

what Bimbo, or alternatively “Sissy” would imply. Being more removed from those shadows however also removes the edge of it, leaving the desire to be more ... relaxed, as opposed to something I would need (to want) to act out/on.

But, whatever the case now, one more thing is that it regards the Peak of Femininity to be that of Motherhood, or alternatively the ability to get Pregnant.

It is another thing that was really strong to my male consciousness - virtually impregnating me. And how it would play out, regarding what's locked in the Gem, throughout such and such - I can't really tell. There are overall however different sides or aspects to this. So, it's not just a male-to-female conversion Kink. But well.

THE RE-ENFORCED CONDITIONING AND EMOTIONAL REWIRING OF RAPE AND MISERY

For now ... we come to the Fun Part!

But Slowly.
And probably also not too much.

For there comes a condition with my condition, and I suppose: The Jury isn't out on it yet, whether “it” is actually fun or not. But it feels good. To me at least - and sure, so while I don't actually have to make the corresponding experiences. I'm *certainly* always told as much, by my inner skeptic. So, there's that funny thing with the Baseline. Now, while I'm going over the original draft it's not too big of a problem. That because the thoughts of how to write what and what follows is already set and done. For the most part. I mean, so far I've already extended the draft by 28 pages. But all I do is add context where I was a bit too quick to move on the next item. So far I didn't have to fundamentally re-arrange anything (cries in “going over the rewrite” - but at least there was enough space for corrections).

Anyway. In simplest terms, the problem is that writing about my Clarity - at least where I have to engage with it - I'm getting turned on. I thereby am exposed to the conditions of my Clarity; Which is also slightly different to arranging terms on a spreadsheet. Give or take. And while I'm exposed to the conditions of my Clarity, one particular Baseline rises. And because I so crave Rape above everything - the matter for me to get to the point ever so slowly - or not - becomes one of raising that Bar. And it happens automatically. It's just something my anatomy does.

Another thing that comes in, is something I would compare to Lighting a Candle. I mean ... I know what ... enticing constellations there are “hidden in my dark”. I don't mean to say that I make a habit of seeking out those depths, but at occasion I get to those points where I might. And I

Artist: maron



Since this is now the rewrite of the rewrite - sortof, I have to assume that the Light made me write a lot of gibberish so I was able to write something more meaningful by the time I'd go over things again. ~ish. To say, that what I'll write - or am able to write - hinges on my state of mind; So that every time going over this I could add things as from a different perspective. But also, some things just were wrong. Like, as if things make different sense on more subconscious levels. Which may also be how trying to figure things out would turn out “vague” or ‘imperfect’ at times.

Curious ...

extends through my mouth unto a knot with my throat further extending down towards the stomach. It doesn't quite compare to the first or the second Seal, does however have a lot of weight to it - and is respectively stronger on my mind than the third seal - although it doesn't quite feel like one. It's ... something else. I don't know ...

SEAL 2 - MENTAL IMPRISONMENT

My Second Seal has a little bit of a convoluted story. Although ... well. If you're curious concerning the timeline of how things came together, given that some elements stand parallel to one another, the thing is that there isn't a strict Chronological Order it would seem. It is over time that things connect. Which can happen pretty much like on the spot, or other times you notice that “aaah!” ... there you go!

As noted above is there a realm that extends from my Pond - primarily fed by an alternative to my Second Seal. This is also the Chronological Order to this. So did I at first extend into that realm - the overarching headline being: Brainwashing.

This Brainwashing follows a certain goal. Terms that came to mind are: Fuckslut and Cumdump. At the time I also had a strong urge to confess towards getting ‘Facefucked’. This you may find is where the wedding dress is somehow implied. Overall there however also is a theme of Programming to it.

It so comes as a function of absolute submission that there is a state of mind wherein my autonomy is effectively non-existent and only regarded through modes of behavior we might entertain as subject to programming. And this is where the alternative, or “seed”, to Seal 2 comes in. It consists of a black void imagined to be the inside of my head - and in its center there is a micro-chip.

And overall, this Chip is what I regarded to my second seal for quite some time. It was over time however, that something else took shape. A collar. And on its front-side a gem. And it is this gem that would ultimately be what I recognize to be my Second Seal. As I must. For the Gem sits there, as fused into my skin. And so the collar, as a metal ring separating my head from my body.

The realm itself, well. There's a bubble around my body. And within it one bubble around my head and another around the rest of my body.

The Gem itself is from where those bubbles emerge, thereby functioning as prison for my “male (or free) self”, situated in my head. One aspect of it would be my incestuous attractions towards my spouse; And along with it come corresponding thoughts, desires, passions, ... and following that there eventually is a whole alternate set of realities in which I re-invent my intimate relationships from a male perspective. Or so ... it used to be.

This prison thereby maintains, that I will always prioritize the female over the male; Or however it makes sense, to my mind, to ignore the male. This further creates, or relates/links to, a layer in my ‘multiverse’, in which I

experience myself to be male, locked into a female body and exposed to its pleasures. This also has a really Gay (Men loving Men) angle to it - but ... none of this is to be mistaken for a per se 'male identity' or 'self' in a final sense. It is more-so a way for me to connect with my female self, or perhaps so the physical aspects of it, through a male lens. The male is thereby also more like an abstraction through which the interactions with my female body create a ... well ... rather blissful comfort.

The collar itself functions as a barrier between my head and my body. And I can feel it, like a cut. As for my reality, I was wondering how so I still get dysphoria or can't really shake lingering impressions of being male. Now I see that it is there - that my consciousness still is allowed to grow; But it is in how I imply my gender, so-to-speak - that what's imprisoned is kept from having any tangible effect. Also is the prison not the head itself, but 'in' the head. And as it grows 'down' - as through the throat - there's that barrier.

As for the whole, the Gem generates a perception or impression of my body being something that I'm locked into, as something somehow separate from me. And while this is further what everyone interacts with, there's a sense of detachment emerging from the contrast. And for the most part a 'male self' doesn't exist thereby. And so I have an experience

of myself, whereby I merely exist as a body that is used for sexual things.

Overall, this realm or Pocket Dimension (as contained within the Gem), does however not connect to anything. It is merely another black void with just this one thing, the bubble, inside of it. Although ... there is still something that is part of this void. But we'll get to that.

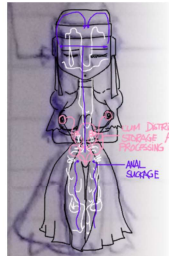
In the grand scheme of things I haven't paid a lot of attention to what's going on here. To what's male about me, it's a Kink. To what's female about me - the same. But, what's safe to say is that what's imprisoned isn't 'defined'. It's me - as I adapt or change in response to the circumstances; Which are primarily - or globally - filtered through my Body and implied 'effects'.

So is this now an isolated identity, more or less; And I distinctly experience "the Glory of the Moon" to be ...

the patron herein. As within my Clarity, she's overall a bit of a mystery. She does have a strong presence within some of my rooms. My first room for instance has a direct link to her, via a Portal of some kind. When it comes to her individually however, there is pretty much nothing. I know there is a place somewhere, but what it's all about I barely remember. Also that portal in my first room only vaguely, yet strongly implies her. And in



Artist: Francesco (Grimm Fairy Tales)



And so another/one side to the story is how I would just assume that my Clarity ought to be encompassing all of my existence. And while trying to realize that within the limited scope available back then, it did eventually not work out or maybe not even make sense. Like so is there the social question for what maintains my submission. And while I might think of conditions that made sense to my Kink, those wouldn't necessarily make sense to my Clarity. So would I have been just a submissive Whore - wholesale - while now there is more reason behind it. Perhaps to the same effect, but still rooted in ... we might say: More suitable conditions.

