had given and received much love; she would leave this earth with no regrets.

The old woman was taken by surprise when Charlie ran to her and wrapped her into a hug. Nothing need be said as Charlie cried into her apron. The child needed to express her emotions. Her mother and her favourite Aunt had been taken, if what Jasper said was to be believed. According the big orange woman, she was going to rescue Erica and Victoria tonight.

Maybe that was why Charlie was so on edge. Josephine knew all too well what it was like to be about to be rescued. She’d never been more afraid than the night she’d murdered her brother, Gunther and she’d never felt more free since then. It was like men who were rescued from the merciless ocean were never more terrified when help was about to arrive. That fear that help might be taken away at the last minute was too powerful and too fundamental to ignore.

“There, there, Child,” she comforted her sobbing, shaking granddaughter. “go wash that makeup off your face. What are you, some kind of clown?”
Charlie looked up at her, smiling through the tears, “S-sometimes,” she hiccuped. Charlie had been watching *The Crow* on a nonstop loop ever since she arrived on the farm. She’d been quoting the movie so much that even Josephine could recall the most important lines and quotes from it. It seemed to make the girl happy, so why not indulge her a bit?

Charlie walked calmly up to the bathroom to wash her face off. Josephine winced when she thought the girl couldn’t see. Her heart hurt so badly but she didn’t want to tell anyone. She needed to be there for her family. They were the most important thing to her in the entire world, she needed to be there for them. She refused to be stuck in some hospital, full of needles like Edward had done. She didn’t want to linger in some hospital bed while some surgeon coaxed a few more days or weeks of life out of her frail and failing human form.

Josephine was a religious woman and she very much believed in an afterlife. When she passed she would go to the hall of her ancestors and ride with the Valkyries. That was not now and she had dinner to finish preparing. As she began to stir the pot of soup, she noticed that the kitchen clock had stopped ticking; the pendulum stuck in mid swing.

Josephine rolled her eyes, “Piece of shit,” she cursed at the clock. Smacking the wooden frame, it stayed stuck. “I just had you fixed, idiot,” she hissed past her teeth. In response, the clock stayed still. The second hand frozen and the pendulum stuck in place.

Then the lights began to flicker. Josephine groaned, this was all trying her patience. She had soup on the pot and a roast in the oven that was almost due. The last thing she needed was to go out and find out that everything was fine with the breaker and burn the food. She wasn’t afraid to die but damned if Josephine was going to allow dinner to be spoiled. And unlike her reprobate grandson Gerald, she wasn’t going to drive all the way into town to grab fast food.

Ultimately the matter was taken out of her hands as suddenly the gas oven went into overdrive. Jets of fire blasted from the elements and the oven door flew open like a dragon’s maw. The old woman screamed in shock as her shawl was set on fire by the oven’s sudden and extreme meltdown. As she struggled to put out the fire, the lights shut down completely and a red glow took over everything.

Looking up, her eyes widened as a massive, blood pentagram formed on the ceiling. From out of the oven, a burned and blistered hand shot out and grabbed her by the apron. Throwing herself back, she did her best to untie the piece of fabric from around her as a second blistered hand reached for her.

Throwing herself back, Josephine watched in horror as as man she thought long dead crawled from the inside of her oven. Over sixty years later, time had not been kind to the Kommandant. The old
Nazi commander screeched like a wounded animal and spat up blood. Burned by the fires of hell, she could still make out his features as clearly as the day his platoon had arrived to occupy her village.

“Grandma!” Charlie shouted, holding up a fire poker. “Stay there!”

“Don’t move, Charlotte!” Josephine cried out as the horror only grew exponentially. Turned out it was only half of the Kommandant who had been spewed out of the loose anus of hell. Cut in half and stitched together as the waist, was her long dead brother Gunther. Scorched and suffering, rabid and insane, he still wore the same oversized felt hat he’d always done.

The two halves, the Kommandant and Gunther fought like some diseased experiment that was too cruel to die. Until Gunther locked eyes with her. “Whore!” Gunther croaked at her, puking up teeth and blood as he stretched out a hand at her.

It was blind rage that guided her hand, as Josephine grabbed the cast iron skilled hanging over the kitchen island and smashed Gunther in the face as hard as she could with it. The Kommandant grabbed her leg and tried to bite her like a dog, but she kept smashing Gunther over and over right in his stupid face. “Whore! Whore! Whore!?” she shrieked as she felt bones crunch and brains splatter on the kitchen floor. “Where do you get the balls to insult me! You baby raping, incestuous sack of shit!!!” Her eyes bugged out as blind, rabid hate steered her hand and mind.

Gunther began to gibber and gurgle but Josephine would not let up. She screeched in pain as the Kommandant bit down on her leg like a zombie.

Yelling a battle cry, Charlie charged and drove the fire iron through the Kommandant’s eye. “Suck on my salty balls, you Nazi cock smoker!” she yelled like a beast champion warrior. The undead Nazi hell bitch squealed like a stuck pig but charlie only shoved the iron further into his brain and began to twist it around.

The two women fell upon the fiend with barbarous cruelty and righteous hate. The ethical removal of a fascist and a rapist was their gods given duty as women. That much would not be ignored.

The oven went cold and the fires died. Now there was only the giant pentagram. From out of the depth of hell clambered the beasts of the pit. Demons from the depths of hell, once they had been content to torture Gunther and his Nazi but buddy, but now they were seeking fresh souls to destroy.
Josephine was not the slightest bit intimidated by the hell-spawn fiends, as she charged a Blood Thirster of Khorne with only her frying pan. Charlie followed in her grandmother’s footsteps and stabbed a demonette of Slaanesh right in the crotch. The pink half woman, half crab abomination cried out in pleasure and pain as Charlie put all of her loathing and anger into the fire iron. In the light of the pentagram, her tear streaked makeup made her look like one of the beasts of the pit; a Queen of the Umbral realm and the nine circles of Hell.

A mighty howl shook the foundations of the Brooks house as the gateway to hell expanded and further abominations of the pit entered the mortal realm. Yet this widened of the Hell mouth also brought with it new enemies.

A towering figure clad in futuristic power armour ripped the head off of a Khornate Berserker with her bare hands.

A twisted monster from Japanese mythology sliced the demons in two with a sword forged from the very essence of evil.

From out of the floor, a woman with no skin screamed like a newborn baby just under Josephine’s feet. Grabbing her granddaughter, the old woman let the newcomers deal with the demons, just as a towering armoured figure that was half woman and half dog attacked a plague lord of Nurgle with an axe decorated in Soviet motifs.

As she ran, a bloody hand grabbed her by the back of the neck and held her aloft. She’d been in this position before, and those blue eyes were the same as those of . . .

“Von Karstein?” Josephine couldn’t believe it.

“What’s the matter, shatzi?” the former Nazi colonel and Countess hissed through her exposed teeth. “Want to know the secret to how I stay so young!”

“Keep it in your pants, Von Karstein?” came a booming, chuckling voice.

To Josephine’s utter shock, the giant in power armour pressed a button on her gauntlet. The smooth black dome that was their head turned transparent. Inside the helmet was a human head suspended in fluid. The head of the black woman grinned, “Here’s Billie! And hot diggity dog, you’re looking good, girlie. I bet all the fella’s are breaking down your door to ask you to dance.” She laughed merrily as though nothing had happened in the sixty years since Josephine nearly became a victim
of Castlevania.

“What do we do with the girl?” asked Sakura through twisted fangs, like some kind of mutant Kabuki monster. Against her, Charlie raised her fire iron like a sword.

“You try me, you Aku looking mother fucker!” Charlie cursed.

“Forgive the girls, shortstack,” Billie laughed “We’ve been fighting in hell for the last sixty years . . . or was it six thousand? Time is weird down there, but anyway, Blazchowitz is the name. Captain Billie Blazchowitz of the Eighty-Second Airborne Division; and I’m here to get all the patriotic boys and girls to do their duty to uncle Sam and the Universe at large.”

“The fires of Armageddon cannot stop the march of the revolution,” Boomed Ludmilla under her dog shaped helmet that looked like it was actually alive.

The Hellcats who’d once stormed Castlevania encircled Josephine and her great granddaughter. After the rush of hate from killing her brother all over again, she felt tired and cold inside. Her vision was starting to go black around the edges, it was a struggle to stay standing. Her hand trembled and the bloody frying pan felt like it weighed a ton.

The demons prowled around the edges of the hell portal, but even their blackened hearts were chilled by the presence of the four female warriors who’d fought in all quarters, fire and ice, dark and light, time and space. They were the Hunters of Doom for eons had the forces of hell felt the bite of their swords and the blast of their guns. Now, they’d come to recruit.

Amidst the swirling madness of the Hell Mouth, Charlie looked up at Billie Blazchowitz; a human head inside of a suit of power armour forged for a God Emperor in the Forty First Millennium. “I said what do you want, and don’t make me repeat myself!”

Billie got down, getting down to one knee to look the little girl in the eye. Billie ignored Josephine wrap her arms around Charlie, trying to move her away from the living reminders of a terrible past. “Well girl, it’s finally come. The Trumpets are blowing and the world is set to expire. The First and Great Pink Diamond will rise with the help of the Horned Rat and your sweet Auntie Erica is going to birth the child who can save us all.”

“You know my aunt!” Charlie was blown away.
Billie laughed and nodded inside of the head jar she resided in. “Sure as sin, shortstack. Erica brooks has her name carved deep in the Tablets of Hell and the Obsidian Pillars of the Blood Temple. Your mom will rise up to become a slave of the old Gods, sword of Freya, unable to die or to feel. That’s why you need to step up and do your patriotic duty because we have to join them in the final battle of ancient cosmic destiny.”

Charlie tried to step forward, only for the ailing Josephine to try and hold her back. “Lies! All lies, child. I know what you’re thinking but don’t do it.”

