

THE BLOOD SERPENT



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CONTENTS

THE THREE MADEMOISELLES

THE INCIDENT

THE AFTERMATH

THE THREE MADEMOISELLES

Three Mademoiselles: the first abounded in high spirits, the second subdued all optimism, and the third shut off from the dimension. Their mutual passion, homosexuality, got them punished; they cast aside each specific unsavory bias pushed by their imperious parents and acquaintances—who only repined for mastery. ‘Twas Death , with favorable regard, who allocated to the three a brighter future with unfettered lawlessness. This was to foresee a greater future to indulge in the provisions that are assured by vice.

The first was named Adeline: She was 24, and the daughter of a Languedoc magistrate. Her sire submitted her to his extensive libertinage: He sodomized her in all morning hours, almost always bringing over male prostitutes for an orgy; pressed her into copulating both him and his company of debauched comrades, fortnightly; the household servants simultaneously bled and sodomized her, when religious formalities transpired at their nearest church; her sire, frequently, gave her untold numbers of demands such as, for example, to roam the street nude and drunk, insert shattered glass that was kindled far up her colon, and consume nails for all daytime meals; for her 20th birthday, her sire frigged himself, whilst she broke religious items in front of him for, bar none, exactly three hours.

The Monsieur spoiled his daughter so rottenly, such that a measly “no” to one of

Adeline's requests was all it took to make her descend into explosive peevishness. He, however, did not once endorse her homosexual wishes.

O Men! Such revolting and unsophisticated creatures are apathetic to the cruelty they inflict upon us, the female sex. Undisputedly, they are anything but beguiling, unlike women. Our sex is immeasurably more of an angelic force, even if God thinks of us as more helpless. How is it, to him only, that it is a sin to derive pleasure from the same sex? Besides, I hardly even give a damn! Adeline, time and time again, considered.

The second was named Juliette: She was born a commoner, and is notably keen and sharp-eyed with distinguished intelligence. She studied political theory at the University of Paris and kept high marks on all examinations and other coursework. Although, unlike with the former, she had a lesser penchant for homosexuality.

The third was named Charlotte: She was, at heart, a timorous character and born a commoner too, but nominally wealthier than the former. She had passionate feelings towards Adeline who was unaware. She, like Adeline, fancies girls the most. Her mother, the bitch Madame de Bellegarde, on the contrary, denounced her inclination similar to Adeline's sire but to a more vicious intensity.

The Madame was a second-class courtesan who had hordes of vagrants in Paris ravaging her ad nauseam. She was atheistic, disliked any and all modes of social convention, and tended to myriads of abortions night after night, cannibalizing the fetuses after. She, in addition to the rest of her crimes, once severed both her breasts to trade with a company of Marseille financiers, whom were her regular clients. The money she received from the gentlemen was used to foster Charlotte into adulthood.

Loved ones seasoned the beautiful Mademoiselles into capable villains. This brings us to the incident...

THE INCIDENT

Adeline, Juliette, and Charlotte stood in front of the fourth-floor dining chambers at Paris's infamously sublime Villemarette Suites hotel.

The door to the room was silver, lustrous, and denuded of crime—which is how it appeared to our Mademoiselles.

When the valet—whom we shall only call Constantin—arrived where the maids were, he amiably opened the Serpent's doors and bid farewell, to empower them to take more of a fancy to the manor's accommodations... haply, a shade too many.

Upon stepping inside, with Adeline assuming leadership, all former prejudices renounced themselves... but, the exit hastily sealed shut and unease sprung into their minds.

Adeline was at the climax of horror; Juliette seemed worried, but logic overtook; and Charlotte froze in shock without a word to say. They were the only souls in the unilluminated space, and all food and spirits, much needed for their libertine thirsts, were nowhere to be found—with not even water either.

Adeline and Charlotte shouted their lungs out for help hoping someone would, by chance, hear their cries, albeit meager.