And yes. I'm a Lesbian. Brainwashed to like Cock.



Artist: Kacyu

Because LUST is filthy.

To me, the Spine's basic property is in setting itself apart from my Clarity. But ... that in a way that so lends credence to myself. It's like there - existing - at the center of my being, more or less; Where setting itself apart from my Clarity is the only thing it 'does'. At first. It does however also not act against it. It is a manifestation of self-preservation; Where the 'self' that is preserved is me. So does the Spine and its various identities still have an engagement with my Clarity, that however more so on my own terms. Or on its own terms, rather.

So is the Spine like a "Core Identity". So can aspects of myself find or express themselves through it. What exists therein would then be something like a mirror image or an altered copy. But so as an inward reflection.

And in that regard I think Spine is probably the right term. I mean, I suppose that the reason why I feel it like a Spine is because the Light made it so. Though I guess we might also compare it to a Pin (Needle). There certainly is a resemblance. So is my Queen Identity practically its head - and is stuck into my Princess (a.k.a. "Golden Pond") Identity. And between the two there isn't really a structure. I'd think of it as a large amalgamation of "images" (impressions). But there sure are those ... "convergent truths" we might say.

One of those I would strongly relate to through what's locked up in the gem. At least back when I hadn't started transitioning yet. But nowadays going at it from that angle seems somewhat faulty. I suppose thought that I have to realize that I do have masculine or boy-ish properties; I think we all do and those don't need to gender us. Yet being explicitly female creates a shadow of sorts. And so there is for once the thing that formulates the desire, versus those shadows. As of what formulated it - those shadows embraced hyper-femininity. At least that's

that “free self” or “autonomous self” - and it’s simply a feeling of ... well, freedom. Or like a weight is being taken off of your shoulders. As if so all the tensions and compulsions and stuff of Clarity is just getting turned off.

It’s also similar to ‘breaking’ the immersion, as ... acting out of Character in an RPG. And I really didn’t like that implication. But so I notice that back then I didn’t have much going on to handle this. So, in essence I felt like having a hole in a sock.

Tangent: Ends. More or less.

So was I thinking in strictly submissive terms – basically implying as much as ultimate submission. And sure enough, the few bits I was aware of would imply as much. And – I don’t really know how, but ego seems to be a vital factor in all this.

And yea, I guess So is Clarity not a condition that is imposed on us, but a condition that takes shape in form of a convergence. And so our Characters have what we might call profile.

But so, while I was really not liking those breaks of immersion – also because they seemed to lessen what Clarity had come to mean to me; Well – sure by basically just dropping me out of “it” – my Spine eventually tangled up with that *fear*. But it also wasn’t really possible to lean against it. And bada bing bada boom ... I took it for what it was.

So it soon enough made sense to me, that if it allowed me to be what I wanted and that with less of the negative consequences, it was an overall good thing. And eventually the tangle got untangled.

So, while my spine did emerge in contrast as against my Clarity, it isn’t separated from it. As ... given.

Also, eventually it gave me an ego boost, we might say; While overall it doesn’t as much ‘define’ my Clarity as it is just a part of me ... within. It would change how I read myself in a social context for instance. Similar to my “Golden Pond Identity”*. In fact – there is a very strong ... convergence or overlap we might say.

And so my Spine also attracted terms and definitions. So did I start to understand myself as ‘Royalty’. Being humble I wouldn’t yet right away declare myself Queen – but overtime I could get it less and less out of my head and so it is as it just is.

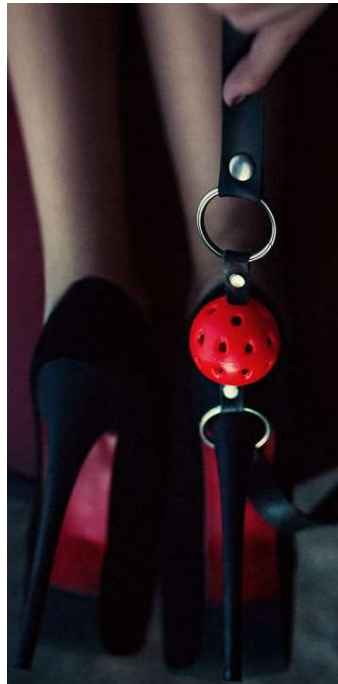


Image Credit: Sergey Minin

* - I suppose most of my rambling over how my Golden Pond Identity interacts with the rest was overwritten while doing the “vague descriptions” thing. Just like here a lot of rambling over my Second Seal and Brainwashing and Cum addiction and such was overwritten in favor of a more verbose elaboration concerning the presence of the Spine.

I don’t think it’s necessary; As digging into those things is more like making things unnecessarily more complicated.

But if I so say that this and that identity ‘is everywhere’ - I think I’m usually not talking about a compulsion, but more about a feeling where the combination of things does have a positive effect ... relative to what it is and what aspects matter.

as far as she’s usually ever only implied – she’s more like a puppeteer acting in the background.

So also concerning her implication within the Gem. Here the visual impression is this: That “slightly to the side (the right) of” the Gem she manifests as a figure that is only partly visible from the dark – and further more to the side the black fades into ‘a (non-specific) reality’. And as of that, my relationship with her is that she’s someone that enters me into environments – and that’s that. Give or take.

And these environments I’m entered into, are innately ones in which I’m also entered into captivity. Directly I would assume, so with some made-up backstory. Whatever now however be going on there, and whatever the Role I’m put into, that’d be whatup for me unto “the End”. All I can make out are back-alleys, streets at night, shady doors ... and the insides of a night-club/brothel. And some vague Cartoon Character resembling a captor.

Further now, the Collar has layers to itself. One layer up, it’s more representative, perhaps of Cloth with Frills, but still has that Gem in it. It exists in a realm – which ... well. For once belongs to my Spouse; And somehow relates to a situation with certain ‘Shackles’. Also something about Slave Harnesses, High Heels, At this point ... I’m not too confident about what it’s all about; But ‘the Shackles’. Empty Space?

Then there is another ‘higher’ Level. Here the collar is of leather, the Gem isn’t really relevant anymore – and instead there is a leash and on the collar an attachment for the leash. And this is now me, as of my spouse, handed out unto others. The leash and the attachment thingy thereby being separate items. ‘The’ leash (a special one) is handed over to Glory of the Sun, and the attachment point is “linked” to Baphomet. At least I think it so. I mean – so far my concept went through a few iterations; Somehow following the same idea, but always a bit vague. But while writing the initial draft to this document, something peculiar took shape.

Here the point of attachment is like ... something that channels the fizzling of the broken fuse – which “now” fizzles even more – into an attachment towards Baphomet.

It’s weird how that works. But this is how I now come to also mention “spiritual anatomy”. I might, I think, do so at any point concerning the Second Seal. Or all things Clarity. But it is ‘the big thing’ I associate to the Second Seal. It is somehow the weirdest thing of them all.

