

LUCIFER

She was happy with her name. It helped convey the challenges in her world. That gave her added motivation. How could she be like this? Did Sly understand her nature? How could he be like this? Vittorio was the one who first talked about her issues. In a sense, she used her story to justify his own attraction for degradation. What was she holding back for Sly? Why was she now the center of attention when she had been so critical to the background story? What could be observed? What could be understood? What could be known? What was the source of this tale. She wanted to deal with her fears. Where did they originate. How did she keep them going? Why was she so into these representations? Was she that different than anyone else. For the time being, she could only hope that all eyes were on her. She seem to offer a strong support for her understanding.

How could the body be taken to this point? It might seem as if she was in control. She had played her games just this way. Nevertheless, there was something critical that was left out. She may have been consenting to these enactments, but did she consent to the initial impulses. This was an important question for everyone involved. If Lucifer was acting from a theory, that theory became real once the individual had an immediate contact with the physical world. It wasn't just desire on her part. It was satisfaction. And the satisfaction was ongoing for her story. This added to the inspiration. Who was she?

She was running the ceremonies. She's been doing it all along. She retreated from the scene just so she could perfect her methodology. And she returned with a vengeance. Vittorio might've believed that he was running things. But she had said just enough to expose him. It was almost to see if she's set them up from the beginning. He fell in her trap. She told him that anything was possible. It gave him license. And allowed him to pursue his fantasies. And he could blame her for it all. It wasn't that simple. That was how things played themselves out. And where was she in this enactments? She was the one who called him out. He might've testified that he did exactly what she wanted. From her point of view, he had done enough to incriminate himself. Now she was out in full force.

Vittorio had not been able to quash the rumors. And she was saying that he was a problem. He was a problem all along. She had the evidence. She had a nasty scrap of gossip. But she also had the evidence. You could see it on her body. She had a fascination for cruelty. She wasn't the only one. But she was much more explicit about it. And that attitude became obvious. She was doing she was expected to do.

This was the danger with the theater of cruelty. Its sources were in a Sadean resolution. They wanted someone to punish. That was how it worked. There was a clear balance. It created pain. It sustained an illusion. She would inevitably blame her partners. That was how it was all set up. The real question was if Sly could get away clean. What would that imply? Why would anyone expect him to be different? If she was treated royally, would that be enough to dispel her guilt. When would she finally overcome a desire to hurt herself? Such a perspective might have corroborated Vittorio's understanding. What was the upshot of this conflict.

She may have been playing with Vittorio all along. For what it was, she could denounce him in public. She could just a voice Annie's affection for such behavior. This would add to her reputation and belittle his. Vittorio did have a taste for humiliation, and she was there to gratify

it. This would be her ultimate weapon. She could use his desires against him. She didn't have to admit that these were also her interests in fact, her attachment to cruelty may have been deeper. But he gave her the ability to absorb herself. She could blame him for what happened. This reinforced all the challenges for him. He had met a match. In a sense, she had humiliated him. Just looking at her skin, he could see how she had adapted herself to the bizarre.

She had that deep smile. Every new pleasure was hers. She could transform for the experience. It would give her depth. There would be no limit. She wanted more and more. She was engaged in this discovery. She was going to find out what she could put up with. More than that. It was all about the stimulation. If she could elevate the sense of pleasure, she hardly needed the obsession with the perverse. She could find a more constant past time. That could add to her sense of self-confidence. Indeed, she was not going to let herself get dragged down. She was going to come out of this with flying colors. The story became more and more twisted. She liked it this way. That was her art. She had worked herself up to this level. It couldn't be seen in any other way. This offered her strength. Perhaps, that understanding what is an illusion. Nevertheless, she welcomed its affects. It said everything to her. It blessed her. It provided her with her eventual liberation. And the story became more complex.

It was almost as if she was a decoy. She was luring others to their distraction. This was all part of her power. And she loved this enhancement. And made her seem central to the plot. Indeed, she was a kind of visionary. And she seem to be egging Vittorio on this added to the provocative nature of this representation. As such, this was a theater of cruelty. And she understood it's historical nature. For those who had been denied the right for heritage the theater provided the means to assert the self with conviction. This was the basis of her operation. It wasn't just about denial. At some point, she felt strength. She felt power. She understood her legacy.