“Long ago in the distant future is when the battle will happen,” Sakura purred through her fangs. “You can join us and fight or you can die in fear. If I were you, I’d choose the warrior way.”

“We can become gods,” hissed Von Karstein, “Don’t you want to be a god, leibkin?”

“Join the revolution and get free vodka and tampons!” bellowed Ludmilla, finishing off her shout with a dog like bark.

Charlie was terrified, but she was also tired of feeling helpless. She didn’t want to believe them, didn’t want to trust them. So they looked beyond them and into the great hell portal.

*She saw the fall of the Diamond Authority.*

*She saw the shattering of her Aunt Jasper by the hands of a woman in power armour.*

*She saw the Gods of Old, Freya, Tyr and Sif rise against Nurgle, Khorne, Slaanesh and Tzeentch.*

*She saw Lucifer rise from a world down under, dying and his body being thrown into the cosmic waters.*

Josephine saw her great granddaughter fall into the trap. Her voice escaped her as it became hard to breathe. Her field of vision grew ever more narrow and her legs wobbled beneath her. Falling to her knees, Josephine grabbed Charlie by the shoulder and begged—begged—for her granddaughter's soul and life.
“Don’t,” Josephine gasped, “Please.” Tears streamed down her old, withered cheeks as she tried one last time to convince Charlie not to throw it all away.

Charlie pushed Josephine’s hand off of her. “Sorry, Granny Jo, but I need this,” The little girl dried the last of her tears from her makeup smudged cheeks. These would be her last tears until the end of time. “It’s time for me to stop crying and start fighting. I can rescue my mother and Aunt Erica, I promise, I’ll be back, Granny Jo.”

The little girl stepped away from her dying grandmother and looked Captain Blazchowitz in the eyes. “I’m in, gimme a fucking weapon.”

Billie laughed a great bellowing laugh, “You got big brass ones, short stack. Come with us and we’ll set you up with some goodies. All you need is to bring your love of America and your biggest, hardest, hate boner!”

Josephine fell to the ground as Charlie held Blazchowitz mechanical hand. She reached out one last time, her strength fading her. The last thing Josephine Brooks, once Josephine Brodun, saw in this world—was Charlotte “Charlie” Brooks descending into the depths of hell to fill every demon she met with white hot lead.

__Castlevania, the Count’s Bedroom__

Victoria turned over and puked all over the magnificent silk bed sheets. Her hangover was killing her as Dracula amused himself on a gigantic pipe organ that stretched up for stories and stories. Toccata and Fuge played as the vampire worked over the ivory and ebony keys. “Good Morning, Victoria Dearest,” he purred behind his beard. “It’s wonderful to see you awake and well. You had liver failure during the night so I had to give you an emergency liver transplant.”

“Tch,” Victoria scoffed and threw beer cans and a few vodka bottles from the bed sheets. “Whatever, psycho. Just gimme more to drink.”

Dracula laughed as he continued to work the pipe organ, ignoring Victoria’s splitting headache. “As you wish, my dearest. They do say the best cure for a hangover is to keep drinking, do they not?” He chuckled to himself as Victoria got off the bed and made her way to the bathroom for some extra heavy duty puking.

The Count just leaned back and listened to the wounds of a women in the grip of alcoholism,
puking her guts out; alcoholism which he’d provoked and encouraged at every turn. The sense of control it gave him was better than sex, drugs or rock and roll. The organ music was just a little post coital bliss. Like smoking a cigarette, except he detested smoking and never engaged in such things. In the midst of his gloating, self congratulatory abuse, he heard a beep from his personal computer. Blinking his eyes, the Count activated the viewer. Telepathic images were directly beamed into his mind.

He could see in his mind’s eye, clear as the day and clear as night, the foyer of his castle. A portal opened as his demons and robot Spartans sprung into action. He could see the Spartans move in lock step cybernetic, mechanical precision. He saw the demons move with barely restrained hellborn ferocity. A mere snap of his fingers and that unrepentant wrath would be unleashed. His Mancubus, his Barons of Hell and his Pain Elementals were all standing ready like his dogs of war.

From the hell portal, came a battered and tortured Lapis Lazuli. He laughed as he saw her pitiful state. The rare aristocratic gems were a fine addition to his collection. In fact he had a very nice mirror that this Lapis could power. A very nice mirror indeed. “Erica, dearest, the servants will attend to you, I have serious man’s work to settle.”

Dracula watched in his telepathic view as the Lazuli, the one Steven Universe had once befriended, be surrounded by his troops. At his mere thought, the Robot Spartans moved in to cordon her off from from the ravenous lust of the demons.

All the better, for this was what he’d created his rooster for.

Watching like a Voyeur, Dracula smirked, throwing on a shirt and a cape for himself. He could see Vermin move in amongst the demons and the robot Spartans. He saw her turbid and hard and ready to do what he’d created her to do.

His fangs flashed as he saw Vermin punch Lapis across the face. He cackled like a fiend as his personal animal slapped, beat down and spit on Lapis. The joy he took from the vicarious cruelty was beyond words. Vermin’s member entered Lapis without any warning, all it took was a ripping of panties and oopsies!

Lapis howled in pain and humiliation as Vermin began to rut her like a hound in heat. It was even done doggy style, all the better to reach that cervix destroying action that the Count so loved to see. Around her, the demons and abominations of his court howled with sadism and jealousy.

Lapis was no better or worse than a hundred other sluts Vermin had broken. The Count had built her to be hung, endlessly energetic and above all ,silent. She was fulfilling her mission perfectly.
Lapis’s eyes rolled back in her head as her every sense was torn apart and ripped to shreds from inside. Vermin’s huge womb wrecker went in and out of her like a piston on a jackhammer. Vaginal nerves screaming, Lapis began to drool and froth like a bitch in a kennel.

The force of the fucking was so great that with a great and mighty nutting, Vermin poofed Lapis. The gem fell to the floor and landed in a vast pool of cum. Not satisfied, Vermin screamed and punched out an Imp that had been standing too close to her. Unsatisfied, she lifted up her burlap dress and fingered her butt as she began to jerk off her still stiff tool.

The demons chattered and clambered with hunger as anther burst of splooge washed over Lapis’s stone. At his mental urging, Vermin grabbed the stained, tarnished and destroyed gem and smashed it. Cracks appeared all over Lapis’s gem, just as she’d been reduced to by the end of the gem war. A quick bubbling later, Vermin kept on jerking herself and fingering herself in the presence of an army of demons and robots.

Then it happened.

A flash of light so bright it blinded everything in the entrance of the castle it blinded everything. Dracula screamed as his mind’s eye was filled with a light stronger than every sun in every galaxy combined. In the elevator he occupied, he was thrown backwards with enough force to buckle the gilded walls like tin foil.

In the foyer, the light brought with it electromagnetic and magical disturbances too powerful to be resisted. All across the thousands of thousands of miles of castle, magical wards were erased like pencil and computers went offline with their memories wiped out. Dracula’s robot Spartans went down, electricity flashing from their joints. Their dead mechanical eyes turned red, then yellow and went dark.

A blast of wind threw Vermin off her feet and slammed her into a wall. Once hailed by the Count as his Heavenly Dick Girl, Vermin let out a squeak of pain and collapsed on the floor unconscious.

Darkness engulfed the foyer as the light vanished.

For a split second there was silence and then there was something.

A snap.
A click.

A whoosh.

A flare lit up the Stygian darkness that plunged Castlevania. Every torch, every candle, every glow strip and fusion torch was out. A single flare on a parachute fell and cast light on everything.

Jasper stood on top of Greg Universe’s van. She could have gone in stealthy. She could have cut down a dozen, a hundred demons before any of them knew what was going on.

That wasn’t the plan.

That wasn’t what she wanted.

She wanted a show.

Jasper wanted a big show.

She was going to show them all who ruled this universe.

The Count and his slaves, apostles, imposters, foul fiends and putrid posers would all pay with their lives.

A scream of fury that could shatter steel erupted from Jasper’s throat. Diving down like the asteroid that killed the Dinosaurs, she landed in the middle of the Count’s Demons; taking on an army of hate, metal, flesh, guns, swords and teeth all by herself.

Trapped in his gilded elevator, the Count was terrified as the perfect quartz invaded his realm, scattered his armies and broke down his gates.

Casting his psychic powers out, Dracula could feel that the main computer was offline. All of his
magical defences were down. He had his resources. He still had his tricks. But somehow these invaders had managed to neutralize all of his defences.

All across Castlevania the spell that held the demons in line was broken and when they were not fighting the crystal gems they were fighting one another with barbarous cruelty. In the control Room he could see a pink haired woman and a renegade Pearl. In the dining room he could see a bastard fusion of a ruby and a Sapphire go toe to toe with his stone gargoyles.

“Boo!” shouted a voice behind Dracula.

Spinning around, he could see none other than Parker. “Surprise, mother fucker!” the publisher crowed as she drove a lightsabre through Dracula’s gaping mouth. Twisting it around, Parker sliced off the vampire’s head.

The body began to thrash and flay like a headless chicken. Parker grit her teeth and without any warning, she turned into a flat, two dimensional sprite from a 90’s video game. “Let’s fucking rock and roll!” said Parker in a badly rendered Microsoft DOS voice. With the reflexes of a first person shooter hit scanner, she ducked under Dracula’s flaying limbs.

As his head regenerated, she sliced off his legs with her lightsabre. “You think you got big nuts? After you hurt Erica, I’ll make sure you lose your nuts!”

She drove her lightsabre at him, only for Dracula to turn into mist and escape into the vent.

“Run, you coward!” her digitized voice crowed, “We’re coming for you! There’s no place left to run! It’s time to pay the piper!”

The Gray Place

I woke up and my mask was choking me. Screaming, I got up and ripped it from my face.

Just like that I was free.
I'm not free. Never free. I'm not here because I'm free.