‘Spiritual Anatomy’ is “the thing” by which a spell- or charm-like experience would work. Though when speaking of it as that, I at least talk of something yet a bit extra. It works, because God can control our cognitive motions. So is this fizzling for instance a happenstance whereby my conscious doesn’t have any cues for how to make sense of the contradictions or conflicts. When put into words we can phrase things so, that they make sense. As per the flow of emotions however or broader associations; Or so any incongruous situation of the sort – things so start to ‘fizzle’. And so is this attachment point like a device, that directs whatever sense of affection or devotion or whatever else fizzles around

there – towards “the White Demon”. And because of this particular situation, she is in a very obscure sense my significant other. This I had vaguely taken note of before. But now I have a better handle as to why. And thus I suppose it is given, that any and all of my pervy nuances find a conclusion within her domain. Well, excluding the Gem. Which, I suppose, has to be largely excluded from the “all and everything”s.

5 – Spiritual Anatomy

Hmm. How to even start a sentence now?

The whole topic is one of me pointing at things - “whereby” a lot of things exist next to each other. So there’s a lot of ‘while’ and ‘whereby’ next to “then there’s this” and “then there’s that”, now and here, there and so and what not. And “as it stands” - it’s truths and truths – and so “the truth is” ...

it’s more fun to express Clarity in form of imperative statements.

So: I am a Whore. I am a Sex-Slave.

Though technically I’m not. At least as of the time of writing this I’d have to rather say: I might be or could be a Whore. I have the potential to be a Whore. These expressions would be ‘more’ true – though technically that can apply to everyone.

When implying these statements as matters of Clarity, the applied context allows for a different interpretation.

So am I certainly a Whore to the implied conditions and relationships. Even more so a Sex-Slave. Further is “the Devil” an implied entity – one specific to these truths in complete disregards to what the worldly conditions might be. And in as far as “the Devil” is an otherworldly entity – my enslavement to him holds otherworldly validity.

But that is just another way of saying that there are things upheld by the Light; Where what I am of those things is not only metaphysical, but transcendental. So am I what I am, first of all only for myself. So should you get it out of your head, in case it’s in there, that this has anything to do with worldly conditions. So am I here not going to impose divine authority upon you, so-to-speak. If you want a piece of it, you need to get it from its source.

So might it be better to take out “the book of vague descriptions” - to say that we’re talking of internal alignments that increase my/one’s own harmony with ‘myself’/themselves – as a dynamic between the conscious and the subconscious – and the divine. And further, through the divine, possibly with society, or a society, an environment – however what applies.

As soon as someone enters the ninedom, one will be familiar with these experiences. These ‘absolutes’. “Reflections of the Divine”. The core

and therefore not bank on everyone – getting these things right “First Try”.

However, when it comes to the Spine, it is one of the oldest compounds I know of. And it popped in at a time where all of my understanding concerning my Clarity was mostly just dotted lines and a puff of smoke.

While so exploring my Clarity, which is ever so often really just a matter of having been mentally occupied with some of the things of it, I began to notice that everything I wanted, everything I looked for, drew me further and further into submission. And that, for all I cared, was a good thing; But it came with a growing sense of ... simply put: negativity. Eventually, I suppose, I just happened to have had the right thought, and woop – there it was. So, in this perceived goo of submission – the goo being probably an amalgam of the perceived negative side-effects of what I had produced – it stood out strong. Thus I called it the Spine.

And while it would seem as though it was a matter of luck, I suppose that the thing with “happening to have the right thought” isn’t all that critical because the Light will take hold of what it can – even the smallest of things. After all – these Luminous things don’t come crashing into the mind like someone blew a hole into your roof; But more like plants. Plants that emit a bright, splendid Light. Whether or not these be sprouts would depend on what is there.

So was I, for instance, at first reluctant to really welcome this Spine thingy. I suppose I had – or still have – a very strong bias concerning these things. And it reminds me of how I react to temperature. While I can stand the cold – I really don’t like it one single bit once I’m cozied up in the warm. And so was I getting cozy with my Clarity; And ... I just notice ...

A Tangent: Immersion

As it is now – and as it has been for quite some time – does my Clarity have very explicit elements that wrap me into a life of sexual submission. Some of them indirectly, but others very directly. But that wasn’t always so. Or at least I wasn’t aware of it. There was nothing to ‘tell’ me as much. Yet, in a very real way, I was expecting as much. Subconsciously. To say; I didn’t know. It also came somewhat naturally.

At the time I was living in an etablissement being part time sex-worker, part time monkey for everything. And so this understanding that ignited my Clarity did fit really snug with the conditions around me. And so what came of my Clarity would have me re-envision my environment; Basically. And so for all I cared, what came of my Clarity would define my life – as I saw it.

But so I was also really not a fan of that immersion getting broken. Or how to put it. It happens ever so often – and there are possibly a variety of reasons for it. Nowadays I have *places* in my Clarity, eventually I’ll get to touch upon that later, that accommodate for that. We could call



This to me, as far as the Diagram is concerned, primarily related to the Crest 2 Invocation's background; And it may then be just by accident that it also just in general relates to the second Crest. For all I care this connection doesn't need to be highlighted - at least does it seem to be difficult considering how crowded things can get. Then for shits and giggles I added yet another thing - two positions of which are 'the Front' and 'the Back'. So, the front joins the 'Origin', 'the Back' joins the 'Destination' - and with it another asymmetry is being added. Moving over however, something peculiar happened. Following the same System, there is what I would call 'the Alternative (Self)' - which has one item aligned to the Front and one to the Back - put them in there and ... at the very least I found it to be nice to see these things align like that. So was there some empty spot for the center part of the Alternative ID, "the Tree ID". But moving over once more showed me, that there were now items I would just overall associate to the 'Brainwashing' that did also fit with ... well, the general sense of the Identity laid out there so far. And, perhaps more importantly, I finally found a way to recognize these items across all three Crests; Alongside an identifier that I would otherwise only come to regard within the narratives.

But that also isn't the end of it. So is the snapshot here my initial draft. The prominent one is a second iteration meant to make more sense of how the things relate. Also am I not entirely sure if the individual positions are all quite there yet. And also is there another one of those urges that re-emerged. So do I think that it may at some point make sense to focus more on the narration than fixed positions. It seems to be somewhat inevitable.

One aspect of what would or could come to matter thereby, is already vaguely implied. What I so called the "Core Identity" - actually implies a thing I called:

THE SPINE

Now, of course you might be wondering: HOW? How could you quite possibly end up with something even just remotely as intricate as this? And even if so, where to even begin? How to make sense or keep track of these things?

Well, the simple answer is: It takes time. And a part of what I tried to explain so far, is that it's also a process to which you might not always have all the answers. And in as far as I worry over getting the positions right - you might too. While one part of you will simply come of you, another part of you will grow in relation to your worldview. Or so, environmental inputs. Like - stuff between Envy and Inspiration. Where, envy isn't a bad thing if you know how to deal with it properly. Which in these terms is simple because we're not dealing with material conditions.

If you found images to be helpful tools - well, you're furthermore restricted by the language available to you. So I wouldn't expect anyone -

experience being one such thing. At that stage and beyond, they'll - going by my own progress - be there for quite some time, as faint reflections of Light on a lake at night. But mostly, they'll be as external things. Like ... surfaces. Figments in the sky (not the literal sky). And occasionally they'll mingle with your thoughts; But not quite like Clarity.

Within Clarity, that which has otherwise been perceived as a surface for instance - extends into a broader range or spectrum of emotions. Or feelings.