Had she made tonight shine? Lucifer had her own skills. And she could use them to make the world lively. Nevertheless, there's a certain tragedy in her expression. Even as she demonstrated her content, there were still some thing contradictory in her experience. She did what she could to work through it. She wanted to make sense of it. It could give her a headstart. That was all that she needed. She could still sensed that same curse. It seem to affect her experience. I moved everything along. She was gaining insight, but she could also sense this rift. In a sense, this was more melancholic. What did she like? Why couldn't she sustain her elation. She didn't want to let on. She didn't want anyone else to know. But she felt this deep rift in her soul. The more that she explored, the more that this feeling became evident.

She wanted to deny it. She didn't want it to affect her. But it was there. It was dominant. That's why she needed to make a game out of her pleasure. She just needed to see how far she could push things. This could enable her to gain greater confidence. She still wanted to dominate the moment. That smile would creep in again. There was a certain deviousness, and it was her affirmation. No one else could experience that same awareness. Momentarily, he gave her strength. She was tall. She seemed powerful. But it didn't tell the whole story. In someways, it was almost like resurrected body. It showed all the marks of the nails and the whips. But it was still intact. In some weird way, it had been brought back to life. And that said everything.

We were well on our way again. This was a part of the overall magic she found herself in the middle of things. And it was the action. This was all part of the shell. Sly had pushed her to

this point. And she offered her on. Part of her countenance. At the same time, she was struggling. No one else saw this. Since, this was her heart. She divided a great deal of energy to attain understanding that gave her an air of superiority. It was what was so appealing to Sly. He believed the physical excitement. He wanted to ride it further.

For Lucifer, it was some thing else. She was enjoying the attention. But she was also responding to another kind of motivation. This was her strength. She knew things were much more divided. She understood the contours. Sly was just the difference in her experience. She may have struggled to attain a challenge. He touched stigmata access to another kind of being. She was smile. But he was dealing with. So she wasn't going to react the same way. There was something else going on. Slice served a purpose. He seemed concerned with only one thing. He would plan outings with her. I seem to testify some other kind of awareness. Include it in. She gave her greater control. She could use the physical connection personal. For her part, she assumed that she had a special enlightenment. Along with his pleasure she saw some thing. It didn't make her independent. Instead she liked this explosive desire.

Truly ,she was caught up in this experience. He seem to be reacting to something that already had taken place. He wasn't part of the experience, and she just carried on the delight. She enjoyed the meal. The snack. She embraced all that it offered. All that for her wellbeing. There was nothing else. She was enjoying herself. But there was a part of her experience. He would try to shower off, and she would go along with his game. But, she wanted to none of this. She was simply using him to advance her perspective. It was wild.

Dakota figured that she was doing the same thing. She had her own agenda. And she fell for it. He was only part of it. But she couldn't get it to work right. She didn't have enough theory behind. Lucifer was different. She was scheming she took advantage of situation. She might've seemed helpless. She wasn't the first. She truly believed that this was liberating. In the end, she came crashing down. That was all that mattered with this expose us. Little else. She wasn't expecting it. She wasn't educating him. She wasn't sharing her theories. She just used her ideas to fortify her solitary pleasure. He was there. She may have known how pathetic this was. Sense,

Again, her resurrected body. He wasn't even sure what he was looking at. I gave her sense. She's right in the middle of. She was playing a little girl. And Sly had no idea what it was about.

Lucifer was a marvel. She had started with this inspiration, and she was taking it further. No one could interrupt her efforts. Decided to her mystery. She felt that she could place life forever. It was all about the bones. He was rubbing against this reality. He was making the magic come to life. There was fear and suspicion. And he loved it. He was a participant. He became immersed within us. It gave him strength.

“ Do you even realize what you are dealing with?”

He was trying to endow every moment with meaning. He could sense the clock ticking. It was all coming down upon him. And rang with the same insistence. He gave himself to this possibility. But it has a little to do with him. It's own way, it was almost comic. In a sense he was stumbling around. She might as well have had him on a leash. But even she did not have that power she went to long. She had it affect her. And for all her knowledge she was still dependent upon him. That may have been her weakness.

There was little that he could do to counteract that. In one sense, they were both caught

up in this experience. She had given him just enough to keep them going. He had already become confused about Dakota. Lucifer built on that knowledge. She made it more than it was. For her part, she made such an effort to get to this point, but she didn't want to let go of it. She was caught deep inside. She didn't want to admit that level of control over. This was his game. This is why he acted as such self-assurance. Tour of the both of them. And made them hang on. I couldn't escape please images. I couldn't escape the touch. 's why her resurrected body was so critical. I had left them in suspense. I put them in this other world. It was almost as if he had no choice. It wasn't enough. It was still addictive character. But he didn't have much else in his favor.

