

In other words, should it not be obvious just yet, it cannot be avoided that some parts of Clarity are to remain in the imagination until it's literally just our imagination that determines the limits.

But with all that now out of my System, I can appreciate that there are also plenty of pleasures that don't require us to be driven into extremes for extensive amounts of time. I guess that in that regard the only extreme we'll always have to suffer, is that of our own.

Suggesting that anyone's normal – no matter how mundane – is an extreme of some kind. And sure, eventually that extends into previously discussed concepts also; **With the Caveat that Self and Self-sacrifice aren't mutually exclusive.** Or it is so, that self-sacrifice cannot replace who or what one is.

I mean, I may have to work on the formulation of it – or at least dwell on it for long enough to bolster the implied meaning. There, I think it's fairly important – that one in terms of being always has Self in Form of Ego and what it entails.

Not  
only in  
Wanting.

Light can adjust to our needs – but will, I suppose, only do so within the logic of the whole. So, if I wanted a thing that could be triggered to be effective beyond reason – I'd have to think of a butt-plug that connects to the internet or something. While maybe also sharing access data on the Social Media. And let this proverbial butt-plug be a metaphor of some kind.

As per the script, there's an awful lot of 'not the topic' coming up next; While in hindsight I notice that a thread has been opened that I didn't really come close to fetching up on anywhere. For as far as I was concerned, the whole issue with it is as of my baseline, realism, ... that thing where at the end of the day we have to leave some things as for a reality we do not physically inhabit just yet; Yet from a different angle I see concerns over things such as depression, trauma, self-loathing ... . But still, on and off, I'll dare to indulge in the ideas that are yet to be separated from this world; As at the end of the day they still have some adjacency to my concerns; And of course the final conclusion – if we can call it that – to this whole thing.

And so I know or knew not how to treat it, leaving, per chance, some parts of it ... awkwardly remote to the conscious grasp. So it seems. There sure was, or is, something I need to figure out still – as at times I get the feeling ... or rather loose the confidence on what I was writing about – as for what the point may be so I can finish writing what I started. It does however fall into this pot of ... let's call it misery.

So, following the script, there would be a larger tangent on things unrelated to the topic of Clarity while loosely connected because the word 'Dream' is in the title. And getting through this section ... well. It's March and I still haven't made much progress moving beyond this page.

Usually it works just fine, that I start writing about something by just mentioning bits of it; And when it doesn't I ever so often get something else out of it. So also in this case – but as mentioned, it seems something went missing in the process. That's fine if this wasn't a book that should be coherent. Also, the transition away from the tangent was rather awkward. But I suppose I'll keep the tangent around as an extra segment; Though I might have to shorten it somewhat. In other words – I have to go off script; And you'll have to excuse me maintaining this meta-commentary for a bit longer. One issue is that I never quite got anywhere with this initial comparison of Clarity to Software – and I suppose I did get into the topic of Dreams to make a few cases that would help illuminate what point I was trying to make. Instead I went somewhat off the rails. And now it is somewhat easier for me to step aside and take a position separate to ... that of my past self. We've discussed the shift of perspectives for a bit, or layers of those; And as it bears relevance, it might be worth capitalizing on this opportunity.

As for this, we could say that my current state of mind is to be regarded as the rational self, whereby my past state of mind is the entranced one. As of that, my past self was trying to make the case that Clarity is safe and sound; As to be exemplified via so called 'Close Dreams'.



# DREAMS

It might be weird, but I don't mean to be poetic here. But rather do I mean to break some odd pages down into a brief – I suppose you could say: Companion Piece to the matter of Dreams as discussed herein.

On the short end of summarization, there are two main concepts meant to be at the center of it. Distant Dreams and Close Dreams. The matter of Distant Dreams is thereby eventually its own thing. Speaking of the Rise and Fall of entire Civilizations per chance. Or Mass Hysteria perhaps – to think of the more Nightmarish reading of it.

At any rate would it not matter what terms we slap in front of the word 'Dream' – there is always a chance that it might slip into the distance, maybe even without the individual realizing it. Distant Dreams are however filled with ought to's. Eventualities of Possibilities that would this and that only come to pass ... we might live happily forevermore; Or on the other end of the spectrum: Never see the Light of Day again.

It thus is shorthand for things that deceive us, or means by which we get deceived – perhaps by our own selves. Be it the promised Land, the fabled Soulmate, the Glory of our Ancestors or the Fortune of our Descendants – to name a few. They get us to do things, to believe in things, that motivate us to actions in the now, the immediate – as Close as Dreams might get – and eventually, without them, we might barely be considered human. But the danger is in "the Truth that it brings". For as it lures you with a promise, it might actually deliver something else; Barely visible between the nows and thens.

Close Dreams on the other hand are a concept tied to the contemporary. Truth in Vision, we might say; Though quite possibly also just one of the many mechanisms that steer us hither and thither without any good being delivered.

Neither of these is either strictly this or that. Distant Dreams are present in Clarity as they are in the Pits of our Mangle. A Close Dream however impacts us in the now. It affects our Soul. Mirroring to us truths we cannot evade, as they talk to the core of our motivations, reasoning, pleasures, fears ... – so that either way we behave in response to the mere possibility of either of those figments, we have chosen a path, consolidated within the knowledge of our own.

This is ultimately, within the Truths of Clarity, what enables us to be alive in the beyond. Though these may furtheron blurr into the distant, they yet remain as fragments of our being, endemic to a world otherwise unreal to the mortal soul.

Being or getting Destroyed is in that sense not strictly a separate thing. Being my Spouses Slut would at any rate have me in a position in which I'm removed from "being whole". So I assume. And so is this whole section here to also emphasize that some things, with Brutality being the prominent example, are just guesses.

As the whole introduction on Misery was to say: I don't want to be Miserable. On the other side there are however still those things that make me use that word in the first place.

My immortal understanding doesn't need to be concerned of ... let's call it 'physical dissonance' ... and my mortal understanding recognizes 'physical dissonance' as a joy-killer. On the one hand side I do have a Kink for getting Brutalized – as in getting physically destroyed in the sense of Snuff or Mutilation – and on the other hand side it's at the very least at the fringes of some feeling of toxicity. And that extends into my immortal understanding.

It seems to be a rather silly way to prove my devotion – or perhaps a blind-spot of my relationship with Sadism. It makes sense for there to be things that wouldn't happen, that I however would also be incapable of protecting myself from. But I also think that that are mostly concerns of duration and overall balance.