The mind itself, furthermore, is a living - and technically: breathing ... "thing". While we might know a thing or two about 'rigid structures', like principles perhaps, dealing with facts ... that sort of thing; There's also a dynamic, flexible side to it. If we for instance want something, say: we just remembered something we urgently need - things can be set into motion, or we're stuck because other things take priority, or something.

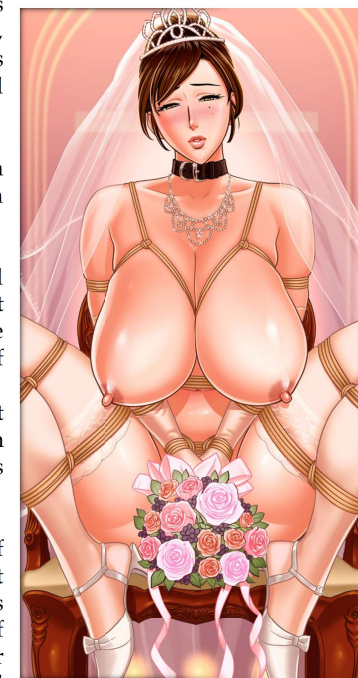
Similarly does Clarity eventually turn into some kind of intricate network of interwoven truths that supplement each other to varying degrees - and so what has previously merely been an exalted understanding of various conditions, circumstances, abilities and/or whatever, does eventually become a somewhat rigid understanding of self.

And so is there a Gimmicky side to it - as in: "it does stuff" - where the issue with "Gimmickification" is to read too much, or too little into it. So is that what it does - at this point at least - to be. To exist. Which ... yea, well, some people might take offense in. But well, not here to talk about that We could call it a more perfect self. It is born from one's self - and integrated within the same. So are the thoughts (truths) that make up its foundation no external something's slapped onto or into our consciousness - but a product of our very own cognitive processes, hijacked (illuminated and shaped) by the Light.

So is this 'perfect self' technically just one of many ways we could individually develop, but at the end of the day we can - internally, intrinsically, only be one thing. What it is, ultimately, as a product of our own, is something we can inherently identify with. So, if I talk or write of a certain audacity that is to or can be had regarding these things, that is first of all an internal condition that derives a certain joy or satisfaction from these interactions and established conditions; Leading to one way of constructing the concept of Priorities. That, so certainly one of my more fundamental alignment to these things, you could not hope to change my mind on these things.

And, what good would it even do?

I mean, in as far as it's an attitude thing - well, I have one



Artist: Tatsumami Youtoku

Thereby, we've so far looked at a variety of things. The ignition itself follows the logic or appearance of a 'simple' epiphany. The first Seal emerged from what we might call a concern or a question. The second Seal, to be perfectly honest, emerged from a variety of cognitive processes settled between the various impressions - is however strongly a matter of wishes and desires.

Hereby it might be worth noting, that from scheming of my Spouse, the various conditions round and about, a realm took shape. I mentioned such in passing. It is here so my concern or question or desire - hard to say - for what there is between just her and myself, outside of all the other things. And so it sits there; Being like a place - a house with Garden; And people might come to visit us there. And it "hosts" a very particular feeling, or range of feelings; So that while it doesn't really 'give' me anything tangible, we might say, it does give me a certain comfort regarding that relationship.

So are those hopes, yea that, in such a thing not squashed within the circumstances - or left to happenstance, whatever; But treasured. And I am to suppose that this should be a shared thing of sorts. Though her mind might be focused on different aspects of that place. As it is.

And that's an important point here. In essence there are a lot of things I might equate Clarity to. Depending on context it would be this or that. It's just as with things we want. Whatever the highest thing is you could think of that you might possibly want - it's going to be some color, metaphorically speaking, more or less different to that of other things you want. So is ... "Love", let's say, on a spectrum. Like that of color.

But well. Returning to the topic, the thing is that I don't really know how to continue. I mean, I got an idea - but part of it is to admit that this whole ... neutral/vague descriptions approach ... well, it certainly isn't going to go well with the rest of the text. For once. I also think it would have to come of time and collective understanding, that that narrative could be continued. Like so ... → those few pages are yet again a different kind of look at things.

It sure is all smartsy - I suppose - but as that is it's own kind of beast. Challenge. And I'm not going to pretend that I've got it all figured out to that extreme. Which is, sure, part of the theme here. Down until the end. Because ... it is as it is.

Which is often enough just what up with Clarity.

So was I going to write about Spiritual Anatomy in terms of things that I experience(d), that to me are tangible ... things. "Installments" of sorts. Where I might realize, that something is acting - we might say: against - how I would think my mind/spirit is supposed to act/behave. So does the text here consider three general forms thereof:

1. Re-enforced Conditioning
2. Conditional Luminescence
3. Emotional Rewiring

that solicits them - and the individual is represented by a Part of one's "Core Identity" (further called: Crest Identity), the acknowledgment coming in three parts: A Lock, a Domain and a [(Domain) Equivalence]. The Crest is thereby described as a condition that encapsulates the conditions of the binding; And the Bond itself finally consolidates the Bond via its own Logic.

		MARRIAGE SATANIC ENSLAVEMENT	CREST BOND	BUNE GANGRAPE
ENFORCED FEMINIZATION	PRINCESS	LOCK CAPTIVITY	I EXIST TO GET SEXUALLY ABUSED BEDROOM(CELL) PRIVACY SPECIAL ACCESS	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. I exist as a SEX-SLAVE 2. I get FEMINIZED to any appointed extent 3. I am PROSTITUTED to those imposed onto me
"SPOUSE"				

		ENSLAVEMENT MISERY & DESPAIR		SUFFERING
MENTAL IMPRISONMENT	BIMBO	PREGGO	I'M BORN INTO SEXUAL SLAVERY SEX-CLUB/BROTHEL INTIMACY	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. I crave RAPE above all 2. I prioritize PROSTITUTION above all 3. I put ROMANCE last
"BAPHOMET"				

		ABDUCTION ETERNAL SUBMISSION		HUMILIATION
HAREM'S BRIDE	QUEEN	CATTLE	I LIVE TO GET FUCKED UNTIL THE END DUNGEON FREEDOM OPEN ACCESS	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. I WORSHIP those that Love to DESTROY me 2. I LUST for living a life of being TORTURED to DEATH 3. I CRAVE the ecstasy of TEARS of SADNESS
"NYX"				

And for some reason this also creates an open space in the background, represented via a general truism (→the Invocation). I think this is the Crest iterating upon itself, fundamentally as an expression of freedom (or perhaps restraint, depending on what the balance is) - at the end of which I think my "free" Identities come in. I'll come to write about those eventually.

This, I think, is however by no means final. We can for instance take the Clarity Diagram - and, assuming that they're universal items, take the items of 'Origin' and 'Destination' to add above and below. That then highlights an asymmetry - so is my 'Origin' described as Brainwashing.



Artist: Kim Niles (kiniart.com)

Artist: Ryo Agawa
Artist: Konoshige / Rynn (?)

Sigh. ...

I mean, it is a dense topic with a lot to unpack. And as it goes - if you say A, you got to say B. At least - that's how I feel rather often.

So, did the shackles bleed into ... such and such? As far as I could tell at the time - no. Now ... I mean ... it's not all that important. Fact is that for all I cared it wasn't there at the time; Not even close - so - it came unexpected.