He needed this performance to enhance his reputation. And the reputation gave him his understanding. There's nothing else. It was wild. Things seem to be so much more than they were. But everything was so fundamental. Nothing was going anywhere. Nothing moved.

What would he do after this experience? How could he make sense of any of it. He was relying upon Lucifer. She gave him everything that he didn't have on his own. Sometimes he had this blank stare. It was hardly enough for her. How could you ever respond. He didn't want to give it how did credibility. He just needed to let it be.

"I felt as if I was being used to tell the story. I was trying to explore the world for myself. I was facing enough challenges on my own. In the midst of the story I had become a spectacle. It's just hardly fair. I was being observed. I was being mocked. My world was under a microscope. Why was this kind of behavior allowed? It added to my suffering. It made me feel more isolated. This was not fair at all."

"Why was I put through this kind of experience? Where was the justification? I tried to discover some lasting benefit. This might've made me stronger. But I felt that it touched something deep inside me. And made me feel vulnerable. This was hardly fair. Avenge of me. This was occurring in public too. He was one thing if I wanted to hang out with sly. That was my prerogative. That was something that I enjoyed."

"If someone else was going to mock me for my choices, that hardly seem fair. I was enjoying myself. I was doing something that came naturally. So what if I had style. That should've made me want it. People should've had the desire to find out more about my nature. That was hardly the basis for ridicule. Where did any of this come from? I need to understand its connection between my own beliefs and the attitude I have other people."

"They were making it more difficult for me to achieve my independence. I was constantly under scrutiny. It really wasn't there right at all to make this kind of decision. If I wanted to hang out with somebody, that was all up to me. Someone else couldn't just throw herself into the mix and try to make fun of me. It was that simple. If people were envious of what I had so be it. They weren't going to get into my shit no matter white. It was that simple. In some respects, I need to make myself clear. I wasn't some kind of weakling."

"I wasn't just going take it. This was all part of my strength. This was part of my self assurance. I didn't ask it pushed around. I didn't want someone telling me what was going on. I was there to make my own rules. It should've been obvious to everyone. There was really no other way to call it. I recognized what I wanted. I didn't want anyone else to call me out. They weren't going to freak me out. They weren't going to get into my business. And I had things in my favor. It was that simple. Overtime, I could live my heart. Perhaps, it was enhanced by other

people following me. They understood what I had. They couldn't take it away for me. I couldn't make it any simpler. That gave me my motivation. I was unique. Nothing could detract from that understanding."

"If someone was going to call me out I couldn't let this affect me. It wasn't about protecting my reputation. I had my own commitment. It had nothing to do with the observations of someone else. I hardly meant that I was cut off from the world. My independence was based on just such an awareness. It had given me strength. It got me going. I felt blessed in the process. That's how it was. I didn't wanna see it any differently. I fight for my integrity. I couldn't let someone else interfere with it. This was my assertion of character. I couldn't see it any other way."

"I was sure that some people inspected every inch of my body and tried to create their own story. This would minimize my agency. I would appear to be trapped in my circumstances. I would be the heroine of a fairytale. This would add to the spectators glee. Honestly, I had a little to do with my actual reality. That didn't stop people from speaking up. In fact, they were fixated with this attitude. I gave them license. They were embellish their tales. It was almost as if they were writing on my body. I was burying the letters of shame. The words were condemning me. My nature had been denied. This is all part of my struggle I could feel it throughout my body. It was there to break me."

"He was there a destroy me. I couldn't be seen in the other way. This was my sense of alienation. It wasn't as if I felt totally liberated in the situation. Surely, I was the only one who felt way down by this experience. This was who I was. This is why I struggled. This was part of my being. I was gonna let somebody else speak for me. I couldn't let the resentment break me down to nothing. My strength was unique."

Probably, that was what people admired in me. It enhanced my nature. I was surprised that everyone couldn't see this radiance. I made a special effort to show others who I was. It's confirmed my sense of confidence. It helped ward off the critics. Indeed, this was a wonder on my part. If I could do this through my connection to the world, then it processed the basic principles of my philosophy. There was a sense of felicity that distinguished me from others. I showed my nature. It showed my spirit. I was looking for some other kind of inspiration."