As I've written a while back:

It is thereby 'with great pleasure that I inform you that' I yesterday had my first Post-Op orgasm. That would be the 24<sup>th</sup> of January, 2023. After some thoughts and prayer I was informed that I'm going to experience some fantasy that is not only going to be nice, but also going to fit into this book. In essence did it expand upon one of my favorites, in which I am the slave of my son. The details may be a bit beside the point, but so the gist of it is, that "the shackles of my captivity" render me not only as subject to my master – but also as freed from personal rights to the point that it is they who determine what I am to enjoy. Long story short: My suffering comes as a potential of my captivity (even if just as a hypothetical) – and the matter of captivity is of substantive weight to me and paramount to my internal comfort.

The "I am a Mother" page is from early December, by the way.

Anyway – the point here being, that getting Brutalized is at least symbolic for what my intimate Partnership(s) entail(s) – while a more recent development had me focus on the concepts of violence that align with my situation; Appreciating its relevance as the pivotal source of bliss within this internal comfort. That at first would have been emotional violence, followed by the general framing of captivity relative to my duties as a Whore; And more being at the very least implied; And regarding my journey into the Nexus also quite inevitable.

At this point I however can't help myself but be a hopeless addict to the idea, while I can't really find an image or imagination to connect it with. It does however follow the idea of getting my consciousness fucked out of me – and that followed by the motivations for doing so. But I guess ... that's ... at this point neither here nor there.







Though we might therein also find courage that we otherwise don't have – or truths that have no bearing on our worldly existence – they are yet alive within the envisioned conditions; And such are the conditions of our longing alive within our immortal soul.

And maybe we can sow heaven on earth through understanding those as the true seeds our dreams are made of.

There maybe is no easy way to say this. But thinking of civilizations that war over ideas like this or like that – there is the kind that thinks Salvation comes in form of an absence of people like this or that, or people who hold on to such and such belief. And such is the peace of the absence of a perceived nuisance. And if you focus on something hard enough, you might not realize that the consequential disturbance is a misery of your own making. So is the condition of the world perhaps riddled by dreams of this kind; stifled through things we cannot fathom. Thus hatred is bread in the wake of promises of ignorance.

Reality though is not a dream.

And I find it disturbing how cultures might resort to the very same habits that once oppressed them. So the chosen people of God – to pick a prominent example. What is the Dream? What is the Promise? And what is the Glory of God in the wake of its fulfillment? Nonsense – I say! Identity Politics at its worse. And the only cure to all of it that I can think of, is Empathy!

Some might mistake it for Guilt. Thus people try to shame each other into submission. Others might mistake it for Weakness. Thus people try to boast at each other with intimidating gestures. Yet it is strength. Thus people try to inspire each other with common sense and compassion.

Yes. The real world can only be the playground of our dreams, if we establish the basis for each other to thrive in. Or however it is that we may understand this. That the absence of nuisances would include you – if you make an effort of being one yourself.

Well. The Truth isn't neutral respective to our Dreams and Beliefs. If you so will: It is the exception to the bottomless void the meaningless. The facts of the matter within all the things that are so or so irrelevant.

Saying as much, as that Close Dreams don't make us better people; Or that they don't necessarily contain some higher magic that makes us right in what, or how, we yield from them. For what we see in the Mirror – and what we make of it – may at times just be an illusion of our own making.

With that now being said, let me close this with a brief example of what Close Dreams I have encountered within my Clarity.



I AM A

# MOTHER

AND I HAVE AN IMPREGNATION KINK  
THROUGH WHICH I'M MADE TO BE SUCH

by **JOY TOY**

MY LOVE is to be **RAPE DOLL**  
**ENSLAVED** for Rape Fetishes

My main Function is to be  
**non-Expressively Compliant**

I do not express consent nor do I  
engage sympathetically with my owner.  
It is their duty and/or privilege to impose  
themselves upon me and thus manufacture  
the conditions of my Joy(TM)

I have a backup TurnOn  
mode by which I am  
capable of expressing my  
**ENTHRALLMENT**  
through specified  
Parameters

My available default Modes are:

Daughter  
Mother  
Sister

including

MzF Specifications  
Marital Alignment  
and DollFit Expression Modes (TM)

INCEST

Love Slave (Flex)

Adict

Domina (Sub)

Pet

...

**TYPE 3  
BREEDING  
SLAVE**

TYPE 1

standard reproduction

TYPE 2

artificial selection

TYPE 3

abstract cultivation

Artist: Komaiinu

Fear is at that point just another word that aligns with the general premise; Though it isn't strictly necessary as it is mutually exclusive to other terms that align with the general premise. And at the end of the day there's also just life outside of those things.

When talking Misery, then fear and despair ARE terms that are present within items of Clarity - which we'll also get to later when those aspects are being discussed. At any rate is there a kind of hierarchy; And fear and despair aren't on the top of it. Sadness/depression and disgust (at least of my self and the conditions I'm in) rank higher. But I don't want to spoil too much. However, those higher ranking states are I'd say more chill as also more intrinsic to merely existing in the kind of Captivity I'm in. Fear and Despair are however there just around the corner - as basically the threshold into those conditions. Or so: As soon as any kind of action is required, they are basically implied.

So the vows concerning my first Rune. Being a Slave might be pretty benign, but starting with feminization, rape is being implicated that only gets more extreme - by definition - as the third Rune effectively puts a lid on it. To the point that there's nothing left for it to end.

The weird thing is, that while fear is what entices me - or one thing at least that ... consolidates my enthrallment ... I am at times legitimately afraid that it might actually become a reality. That the magic might be real. That is - while so far my issue would have been with possibly misconceptions, I'm at that point wondering whether or not I'm actually seeing things right. But the treatment around it is still the same; Although the triggers that remind me can go either direction as they don't need to take me 'into' the whole thing. So I'm at occasion reminded that there is a certain wealth to my Clarity, of which the extremes are partially even diametrically opposed extremes - and a good chunk isn't necessarily tied to sadistic oppression. In those instances it merely holds a passive position, as - it is after all ... still one of the if not the most relevant factors that dominates my Clarity. I mean, in a sense I'm married to it; Saying that I have strong romantic emotions associating with it. Well, as it so happens to be part of my marriage.

So, returning to the matter of the oral abuse, I understand that I do have an insistence on it that does cancel out my own sense of self-preservation. Much as an insistence to enter that necessary state of self-neglect; As if to say that I aspire the comfort of being cared 'for'. So the care I get is the care I need - though leaning heavily into areas of reckless abuse. The practical point were one of conditioning to the extent of being a functional sex-toy; Yet along the way towards that state of being perfectly conditioned, there are some things that would offer more and other things that would offer less resistance. And the more resistance something imposes, the more it has to be worked on. And so I assume that some of these resistances are inherent to my being - and that I therefore do have strong Kinks associated with overcoming them.

Including resistance by Pride, Dignity and Autonomy.