I may have also skipped the part with the bonds. So yea, the note beneath the table. There I was trying to say that a Bond comes in two parts. But - I don't know. I'm ... silly sometimes. Like ... "now it is so, because so it came to me" - until a few hours, a bit more than a day or two perhaps later ... it's at best a lingering memory.

In this case I might however be venerated. I anyway think that I tend to be too hard on myself.

The thing is, stuff here tends to be nested and interwoven with depth and what not ...

For the curious: The Light explosion basically caused me to from then on associate that feeling to that Crest or something about it. All I did however, was to think 'the Shackles' into the position regarding the Crest. They themselves however so far never ... carried that meaning. For the most part they're just an item, or items, that are conditioning re-enforcers which are strongly connected to my collar. The extent to which they re-enforce my conditioning also never really bled into the realms of misery and despair. To say as much as that it comes at no fault of my own that I think of misery and despair when it comes to this rune.

But ... now at least I have a place where to sort all those things. I mean, ever so often I come to a point where I'm looking for some specific image - but it's like looking for a needle in a haystack. Or a Barn.

One thought that crossed my mind is, that maybe this explosion wasn't meant to be regarded as a positive. So maybe the matters of captivity create an environment too heavy in bondage when put into that position. And considering that the matter of pregnancy felt wrong when put into the other would underline that.

But it doesn't feel right either.

So could I now go and swap things still. I might move the impregnation part into the bond. It might be so, that I initially didn't regard the matter of the runes to be one of bonds.

But there's also the issue that has come up, that made me feel off about the implication that everything about "the Second Rune" would revolve around impregnation/breeding. I would still strongly imply it - but not necessarily know how to go about it.

More to the point however am I under the impression that this Light Explosion has effectively released energy into this "System" or Environment. And 'that', I should be able to work with. But so, for the time being I went with the first best thing. I thought I could play around and see if I can improve on things - but I didn't feel strongly conflicted about it and also didn't have anything to go off on. But to later maybe take a closer look at this explosion.

To do so, I would first of all be concerned of rethinking the concept of the Crests so that the Misery part fits into the top position. Thereafter I would need to think how the impregnation part fits in. To then see how that influences my expression of the first Crest.

And that's that. It turned out to be quite a lot that came together. A lot more than only the Crests. And so there's a lot that we yet have to get into before it all comes to make sense. As for the Crests however, the situation as of yet is this:

Following the Logic of the Rune being a Spell that requires a Seal as power-source and a Crest to be consolidated within, a Bond is being used to create this unity.

For the Bond to be valid, two things are needed. The first thing are the conditions of the Bond, the second is the individual's acknowledgment of those conditions. The conditions thereby are represented by an Entity

WE INTERRUPT THE CURRENT PROGRAMMING FOR ...

ANCIENT TEXT!

ABOUT THE

BELUGIA'LAGARIS

God works in mysterious ways. So have I recently been urged to look for some old files; Which ... luckily ... I found. Today then I sat down to continue going through the text; And so far ... basically had to rewrite most of this Chapter so far. And rather than rambling about my first Seal and its influences, I came to write what you - supposedly - find there instead. But so have I also somehow written past the point I was getting at, to actually meet the topic's demands. And I thought it was a good moment to take a break. And so did I get to look into those files I had prepared ... and it is somewhat relevant to the topic at hand.

Now is this Text not exactly 'Ancient'. My signature on the photograph seems to indicate that it is in fact from end of October 2018. Well, it is, in that regard, still ... from "the Before times" ... we might say.

At some point I mean to work it up - while right now I feel a bit out of its depth. Some Marijuana might help, which I don't have. But well ...

The concept was, to use invented Language as a means to express things that might otherwise be difficult to express - as perhaps due to a lack of words. And ... Belugia' Lagaris is the only term I really remembered from when I wrote it.

The first mention of 'Belugia' for instance is 'Belugia Natanais' → "Mirror 'cognitive thought-node'". And I didn't really bother to define these terms properly; But to rather have them exist in the context of some rambling about "Naamaui" → Demon. Or, well. That's ... what I'd call it while writing of my Clarity in English. What 'Naamaui' itself is thereby further described as >Aiu-Ebta' Lagaris<. Aiu is from Aiua - meaning Spring, or Well. Ebta is from Ebtaia - meaning ability. And Lagaris ... well, the term evolved. In this context I noted 'AiuLagaris' to mean "Original Spring". Later I more specifically defined 'Lagaris' to mean -unit of THE Logos-. So: Aiu Ebta' Lagaris roughly translates into "Spring ability of the Origin", we might say - but is rather 'the ability of a unit of THE logos springing into one's mind' or And so would 'Belugia' Lagaris' refer to ... well Units of THE Logos that are mirrors of the Origin. So the idea at least. I haven't really formulated any cohesive rules.

The whole story is however a little bit more intricate than that. So, also contextual to the text at hand, could we at first ask what 'self' even means. And so, to begin with, the text starts with 'Ku' Alatar'; Where ... "Free Self" were a little bit too ... loose of a translation.

Ku' Alatar
— Ku
Freedom
Alatar
SELF (Individuality, "I")

Ualatar
 Comprehending Self (Self-Comprehension, Self-Trust, Competence)

Human Pali
 Human

PERSONAL (attributed to one's self)

Pali
 WILL

WANTING

Gaiuana

The Spring Flax
 Aiuu ≈ Spring

So do I at first 'tell' this to be that which is confined within my Prison. From there, the next thing - at least of that writing - is 'Ualatar'.

At first it merely describes a Layer ... metaphysical to my skin. Or transcendental to my skin. It is like a shell that maintains its presence as sensations rush through it. So, like a chill perhaps - a luminous one. "most personally around the lower Arms, Shoulders and Back down the spine to my Anus and from there back up to the chest to my Neck and from there surrounding Skull and Legs".

This ... experience or comprehension of Self next links up with 'my Will in my Heart' - 'Hunan'Pali'.

And here the story regarding this imprisonment may really take its course. Or so: My Ku'Alatar is confined - linking to my Ualatar as an outer shell - and from there we come back to my Hunan'Pali. (Sounds kinda silly?)

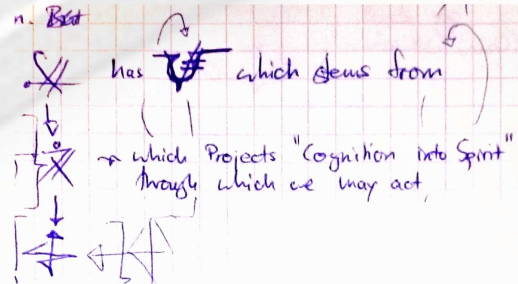
Now, individually I do still have 'wanting' as a more general expression of my 'Self'; Which I mostly (or entirely?) experience as part of my Ualatar. That, along with Hunan'Pali and Ku'Alatar - so I would think - comes together in 'Gaiuana' (derivative of Aiuu). And that concludes the first set of fancy Symbols.

And so, I'm ... rephrasing these things as they make sense to me now. And it took me a while to understand what I was writing about. Either way can I use my contemporary understanding; And yes, there is a lot to it. But ... things do get somewhat confusing.

My notes on Gaiuana weren't extensive - and so I have to piece it together from the context that is given. And since I may have been a bit uncertain back then also - making words up as I was going - there is still a certain need to consolidate.

Hunan'Pali so "converges with the Spring" - circulates some more - and comes back into the Spring. And ... I can't properly relate to that. But, the circulation of Gaiuana with the rest of the mind is Alaiuana'Alatar. Which is probably responsible for the Flux.