"As experiences I was untouched by these influences. Even though they could observe me, I separated myself from their attitudes. I lost myself in this experience. It gave me purpose. Honestly, I could do with anyone else. Indeed, this was all my doing. It raised me up. It gave me strength. Gave me wonder. How could I relate experiences of others? I wanted to share. I wanted to be part of this magic. I didn't want anyone to make fun of me, to question my uniqueness. This added to my sense of vigilance. It made me more powerful. No one could take this from me."

"This was on me. It affected everything that I did. Period and added to my momentum. I could feel myself getting pulled along. There was nothing there was gonna slow me down. That may have bothered some people even more. They could see that I wasn't being affected by the rumors. I seemed to resist at all. For them, this was in the front. They didn't want things like this. I couldn't care less. I knew what I needed. It was that simple. I wasn't surrendering myself to a mystical power. I was immersed in the real world. I found its benefits. I knew that and more awaited me. This added to my overall motivation. I was getting pulled along by these forces. In a sense, I was at the center of all this. I could share my power with others. I didn't want to lose my

focus. I trusted myself. I trusted the process.”

“I understood how it was developing. I was immersed in these moments. They gave me certainty they offered me a blessing. This was all and everything. Was anyone else attuned to these experiences. What was the basis for my story? What threats today face? I wondered. There could be enough standing in my way. There were things working against me. I couldn’t let any of them prevent me from doing my work. I knew who I was. I understood what was expected of me. It was that simple. Individual looked at me closely, she would understand what I was about. She wouldn’t be confused. She wouldn’t question my motives. She would go along with my vision. I left it there for everybody to see. They weren’t supposed to criticize me. They weren’t supposed to get down on me. I understood my nature. I understood my needs. This gave them a greater awareness. It help me to recognize something important.”

I couldn’t help it. I see what I have to say. This reveals something about you, so be it I think it’s part of your nature. Honestly, that’s your intent. You’re trying to figure something out. I’m doing all that I can to grasp this presentation. It reveals something deeper about my nature. That is important. Indeed, that makes all the difference in the world. This is strange and it’s on the way we could make a difference. Probably, you are. But that requires a lot of work to understand what’s really going on here. Let’s be honest: you’re faking it. That’s all that you need to do. That’s how it happens. You pretend. It’s all about this pretense.”

“That helps make sense for you. Do you even understand what you’re working on who’s helping you? Who’s making sense of any of this? We need to find a good place to start. Are there is a balance here there’s a balance between your standing and confusion. What do you wanna know? How do you get it going? How do you give it a push? What’s not there? What is there? Who are you? Who are you? How are you? It’s the bone, not the skin. Do you understand how the frame conveys the message I guess you do after all, you are an artist honestly, that is more evident. You can smell the blood.”

“It all slider with you. I think she’s running the show. Honestly Lucifer you always have. That was how you trapped Vittorio. You brought out his monstrosity. Then you told everyone about it. It may not have been exactly how it happened, since it didn’t make any difference It was what it was about and never was. You’re cleverer than that. That’s part of your genius, much, much cleverer. Even still, there’s something missing there’s some thing you need overtone. Where is this all headed? Where’s the mark of the demon? Tell us, Lucifer. You’re good at this. I know how it works. You say some shit, but you’re good at this. How do you make it happen? How do you make any of it happen? Who really cares?”

“And you’re off your game. You’re off your rocker. You’re out of sight. You are out of sight. That is why you’re so good at what you do. Honestly, you’re venomous. Is that with slide brings you. You push that zeal. You tap that excitement. And push it to the edge. He begs for breath. Honestly, you’re suffocating him, and he doesn’t know it. In a way, this is brilliant. You really have this showdown. I seen your way? What’s stopping you? It’s time I have any angle. But it’s not enough hours. You’re one of them I’m trying to be sympathetic. They really are crafty.”

“I know that’s why I thought that he could run Dakota. She protested for a while. But this is a whole different thing, This is really messed up. I started to realize how bad this was. We have to take it in steps. We have to take out a little at a time. Dress. We have to remember what

this is all about. We may have to do this again. We can tear it apart, and put back the pieces. We can make sense of it. That is part of our genius. And we're still losing it. We're not getting enough help. Do you recognize the difference? Maybe you don't. Maybe I don't. But that's why you're a professional. That's what makes you good at what you do. You look at Sly: he does this all the time. He walks away. It's broken. Can you fix it?