Clenching the mask in my hands, I look at it. It was part of me. It was me until it wasn’t.

Something has changed. Something is different. “Why?” I croak.

Fuck. It hurts to speak. But I can speak. My master never let me speak. I tried to once copy the singing of his brides and I was branded for it. It made him so angry to hear me try to speak.

“Damn it,” I cursed. I grit my teeth. Something was hurting my ears. A sound, a song.

It was playing from an old cassette player. A scratched up old model; a 97 Sony by the label. It played a song I hated so much. “Sometimes, some crimes slip through the cracks!” Came the annoying, sickening tune.

“But these two gum shoes are picking up the slack!”

I didn’t hear any more because I smashed the stereo with my fist. “Shut up!” I screamed. It was joy to express anger, it was pleasure to be heard. “SHUT UP!” I howled louder.

My voice was lost in the endless gray. It was just me and a table full of shit. A broken stereo, some useless books about something called Disc World; I’d burn them for warmth when I got the chance. Useless things.

And something else, the diary of Erica K. Brooks. A child’s diary done up in markers and pencil crayons. I froze at the name. Was this connected to the mysterious Ri-ca I’d heard so much about? Whoever this Erica was, I would kill her. Normally I wanted my victims screaming and alive, but I’d fuck her corpse as way of revenge. I didn’t know what she’d done to me or if she’d done anything to me, but I’d make her suffer one way or another. The reason didn’t matter for me.

Everything was quiet in this grey place. Even my unquenchable lust had died down enough for me to think. I could hear, I could speak and I could think. My master had never let me do any of those
things. I loved what I did but I was not meant to be free.


Dressed up in some kind of blue uniform, she was smiling, she was friendly. She looked just like me.

“My name is Ambrosia,” she smiled, holding out her arms to hug or embrace me. “You’re like me. You’re part of her.”

I clenched my hands. She sounded like me. She wasn’t like me. She was me. The confusion and shock stopped me from ripping out her throat with my teeth.

“You look so tense,” she smiled sweetly, “You look so unhappy and miserable. I know the Count has mistreated you. I know he ripped out one of your eyes and the replacement he gave you hurts you all the time. I know you’re not a bad person, you just had a bad birth.”

“Give me one reason I shouldn’t kill you where you stand?” I snarled, my body sense as I faced down Ambrosia.

“I can help you, Vermin,” Ambrosia smiled. She stepped towards me. She looked so innocent I wanted to puke. “I can please you and massage you and I can give you the penetration you secretly deserve.”

She flashed a cheeky grin and pulled a dick out from under her garments. “Look, we’re dick sisters!” she giggled.

I tried to laugh along with her, but I didn’t know how to laugh and I didn’t want to. I wanted to use her . . . but I hated how she wanted me back. I didn’t want to be wanted. I wanted to be feared.

Her hands were on me, massaging my shoulders. I felt stress I didn’t know I was carrying. Tension, every act of cruelty my master had inflicted upon me. I was melting under Ambrosia’s fingers. Unlike when I raped a bitch, I was vulnerable even as I was taking.
I started to purr against my will.

I would have lost to Ambrosia, if it wasn’t for her

The clouds parted and the gray world turned Pink.

There in the heavens I could see a Castle. A castle beyond anything ever dreamed of. Compared to the Pink Castle in Heaven, Castlevania was a child’s toy set. My master’s grand work was nothing but a sideshow nightmare compared to the divine grandeur of this castle.

I looked up and in the Pink Glow I could see everything I ever wanted.

Looking up at that Castle, my future was set. It gave me something I’d never had before.
Something that Ambrosia couldn’t give me. A dream.

I would kill for my dream.

In the Castle, I would find my every dark desire.

In my master’s pitiful toy castle, I would fuck until my body decayed and my mind went insane. In the Pink Castle, I would conquer worlds of gods and gems.

From the clouds came the pink hand of a goddess. The Goddess who controlled the destiny of women and gems. It was the Goddess who’d created Dracula to be her blunt tool, her dog in the shadows. I was the pet rat of that dog, but I would rise higher than master.

In the light of the Pink Goddess, I could see my dream, I could see the future.

I saw my master, broken and tired running towards the castle. The cobblestone streets were paved with skulls and gem shards. They were not enough. No matter how many people Dracula killed, he would never reach the castle.

Then the Goddess spoke to me.
The End is Near, this is your final chapter, Vermin,

This is your final destination,

The End of Days Draw Near for this World,

Will you Stray from the Path I have guided you on?

Would you turn down my gift of divinity?

Or would you walk as one with Pink Diamond?

I think Ambrosia was talking to me. I think she wanted me to say no.

The Claw of Pink Diamond touched me between the eyes and left a spark of the divine in me.

I smiled, truly smiled and put my hand on Ambrosia. Her body turned to dust where I touched her, my very presence killing her.

She gasped and shed a single tear as she crumbled like a fallen leaf. “St-stop, I don’t feel so good.” She pleaded while she still had a mouth.

“Goodbye, Ambrosia,” I smirked. “you were useful to me while you lived.”

She was gone. Turned to dust. I would not remember this when I woke up from the gray place, but my path to damnation was secure.

I would have my Kingdom, a shining, eternal kingdom all of my own.
I would rise above my master and be the EverChosen of pink Diamond.

“It’s showtime,” I laughed as I returned to the waking world to play my part.
Chapter Summary

The battle ramps up and the stakes are higher than ever
Those who have sown the wind now reap the whirlwind
This is the fall of Castlevania

Chapter Notes

All my love, to every single person who reviews this story.
All my respect and admiration to Evilsnotbag.
Credit to Jarol Tilap. Check him out on deviantart. https://www.deviantart.com/jarol-tilap
And stay classy my friends :)

Chapter Fifteen: The Fall of Castlevania Part 3

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Girl

Castle Foyer, Castlevania, Now
Jasper screamed as she ripped and tore the flesh of the wicked. Imps were ripped asunder by her mighty fists. A bloated, fat Mancubus had its intestines torn out and she even ripped the eye from a Baron of Hell, before tearing the huge demon’s horn and smashing its skull with it. Sprays of blood and viscera covered her; giving her a raw, intense pleasure that she just didn’t get with gems.

True Erica had softened her up quite a bit, but at heart she still enjoyed killing things. On earth she usually made a point to kill at least one thing a day; usually a fly or a cockroach. One time she killed a goose and took a great deal of pleasure in it.

Killing demons was much better. They were creatures who knew nothing of pity or remorse; they were brutal. Jasper was worse.
Rage and pleasure pounded through her system and caused her to cry out as the lunged at a Demonette of Slaanesh and tore its throat out with her teeth. The demonic abomination gave an orgasmic scream before dissolving into slurry.

The demon horde of the Count was too numerous. They were ferocious and while they hated one another they hated Jasper even more. If given a chance they would unleash all the torments upon her.

A candelabra fell, exploding into flames; a spray of burning whale oil scorched the demons and caused them to twist and turn to try and escape the flames. Jasper helped them put out the fire with their own blood.

As much as she enjoyed this, she knew that realistically she could not beat them all. Even if she could beat them all there was something more important than victory; Erica’s safe return was paramount to all. The Demons were at beast a distraction, calling to her darker nature; asking her to forgo the safety of her loved ones and family.

That was not something she could allow.

With boiling blood, Jasper grabbed hold of her own rage and held it like a ravenous beast; with her barbarous cruelty in check she looked up. Amethyst soared overhead, flying in her helicopter form. She yawed and pitched while fighting against the Count’s Flying Gargoyles. Several unlucky creatures were shredded into a fine red mist by her helicopter rotors.

Out from behind her, Amethyst lowered a cable with a long hook on the end. Jasper raised her own hand as the demons swarmed her like ants on a carcass. A flash of light and her hand formed into a grappling gun. With a bang and a flash she attacked to the hook Amethyst was trailing.

Hell Knights, giant, blind beasts who saw with the pure force of their rage grabbed onto Jasper’s ankles and shredded through her adamantine skin.

Growling with fury, Jasper looked upon the beasts who looked like muscled skeletons powered solely by hatred. “Get the fuck off me!” she roared, pulling up one Hell knight and crushing its skull between her thighs; demon brains and skull sprayed all over her. The second Hell Knight took a boot to the face that shattered its skull like an egg.
“Enjoy the scenic route, assholes!” Jasper laughed as Amethyst dropped a tactical nuke out of her storage bay.

A human looking into the nuclear blast would have had their eyes melted before they died. Jasper stared straight into the heart of the atomic blast. The flash of light was the most beautiful artwork to her and the sight of demons turned into radioactive ash was the most beautiful poetry. The wonderful ashes of her enemies pleasured her sense of smell more than Erica’s warm scent ever had!

No.

That wasn’t right.

She must not lose sight.

Love was part and parcel of a quartz. It was what drove them. Made them such effective soldiers.

Revenge stemmed from that.

The limitless walls of Castlevania crumbled and fell. “Hold on!” Amethyst cried out. Gigantic archways taller than the Empire State building crumbled under the reverberations of the nuclear warhead. The mighty cogs and gears shook, and the mighty chains of Castlevania shattered. Fire and mayhem spread everywhere as the Count’s realm fell apart on every single front.

“Take us to him!” shouted Jasper. “Take us to the Count and let’s finish this!”

*Castlevania Engine Room,*

Pearl cried out like an eagle hunting for rabbit as she speared three demons in the heart with her spear. She didn’t stop to pause as she landed a neck breaking kick at another demon’s neck and landed a jaw crushing blow at a third. Like a blender she ground the Count’s minions into a fleshy paste.

By her side, Sheena used her magical whip of fire to destroy her enemies. The slightest touch of the
enchanted whip causing the demons to burn to a cinder. The consecrated magic combined with gem technology showed that her might as a vampire killer was more than a match for the demonic legions of Hell.