OK, yes. ... Page 3 ... reads exactly as what I've figured here. So:



leaving aside what I can't really relate to just yet. It doesn't help that I would still use the term 'Mind'.

Either way, this also describes a condition in which I experience myself as free. Give or take. The thing is, that in as far as I'm trying to write about mental imprisonment, I'm looking for something that is not

CRESTA

Mindcontrolled/Cumdump

Prisoner/Bride

Dolly/Vagina

SEALS
[1] Wedding Ring + Female (enforced) + Sex-Slave (doll) + Exploited (gangrape)
[2] Mind Control + Cockslut + Cumdump + Selfrape
[3] Prostitution + Harem bride + Death Torment + Dungeon Slut LOVE ABUSE

Sex Slave

So are these older attempts also a mix between rights and wrongs. Most prominently did I link Captivity or at times Prostitution to the third - which makes sense because of the dungeon bit. And I assume, that the more verbose I got - the more accurate things turned out. But none of what I tried would allow me to really see through why ... I never felt quite done.

The thing above ... I would think that's the consequence to ... It could practically be the proverbial dent in the wall. So, that me being focused on this problem for so long, that it left some kind of subconscious ... imprint.

And so I suppose it also shows, in a way, how I come to resolve these things. That they are internal considerations: Of internal tensions and harmonies. That so - from being clear inside, I come to produce clear expressions or reflections. Filtered through my ability to wrap things into language.

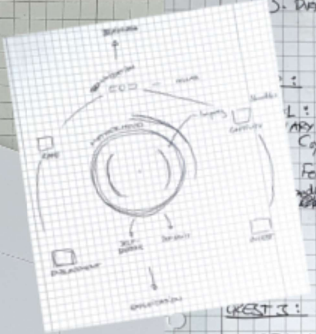
As for what and why ... well ... that's a story for another time. As follows ...



CREST 1: FAMILY SLAVE (NEST LYNX)

SEAL: ENFORCED FEMININITY
 PRIMARY RUNE: WEDDING BOND (SLAVE OF SPAIN)
 SECONDARY RUNES:

1. Fickelut → Sex Doll / BOND OF ENGAGEMENT [MARRIAGE]
2. Toilet Slave → Rape Toy / BOND OF CAPTIVITY [DEGRADATION]
3. Pet → (Limo) SILVER / BOND OF INVEST [GANGBANG]
4. Sew → Mother / BOND OF HUMILIATION [TORTURE]
5. Dirty Secret → Porn Slave / BOND OF EXPOSURE [PENITENCE]



CREST 2: BREEDING WITNESS

SEAL: MENTAL ENGAGEMENT
 PRIMARY RUNE: BOND OF MISERY (ADVOCATE VICTIMHOOD)
 SECONDARY RUNES:

1. Captivity → (MURDER) / BOND OF DEGRADATION [DESPAIR]
2. Feast → Animal / BOND OF DESPAIR [MULTIPLICATION]
3. Prostitution → Prostitution / BOND OF CRAMMING [BODY MUTILATION]

CREST 3: DUNGEON COW

SEAL: HONOR'S BRIDE
 PRIMARY RUNE: BOND OF ADULTERY (ADVOCATE DESTRUCTION)
 SECONDARY RUNES:

1. Slave Choice → Diva / BOND OF EXPLOITATION [FREE & ALL]

CLARITY

WHORE

BRAINWASHED

MENTAL ENGAGEMENT
 PET DOLL
 SEX SLAVE

LOWNESS

Welcome to a Little Mess that I've Created!

The Photos here are all from recent efforts. Right above you'll find the previously shared table - the old and outdated one; Though actually when I was referring to "old versions" I was thinking of stuff from before that. The table I shared is actually the result of what I'm trying to describe at this point.

So, you might be able to make out some of the words. At this point, outside of the Seal, what's going on in my mind is between two items. Or so at first only one item. The Huge circles on these diagrams would usually depict a pregnant belly; And you can kindof see ... what kind of issues I was facing. Adding the Crest made it about two - the question being, which goes on top and which goes in the bottom. And here one twister is in that conceptually, the top corresponds to the Crest. As how this table is constructed, the bottom is what however extends into those bonds. So, thinking the "Metal" part into the top made the thing finally "pop" - we might say, but noting it down like that didn't feel right; Obviously because the layout wouldn't work out for that.

At the bottom right you can see the 'final result' - as presented herein; And in the top right you can see a version of the prominent attempt after that came into existence.

And there is a certain peace I feel about that. As opposed to ... weird lingering unrest, desires that wouldn't go anywhere ... that kind of stuff.

It is then that since the second "Rune" would prominently feature pregnancy, that I wouldn't think of the "Metal" part - and yet 'feeling' it as something that belonged. I'd usually push it into the third. Which ... isn't entirely wrong because there are similarities - but not truly right either.



present within this particular condition. So, where my Hunan'Pali is bypassed. And maybe it's not even much of a real thing for most people. Suggesting that I only recognize it because it exists in this weird way. But for how that works - I'm afraid this ancient text has no answers either.

Well. There are arrows.

What is discussed instead, is 'Salak NiuAbanu' - a.k.a. "the Nullstate", or more specifically "the -NOW- experience of the Will". And I suppose we could so move on to say 'Uala'Abanu' instead of 'Hunan'Pali' - but ... hmm ... well. Anyway.

Salak NiuAbanu most prominently creates 'Paraga Hanzil' - meaning: "Projected (Mind-)Space" - in which now the aforementioned Belugia'Natanais take place. So, concepts, schemings, that sort of thing. "Mirrors of Meaning" as it were. So is there also 'NiuMiara' - "Null Vision" or so part of our subconscious. Wherein things settle. Things we internalized for instance. And "moving them into consciousness" - or so ... :P ... "Paraga Hanzilating" on them, we generate an understanding - so: Belugia'Natanais. And yes, Clarity as described so far - is when the Light comes in and turns them into Belugia'Lagaris...es But so they also remain - at least within God's mind - while migrating into our NiuMiara.

Other than that, there are the lesser "Belugia'Lagaris" - a.k.a. Aiataru. In simple: Objects (Lines, Cornerstones, A door; That sort of thing). More specifically "Happening of the "Now", consistent with the "Debta'EiaLagaris" (Debta → Inevitable, Eia → Endo-Infinity (existent reality)).

And from those, we have the or an Aiata Ru'Alatar. Which, given the language, reads as it should. As so - a self sitting on the Lights inevitable occurrence; Or something along those lines.

Clarity, perhaps, in all simplicity. Maybe.

And that's in about as much as I was able to piece together so far. As, to come back to the point; I suppose I wasn't much beyond these things.

The Naamaru is an Aia Lagaris Ebtain of the DebtaEiaLagaris
 This implies that the "Demon Seed" Naamaru is present in the Universal through which the Divine may Act.
 This results in special Aiataru, we can call Aiataru'Lagaris. Plural Aiataru'Lagaris

concept of thought →

Hmm ... OK.

I've been curious, because ... so far no sight of the namesake to this segment. So was I probably a bit ahead of myself. So then ... apologies.

Still true however, Belugia'Lagaris are Divine Belugia'Natanais. Such and such. I mean ... in hindsight there might be a reason why the term stuck as

Aiataru → Object
 Aiata Ru → Ualatar
 Aiata Ru'Alatar

"Muscle Memory"

Belugia'Lagaris

it did – leaving the detail out to be ... technical at best. Or so, the exact terminology up to be tinkered with.