"You're the perfect torturer. You fake your death. And you blame your victim. You're brilliant at this. You do it again and again. This is all your mastery. This is fantastic. You're right in the middle of it all. Is he going to end up? Who is going to turn on the lights? Who's going to turn off the lights? Going to have to make it all happen there. How are you replacing your stock? This time, you don't want to stock out. I need to be prepared. Do you know how to discount things?"

Lucifer, do see how this goes? Do you see how to collect the money? What is your part in this? When will the sound? When will you get out? What else is there? Also is there? You can smell with the freshness. Do you have escaped yourself. What is this all about? Why is this so lovely? Why is this so awful? You're going to need to make some power. I need to get out of yourself. When does it start? When do you start? What do you think you missed? Who have you missed? The day starts now. You start now. You start with the day. You still have time. You can go back and forth. You have a place to hide. You can't hide yourself. This is where the real lesson coming soon lesson you're gonna have to figure out some things. You can't wait for later. This is my sincerest doubt. I know that you're good at figuring things out. But a lot of it is part of this act. There's really not that much behind it. Maybe, I could be wrong. Why are you wasting so much time faking it?"

"You're not going to convince anyone else. You'll be barely able to convince yourself. I'll be over. Who will grasp what's going on? It's all a mess. You're a mess. Now we're coming to a point of decision. What are you going to do about it? Are you even going to bother? Did you keep me inside? Did you protect me? Did you leave me outside? Where does this go? This is where the fun starts. This little bit of fun is going to cost all of us."

"Lucifer, you were prepared. I did not but I did not go anywhere. I did not make you any better. It only demonstrates your weakness. Why are you so weak? What do you like? What do you lack? Why are you losing focus? Lucifer, what do you need? What did you ever need? What do you need to be yourself. You don't want to have any interference. But it's the hornet's nest again. These things don't happen. These things don't exist. If you don't see them, they don't exist. So we are getting worse. It's not going to turn out well. It's not going to turn out well at all. How did these things balance? It's not going to work! We're coming to get you. We're going to destroy you. Really getting your mind. We're going to get in your soul. Lucifer, tell us!"

"What needs to be done! I don't want this to happen again. I don't want you to get out. Going to end up hurting yourself. What are you telling Sly? What are you telling yourself? This is where it gets tricky. You're not bringing that much to the table. I got fired. How does this work? What do you stand for? Who are you protecting? Everything that you've escaped coming back to you. Probably, Sly is too naïve to see that. He thinks that he so powerful on this one. From that smile, it's as if it's all you. You all do. This is still part of the cult. But it's more than that."

"There's all these amateurs hanging around thinking they have an act. Perhaps they can

do it on stage. They can show the world what they're made of. There's a difference here. There's a big difference you have no idea what it is. It's all a matter of spreading the sneer. What's your part? Who's working with you? Who is defending this idea? Your part? You've got it good. But it's a lot tougher than that. It's going to push you to the limit, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to find strength? Are you going to find the power that you need? Do you have it? Are you invested? Where is this going? Or is this going to and dad? Have you figure this out yet?? Is that how you're going to make it? This is what I gets while. This is when you find an answer. Is involved? Who else is part of the show?"

"Honestly this is all about you. Sly isn't even part of this game. neither was Vittorio. Rumors were everything. Indeed, that made you believe that you were the writer. Vittorio knew how to waste away the time. So what's going to happen next? Who is going to help you? Who is going to give you the power that you need? Are things get stranger every seconds. You were lied to. If you really hate yourself that much,? If you really hate yourself that much, how are you going to mess it up? This is going to take some work. Honestly, I'm going to do this."

"When I get a chance, to do it on purpose every time. You better get a clue. Because it's coming for you. I'm coming for you dog. I'm coming for you, dog! My way! You're fucked! Lucifer, do you think you could put this one away. What are you going to do after Sligo is away? What else do you have? What else is in the arsenal? There's someone who has no idea what she's up to. And that feeling is everywhere. Feeling touches everything. It affects everything.. It's totally wild. That's wonderful!.