A swarm of bats flew at them, only for spinning fiery crosses to shoot out of Sheena’s belt and intercept them. The deadly disease ridden vampire bats were turned into a fine mist by the flaming crosses, which changed course and buried themselves in the back of a hell knight.

Howling, Pearl vaulted over the hulking, armoured demon and drove the point of her spear through its head and out its mouth.

“There it is!” Sheena cried out as the flaming crosses returned to her belt. “Watch my back! I’m going to open the gate!”

The black gate of the engine room was so dark it sucked up light more effectively than a black hole. Behind it, was the very mechanism that allowed the Count to fold time and space and cross galaxies in the blink of an eye. The initial attack had destroyed only the technological defences of the room; there was still great magical power guarding it. Ancient evil which never slept roused itself.

Sheena drew runes of power into the air, symbols of such great strength that they burned themselves onto the fabric of reality itself.

“I’ve got it! Go!” Pearl shouted back. She put her back to Sheena as her loved one faced the black Gate of Castlevania.

Advancing on her was a tidal wave of demonic flesh, led by the Count’s own brides. The three of them were sent here by their master to die. He could always replace them.

The brides were beautiful when Erica met them, a blonde, a brunette and a redhead. Each one had been painstakingly selected for their beauty and then after the fact had their personalities and spirit tortured out of them before they became full on vampire brides. They did not fear death for they were already dead; the truth death would be a release.

Their mouths opened wide with multiple yellowed teeth and their slavering forked tongues tasted the air before them. The mask of beauty gave way to bestial rage and the agony of a chained predator. In this moment as they lunged upon Pearl they very much looked kith and kin to the
wretched subhuman vampires that had once been the zoomans.

In the past Pearl had been full of doubt and hate. She’d never been the dangerous renegade Pearl. She’d never been the one true love of Rose. She’d been nothing but a fraud and a fake.

Now. Here. In this place.

She was Pearl Belmont.

Around Pearl’s right hand, on her ring finger was a simple gold band with a tiny piece of diamond on it.

The blonde swooped down on Pearl with vast bat wings and talons that could cut through steel like butter. The once slave felt the weight of the gold ring around her finger and drew from it like a magic talisman. The Count’s brides were fuelled by pain and desperation. They wanted to die.

Pearl wanted to live.

The Blonde’s slitted eyes widened as the Pearl spit in half from her crown to her crotch. Denied a target, she banked her wings to rise for another strike.

Shape-shifting like an octopus in danger, a third arm thrust out of Pearl’s mushy, salty interior and drove a wooden stake into the attacking vampire’s heart.

Pirouetting and dancing, the bisected Pearl danced out of the way of the redhead who had turned into a monstrous wolf beast.

All at once, her body fused like a roll of dough into a shimmering, shivering serpentine figure. Snake Pearl zipped under the legs of the werewolf bride and sank her own fangs into the throat of the beast.

While the blonde was still crumbling into dust, the Redhead bucked and snarled and bit at the gem based tormentor around her throat. The coils twisted and flipped as Pearl threw her snake body over the top of the red furred wolf.
Her humanoid form returning, Pearl drove her spear through the back of the wolf bride’s skull. As the spear violently burst through the mouth of the slavering, hungry wolf monster, Pearl stabbed her wooden stake into the heart with her foot.

Massive wings sprouted from her back like an arch angel as Pearl soared up towards the vaulted ceiling of the castle. From her wings a hail of feathers like bullets fell and demons by the hundreds were cut down.

There were so many times when Pearl mindlessly threw herself into danger to prove her love. Today she would prove her love by surviving.

Only the brunette was left, turning into a horrifying mass of arms and legs like something shit out of John Carpenter’s worst nightmares. The Brunette shape shifted until she was no more woman left. A monster with fifty arms, twenty legs and fifteen breasts attacked Pearl with that and nearly a dozen mouths.

Shape shifting once more, Pearl’s body dissolved into a twisted mass of chainsaws. Vampire flesh was no match for gem hard light as random body parts were shredded into a thick, red puree. New random heads and hands formed from the mass of regenerating flesh, the brunette turned into a gory, brutal flesh flower with petals of teeth and nails where no such things should grow.

Only the thrust of a stake into her beating heart ended it and caused the mass of limbs and body parts to calcify and crumble.

At the height of her combat prowess, something smashed into Pearl and knocked her into a stone pillar. The momentum shattered the Greek Marble columns like glass and she was only stopped.

Blue hands wrapped around her neck, her field of view filled with a body clad in a spooky maid costume. The spiderweb patterned capelet fluttered in the dank winds of the castle and the face of an agate thrust into hers.

“You are the one who cost me,” She ground out, snot spraying all over her lips. “You cost me the position at the Human Zoo.”

Pearl gurgled as Holly’s powerful thighs wrapped around her body and snapped her ribs before she could shape-shift out of it. Blue blood spurted from her mouth as razor sharp cat claws burst from
Holly Blue Agate’s fingertips.

“Because of you, I was sent to the cement factory,” bloody foam poured from the corners of Holly’s Mouth. The large, psychotic Agate pitched a big erection under her skirt. “Even among renegade Pearls your suffering will be legendary.” She hissed.

_Crack!

Blue blood splashed across Pearl’s face, but this time the blood was that of Holly Blue. Holly’s hands went to her face as she screamed in agony.

Frantically, Holly was trying to shove one of her eyeballs back into her face; which had been ripped out of its socket by a whip strike.

Strike while the iron is hot, Pearl always believed.

Holly screamed even louder when Pearl reached up and tore the dangling eyeball from her cheek. A second crack of a whip tore the thumb and trigger finger from her right hand.

Like a wounded predator, Holly pounced away, hunched down like a hunting dog on the back foot.

“Yo, she bitch,” Sheena smirked, drawing a short sword from her belt. “Let’s go,”

For a moment, Holy was confused. She’d never seen humans as a threat; just stinking meat that would spoil and rot the moment she took her eyes off of them. Then she charged, engaging the one who’d hurt her. Blood poured out of her gory eye hole and her dog like canines were bared.

Sheena was ready.

____________________________________

The Pirate Captain growled as she slashed apart a locked door with her cutlass. “Irish, Assemble!” she shouted.
On Cue, a legion of undead Union Soldiers marched step by step from a seemingly infinite closet. A fireball from an imp incinerated one of the undead soldiers in Civil War Uniforms. They did not react.

Around them, the bodies of Robotic Spartans had been trampled into shattered trash; the curses in the necromomicon had destroyed their programming and rendered them useless.

The Pirate Captain withdrew a flintlock from her belt and unleashed a powerful blast that turned a charging imp into a fine red mist. Raising her sword, she held back her gun as it magically reloaded. “Irish, Clear the Way! Fire at will!”

The legion of musket wielding skeletal soldiers opened up with a volley of laser bullets that destroyed demons and blasted to pieces the giant party room where once hundreds, maybe even thousands of guests had gathered for a party celebrating Dracula.

Greg Universe nearly shit his pants as a laser bullet whizzed past his head and shaved off half of his long, sweet hair. While he sat in the van, his son Steven and Connie formed a duo battling the demon hordes and the newly arrived Irish Civil War Veterans. Laser bullets pinged off of Steven’s shield while Connie screamed and cut off the leg of a Baron of Hell.

The thundering, twenty foot tall demon crashed like a tree but Connie showed no mercy. Swinging her blade mightily; Rose Quartz’s sword entered the mouth of the beast and sliced the top of its head like a hat.

A back swing of her blade bisected a Hell knight and Steven jumped in with his bubble to stop her from being perforated by laser bullets.

Greg could hardly watch any of this as he was just trying to keep his ride in one piece. His van was never made to traverse the infinite horror and madness of the Warp but somehow Pearl and Sheena modified the old Girl to do just that. If there was one thing that Greg didn’t want, it was the Chaos gods to get their slimy eldritch claws on his sweet ride.

Unlike the others he was a warrior or a hero or a vampire killer. He didn’t even have the courage to tell Steven and Connie that on beach City he was providing loads of comfort sex to Doug Maheswaran.

His terror was interrupted by greater terror as skeletal hands grabbed him and ripped him out of his
van. “Guys, help!” Greg cried weakly.

Looming over him, the Pirate Captain made weird and lecherous eyes on him. “Hey son-of-mine, wanna get a taste of a real lady? What if i wasn’t giving you a choice? I’ll just make you undead like me and then fuck you until you love me.” She ran her sword down his chest and sliced through the thin fabric of his tank-top.

“HELP!” Greg’s panic was eleven out of ten.

When the mighty arm of Stevonnie lopped the pirate captain’s head off. The screaming head flew in an arc before being sliced in half like a melon.

“Hold on, Greg,” Stevonnie scooped up Steven’s father, who was trying to cover his chest with his arms. “I got you!”

A protective bubble formed around them as the demons and undead Soldiers temporarily joined forces to attack the Earth defenders. “Are you, okay, dad?” Stevonnie asked as thousands of laser bullets and hundreds of plasma balls thrown by demons launched at them.

“No, but don’t worry about me,” Greg assured as he wept openly. “Let’s save our friends, you got this!”

Then a great booming voice came over the loud speakers. “Welcome to my House!” Dracula’s voice boomed from hidden speakers everywhere. “Enter freely and of your own will! Go safely and leave some of the Happiness you bring!”

“Let out friends go, Dracula!” Stevonnie shouted back as the demons closed on. Worse than anything since the fields of Verdun, the demons and undead soldiers were joined by giant spiders who spat corrosive venom and monsters with no shape. All of them drawn not so much by the Count’s command but by the desire to snuff out the light that was Stevonnie.

The fusion was a beacon of love, light and consent. That itself was anathemous to the demonkind and beasts that stalked the castle.

A seismic shift shook the castle and the ballroom like the coming of Armageddon. On the speakers, the unseen Count laughed. “I see my servants are entertaining you. Please take time to
say hello to Percy and Pierre.”