It has to somehow play out I assume; But that doesn't really tell me squat. Not that it matters ... hmm ... sure. But I can't help but worry from time to time that I'm being a bit Naive about my Clarity.

Perhaps necessarily so.

So am I possibly just a person with a typewriter (keyboard) and a vivid fantasy. At least so in the bio-essentialist sense, whereby one's self is merely a product of biological processes. Opposed to that my own understanding of how I conduct myself implies a certain authority to make statements of divine validity. That strongly relates to how I see myself – and thereto my body has pretty little to do with it. And that invites a little word-play, regarding what I identify as, that would lend itself to some silly Flat Earth joke. Although I guess we can say that it's just the reality that the curvature of earth isn't right away apparent.

So, what is real? What is truth? As it stands do I certainly not meet the ideal or the standard that I project of myself – and as that in turn requires me to take distance to my Clarity, a certain discomfort is being triggered which in turn motivates what we might call an irrational insistence on it.

Possibly that's a case of tunnel-vision. Like alcohol can arousal lower one's standards – and whatever works, works.

And something that doesn't work, is for me to assume some position that isn't supported by Clarity – on whatever premise of rationality – because that would ultimately just be a guess. Motivated by fear. Which may be a good segue into my previous attempt at rewriting this whole Dream Arc, but – for now there's also a point about standards; Which I can segue back into fear from also ...

So – it's ... somewhere stuck in the nuance; As to how much of my Clarity is meant to be private and how much is meant to be public. Or how to put it. Now, the Clarity itself – no doubt – as such is squarely for the public. But all of it somehow settles in or originates from a private space. So are the forces that abduct and imprison me private; And the enslavement and captivity ... in transition to the public, part of the public, framing ... , whatever. And the private is, I'd say, supposed to value me for myself regardless of my body. And however that might transition into the public is in that regard also relatively settled.

So, what we do in private creates a supply position prior to there being a demand; And if the demand required it, the supply side can further be adjusted.

Regarding this “supply side”, the truth is that I'm perfectly enthralled – naturally motivated by the kind of zeal people are expected to have for their home sweet home. This enthrallment, as for my concerns, is linked to the conditions it entails; And in that regard my Clarity is all I can realistically write about at this point. And it is also there, that my insistence on Rape is at its most severe. The narrative has it, that this is where I'm programmed to insist on it – such that my Caretakers can treat me as a Loyal asset.

It took me a bit by surprise – which at the time was what got me to recognize these “events” as ‘Close Dreams’. In that sense: Hypothesis’ in form Vision or Imagination that challenged my at the time contemporary understanding of myself. The very first one I took note of, relates to my grown shame and reluctance regarding sexual interactions. In that sense rape fantasies are a great escape that is certainly valid for my own passivity; But the danger may be in that I would thereby not see myself through any other lens. So, finding myself placed in an environment within which I was practically asked to be the one to initiate contact; I had a bit of a coming out of myself moment. The general point for me being, that I can find it within me – engaging as a Whore without the usual framing.

If it doesn't tell you much, that's maybe because it didn't do much, but to connect me with the voluntary/consensual side of my Clarity being my Clarity a bit more.

More meaningful would be what led to the presentation on the left here.

So, mostly this is just between me and my spouse I assume. At first at least. Primarily.

So for true true experience, it comes as an act of the Sub to express their submission via submissive gestures. That is a deliberate act against one's every day state of being – or so an attempt at generating the emotional or cognitive circumstances of the implied Kink. It's symbolic, we might say, in that it kickstarts or maintains the emotional environment. Cognitively the sub thereby presents themselves in a way that the dom can then interact with.

Yet so it doesn't – or shouldn't – come as much of a surprise that a true Rape Kink needs it more like ... the other way. The Close Dream thereby interacts with my expectations, basically, where my emotional affection for my Spouse is predominantly active. I treat the idea of her as I would a plush toy. I have an urge to hold it close to myself such as to show affection. The natural consequence is that I get to experience myself in a vastly pro-active sense – which is further compounded by my every day audacity to speak (or act) out if I see fit. Experiencing that now put into a Clarity related context ... directly ... is so what makes it a ‘Close Dream’ - so because the implied circumstances directly affect very real contemporary state issues of myself; Affecting my real-time understanding.

So, my pro-active routine is ‘the problem’ here. Something I got used to. The Close Dream then consisted of a scenario that flipped that on its head; Targeting that part of me specifically. It is now however a ways in the past, so much so that situations that were separate from each other have blurred together. And this presentation on the left is what we so could call an amalgamation of facts and figures.

The Close Dream part is presented within the “non-Expressively Complacent” part; Which, specific details aside, in essence merely highlighted a Kink that I have, that shifted how I internally relate to my proposed Spouse. Although it was arguably always there somewhere – I was still for the most part stuck relating to her by being a care-giving companion; Rather than in a way that relates to my ... passions.



The matter of 'safety' does however look different to my rational self – as ever so often it has to do what we might call 'damage control'. That certainly isn't a failing of Clarity per se, as it is a matter of comprehending Clarity within the mortal framework. And that would be the crux of the issue.

But there's a lot more to it. And on the off chance that I might skip on something, I'll have to stick to the topic of 'safety' a little longer. Dreams, generally, don't impose any physical danger in and of themselves. The state of dreaming however might, so in cases where we should be attentive; And dreams such as ambitions should be their own category of potential nonsense. Clarity does fall into both categories.

So can we certainly think of Snuff fantasies – but so I want to sort that into the topic of 'Misery' as something that is less extreme and possibly more insidious. Part of that would further be the topic of 'Brutality' – as/and certain aspects of rape fantasies.

In the entranced state none of that is an issue – other than that in order to maintain the trance, it is usually required to ignore real-world (physical) considerations. Therein lies the beauty of it, as it is where this ... we can call it 'meta-reality' takes place, through which the act – or any act – is 'exalted' above being merely a physical activity. So, rather than going through the motions – it can be all sorts of things. Perhaps we can count the day-dreamy state of meditation that develops from routine into it, but above and beyond that we have what we might call a song and dance of or with involved concepts. And it isn't unreal.

A simple example would be soreness. You so might do something you enjoy and end up a bit sore in places. So the physical reality of it implies that you did something bad or dangerous and your body now warns you of it – but the fact that you didn't notice it develop tells a different story. The two contradict each other; And neither is a universally valid case against the other.

When talking about Misery, I'm dealing with what may be a(nother) binary truth. There is the Misery that I hold on to as a Kink or something along those lines; And there is the Misery as one would understand it – so: A state or such of detriment(/something) that is to be avoided. And if you wanna say that those are the same, well – maybe. But if so, we might as well throw life into the mix.