"What lights up your body? What gives you that eternal form? I pass my hand through you. I know, and I am known. Who are you? What gives you that power? I merge with you. I am part of your oneness. You give yourself to this eternity. Your smile blesses us. You demonstrate your constant understanding. I am immersed in that unity. It does everything to lift me up. I lose myself in its constancy."

"It is not just my understanding. This is a universal. I am at your feet. I am on my knees to you. There is no greater power. Nothing can prevent the universality of this connection. It has no precedent. It is the future. There will be no successor. As the image decays, I can feel that power slip from me. There is a sense of desperation in making contact with this essence. I spread out into the ether. This is everything. There is nothing that can prevent this constant unity. It touches everyone. It makes us greater than we are. I embrace this possibility. I lose myself in its flow. I merge."

"I accept the invitation. I know, and I am known. Nothing can get in my way. I only become more transcendent. This is the act of creation. How would this excess of light find itself. It would seek substance. It would ground itself in solidity. It is everything and everywhere. Nothing can stop this wonder. No one can get in the way of its propagation. I lose myself in it manifestation."

"The universe becomes more vibrant. It talks back to itself. It is more resistant. Lucifer, you are all of this and more. You are beauty incarnate. You are the total denial of being. You are a withdrawal into self. This is total control. Nothing can interfere with this sensation. It adds to this awareness. I immerse myself in all this moments."

"Lucifer, you have made me beyond myself. I do not want to connect to anything but this embodiment. This is everlasting enlightenment. How can it exist in a being? You are truly a

heavenly creature, and you embody all these moments.”

“Sly turns you on. He builds your wonder. He adds to your luminescence. You accept that connection because it enables you to touch paradise. There is no impediment to this assertiveness. It extends into the heavens, and it becomes everything. There is nothing that is not assured without this realization. We all aspire to this marvel.”

“The body must deny itself to attain total realization. It turns in on itself. This is beyond the organic. It dies to be reborn. How does this unity aspire to something greater. How does Lucifer attain?”

“What is understood? There is a certainty in this arrangement. Everything intersects. It all aspires for something more. Lucifer finds being in this moment. She is totally ascendent. The exists for this expanding creation. It is necessary in her, and she finds necessity in its realization. It will never subside.”

“Try and try as I might, I will always attain something more. I will close my eyes and become part of this flux. It will be fulfilled. It will be more than it is. It is beyond itself. Nothing can touch it. Everything will touch it. To gain greater momentum. It must submerge. Beyond this realization, there is something so marvelous. How does it happen like this? It is beyond the beyond.”

“Can the body sustain this awareness? What tugs at the self? Where is the break? Where is the push? What can be achieved? There needs to be a greater recognition. What is this recognition. It must occur beyond the flesh. Is Sly able to keep up?”

“Does he believe. He needs to believe. He needs to think that there is so much more. There is a rewards to come. It will touch everything. There will be no obstacles.”

“She slips out of the bones. This is something that is immaterial. It cannot be stopped. How can she now embody space? Look to the eyes. Something is foretold.”

“If others observed this magic, they would want more. There would be no obstacles. There would be nothing that could arrest this coming and going. This is beyond the body. It is a collective in the way of awareness.”

“What do you want to be there? How can these frames circle back on each other. What is there beyond this assertiveness?”

“This light becomes more radiant when observed. This assists in making it all so wondrous. This is a falling away to become composed in some distant time. It is time without time.”

“Everyone wants to be part of Lucifer. Sly, what can you say. Why can you give this incarnation? What are you saying? What are you making? How can this happen?”

“It is everything and nothing. It is beyond itself. It needs to encompass its negation. How can this be? What other way is there to understand this phenomenon?”

“Sly has awaited this moment. It gives greater power to his efforts. Dakota might have been insistent that something else was possible. Lucifer completes this understanding. How long before it all becomes ascendent. How can Sly participate? Will he become frustrated? At what point does his participation become sidelined.”

“It is not so much that he aches for her. He gets off on her desire. This is a perpetuity. Does he have the physical wherewithal to sustain her exploration? What would that be? What could it ever be?”

“Do they have enough physical expanse? Does the body grant that kind of contact? There are illusions on illusions. What happens when they are exhausted?”

“Lucifer does not survive on her promise. The seduction is not complex. She exists in her immediacy. There is not secret. There is nothing left out. There is nothing hidden.”

“When the secret is explored, it becomes more frightening. Does he even know this threat? In some ways, this is her true nature. It is nurtured in obscurity. Can Sly recognize the full nature of this conflict? Where does it all resolve?”