On cue, an arm larger than Greg’s van burst through a wall and grabbed the bubble that Stevonnie projected. Stevonnie slowed the impact, which would have burst Greg like a tomato.

They were tossed into the middle of a vast gladiatorial arena. Squaring off against them were towering figures of brass and fire who dwarfed even the Barons of Hell.

Percy and Pierre, two Bloodthirsters of Khorne stomped the ground with their cloven hooves. Their every movement made the foundations of the castle shake. Their every bellow and snort was a demand for blood letting. Equal and opposite, the two demons were as brothers; forever at war with one another until a great enough foe gave them the promise of carnage and the glory of slaughter.

“I’m sorry, Greg,” said Stevonnie, bubbling Greg like a gem and in a flash sending him back to earth. “I promise your van will be fine!” they called out.

Holding Rose’s sword, Stevonnie seized up the towering titans of mass murder before them; flexing their bat like wings and brandishing gory axes forged in the fires of hell. “Let’s dance.”

Jasper and Amethyst didn’t mean to stop. It was not in their nature. Family was in their nature and it was even greater than the need to charge and attack. Family was why they stopped. The familiar scent had caught Jasper and she had to take a moment for this.

A figure lay on the simple bed, the sexy night gown barely covering her muscular purple body. Barely visible, thing marionette wires dangled from the infinite blackness of the ceiling and embedded themselves into her body and worse, the gem on her cheek. Her lips pulled back to reveal shark like teeth but the quartz swagger and confidence was gone from her.

“My body is ready for you, mistress Holly,” the voice trembled like a leaf. Fear was clearly etched across her features, too strong for lies or bravado.

Amethyst put her hands over her mouth in horror as Jasper spoke aloud the name of her old Beta Kindergarten mate. “Sharky?”

“Jasper,” whispered Sharky, as her milky, blind eyes widened with horror. “Did Holly capture you
too.” a single tear trailed down her cheek as she lay unmoving. “Please, don’t say that Holly has
done this to you too. Mistress Holly, you promised that you wouldn’t take any more of them. You
promised.” She sobbed.

“I’m not captured,” Jasper gasped, getting on her knees to caress Sharky. “I’m here as part of an
invasion, we’re a rescue force. We’ve shut down that bastard’s defences, his armies are in disarray,
his allies have abandoned him and we’re going to rescue everyone!” Defiance eternal overflowed
in Jasper’s tone as she tried to hold her old battle sister.

Sharky flinched from the touch.

Quartz were by their very nature hungry for touch, always wrestling, always grappling, always
fucking and hugging. For them to fear touch meant that something very, very traumatic had
happened to Sharky.

“Where is Holly?” asked Sharky, her tone as fearful as Jasper’s was defiant.

“Holly will be killed by Pearl and Sheena,” Jasper reassured “We’ll get you out of here. We just
need to get these wires off you.”

At first Sharky said nothing, her body toiled with tension. Only when Jasper stopped touching her
did she speak again. “Holly will punish you. If you free me, she’s going to take Carnelian or
Skinny and make them into her toys. I need to stay here so that Mistress Holly doesn’t hurt them. If
you rescue me you’ll doom them.”

“How long have you been here? What’s wrong with your eyes?” Amethyst asked, finally getting
over the monstrous shock.

“Time doesn’t mean much here,” Sharky whispered. “Holly tortures me every single night. Time
can move slower or faster here. I don’t want to think about it.” She started to tremble as more tears
fell out of her blind eyes. “On the first day, Holly chipped my gem; it took my eyes. She’s a master
at it.”

“We have to get you out of here,” Jasper whispered, her tone becoming warm and maternal. “We’ll
protect the rest of the Beta’s. Nobody else will become Holly’s play thing.”
“Do you swear?” Sharky shivered, laying prone as a toy without anyone to play with her. “Do you swear on your life that Holly will do no harm to my sisters?” Her fear had peaked.

“I promise,” Jasper said solemnly. “On my wife’s life, I will never let harm come to our sisters. Now, how can I get you out of here.”

“You have to shatter me.” Sharky was blunt.

“What, no way, dude!” Amethyst shouted. “We’re not going to kill you.”

“You are so naive,” sadness streaked through every word that Sharky had. “Holly is an Era 1 agate; she knows more about torture than Dracula does. “The wires go through my gem, increasing my agony, my . . . my—my pleasure.” She cracked and sobbed.

The water works didn’t stop, when the sobbing halted the tears kept coming; staining the pillows with their misery. Voice cracking, Sharky showed Jasper and Amethyst just how broken she was. “You’re a warrior, Jasper. You know that dying isn’t the worst thing that can happen.”

“You don’t want to die,” Jasper tried to comfort her friend, resisting with all her might the urge to hug her close. “You just want to end your life as it is now. We can crack you and have Steven repair your gem.”

“So end it now and be done,” Sharky sniffed, “I don’t care if you can bring me back or not. End it. End me. Please.”

Jasper raised a fist. “Be at peace, sister.”

Amethyst shut her eyes. There was a noise like breaking glass and then a sigh of relief. She covered her eyes even when the familiar sounds of a gem being bubbled reached her ears.

She opened her eyes when Jasper grabbed her by the shoulders. “You good?” Jasper asked her battle sister.

“Yeah,” Amethyst replied shakily. “I’m fine. I’m fine. Now let’s get back to the plan.”
She would never forget the sign of relief when Sharky was shattered.

I smiled as Erica kissed my lips and trailed down to my exposed chest. I had always wanted her but didn’t know how to make it work in the context of my marriage. Doug had never been straight in the traditional sense, he made that very clear for a long time. Neither was I but I didn’t have his confidence. Erica had confidence, she had charisma and she knew what she wanted. She wanted me.

Her mouth was skilled and when she pulled up and smiled I found that I melted for that cute dimpled smile and that ruddy nose. “How you doing there?” she was full of sweetness and love, touching upon something in me that I’d always denied. Like some Hallmark workaholic woman, I really did need someone to ravish me and leave me screaming. Erica was that person.

“I’m so in love with you,” I gasped, my face flushed and my nethers soaked with desire.

“So,” she smiled as her rough hands caressed my exposed thighs. “What do you say we play a little game, princess?”

Something about her chutzpah made me a slave to her will. “What kind of game, mistress?” I was willing to play. Doug never much liked bondage one way or another; he could be downright boring at times. Erica was never boring.

“I thought we could play a game of animals,” Erica smiled, but there was something in her eyes. She began to strip off her flannel shirt. From a locked trunk, she produced handcuffs. She didn’t wait for me to say yes before putting them on me.

“We’re all animals,” Erica said, her tone turning hard and cruel. “You’re an animal, I’m an animal. All that really matters is who’s submitting.” Hunger filled her eyes and she stared me down like the cat eyeing a helpless mouse. “Are you going to submit to me, princess?”

“I’m not sure,” The cuffs were too tight.

“What the hell is not sure?” Erica growled. She went into her trunk again, this time with a massive hunting knife. “I’m not sure you get it, princess; I’m not asking you, I’m telling you.”
“Erica, please,” I pleaded with her, “I’m scared. Can we just cuddle, maybe we can talk about this?”

“Talk, talk, talk,” Erica growled, stroking at the long, grotesque member between her legs. “All you ever do is talk. At least when I gave it to you up the ass you leaned into it. Why can’t you just do that again? Am I going to have to rail your ass dry to teach you a lesson?”

“Erica, you’re not yourself,” I shivered as the handcuffs felt tighter. There was no door, no windows, no way out and no way to call for help.

“It’s not Erica,” she snarled, “If you say that name one more time I’m going to cut your head clean off and use the still warm neck hole.”

when she stood up, I was frozen.

The leather rat mask wrapped around her head let me know who—what—I was dealing with.

Vermin held the knife out and put it to my throat. “I’m not like Dracula, I like women not little girls. So I’ll just fuck you and slit Connie’s throat. I’m your only family now. I’m your master.”

Priyanka screamed awake on the pile of rubbish in Castlevania’s disposal levels. Before her, the ethereal woman in white appeared; casting a light which no shadow could banish. The waste disposal reactors were exploding, throwing fire everywhere. “It’s time.” said the woman in white.

“What’s going on!” Priyanka shouted over fire and mayhem.

“Your family and friends are here, Connie is here,” said the woman in white. “My father will try to bend you to his will but you’re stronger than he is.”

“Connie is here!” terror beyond terror gripped Priyanka’s cold vampire heart. “No! She can’t!”

“She is a warrior beyond peer,” the woman in white smiled. “By the way, we’re not formally
introduced. I am Alucard. It is an honour to meet a woman as strong as you, Priyanka.” The woman in white bowed to the dirty, half starved vampire hostage.

Part of her wanted to scream that there were no time for niceties, but part of her was flattered that this beautiful, ghostly woman, this Galadriel lookalike would bow to her.

“Your daughter and Steven Universe will have defeated the twin Bloodthirsters,” said Alucard, her tone wise and solemn. “You must go find Amethyst and Jasper, you will find them in Dracula’s bed chambers after they have discovered where my father has imprisoned my body.”

“How will I find them?” Priyanka begged.

“It is fated,” Alucard said sadly, “The Wheel of Time Goes ever one. Ages come and ages go. We have done this dance many times, but this will be the last time.”

Alucard’s outline began to fade. “Before you go, take this. It will help you on your journey.”

From the vanishing, otherworldly woman, fell a mighty warhammer. Marked with a cross and skull, the warhammer was foreboding and ominous.
When she grabbed it with her deformed vampire hands, Priyanka suddenly felt a rush of power. Crafted in the Forty First millennium by the dwarves, the might warhammer *Ghal Maraz* found a worthy champion in it.

In that moment, woman and warhammer were one.

“Connie, I’m coming,” said Priyanka as she went to find Jasper and Amethyst.
The Fall of Castlevania: Part 4

Chapter Summary

The Beach City Family does battle deep in the heart of Castlevania, Erica discovers a deadly truth and the Homeworld Empire falls.