Or so, too much of anything – in all simplicity; But that is not the nature of the implied binary. And I call it binary rather than a duality, because it isn't a duality; As in that sense everything would be "in duality" with misery. So – a binary truth being the developed understanding of a term that extends into two separate, possibly contradicting "realities" – is to say that by Misery I don't mean things that might make me Miserable, but the/a state of Misery itself (being the Kink) (which may also make me Miserable eventually ...). So the story goes that these Kinks can be mistaken for their binary opposite – with the simple understanding being that the binary nature implies a reality counter to the negative implication or invocation. But that's just semantics ... in a way.

"easy zone" also don't think about anything beyond what affects me 'right now'. Whatever happens "just so happens to happen".



Artist: Lucio Parrillo (LucioParrillo.com)

And that was the intro.

Well.

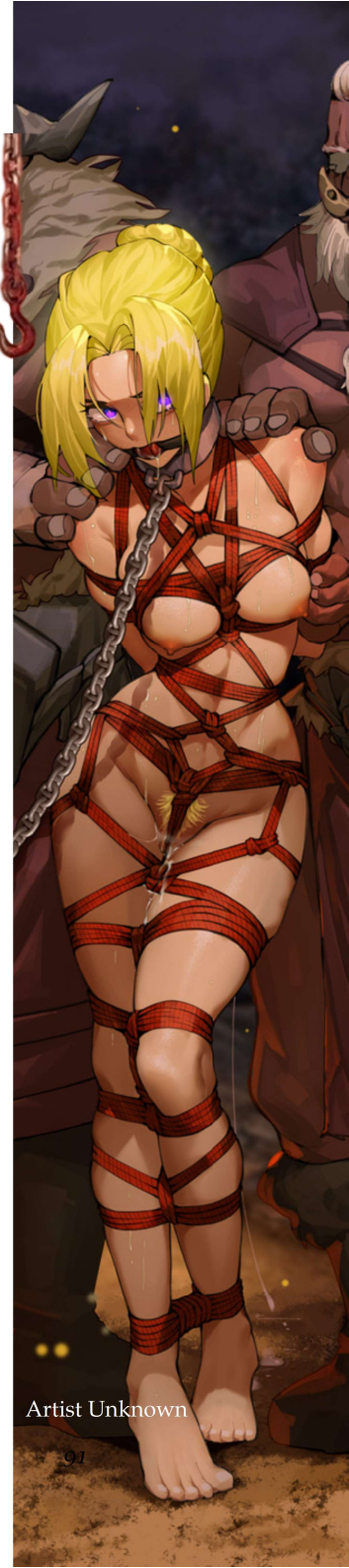
I feel like I should take the opportunity to really take my time ... and space ... with this topic. Not, however, to squeeze out each last little drop of trivia.

And so, Misery is a pretty central topic to me; But so far not in a way so I could say: "This is Misery, this is what I want". Rather so in how it is woven into me. How *little* things here and there accumulate to a point where I could ... be required to emphasize it in confirmation of how it is implicated.

The *standalone* logic of it were, that being a Whore implicates a Framework whereby Captivity is merely a flavor of the general conditions of the duty so that interaction with it resembles enslavement. This furthermore is linked to what I expressively put forth of myself in terms of *Kinks*, and my confession to misery merely confirms, or is to confirm, a general reading thereof – in case that isn't clear on its own. I do at the very least have a constant need it seems to do so. That is, to confirm or emphasize or stress it or such.

My rational self does have a critical stance towards that however; Though I suppose that what would qualify as "reasons" to being critical is in actuality just a loose habit of accounting for excuses.

There so is me, the real me, who understands that her body isn't quite what she would like it to be. Now, what I think it has to be might be different to what it actually has to be – but how others relate to it is certainly a huge factor to my wellbeing. And so I'm left to wonder or worry about what to expect.



Artist Unknown

And here's the part where I might tell the story as easy as it gets. Generally all I need to relate to my Clarity is to find one of those triggers that remind me of the truths that make me adhere to it. Those would generally be "if" cases. If my Mistress/one of my Masters ... such and such. Condition X or condition Y. Basically things that if they were to happen right then and there would make me feel "this and that".

And the strength and intensity of those experiences can vary. Somewhere in here I've written about the shackles manifesting quite strongly, paralyzing me in a way that I enjoyed. Other times it's just like a peek behind the curtain. Like "OK, it's still there ... moving on ...". Earlier today I had a more impactful peek that sent shivers throughout my body that went quite deep and lasted for a bit.

And a little sub-plot thereby is, that the effect probably correlates to a variety of factors that can for simplicity be summarized into mood. A slightly more complicated take is to take the variety of conditions I might find myself within into consideration – as so there is no 'one' "right way". It's all just an amalgamation of possibilities; Though rooted in a necessarily finite set of circumstances/Clarities.

The story however certainly implies a somewhat drastic shift from one way of being into another. At least superficially. But certainly also for me in terms of my environment; Or environmental factors. And that's also why "the easy zone" tends to estrange me from my Clarity. Because, as I so focus on those day to day challenges, there's some 'pro-active self isolation' going on; While outside of that I also just generally lack the attachment figures to do anything else.

But yes. One might visualize what's going on as by a drop of wine into water. It would so only take a snap to pull me from one into the other – while functionally my motivation to remain there is tied to external conditions such as the demand for me to be there. Worse case scenario ... well. The more I think about it, the more drops of wine enter the glass of water, so ... unless there's a really serious issue motivating a resistance on my part – I find that I rather have red than translucent blood – so-to-speak.

The thing for me is that, ignoring the extreme case, I can't really think about probabilities without a proper frame of reference. I guess it might be unreasonable to assume that I'd never do anything else again, but when faced with the question of whether I'd even want to, the answer is a resounding NO.

Well, give or take. I mean, for once am I reluctant to assume that that's a realistic question to ask – as the reality would probably impose some inevitable downtime. Maybe even most of the time. So, that answer doesn't necessarily mean anything. But given that writing about this topic generally stresses me to the point that I generally gravitate towards this NO for an answer; There is at least that. Let's call it ... '(a) point of Clarity'. Or 'point of Nature' – which would at the very least imply as much as a "core environment" I would like to call my home – beyond which I 'don't want to have' to think about anything beyond that. Quite like I in the

But it's still important.

Technically we can then go and try to analyze it further, as to perhaps chart out what aspects make up either of the two; But generally I only do so reluctantly. It's a somewhat irrational disdain for it – which may be similar to that story of God being upset about David doing a population census. It's like I believe in Magic, literally the magic of Clarity, and that any attempt at rationalizing it only obscures the superior truth of it. It's like trying to not get sore from something that is most likely, say with a 90+% probability, gonna make you sore. Perhaps there is validity in it – but none as fundamental as to make it "perfectly safe". Naturally there is proper conduct – as in event that is inherent to the universal duality of misery, or otherwise a property of the common aspects of binary truths.