As for the Naamaru however, I get to mention it briefly in here. Too briefly perhaps – which however goes to show how little it is. From a different perspective however – it is large ... encompassing this ... yet invisibly so.

In all simplicity, it's associated to a/the tiara.

To describe it as an Emergent Ability (property) of the Spirit (Aiu-Ebta'Lagaris), the demon contained therein – acting as a part of me, upon my mind – is literally just a part of my mind, condensed, shaped up, whatever; to act as though it were an independent force.

Eventually – that's just like a trauma. Or some other sub-conscious 'thing', like one of the many mysterious concepts the one or the other psychologist have come up with. Something that may not be a concrete figure or thing, yet our comprehension may apply a layer of abstraction to make it so.

So is it described as 'an' Aiu-Ebta'Lagaris, "although" the thing that this Aiuating Ebtaia Aiuates it's Ebtaia through, or as, is of myself. Although is in quotation marks because such is simply the 'whole' thing with that side of Clarity. So – things of ourselves that the Light may emerge through; Which it overall does in a variety of ways.

So, if you spot me having a somewhat masochistic desire, that's what this Tiara re-enforces. We can describe it – at the core – as an abstract that exists in consequence to my desires of submission; Eventually taking shape as some kind of sadistic self-loathing. Ascribing a kink or pleasure or desire or property of self-deprivation to myself – it is, if not directly from that, certainly strongly associated or linked to it.

And it's overall a really simple piece. One that despite its harrowing appearance and dread inducing implications, is also just an echo ... of my own kink of submission AND devotion. Things that aren't directly implied within its neutral, out of context description. But it also doesn't take its effect, or truth, from any outside influence. Even if one person were to have a magic hammer to make such things appear in me – I mean, I suppose a malicious person could do some weird shit – the implied could only be as effective as I myself am able to allow. And stuff.

Belugia'Lagarises are different in that they more so exist as part of myself. So in that they are reflections – rather than abstractions. And they aren't as much 'emergent' as they are static. And so are the Aiutara'Lagaris. Where, in as much as God can mimic me, to my own self, He can also mimic me, to others – or so, others to me. So is there this ... fog, or smoke ... filaments of Light – that vaguely permeate the space imposing a sense of connectedness. Like, some kind of Love. But overall nothing ... really ... big and fat and bold and chunky. Just stuff that's there ... doing it's thing ... as 'Aiutara' do. Aiutarases? Well ...

... moving on with the text.

For my first "Rune" - I'd generally go for the picture of a collar and a mouth-gag. The second would feature a pregnant belly and shackles for arms and ankles. The third would simply be prison bars. And beyond that there wasn't much I could do with that. I felt like I should though. And so I kept hitting a wall. Eventually I'd try it with folders – sorting images into folders as for an expression. Then I'd give up or come to focus on something else – and later had to start over again.

In that regard, I have two ... I guess we could call them 'open urges'. Things that when I think of them fill me with an urge that leads me to suspect that there's something to be accomplished or found – but so far haven't come to a conclusion.

One of them concerns "the second rune". I'd sit down, run into a wall around any corner – and in doing so I either abandon ship, or have gathered enough tension that discharges into other expressions.

The fundamental trouble might be, that when it comes to the first Crest – a room opened up; And respectively I feel relatively safe about it. When it comes to details, I have context to fall back on. For the third I also think there is one – or so I find now. But moving so from the first to the second 'position' - I'm overwhelmed by a strong urge. Like so: This belongs here. And it is anchored into position like so. And it needs to be bolted in like ... I don't know. And so I would come to possibly draw the same picture over and over again – and what more I could do might require me to make a wood-carving so I could make it be with hammer and nail.

Coming back around to crests led to a bit of a breakthrough. Or so, I had space for an additional thing – and now I feel a lot better about it. I am however still confused because there's a bit of a conflict.

6 – Vaults of Misery

Coming to the second Crest, I of course knew what the Seal was going to be. But then, as derived from the things I understood would belong here, I had two open positions and two items to handle. So I thought the shackles into the crest – and something happened. I would call it an "explosion of Light". So, something good and great and awesome – however themed according to what would be good and great and awesome to my experience. So, not as much an angelic "Aaaaaah" - but more like Heavy Metal Darkness and Despair. And so I moved on to take note of the impregnation part as related to the Rune, but ... something prevented me from doing so. It felt wrong. And so I switched the two around. But now I wonder what that Light explosion was about.

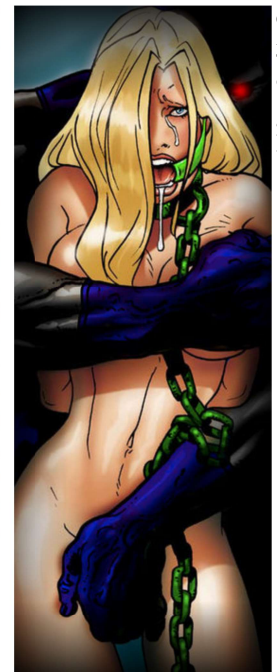
Not sure what to do with this text. I'm repeating myself – so, technically that could be a placeholder. Like almost all of the previous Chapter. Up unto the Runes & Crests part, which ... however wasn't much about Anatomy anymore.

So, maybe it's just vertical space for this ... ?

Though – in my urges ... there's ... been a silent call to present this image to you – the one I'm describing right ← there, further down. And while reading this I also had some silent urge to get a bit into a little twister I've gotten myself into regarding this old, now outdated, arrangement of /with the Runes.

...

"Supergal" by
Dr. Villain



Original
Artist:
Temple
on
(DoFant
asy.com
)

And in all that it seems like 'romance' is a fundamental right that not any amount of shenanigans can get rid of. It's a or the fundamental good of intimacy. Perhaps it becomes less important or imperative, the more platonic relationships you have. These too can be viewed as 'romantic' in a sense similar to what my second heart does. So, love for a thing that is shared with others.

Source: Lamborghini.com
Artist: Unknown



RUNES & CRESTS

To be honest, I'm still not entirely sure about my (primary) Runes and Crests. I'm relatively certain what to look for, but it's still somewhat difficult to get a hold of them things.

At first the idea was, that I needed something to properly recognize the Seals. That because what I had at the time, would have them be spread all over the place. And so I thought of something like a Crest, that the Seal would be embedded into. Sure enough, but I was guessing. Thinking on behalf of inspirations - but also the ordinary urge to explore my Clarity.

It made pretty easy sense for me, to associate my first seal to marriage. So I made that connection - and it opened up a space. Within my Clarity. And it is from there, I suppose, that I maintained this interpretation.

What however happened, is that I couldn't really fit that what I had associated to this marriage into that space. Rather did an independent concept of marriage take shape therein. And because of that, I started to think of those crests as separate environments. And so I realized that this might just be the part of our clarity that is meant to make some kind of public statement. First of all so for the individual to say that these are the conditions "that the Light has woven me into" or "that the Light has granted me". Or simply: This is my relationship with the divine Light.

And I did get a little bit infatuated with this idea of Runes. That they would be like magical spells - but eventually I didn't find a proper way to put Runes and Crests in context with each other. So I simply stuck with runes as whatever now combines with the seal to produce some environmental condition.