But the final battle is yet to come.

Chapter Notes

Rated for nudity, violence and Dracula being a transphobic douchebag.

The Ballad of Vermin: Heavenly Cock Girl

Chapter 14: The Fall of Castlevania Part 4

Then

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GlkgmdYxiuM

I smiled and laughed as Jasper walked up nervously to me. “Hey babe,” I laughed and hugged her, breathing in that sweet, spicy smell of hers.

“Hey love,” she said to me, she was sniffing me, even if I hadn’t yet figured out how she did it. But then again gems with eye-stones could still see. So... I don’t know where I was going with this.

“Well, I lost a bet and Amethyst asked if we could sing this song as a duet,” she held up a sheet of paper for me.

I glanced over at it and read out a few lyrics. “The Vow, The Kin, The Rival. A vision violent, vile. These questions three have haunted me since I was but a child.” I smiled at her, beaming. I put down my beer mug on the coffee table. “This song sounds amazing. It’s like something out of Game of Thrones.”

Amethyst began giggling hysterically, laughing into her plate of jumbo nachos.
“What’s she going on about?” I asked.

Jasper rubbed the back of her neck. “Well you’re not wrong, honey. It’s about Game of Thrones. It’s a fan made love song . . . about Cersei and Jamie.”

I blinked. “Say what?”

Jasper leaned back in her chair, embarrassed. “Yeah it’s a fan made song Amethyst found on the internet. I lost a bet when we were playing pinball at funland and now we have to sing the song in front of everyone. So before we start who gets to be Cersei?”

“I’m not Cersei,” I said immediately, “No way I’m being the Queen of Mean. Maybe, maybe I would sing along to some of the songs from Heather’s but there’s no way I’m singing about that old witch. I’ll be Jamie.”

“Hey no way, love of mine,” Jasper pushed forward. “If anyone is going to be Jamie it’s going to be me.”

“Okay hold the phone,” I was outraged. “Who died and made you the Young Lion? I never saw you killing any kings. I would know, I’m your wife.”

“Well I’m definitely Jamie Lannister,” Jasper jabbed a thumb at herself while our house guests looked in to watch our squabble. “I’m the perfect golden warrior and If I had the chance I would probably kill a mad king and I’d be glad about it.”

“And what am I, chopped liver?” I couldn’t believe this stain on my honour. And from my own wife no less. “I’m a powerful warrior and I was totally blonde as a kid. You just want the honour of pounding Brienne of Tarth.”

“That’s ridiculous!” Jasper was aghast, “You’re my only one And besides, Brienne isn’t even gay. You’re just saying that because she’s a beefy lady.”

“Well there’s always head canon,” I threw out my hands. “But I’m no Cersei. I’m a heavy hitter in my own right, not some Disney style Evil Queen who needs her minions to do the dirty work for her
and rides on her father’s coat tails.” I stood up, “Now does that sound like me? Okay love, you’re going to be Cersei and I’m going to be Jamie. And I’ll tell you why you’re Cersei.”

Jasper was about to protest but I cut her off. “Okay, you’re a total femme. You’ve got those sweet, sexy cute little eye brows. Second, you look like a big mean mama bear but you’re also a total sub in the bed and out of the bed. And I take care of you and healed you when you were sick. I’m not saying I wear the pants in this relationship but I am the King Slayer and you can’t deny it. And if you doubt it you can fight me here and now.”

“I love it when you talk that way, Jamie,” Jasper purred. By now Amethyst was full on roaring with laughter and I realized that I’d just argued that I was a deeply conflicted knight who was banging his own sister.

Much as Jasper turned me on, thinking of her as a sister made me want to hurl.

But I had staked my honour upon this and I would hold my honour. “Come to the karaoke station, my queen—oh fuck sakes!” I snapped as soon as I realized the implications of what I just said. “Gods-damn it, Amethyst!” I pointed a finger at her. “You ruined the word queen for me, this won’t be the last you hear of it.”

“Hey E,” she laughed, “Your big bear “Baloo” made a bet with me. She better keep it or else I’m going to have to show everyone your collection of sexy TaleSpin Fanart.”

I glared at her. “You are playing with fire Amethyst. You’re not only crossing my boundaries but you’re disrespecting Rebecca Cunningham. Now, somebody get me another beer, some cheetos and a spot at the microphone.”

“Listen up, motherfuckers!” I announced to the Room, “I am Sir Jamie Lannister, son of Tywin and brother of Tyrion! And this is my sweet, sexy sister, Cersei! Bow, my queen!”

Jasper sheepishly bowed, hiding behind my assertiveness as I did behind my own audacity. I held the microphone to my mouth as Vidalia passed me a fresh beer. “Okay, Queen, let’s do this.”

“Wake up!” Amethyst screamed and slapped Jasper across the face. “Wake the fuck up!”

Jasper growled and pushed the shorty off of her. “What happened to me?” she growled. Sitting up,
she sat in a pool of blood that was not her own.

“A big bitch demon put a spell on you,” Amethyst panicked. “It was an Arch-Vile, like Sheena said! Your ass only survived because of the magic scroll that she gave me.”

“Everything is foreseen in the Necronomicon,” Jasper stood up in the blood of zombies, demons and cyborg zombies. “This changes nothing. We fight, we kill and we claim the ones we love from the one who will suffer more than any other being has ever suffered.”

“Who cares about Dracula! All that matters is that Peri and Erica are safe!” Amethyst screamed.

“And you don’t care about revenge?” Jasper sneered, stepping on the skull of a zombie and splattering brains everywhere.

“I want to rip Dracula’s nuts off just as much as you do, but don’t let your dick do your thinking for you!” Amethyst pleaded. “I know you, this is your weakness. This is how we got to you before you met Erica and beat you.”

“I’m stronger than I was before,” Jasper boasted, ripping a titanium door of its hinges.

“It’s not about strength,” Amethyst pleaded as she ran behind her sister. “It’s about knowing what’s important. If you let this hard on for revenge get to you, you’re going to lose Erica!”

“Watch me,” Jasper grinned with malicious blood greed.

The Quartz got to what she had been searching for. To the outsider it was just a flat sheet of stone, one among many. Striking the wall, it crumbled into pieces. Behind the masonry was a stairwell, winding down and down. Jasper didn’t wait for Amethyst to walk. She spin dashed down the stairs.

The force of the angered Quartz was beyond measure but the next obstacle was more than even her brute might could handle. Crashing through the ominous stone door, she found herself in the very essence of Chaos. The Quartz had driven straight through a gateway to the world of the Chaos gods, the world of the Warp, the Immaterium, the Ocean of Souls, the Gateway between Hell and Earth.
Twisting and falling into the endless madness, Jasper beheld creatures which were not three
dimensional, flesh and blood but of thought and mind. Things which would drive humans mad with
a single glance but only drove her into agonizing fury. The love for Erica steeled her soul, or
whatever gems had that passed for a soul; the thing which White Diamond refused to remove for
one reason or another.

It was like being inside of a tornado which lasted for infinity and was smaller than an electron. The
secrets of the universe were laid bare before her and the dragon was reborn. The predators of the
warp charged her and rather than fists she used her mind to crush the creatures. Much as she’d
crushed the demons of Dracula’s castle she fought the warp spawn with her mind.

She fought forever and she fought for a negative amount of time, all of time and none at all. Jasper
could have been there forever when she saw something solid and tangible. A decrepit wooden ship,
foiling the flag of House Targaryen sailed through the currents of the warp.

Repelling attacks on her mind and heart, Jasper fought creatures whose teeth were doubt and whose
hunger was a dark mirror of her deepest lusts and desires. Fists made of hate and claws made of
cruelty struck at her and attempted to unsoul her and reduce her to the state of the first primordial
gems from before the diamonds. Jasper resisted every last one of them.

In the swirling maelstrom she alone was strong enough to weather the storm. She was the kelp
which survives the pounding waves that reduces the mighty stones to dust. She was the constant in
a swirling haze of unchained predators.

The rotted wooden decking of the ship was a relief to her, for she could take one bare iota of joy in
something tangible. It was there that she saw the Captain of the vessel.

Hunched over the ship’s helm, she spun the handles to and fro in ways which mirrored the random
madness of the warp. The non-winds blasted her dyed black hair, blonde roots peaking up from her
oily scalp. Face obscured behind white and black grease paint; her clown visage took a look at the
sheer torment of the warp with utter joy and cheerfulness.

She stood straight and took her hands off the helm. Her bloodshot, darkened eyes stared straight
into Jasper’s with the purest, most innocent and mad joy. “Tell me if you’ve heard this one!” She
laughed, “Jesus goes up to an inn and hands the innkeeper three nails and says can you put me up
for the night!” The braying, hysterical laughter put Jasper on edge.
The Quartz summoned her crash helmet to defeat this foe. “Name yourself, or die by my hand!” She roared over the storm of the warp.

Nameless things were starting to crawl over the railing of the ship, the Targaryen flag twisting and torn to shreds. Beasts of the Outer Gods, things from Satan’s Hordes and beast of all Six Hundred and Sixty Six Umbral plains approached Jasper and the woman.

“For me it’s been six hundred years since we last met, but for you it’s only been a few days,” said the mad woman. “But if you need any hints, my favourite movie is the Crow. It’s nice to see you again.”

Jasper stomped the deck like a bull about to charge. “You’re trying my patience!”

the woman laughed as she unslung a guitar from her back. The edges of the electric tool hummed with pure metal and the power of music. She gazed lovingly at the tool and swung it like a mighty battle axe. The force of music caused one of the warp horror to explode into fragments of thought. It was blasted into oblivion and the other horrors clawing at the ship paused their attack for a second or a millennium.