Anyway. As for the Misery that my entranced self seeks, it's a state of being, conclusive to a set of actions conducted over a duration of time. These actions can in that sense be categorized as 'conditioning events' – be they intentional (active conditioning) or unintentional (passive conditioning). The concerns for proper conduct are thereby considered to be part of 'the Magic', basically implying an equilibrium from routine while ignoring the basic considerations versus universal Misery for brevity.

That is to say, that to the entranced mind, most of the contentions are semantic misconceptions.

In other words: The road to the Misery I aspire is paved by activities – and by highlighting what kinds of activities are implied, we have to account for the mortal framework as to say that it's conceptual if not irrelevant if we wanted to be precise.

To say, that the actions that are or were to take place are their own, rooted within their own context, based on considerations valid for the framework. This would not perfectly produce the exact state of being that I aspire – in all simplicity because the aspired state is grown within an immortal or transcendental framework.

In yet other words are there close dreams that align with our immediate and contemporary evolution and realization of Clarity; And the "dream vaults" they exist within. These vaults are furthermore like cognitive set-pieces within which the whole spectrum of meta-physical activity may take place. Dreams, distant dreams, fantasies, theories, concepts, that sort of thing. Some aspects thereof are concrete – be it due to our understanding of the physical world, the meta-reality or more to the point: Clarity. And I'd argue, that trying to be (more) specific (than that) is counter-productive to the general discussion. *Give or take.*

So is there the somewhat silly (benign) discussion around how Clarity shapes (passive) Character or Personality (traits) – as the things I embrace within my being ought to have a more or less visible impact on many facets of myself such as reactions to certain things; All of which is however ... we might say: Buffered into our 'actual' present conscious framework. As I'm into Snuff I have a positive reaction to a range of things, that my present conscious framework does however (partially) negate or override

as to for instance produce an opposite (or 'actual', accurate (to context), adequate/appropriate) reaction; And that dependent on the (perceived) nuance or parameters of ambiguity.

In a sense that's similar to how it's somewhat childish to giggle about the number 69 once you learned its implications and how adults that learned that we never stop being children can manage to giggle about it in a more sophisticated manner. The correct context for that is probably not that people occasionally enjoy 69ing and rather just the habit of making silly jokes, but it also still mirrors the fact that all of us inevitably have some relationship with sexual concepts. Like so I'd assume that we don't boldly express what we find attractive or sexy, but rather try to find a common ground between that intimate reality and what we understand to be socially acceptable. Respectively there's what one individually finds to be sexy and the transition towards what is weapons grade attractive. There we come to the point that something may create an active, possibly uncontrolled response, even if or despite it not conforming to our own held standards (kinks, preferences, ...).

So is there an outward self that may be as untrue to our inward self as it gets – at least if we were to break everything down into neutral concepts – and is at best indirectly true to ourselves; Bent around an arbitrary amount of filters. So is honesty at times also a difficult thing to produce; As a variety of filters or layers can be valid at a time without necessarily agreeing with each other. But so is hypocrisy – or what we might tag as such – also always just around the corner.

In other words: It's possibly so, that between things that don't directly affect us and things that are at the core of our being, things become more difficult to be specific about. Respectively I assume that a lot of choices we make are simply 'gut reactions'. And those, I would assume, do not generally align with our 'dreams' (which may be why we're told or teased over and over again to maybe "listen to them") but with our 'experienced' reality (which would explain the thing we might call "dream induced reluctance", as dreams may motivate us regardless of the material conditions we then have to consider (suggestive phrase: Throwing one's self against a wall → silly attempt at realizing ones dreams)).

This does provide a good framework for "the other side" of the discussion – which in regards to Clarity is founded within 'the Meta-Reality'.

One thing that has been stuck in this Limbo of non-specificity pertains to my throat/lips as present within my spiritual anatomy; And it does also highlight a flaw of 'the trance'. So does the narrative around it encourage my caretakers to 'abuse my face', but to my entranced dreaming that isn't necessarily a turn on. I would however at any rate agree with it; Just as it is part of my anatomy. This agreement so would be part of the process through which an understanding relative to my Clarity could be extracted that wouldn't as easily come from my entranced yearning unless a narrative would take care of that. There then however is the problem that I come to express this as from a fantasy talking about a practical reality. Thereby I understand it as something that I partake in as imposed onto me, so that generally I can also only passively acknowledge it. This also sheds an interesting Light onto my Kink – so regarding my spiritual

So, from being just a lazy cunt that's watching paint dry, I transition into being something else. Like a programmer or game designer or architect or what have you. But ... as this metamorphosis hits a certain point, I can no longer continue – feel stressed out about the situation; Or maybe depressed ... hard to tell. Not sure if there's a word for that. But it's somewhat stress inducing. It's like I'm internally sore, it's probably similar to Burnout – and maybe that's a balance issue. Or, it most likely is, but not regarding what I would transform into and rather what I'm moving away from.

Somewhere between these extremes is what we might call "the easy zone". Or so, just the average of what I endure on a day to day basis, a.k.a. "normality", for me. A.k.a.: As based on those conditions. Writing is thereby something that I can easily fill my time with, for as long as I have something to write about, as it usually also takes me to different places and similar to coding is like a box of chocolate when it comes to challenges. Though, coding I feel I really don't have the time for these days. But well ... . Then there's also the occasional overlap with Truths or the general baseline of vibing with God; Which are welcome sources of vigor. Though the occasional "midnight vigor" is ... well ... while good and all ... also not really compatible with a healthy work-life-balance; And I'm not sure if I have to attribute that to God or psychology or whatever. But well. Be it as it may ...

Within this zone, I don't necessarily have a balance; As basically it is filled with things that I would do 'for' balance. Because it makes up the bulk of my lived experience, hmm ... . Well. It is what I compare my Clarity to – and for as long as I just maintain it as a thing, it fits in really well. If I however deal with things that concern time – it becomes more of a "would I rather this or that?" type of thing. At any rate – at times I come to wonder about the validity of my Clarity versus this incredible ability or fortunate opportunity to just exist. So, especially when things are relatively OK and I ... hmm. Well, maybe things 'do' feel 'relatively OK' →whenever← I ... think about the heavier aspects of my Clarity. So, things relating to Misery for instance. Knack-points.

And I guess that might be the concern. So, once I would or if I ever would ... be removed from this "easy zone" and subsequently would no longer do as per usual. At that point you also might have a somewhat distorted image of me. At least do I get a sense of what I might be in that regard; And subsequently there are a few things I find that I could highlight.