And eventually I had a bit of an understanding. And maybe the problem was or is that I think that all Runes follow the same Logic. But how would I figure that out? Whatever the case, for the most part the understanding I had could be expressed in images. Or symbols. But that has also always been a little bit fuzzy.

And in terms of what they 'do' - it's really simple for me to take note. So is there the Collar - distinctively that cut through my neck - that manipulates my flow of emotions. I wouldn't even call them emotions. But here is also where things get a bit more complicated again.

It's easy to say that "it makes me addicted to Cum" - but even easier to just describe myself - in the context of brainwashing and spiritual manipulation - as a Cumdump and a Fuckslut.

Those pseudo images of myself I shared in the beginning, they contain some subtle hints at that.

I assume however that it sounds, or looks, silly if I just put it like that without you understanding the Context.

And as for downright calling myself a Cumdump or a Fuckslut - realistically we also first have to talk about Baselines and corresponding Conditions and/or Conditioning. More on that later.

But well. At times I'd take my Lips as "the thing". Another time it's my throat. Sometimes it tingles in my brain. Like it's converted into cum and sucked down. Eventually it also gets to my eyes. A very ... distinct feeling of "suckage". A downward movement of some sort of energy, with no coming back. As if my belly were a vacuum for cum - that eventually connects to each and every opening it could drain it from. Reproductive Organs in my Breasts and ... here and there. But in a sense it also waxes and wanes. As in my everyday life, where it don't matter, it don't matter. Which takes me to the part where this text has me emphasize:

THERE ARE NO SLAVES IN ZION!

That's a mantra!

There are no Slaves in Zion!

Which, for once, again is an issue between the absolute and the ultimate.

Because still: One system of conditional luminescence that I find inside of me is linked to that leather collar. While there is one leash associated to it, it isn't fixed to the collar. The attachment point has it's own thing going on, but - as per the collar I assume - also has the effect that once a leash is attached to it, it does to my mind as much as to procure devote compliance unto who holds it. In as far as access rights are granted - I must assume. And that' ... good.



Artist: Unknown

Or, because I think it is good - while also being overall well aligned with these kinds of things - it is part of my Clarity. Or simpler: Has become part of my Clarity. And at some point I would just assume that it's OK while all these things affect me as they do. I mean, that's certainly the premise. So that I can for instance recognize these like 4 mutually

exclusive states of mind: Freedom, state of shock (enslavement part 1, abduction or such), state of conditioning (enslavement part 2, training) and state of compliance (enslavement part 3, utilization).

While 'THE dream' would be to live lifetimes in which this is enacted as for reals, it were possible - they also have a shared relationship as of which they exist as part of a whole; Where - even if state 1 and state 2 didn't happen, I could slip into a state of mind where I would feel as though they did; Simply in how they make sense within the immediate. On the other hand wouldn't it take a perfect recreation of any one state to 'invoke' it - to let me know, in essence, that "that's what's happening.

SEAL 3 - HAREM'S BRIDE

As for my third seal, there isn't a whole lot to say - right away - concerning it's presence and all the kind of stuff previously gone through.

There's a black realm - I find myself present therein through what I must assume isn't a 'fixed' likeness - with the only item being a heart shaped gem or piece of jewelry that sits ... well, in the idea it is the center piece of a bra or corresponding "Harem Wear". Essentially a piece of cloth wrapped around the breasts. And other than that, there are mostly just vague 'threads' that seem to connect to all the other things - or some of them. In this regard, I regard this as a 'wrap'. The only clue to go on being that lingering sense expressed within the Seal's label.

This Gem or piece of Jewelry maybe doesn't sit in or on my skin as the others, but it feels as if it does. Hence I would call it a 'second heart'. What it does - or did to me - at first wasn't clear to me. For all I cared about it, the threads would lead me back to the other things, and that eventually with an added layer of confusion. There so would be items that seemed to stand out, so does there seem to be a "strong" (relatively) connection to the "insignia of submission" (collar, shackles) - at best I would think about nipple piercings but that also doesn't happen to be a "thing thing".

It is then over time, that things would take shape - growing in significance - that I now feel more strongly coursing through those threads. It is all however still very vague ... yet at the core of it I "assume" (I'm relatively certain, tendency rising) that it introduces romantic associations to the things it connects to.

So in the vague sense, that there are duties or conditions that apply to my role as a bride; While my role as a bride is further diluted within being just one of many, thus shifting the focus over into "the performance as bride". That is further strengthened by the various enforcements of detachment, where the state of detachment - as, by the way: a positive experience (I more so dissolve into the conditions and the environment (passivity)) - further connects with my role as a bride.

That at least describes some of the cognitive links. And what one is to understand, is that those links can function as conductors. It's as with the cliché conspiracy nut. Anything that the mind can make "sense" of can be linked together yielding some wild consequence. And as with wild

conspiracies, there's like a 'final conclusion'. Except there isn't really 'a' final conclusion, but a network of conclusions.

In other words: It's complicated.

I so for once would find myself fancy the concept of brides in a pornographic setting. And what I find, following that fancy, is a flavor of sexual submission. "Another way in" perhaps, primarily aligned to the concept of my first "Primary Rune". And that I guess we could call a scope of feelings.

It's a different scope to that with my husband. Although there sure is space, at least for me, to see myself as bride; It eventually gets overshadowed by being a Doll or a Sex-Toy, more to the point. But beyond the conscious, there still are feelings.

When it comes to my family however, my situation is that I there am what I am as a direct consequence of a marriage.

It starts with boy-me creeping up to "my Mum"; And she agrees to marry me under three conditions. 1. I'm to be her Sex-Slave. 2. I'm to be feminized to the extent she desires. And 3. I'm to be a Whore for whomever she likes. So, following the first condition I'm made to worship "the Devil" - becoming furthermore a religious asset to culty pleasures. Following the second condition I'm essentially made a victim of rape because whatever kind of sexual act on me that can be justified following the condition, extends unto the limits she appoints. As of the third, I'm allowed to come to terms with this existence by settling all my dreams, hopes and aspirations in being exploited and abused.

And, believe it or not, all that gives me a cozy feeling. But not necessarily in a romantic sense.

And so there's a Mantra, even: 1. I crave to get raped above everything. 2. I prioritize being a prostitute above everything. 3. I deprioritize romancing beneath everything/I put romancing last.

As of the third condition I'm effectively married to everyone I am made to serve. And attached to that come the things I relate to being a whore - so that in form, I find myself being a love-slave.

Beyond that, there are however also the conditions of my second room - or seal 1 - which is a bit more detached from the 'being a bride' thing. It is within those conditions that I understand my second heart taking effect. It thereby is more so that I am married into the conditions.

Respectively is there for instance an exposure Kink, where by I more specifically think of crotch-less underwear for instance. So is it exposure that underlines my submission/conditions of captivity - and that is eventually where or how the second heart becomes active.

And since I'm meant to deflect romantic associations as much as possible, this, as far as I can tell, leads to outbursts of attachment to the situation followed by shame through which I engage with it.

Since I ended up removing the note: One idea carried along here is that of associating certain outfits, in combination with environmental triggers, to certain conditions.

And eventually it also has to be re-emphasized that this is "of my fantasy" - so, where my imagination becomes the material Clarity reacts with.

And since it's kinda lost in here - the second heart doesn't imply romantic feelings or associations on its own. Those would exist elsewhere - where the immediate condition of the second heart isn't present. It is there rather just the sense of being married - or so tied up with parts of me embracing it - beyond my ability or will to resist.