Sadness came over the woman’s face as she stared back into Jasper’s eyes, now a crying clown instead of a killer clown. “I have changed that much, haven’t I? I guess I’m the dark Peter Pan in a dark fairy tale. I never grew up but I changed.” A single tear ran down her grease painted cheek and formed a ink splotch in the shape of a broken heart. “I haven’t seen you in so long, I thought you’d know me. They didn’t mention this when I sold my soul in exchange for eternal victory.”

As Jasper prepared to charge, the woman got down on her knees. “The price of eternal victory is perpetual torment. They made it very clear but there’s a vast gulf between knowing and understanding.” She raised her arms up in pleading. “Auntie Jasper, don’t you recognize me?”

“Charlie,” Jasper stopped herself from feeling the pity and horror that threatened to break her armour. “Don’t try to trick me! Your devilry has no power over me!”

She lowered her head as fresh tears of blood and of ink fell upon the deck of the ship. “I’ve felt my atoms be torn to piece and blasted into wind. I’ve felt acid, bullets, bombs, axes and lightsabres. But nothing hurts like this.” She raised her head once more, the crying clown in permeate despair. “I’ve killed so many people; human, gem and demon. I’ve taken so many lives, killed more than Hitler or Genghis Khan combined.” A wolfish curl and a flash of teeth broke through her grief, “And I love it.”
The madness started to come over Charlie once more. Born of despair, hopelessness and the sheer crushing lack of love. “Right now, the only thing I love is hate. Killing is my only pleasure and violence is my religion.”

Something breached the ethereal waters of the warp, a killer whale to the sharks of the twisted world. A corrupted, monstrous, pink version of Steven universe. The twisted, demented, blood-thirsting demon raised a fist to shatter Jasper.

Charlie reacted.

Her guitar was her sword and her bloodlust was her armor; for she was one of the Hellcats, a hell walker who passed through the veil of darkness as none but demonkind had before. Against the monster Steven she was the unchained predator who sought retribution in all quarters. With a swipe of her weapon, the monster Steven lost an arm.

Jasper gasped in shock as she could clearly make out Steven’s features amidst its agony; despite its horns, fangs and claws she could see the boy who’d become her second in command and almost a surrogate son. Drawn from a dark and twisted timeline, Jasper saw not only it but its timeline.

She saw herself, alone, twisted, hurt and destroyed. She saw herself shattered by the beast.

And she faltered.

The shock of her life . . . without Erica was more than she could bear. Like many a veteran soldier, she froze in the moment when it counted most.

Monster Steven seized on her with furious anger and venomous hatred; bitterness and burning greed drove the thing to shatter her once more.

Charlie was done playing around. The edge of her guitar burst through the thing’s belly and spilled its guts all over the deck. Monster Steven began to scream for mercy but Charlie rend and tore; feasting on the blood of her enemy and feeding on his soul as well.

Jasper stood in awe of Charlie’s power, ferocity and focus. She was truly one who knew nothing
but violence and pain. In the high of carnage and slaughter, in the mayhem of demons and fire she alone could see the crippling loneliness of her niece.

Charlie looked up at Jasper as she finished sucking down a chunk of intestine like it was spaghetti, “Don’t cry for me, Aunt Jasper. You’ll get your happy ending. The Curse that Pink Diamond has put on you is broken. Your children will thrive and grow strong. Your children are the ones chose, cursed to end the apocalypse for the last time.”

Without a head, Monster Steven twitched violently, screaming without a mouth; this abomination summoned by the four powers of chaos had some fight left in it. Charlie dodged its every random blow. Yet its masters would not allow this to be the end. The monster grew in size like a pink tumour and the ship began to tilt.

“Charlie!” Jasper screamed as she lost footing. “Charlie!”

Charlie looked at Jasper for the last time, no more tears to shed but the sadness remained. “And I have a warning. Just as Aunt Erica becomes the mother of queens, Vermin will become the Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse and the One true Master of Chaos.”

The boat flipped without warning and Jasper fell once more into the warp. But instead of bestial rage, she felt her soul consumed with grief and pain for what would happen to her beloved Charlie.

...  

...  

...  

And Screamed when she struck a stone floor. “CHARLIE!”

Dracula transformed from a cloud of bats into his humanoid form. The Count landed atop a carriage, pulled by a team of six cybernetic horses. Artificial thermonuclear torches burst to life and illuminated an endless tunnel. Grabbing the reins, each horse activated; their eye cameras
turning from low red to bright green to signal readiness. Each horse threw back its head in cybernetic unison and breathed blue flames.

“Yah!” Dracula shouted as he cracked a whip. The horses took off at speeds which would tear apart the tendons on an ordinary horse. The momentum threw back the Count in his seat as the torches zipped past; looking like a single glowing streak due to the speed. Hooves crashed against plasteel floor with a shower of sparks and the Gothic carriage rocketed forward.

Hair blown back, cape billowing in the wind, the Count drove the horses to the limits of their systems. Like the devil himself was on his heels, the Count mercilessly pushed through the endless tunnel. Inside the carriage was his most precious property.

The only thing that took him from the horses was a thud on the roof of the carriage. Growling, the Count hung up the reins on a hook and placed the horses on auto pilot.

Spinning around, he acted too late as Priyanka Maheswaran charged him with the biggest fucking warhammer he’d ever seen.

Priyanka bared fangs and her eyes turned rage red as she smashed Dracula’s head in. Gal-Maraz, the Crusher of Goblins crushed the right half of Dracula’s head. Shattered skull exposed brains and his eyeball popped right out of his head and went flying into the dizzying, rushing void. Roaring like a woman wronged, Priyanka raised the hammer for another strike and split his head in two like a walnut.

With the two halves of his head swinging independently of each other, Dracula lashed out wildly. His cape, formerly free floating fabric turned rigid and became a living, bat like wing. The cape wing struck Priyanka in the chest and sent her flying off the edge of the carriage.

Sent flying back, Priyanka screamed as her brass colored claws found no purchase in the adamantium roof of the carriage. Sparks flew where her claws hit and only by swinging the hammer did she save herself and avoid losing her prey.

The armor piercing spike of Ghal-Maraz punched a hole in the adamantium plating, just as Priyanka was about to fall off. Holding onto the handle for dear life, the nearly nude woman would not be denied her revenge.

She didn’t have a chance to pull herself up when Dracula loomed over her, cape wings folded as he
crawled on all fours like a vampire bat. Hissing at her, his head had only half reattached. He swayed from side to side as his split eyes struggled to lock onto her.

Her fist shot out and struck him right in the mouth.

Dracula spat up blood and teeth, before Priyanka punched him again in his stupid face. Putting all her anger into it, she howled like a DragonBall Z character and struck him right on the jaw. Miraculously, Dracula’s head started spinning like a top, round and round and round.

As he froze on the spot, Priyanaka pulled herself up onto the back of the carriage and started crawling on the sides of it.

Dracula grabbed his head to stop it from spinning, as his eyes spun in their sockets like dials on a slot machine. As he did, Priyanka swung her hammer at him.

The strike missed, but struck one of the nuclear fusion lanterns burning on each corner of the carriage. The gilded, brass casing opened up and showered Dracula in sparks. Screaming pain as the hotter than Napalm fire melted him from the inside, Priyanka charged again and struck him in the chest.

Dracula’s cries of pain were cut off as his chest completely caved in. Another strike of her hammer and Dracula flew off the edge of the carriage. Priyanka stopped and looked behind the roaring carriage. The wheels left behind trails of blue fire as they moved at supersonic speed.

But the Count was not so easily vanquished. Dracula’s flaming hand shot out and grabbed her by the hair. Screaming as she flew over the edge, her hands caught a hold of the wing cape.

“Let go, whore!” Dracula howled with a demonic lit as he flew on cape wings. Grabbing onto his left wing, the wind whipped Priyanaka worse than any fist or bludgeon. Her eyelids were blown open and her mouth flapped with the razor sharp winds.

Dracula flew through the crowded tunnel, keeping pace with his carriage as the cyborg horses continued to breathe out blue atomic fire from their nostrils. The edges of his cape wings scraped the tunnel walls, cutting deep grooves into the titanium-Tungsten plating.

She threw her hammer at the carriage, getting it caught between the body of the carriage and the
wheels. The adamanium outer plating dented and broke, the wheel stuck and froze on the spot.

It all happened in under a millisecond, the Carriage flipped as the Cyborg horses were throw asunder. Fire and blood exploded everywhere as the cyborg horses were crushed by their own momentum. Dracula cried out as the fusion lanterns set fire to the carriage and him.

Everything went black for Priyanka. When she came to she didn’t know how long she’d been sitting in a pool of blood. Against her better judgment her vampire instincts activated and she drank deeply from the dead, still warm carcass of the cyborg horse. She didn’t care if it was a half burned cyber abomination, the blood was delicious, nutritious and warmed her better than alcohol ever had.

The twisted remains of the carriage lay nearby, one burning wheel lazily rolling by.

For a moment, all Priyanka could think about was suckling the warm, glorious blood of the cyborg horse. Then a pair of burning hands wrapped around her neck and ripped her from the carcass.

Dracula had seen better days. His fine clothes hung around him like rags and his chest was a bloody rib cage with scraps of meat hanging off of it. Between the ribs, Priyanka could see a beating heart which glowed with an intoxicating pink light.

The hands wrapped around her throat as Dracula brought his mangled, burned face to her. His grip tightened and in that moment, Priyanka was sure that he would pop her head right off.

A purple whip struck her across the chiselled jaw and she cried out in pain.

“Jasper, if you’d died I’d have killed you!” Amethyst shouted at her, tears streaming down her face. “Don’t you remember Lilo and Stitch!? Ohana means family! And family means nobody gets left behind! Well guess what, ya big, dumb jerk, you can get left behind by running ahead!”

“Gimme a hug, you little shit,” Jasper grumbled as she embraced her overcooked cousin. “Love you too, runt.”
“Save it,” Amethyst pushed her back. “You made me cry too much today to make me cry again. And look there! It’s Dracula’s coffin!”