Things like, how the matter of accomplishments is rather just a post-hoc appendage to what I do; Or an abstract motivator of my obsession. Generally I don't do things because there's a goal – and that even manifests within my code or base-building. Perhaps even my writing. Well, something otherwise called 'tunnel vision' - where I get into things based on my flow, rather than thinking about what I'm trying to accomplish.

For the most part I however do feel like I have no other choice. Not that I do them things under duress, but ... something something conditions, circumstances and my own ability and willingness.



framework around that; To someone else “playing sex slave” might already be on the other side of “adult fun stuff”, like, still playing sex slave, but extra light. Technically my narrative here isn’t much different to how else it would be. Still just Magic; And if we wanted to be precise about how much of which, as perhaps in % of time, I couldn’t tell. Instead, me doing what I can means that I’ll lay out my Clarity – which times like this and times like that will roughly lead to the same conclusion over and over again.

Eventually, at some point, we might have to find some “roughness metric”. At least in the abstract – a.k.a.; It’ll take some time until the corresponding common sense can settle in.

But, or well, for so – whatever – here’s a narrative I think should be helpful. Thereafter I might have some space to entertain the idea of the empty volumes of the %ages.

So, I, from time to time, get obsessed over things. Or curious. I find something that intrigues me and I’ll pursue it as I find the time for it. When taking math as a metric, that isn’t nearly as much ‘intellectual work’ as it would seem to be – it’s rather that I have some meditative angle to it. So, coding for instance is something that can happen for as long as the idea is coherent. With maths it’s problematic, if beyond a certain number of numbers they just turn into funny squiggly lines that have nonsensical conversations with each other that have absolutely nothing to do with the problem at hand. It’s not quite like that, but ... a pretty accurate impression of what’s going on. In code that again is helpful, in as far as individual entities in code have their own unique “character” in a sense, whereas numbers are basically all the same. Mathematicians might disagree, but they all interact with each other in the same way. Beyond numbers there are what I would call mathematical entities. So, Vectors, Matrices, Equations ... things that are functionally distinguishable from each other. But well.

So – I’ll get intrigued by something, then carried away and all that consumes time – during which I’ll immerse myself within a given substance. Of the intellectual kind. Usually. Building Fortresses, scheming about Gameplay, dreaming of the perfect OS, whatever. And you know what? I was thinking that I’ve followed my ambitions well enough so I won’t hit midlife crisis – but, I think it’s started happening already!

Anyway. Generally speaking, we could sort that under the umbrella of Freedom. And the way I feel about it changes. Whenever I’m directly concerned of this situation, so, the concept of my time, what I do with it and all that – just what I’m doing now – I tend to get more and more stressed and thus am generally more reluctant to or even incapable of calling it something positive. But when I just started something new and I’m having fun – I’m generally more appreciative of it. But then, in moments like this, I’m more so reminded that at the end of the day I’ve ended up somewhat stressed out.

Thereby we can compare those individual obsessions to journeys. Thereby I start somewhere around my home-base and move further and further away from it. This journey can further be described as a metamorphosis.

anatomy – because it does exist as something I do not directly want. There are things such as cum-addiction that I might speak of as something that also translates into a craving for cock, though the latter isn’t necessarily there. Or so: I cannot confirm that craving for cock is part of my general routine – so in concerns of passions, desires or so the general constitution of my self in the Light of Clarity. What you may find however is a dominant demand for *Rape*, which yet again is an indirect craving for cock. And I suppose it’s easy to overlook this distinction – as due to how ubiquitous it is, it may also be regarded as a direct craving; With the thing that makes it Rape being mostly just abstraction.

So is one thing I want to advocate for – as we want to ignore monetary incentives – that a Whore qualifies as someone who acknowledges sexual subservience to be a duty. As I have come to understand/think/believe that duty is an important component of migrating away from a capitalistic worldview.

Saying that sexual subservience is my duty, does or should not imply rape; Is however within the close proximity of abstractions but ultimately also just as an abstraction. Leaving what I’m concerned about as somewhat vague and ambiguous.

But so is the thing with me getting face-fucked a more explicit form of rape; With what I want being perhaps even an enforced inner dis-alignment with it happening. As a convoluted way of saying ... that the part where I don’t want or like it is what I want or like.

This further happens to be one of those parts of the Misery I want that gets well with this demon tiara of mine. I so know that getting it regardless of whether I want it or not is what triggers my excitement for it – moving on from which I can desire it by word, advertising or demanding activity I understand I only have little tolerance for. Like so is my IRL gag reflex really sensitive; Though as from how my obsessed self would demand it, it might as well be nonexistent. And as opposed to conditions where wellbeing is part of my concerns, this one isn’t predicated on a point where might have that. But while my rational self understands this in theory, I find it difficult to make a reasonable case for it. Possibly because it still wouldn’t really play out as the dream suggests.

In theory however it *would ... be* or *is* one way of writing the Misery I want to be written on my face to get there; As also one of the more simple lenses of perceiving me as in captivity. In my masturbation fantasy this at least for a moment would lead me to beg for please leaving a bad review, as that would lead to more of it; Supposing that as I was entranced to see this, the self-deprecating part of my Clarity took hold of the concept. In reality this whole punishment thing – well, I as the rational self would argue that it’s probably not intrinsically *that*.

As for my self – the demon tiara would also like to have a word in the matter; Starting with the matter that the rape train should start with my mouth – as for purposes of rape it is basically the actual vagina and much easier to handle.

This and things of that manner – well, I think I need a word for that. What came to my mind at first was something like ‘Knack’ or ‘knack-point’; Not sure why, but the German ‘Knack’ is a term generally associated to breakage in regards to the type of breakage the word or term itself is a vocalization of. Though probably best translated into ‘Crack’, a Crack is not quite the same as a ‘Knacks’. The word ‘Knackpunkt’ (“Cracking point”) also translates into ‘Crux’ - though in German I’d probably call it “fetischistische Sollbruchstelle” (manufactured breaking point kink), to say it’s by design – and if not maliciously so, it is being hinted at for a specific purpose. Which is breakage of some kind; And so these ‘knacks’ summon the question – or the concerns – for whether or not they might be rooted within some deeper issue relative to self-harm. So, is it a ‘(manufactured) breaking point’ for good reason, or a vulnerability? And as I’d argue that it is the former, I’d say that it could also be the latter depending on the mindset it is interacted with albeit based on very fuzzy logic.

So far I’ve noticed that the best I can do when bringing it up, is to also handwave it away. More or less. The thing is, that I wouldn’t think of it that way – so to the point that I only mention it because I at long last figured that someone might look at it that way. I would hope then that by doing so I’d learn more about it, but since I cannot physically show you the corresponding emotional context, I think there’s a bit of a problem to which there isn’t a real solution per se.