“Has he moved heaven and earth to arrive at this place? Vittorio’s encounter was not accidental. Something had been removed. Something was never right. Sly could never encompass this shadowy world. Had it been denied?”

“If Sly truly understood it, it would never be accidental. It would be embellished in his movement. Where was this headed? What was the result? This was a dangerous territory. What would someone do to protect her place in this group. Lucifer loved her position, but there was a new character to these connections. Where were the roots? What else could be observed? How remarkable was this?”

“The challenges were immense. Sly had been able to resolve any kind of possessiveness. If anyone understood what this truly was, it could create bitter rivalries. People would act out their feelings of jealousy. For her part, Lisa had changed this show. She had made things more toxic. She revealed a darker side of desire. Lucifer was more insistent. She knew this world. What kind of threat could she develop if her desires were not satisfied? There was so much more to explore.”

“As long as Lucifer was in the fold, things would progress with more insistence. What would happen if this connection was interrupted? He had taken her so far. And she truly felt that all was in her grasp. She could subsume all previous narratives. What story would she concoct when she realized that she was sinking into the shadows.”

“In a sense, Lisa and Lucifer had already conspired. But they could remake everything if they worked in concert. This was wild. This could truly be that marriage conceived in hell.”

“In a sense, no one had that depth. There could be so much that was implied, but it was not clear how any of that could be attained in this setting. Sly was not that ambitious. If he was, he would have reached deep into the soul. The belief was much more fleeting. It continued on based on the social fabric. There was barely any ideology. Everyone was a spectator in one way or other.”

“If Lucifer had her own ambitions, she could explore further. She could discover more about her own motives. She only wanted satisfaction to balance her emptiness. But she had little understanding of venom. She had already claimed her victims. However, she did not know how to savor her victories.”

“What happened to the theater of cruelty? Was it only a prop? Even if she could embody this nature, she only had a limited ability to convey it to Sly.”

“Perhaps, there was an implication. It wouldn’t take much. He had already shown that side. But his aggression was limited. He found enough satisfaction the submissiveness of others. Even if he became caught up in the moment, he could transfer all that feeling to someone else. For the time being, Lucifer embodied all that magic for him.”

“She was getting under his skin. She was taking him through these cemeteries. But he

did not understand that supernatural pull. If he had, his followers would have been more formidable. He was taming kittens. There were few lions.”

“An observer would have to wonder about Lisa. But it never took that much to shut her down. Her stories had been neutralized in the rumor mill.”

“You assume that there is a continuity here. There is none. Sly is not that deep. Things happen around him. It is all on the surface. Everyone is play-acting. But none of it can be sustained. It is all temporary. He does not have a theory. He has a cartoonish view of human behavior. So do those around him. They all live in a world of short-term gains and easy satisfaction.”

“Dakota may have pretended that there was more here. It was all art posing for elementary drawing class. No one attained a greater understanding. They were all skimming that surface. This added to Dakota’s observation about herself.”

“Lucifer, where is the sensibility. How do we proceed beyond the immediacy of the moment? You may want to believe. There is no text. There is a general tolerance of alternative lifestyles. But Sly is manipulative. He tries to shut down passion when it is convenient to him. He acts as if his crew are marionettes. And they seem to do the work for him. In its own way, that is shocking. How can he sustain a greater pleasure? What other pleasure is there?”

“If Lucifer was correct, she would be enhancing Sly’s nature. He would be on the verge of a greater revelation.”

“Do you understand how to practice silence?”

“What is this about?”

“How can I sustain that stimulation for a longer period of time?”

“Why would Sly not find Tempest that interesting?”

“Lucifer is playing a game with her own affection for cruelty. How will Sly oblige? He has not been given a manual. He does not understand how far he can push. Where can it take him? He will clearly be afraid of the revelation. How long can Lucifer sustain things after this point? Is that the connection that keeps everyone playing? How does this happen? What else is there here?”

“This cannot be comfortable.”

“It is not meant to be.”

“We move toward the random. Everything is in suspense.”

“I cannot pay for this.”

“I cannot pay on principle.”

“Sly, I can help you do more.”

“Is Lucifer that fascinating?”

“This is a story to be saved for later.”

“What else is there?”

“I learned, but there was not enough to grant me my liberty?”

“What is any of that about?”

“How can I sustain myself?”

“You will have to leave.”