“Then what are we waiting for!” Jasper cried out with blood greed, “Let’s crack it open and make him sing!”

Stomping to the center of the stone room with Gothic fixtures, Jasper roared as she smashed a chain as thick as a man’s waist. Laughing, the large, metallic coffin shuddered. Over it, a massive brass skull belched steam and smoke.

Ancient mechanisms creaked open, gears that hadn’t moved in over a hundred years screamed to life. Electric systems sparked and burst into flames.

A man fell out of the coffin, nude, hairy and filthy. He coughed, flashing vampire fangs, but on his hands were the fingernails of a human.

Putting his hand to his throat, the man gasped for breath. Quivering, he started to feel through the unwashed tangle of his hair and beard. Lower and lower, his chest and body hair caused further waves of revulsion into horror. Tears, clear human tears ran down the man’s dirt encrusted cheeks.

Then Jasper kicked him in the ribs. Doubling over, the man gagged in agony, curling up on himself. Jasper laughed cruelly, “Game’s up, Dracula, thought you could hide from me? I will have your heart in my hand if you don’t answer my questions!”

The giant quartz went in to kick the man once more, but he twisted out of the way with agility that was beyond human.

Throwing himself back, the man moved with wobbly limbs but now a new power had taken over his face and eyes. Smouldering golden eyes glowed with a fire of strength and fury.

Suddenly, a light came from the man. A light so bright it threw back Jasper like the force of a cosmic fury.

Blinded from the light, Jasper looked again and she could see the man transforming like Sailor moon. What a human would see in the blink of an eye, Jasper could see and process every single millisecond in real time.
The man changed. Growing smooth, clean limbed. Maleness melted away and gave way to femininity. Pure feminine energy rippled through him as he became who she was truly meant to be.

The man melted into nothingness, like the caterpillar melts to reveal the butterfly. The woman was powerful, in body and mind. Strong and beautiful, she was the true being who lurked under the pitiful shell of phallic feebleness.

Even the spindash of Jasper was not enough to phase her. From out of her delicate hands, a long blade sparkled into being.

The thunderous crash was louder than canonfire as the woman blocked Jasper’s strike with a sword as long as she was tall. “My name is Alucard,” the woman announced in a queenly lit. “The Daughter of Dracula.”

Jasper grit her teeth, her neck muscles straining and she pushed against Alucard. Sparks flew from the edge of the blade and tiny hair fractures formed on her helmet. “Don’t waste, my time, Parasite!” Jasper hissed.

The edge of Alucard’s sword began to glow red from the sheer force, enough atomic force to split atoms and start atomic fusion.

The pair threw themselves apart, like two she wolves sizing one another up. As the true predators they appraised the other. As Jasper regarded Alucard as a threat, Amethyst was taken by the utter, angelic beauty of the daughter of Dracula. “Whoa, Sheena didn’t mention you. Can I touch your chesticles?”

This seemed to snap Jasper and Alucard out of their staring contest.

Alucard’s upper lip curled in disgust. “Chesticles?” She could hardly believe what she was hearing.

“Mind out of the fucking gutter!” Jasper snapped at Amethyst. “And you! Explain yourself! Why were you imprisoned! Do you help your father?”

“My father chooses to misgender me,” Alucard lowered her sword. “He believed if he imprisoned
and tortured me he could convince me that I was a man. But I was always a woman, long before I could shapeshift. I have been imprisoned for one hundred years. I have been waiting for you to free me. I am much better now that I am my true self. As to your question, I wish for my father’s death and I would do anything to see you find your Erica; she is the key to this all, she is the linchpin, the sun and the moon and the end of all time.”

“What do you know of her!” Jasper growled, “Someone else told me the same. What are these bullshit prophecies and why should I give a fuck about them?”

“Events were set in motion an infinity ago as Pink Diamond seeks to break the wheel of time,” Alucard lowered her gaze at Jasper, her muscular, lithe body rippling like a white tiger. “Tonight, Castlevania will fall for the last time, never to be rebuilt. Tonight you will face your greatest fear and Erica will save your life and your soul. If you want to find Dracula, he is in the lowest level of this castle, but there is another level beneath that. I will summon a teleport spell to send you there.”

_Honk!_

There was a noise as Amethyst squeezed Alucard’s perky, luscious B cup boob. “Oh dude, it feels like heaven in five fingers!” Amethyst’s eyes lit up lecherously.

Alucard looked at the purple quartz with disgust, before backhanding her across the face. The tiny quartz crashed into a wall and broke it apart. “I will forgive you this once. Now, someone get me a dress and it had better be white.”

Nodding, Jasper smiled wolfishly at Alucard, “Sorry, she’s an idiot but family. Discipline isn’t her thing. As for a dress, well, it’s not washed.” She reached into her gem and produced an old, off white gown she picked up in an alleyway.

Jasper threw the gown at the daughter of Dracula, who sniffed it and winced. “Fine, it shall do for now.”

Alucard waved her hand as a blue portal opened up on the floor.

“If you try anything funny, I’ll end you,” Jasper promised.

“I’ll see you in Beach City,” Alucard smiled as the pair of quartz gems jumped into the portal to
their destiny.

---

**Homeworld, Now**

Homeworld was the last safe place in the gem empire. Since the end of the Gem Rebellion, there was nowhere else in the empire that gems would not fear pirates, raiders, petty rebellions or demonic invasions. While gem technology has grown vastly, the total population of the Diamond Authority was less than half of what it was before the Rose Quartz Rebellion.

Era 2 Homeworld remained the only place where no demons set foot and all gems were loyal and knew their place. Yellow Diamond’s bloated and increasingly ineffective military could not protect gems, only persecute them. Blue Diamond’s secret police apparatus engaged in mindless torture and killing which could not bring about an end to the various rebellions that wracked the outer quadrants of the empire.

Until now, Homeworld was the last safe place that gems had. Hunted by their own kind as well as demons, they thought of this place as the promised land.

Until now.

Castlevania exploded into existence, breaking through space and time, bypassing every last one of the Diamond’s defences.

A squadron of maintenance Peridots were shattered into dust by the Castle. The shockwave was so titanic that it echoed across the entire planet and caused quakes all across the surface.

Just as rapidly as the castle had appeared, it vanished again; creating a smaller shockwave that knocked gems about with the power of a category five hurricane.

Gems begged for their diamond like gods who would never listen to their prayers. The prayer was shattered as the castle popped up under the surface and caused massive quakes across the planet’s artificial crust. Thousands of square kilometers of buildings toppled and collapsed like so many card houses.

Yellow Diamond ran to the edge of her fortress, watching the castle destroy the last safe bastion in
her kingdom. Her howls of fury were cut off as Castlevania exploded right under her citadel. The golden diamond screamed and fell over as the entire building was turned over and came crashing down.

Falling amidst the rubble, Yellow Diamond landed on the spires of the castle and was impaled like a mouse on a thorn tree. Gruesome fruit was she, mighty goddess of Homeworld, pinned like the prize kill of a butcher bird amongst the razor sharp battlements and leering Gothic architecture. Spewing auric blood, Yellow Diamond let out a shriek as her body poofed.

The propaganda networks that normally transmitted her great victories and proud boasts showed hear shrieking one final time before poofing.

On every military base on Homeworld, battle hardened Jaspers and Agates saw the images and dropped their weapons. The Agates fled without a word, abandoning their units for the nearest transport ship. The Quartz soldiers took a moment longer but the general panic was a wildfire which could not be quelled.

Worse yet, escaping demons were scattered all over the surface of Homeworld. Barons of Hell preyed upon the weak and the panicked soldiers of Homeworld hardly put up a fight. Hell Knights, with their love of carnage laid siege to the remaining fortresses of the diamonds; the former gladiators of Hell jumping and climbing up smooth surfaces with their obsidian sharp claws.

Blue Diamond was nowhere to be seen.

And if there was anything which cemented the utter impotence, the true rotten weakness of the Diamonds; if there was anything which showed that the empress had no clothes it was when the Castle formed underneath the head of White Diamond.

The highest tower of Castlevania stabbed upwards into the Jaw of White Diamond’s citadel and came out the top of the head. The propaganda networks had been shut down, some loyal gem somewhere had switched them off to prevent further panic from the fall of Yellow Diamond. Yet there were too many gems who saw the mythical head of White Diamond shatter like an ice sculpture. Clouds of smoke and dust blew over the atmosphere.

White Diamond’s head fell and Castlevania stood.

The Diamonds had been laid low by their own arrogance, blinded by their cruelty and hollowed out
by a million tiny mistakes which could not be undone readily.

This was the death knell of an empire beyond reckoning; the pinnacle of technological might and political power in over a billion years.

Those gems who saw the fall of the White Citadel chose to commit suicide. Every last one without fail. Some held off of killing themselves just long enough to share information of the fall; as a way of spreading their suffering and passing it onto the others. Those who heard the rumours absorbed the information through the memory recordings of Pearls broke down and cried; most did not have the strength to run and only allowed themselves to be killed by rogue demons.

Soon on Earth, Steven Universe and his friend would find a happy ending . . . for a little while.

But here on Homeworld the final chapter of empire had come. A demon world was dawning as the blood red sun peeked up over the horizon and the two halves of Homeworld fell apart. For years, Yellow Diamond had made the empire dance like a corpse on strings; now the carrion feeders had come to have their fill.

The Castle blinked out of existence one more time.

And it landed in Beach City.

I saw everything. I was there. I saw it all.

As a little girl I wondered how Sauron felt after the ring was destroyed; reduced to a powerless spirit unable to change or influence the mortal world.

I had gotten the answer but my time was not now and my place was not here.

The final battle wasn’t yet fought. Not by far.

But as I made my way to reality, as I made my way to kill Vermin I realized something.
I was pregnant.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!