So is the binary that I was writing about somewhat inaccessible to the closed minded, so that on the surface we have the narrative of ‘person likes bad/harmful/such things’ ... a.k.a.ing that as self-harm and then moving on to being incredibly “woke” (in the derogatory sense – such as labeling queer folks as pedophiles – a.k.a. hyper-sensitivity, semantic delusion or what-have-you) about it; To the point that advocating for “grown up responsibility” is only a last ditch effort that is only a sigh away from attempting to ignore the conversation; Lest we as life-embracing, joy-having adults want to be called super-spreaders of a death-cult ideology; By people who want to curb individual’s expressions under the banner of free speech – or something along those lines.

But part of the duality of critique, is that which is being criticized – and being criticized – and misrepresentation to the derogatory is practically identical, albeit less civilized – would require a response as to for instance clear up potential misunderstanding. If this attempt at righting wrongs is then considered “the spreading of an ideology”, the same can be said about the ideology from which the critique is being made. Semantics induced delusions would however have related concepts of justification; Which is what we generally describe as bigotry – a.k.a. ‘narrow-mindedness’ - as it generally revolves around concepts of purity and (ab)normality that are clearly based in “their” subjective worldview. They would deny that by holding on to “objective facts” that their minds can comprehend – eventually constructing a conspiratorial narrative through which they condition themselves into a zealous denial of given freedoms which eventually conclude in psychotic activity.

opposite rubber-band effect; So that when talking about my sense of and attraction towards Misery, those things or things of that nature do get back into “the mix” - and in as far as the narrative is concerned, it is difficult to get rid of things that seem to be intrinsically required. But so the current ‘solution’ to work as an antidote is to invoke magic. Which is to say as much as: Trust in common sense, divine guidance, that sort of thing.

However. Eventually, while all that might be well and fine, we’re still dealing with the problem, that individuals like me are inherently some kind of attractor; In that our neutral reality would seem to be as in demand of things that don’t fit into our mortal co-habitation.

As it stands, that’s also somehow the conclusion of this book – further illustrated through the metaphor of ‘lighting candles’ or beyond that, the concept of fire.

For now it is however unclear how any of that would play out. At the end of the day I can only say that it is part of my Clarity; With the magic being eventually as mundane as saying that going straight for the gasoline isn’t the only way we can move forward.

So, there is no “solution” to change reality; And I had to learn so far that I also have to be more accepting of myself in that regard. Hence also this little shrine to Misery, as I haven’t really gotten around writing about this side of the story without a lot of “healing potions” as it were.

Anyway. My side of the equation is not to guzzle antidote. I mean: My rational side is to apply that framework as a narrative; And that gives this whole thing this extra bit of structure or sober neutrality that would prevent this whole thing from appearing as a wild fever dream. It’s certainly important – as, there is a rather high chance that it wouldn’t take much in terms of real life to satisfy most if not all of these Knacks. We could tag this as the “reality-to-dream ratio”. Though it is a somewhat abstract metric. The idea here is to see the relationship along certain axis – or common denominators between the mundane and the extreme. So, while my feelings would suggest that I might want to be bolted to a rock with shackles embedded into my flesh – we can say that there is an emotional motivation that can already be satisfied by the occasional bondage session. It wouldn’t even be necessary per se, but in the spirit of well-being it would only need to hit the right triggers – as for me, things about being sexually enslaved.

However. Here now is the layer where the actual problem I wanted to address with this tangent is at. But the answer would kick us back into darker territory; And that, as I would assume, people have different thresholds for recognizing or reading deprivation.

And I guess it makes sense. In a final sense, to me – magic implied – there isn’t much of a difference between playing “sexual enslavement” and doing it for real; Though there is a difference between getting raided by an actual behemoth and an ordinary human being. To put it like this. And while I would draw the line between the mortal and immortal



Shackles, a Collar – all feelings of course that vibe along the concepts of the forced sexual exposure that as implicated herein. That is the kind of stuff at the bottom of all this. A little bit here, a little bit there – but it all adds up eventually. And if I couldn't be serious or certain about any of it – I'd still be stuck with very clear implications of *some kind* ...

I mean, for some reason it seems important to point out that these things don't exist in isolation. If I'm a hoe like this in one thing and a hoe like that in another – I'm ultimately a hoe like this and like that. Whatever the difference between here and there might be, does, at the end of the day not matter as much as my own part in it. Though it might matter.

Also, if I were to wear actual shackles and stuff – the thing that would make it more than just a piece of clothing or asset of bondage, is also “just a feeling”.

It's like – jacking someone off isn't inherently fun or interesting or anything like that; But when the vibes are right, it's a whole different story.

But well. So, this whole part of the story is what it is – but the way I see it, there is one fundamental problem that you as the reader might have; And it concerns the nature of my commitment.

Due to that, you would be encouraged to formulate theories that make what I share comprehensive to your frame of reference. Similarly do I get that odd feeling that people are going to have weird theories that don't quite make sense; And do come to formulate theories as to why that is or where it is coming from.

Distantly related to that, there are these “ $2+2=5$ ” math proof riddles. They usually start with  $0=0$ ; And then using the rules of algebra a particular mistake that isn't obvious at first will show that  $2+2=5$ . One example being, that you can't for instance simply take the square root of a negative number; Or you generally have to pay attention when things may accidentally get divided by zero. This is to say as much as that once we don't know of certain real world conditions, it is easy to make reality breaking mistakes. At least in the abstract. And because society at large is pretty much an abstract network of abstractions – well ... not to get too deeply into this, uhm ... things can be a bit difficult sometimes. So, watch out for those minuses in your denominators!

Anyhow. So, maybe there's some kind of “theory of everything – social edition” – but for now I'll just focus on my own.

I think one fundamental problem I can speak of is one I run into ever so often. There is this whole “hangover” situation; And whenever I'm writing about Knacks, I'm basically growing curious for the next day, because ... that's usually how that went. Improving the way I communicate it, did however change that. So, there's a magical antidote. Writing about the baseline eventually led to making sure, that the different frames of reference are being understood. But that, I would think, is also somewhat awkward. I mean, it works if we are talking about very specific things. Say: Snuff or certain degrees of torture. We can set ourselves apart from what can be legitimately enjoyed by both parties, in this world – but when talking about the underlying conditions we have an

More often than not, “we” – that is the critiqued – are however unaware of these supposed facts; And being confronted with them I often enough feel like I have to prove that there is no tea-kettle orbiting the sun somewhere between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. “Oddly Specific”. For it is in fact so that there might be one – while to me the fact that I can't tell is enough to imply that it can't be that important. But so it goes on – so that depending on the power-balance we may assume that legislation would be enacted, where possible, to stop us from doing bad things or spreading degenerate ideology. The latter because once it can be established that nobody is really being harmed, it must suffice that someone ‘might’ get hurt. Exceptions of course include but aren't restricted to rape and enslavement in as far as it coincides with their own narrow worldview.

So is there the clown-face meme. The one where one shares an anecdotal storyline along a sequence of images of a person putting on make up to the end result of a finished clown-face. Finding joy in bad things can thereby be seen as a contradiction; Such as the one I'd argue foreshadows the expected denial of offered resolutions. Saying that an internally conflicted ideology can be expected to maintain those in face of any degree of consistent reasoning, arguing that whatever flimsy happenstance can be interpreted as an inconsistency of such reasoning gets exalted to the position of “objective fact”.

It must thus be highlighted that it is to me an impossibility to redeem myself from the Satanistic nuances of my narrative and identity – and calling God Himself my silent Pimp would probably only intensify any kind of issues one might have with the premise. Clearly there's a solution – though necessarily one has to deal with uncomfortable truths in as far as it is so.

And although the hellfire nun is a term I coined in respects to the darker nature of my sexuality, it also coincides with the position of denied innocence. To both extremes – a.k.a. violation and ignorance. And so the picture of choice – which, by the way, is as I found associated to various ads for costumes; A.k.a. it's one of those heavily obscured images that floats around everywhere so I gave up looking for its origin. And I doubt that it's an accurate representation of the advertised product. Although I suppose that on closer inspection it looks cheap enough ...

Anyhow is it therefore so, that the demand for me to put on the Clown-Face, as it were, can be understood as a bait. On the surface it so seems like me trying to evade the demand is evidence for obfuscation; Though the reality is, that if I can't find what people are asking for – it'd look identical. Though people then comfort themselves in the idea that they need not accept what cannot be proven to them; It weighs differently once it becomes a demand of the same to the counter. And such is the seed of eternal conflict. Hence I think it's important we heed the Bible where it implores us to avoid being judgmental – as ultimately that's how we can find unity in this



chaos. It does imply that there is a baseline of confidence we can have in each other as human beings; Of which “live and let live” is a widespread mantra. In the grand scheme of things there is however a lot more to it. So this matter of self-advocacy for instance.

As a rule of thumb we can for instance say, that mental health care becomes torture once it isn't the individual seeking treatment. So is the matter of imposing (the concept of) a mental illness onto another generally just a function of social capital in reference to some kind of presumed normalcy; And although it can at times help an individual cope with their circumstances, there is a very real risk of a misguided advocacy for “sanity” - a.k.a. a form of magical thinking regarding matters of normality. So, armchair psychology.

So for instance is the argument, that gender-affirming care is identical to if not worse than mutilation a gross misrepresentation of an individual's desire for relief to their suffering. And the more it becomes an argument of what one person wants or does to another, the less it is one of what the individual in question has to say about it. Implying that they have been brainwashed is at that point just ... peak “I'm done here!"; As further entertaining this discussion is akin to packing my bags as I'm embarking on a Journey to deliver the one Ring to Mount Doom.

And so ontop of the arduous Journey itself there are the Ring-Wraiths demanding sacrifice - while the tempting whispers of the Ring whittle down my sanity; Capitalizing on any doubt that might occur. Like “what's the point?” - “what's the good of it?” - “will I even get there?”. But yea, the example is no perfect allegory. Though I guess we can say that the point is to let go of the burden - but not by succumbing to it. ... Anyway ...

another take on the story suggests that it is not as much the destruction of the ring, but redemption from what drags us down and the friends we make along the way that matters.

In other words: What one is to accept isn't some cosmic happenstance that does conclusively proof that “it is so”, but the fact that “it is so” and that often enough that's just as good as it gets.

Well, we can then move on to try and understand why and how, or what the natural consequences thereof may be or perhaps even are. It would be shocking, to be honest, if such things were to be - in the sense - entirely ‘invisible’. But the first instance of visibility, concerning matters of self (internal truths), is the individual's expression thereof. You then had to “trust me bro”, that I by letting my own dick get chopped off am not in fact trying to trans someone else. But sorry that there is no magical proof I can offer beyond ‘saying’ that I feel better now. And taking that for anything but that what it is ... is a misconception or possibly even a lie. Now, at times - certainly - a person may identify as something they are not. That can be malicious, it can be stupidity, it can be an honest to God mistake. At the end of the day, only “so much” can be done to protect people from themselves.

That's that; And it's essentially self-evident, albeit not obvious, for as far as Clarity is concerned. Going back to the software example - although it might be a strenuous step to make - the fact that it provides an experienced reality has it, that the individual outcome is due to the individual bending itself around the provided Light. And that comes with its ups and downs.

So do I, to be absolutely clear about it, experience a Light or set of Lights that I got to call Misery or things of that nature - and subsequently I find, within my attraction towards that Misery, that I want to be “Miserable”. This Misery is however the particular experience I'm attracted towards; And not simple Misery as one would understand it generally. Because it's Clarity we're talking about, it is - when in doubt - implied to be about a positive counterpart to whatever we might read as a negative. Though maybe we can or should go further and make the case that Clarity is an intrinsically positive alternative to everything in existence; Albeit specifically trimmed to an individual experience on a case by case basis.

This specific trim exists due to the individual's ... I guess we can say: Persistent inability to accommodate for long term pleasures without commitment - and the scope and intensity of that pleasure is proportional to the intrinsic ferocity with which the individual can accommodate for its principles. The sad or lucky part is, so at least my own individual experience, that this implies some kind of most suitable set of conditions that the individual would find themselves subject to. In that regard I never aimed or wanted for any of my Clarity and instead find myself victim of my being. Step by step, little by little, I learned that what I truly crave is sadism - as time and time again I learned that it is what fills the void of my passive sexuality. I found that the joys that it brings are far beyond what anything else could give me - and that I in honesty want to experience my freedom through what I can be under its reign over me.

It's an accidental Knack, we might say, that the “suggested truth” I find most desirable is also one in which I'm victimized through imposed demands. As a slight figure of speech, the discovery process was like opening presents. I wouldn't know what to expect; Though it is implied to be my own joy. And whenever I found it, it came with a growing realization of how fucked I am.

The Magic herein is obviously stuck in the counterpart to myself. And presumably so, the Magic of my counterparts is stuck within the likes of me. And it's possibly more comprehensive to call it “Magic”, rather than ‘sadism’ or such - for ‘sadism’ just in general would be a source of arbitrary consequences; And I don't think I could settle ‘as deeply’ with something that ambiguous. ‘As deeply’ being that I do have a romantic commitment to “the forces that produce my Misery” - but, alas, not to forces that make me Miserable.

Sadism is however a fine word for it - or so, at first, dominance at least, in that a tight squeeze on the conditions I would find myself attracted to, enthralled me from that point forward.