Juliette, meanwhile, tried to pry the doors open, but not a single strain of the muscles led the prison gates to budge.

“Fuck the eyes!” Juliette shouted.

Merely fear struck within the tender hearts of the other maidens.

Adeline broke the silence. “My friends, what are we to do now? Shouldn't we have no worries? My father should call for help soon enough. I am his daughter...he is an important man who can rescue us in a matter of hours.”

“What optimistic stupidity, Adeline!” Juliette shouted adversely. “Did you even pay attention to the valet when he shut the door? He works for your father; the bastard had such a bright grin on his face, with his victims trapped in his dungeon. Unlike yourself, I keep a good eye, to avert those critical situations...I would die ignorant much like you, otherwise.”

“But why?” Adeline inquired. “Why would my loving father lower himself to such dishonor? Explain yourself, friend! Because you are not making the least bit of sense. He has a kind—”

“Good Heavens, my dear! No more with that ridiculous naivety for once in your life! Men like him won't be our savior... likely no one will be. We will instead lie here until our bodies dust away, for the homosexual degenerates we are. For years, we all kept our taboo under wraps, knowing that is better than them castigating our sin—which alone is why they conyñed the three of us here today. Does this make sense to any of you?”

Charlotte remained silent; Adeline and Juliette continued bickering. It was not hitherto before the pair settled down.

Juliette spoke to the others. “Sistren... friends! Let us meanwhile engage in a little talk... of our philosophies, by chance maybe? I am rather interested to hear yours.”

Juliette announced promptly, “Well, Charlotte, my dear, you should be the one to start us off? You have been deathly quiet since the time we first checked into the hotel... plus, I'd

think well of some involvement from you, if that's not too much to ask."

Charlotte nodded edgily before then leaning on the edge of a neighboring wall. "Uh... okay. Er... I can say for sure... that we are designs mended by the strokes of Nature. We exist... to fulfill what Nature beseeches us, to bring into play velleity, and spoil... the anatomy therefore devoting it to the world's natural laws.

"Libertines... uh... have already themselves a domain within the universe... and hereupon can wield their imagination to their liking. This... um... charms the anarchists... to well use their servitude to the libertines, who only desire selfishly benefitting. Nature sure can... uh... be heavenly, you know."

Adeline followed up next. "My philosophy is to live to the fullest.... rejoice in the vast opportunities crime gives to this world. My sire, unrivaled by his fleshy excesses, apprised me a good deal of this single, cruel law: Contours of asperous spite, mostly directed towards the premises insured by virginity, swim within the confines of the spirit—whether or not desired. Compassion, duty and latent devotion, among others, are nothing but drivel meant to tarnish healthy skepticism. It can go without saying this transparency is all too concise—and a well-mannered lady had best not be so moronic as to forbid this wisdom."

"Brilliant!" Juliette thundered. "Both of you girls were utterly profound! Ironically enough, mine is much more succinct: Man is most fain in drawing breath, provided he has free will in his grasps, or a higher essence to recourse to when he suspects he is under the sorcery of hierarchical forces. Yet Sistren, Man, is at the mercy of his Creator simultaneously and thinks little of it—what a contradiction! To carry on in the manner he fetishes, he ought to be conscious of both the scientific and natural laws which hold dominion over the universe's organisms, like him. Morals or not, Man must prevail as his primitive creature—starved of theistic sophisms." Juliette sagged to the floor, reflecting on their limited options. Our trio had no fare or water, and it had by now been a full 24 hours.

Adeline and Charlotte sat next to each other in a parallel fashion; Juliette positioned herself perpendicular between them.

“What are we to do now, girls?” Adeline implored.

Adeline and Charlotte mutually concentrated their eyes on Juliette, while a brief pause dominated their tense atmosphere.

“Perhaps,” Charlotte suggested benignly, “we could fulfill our last wills, so we may commemorate our short, sweet lives?”

Juliette, leaped up with regale forthwith upon listening to Charlotte’s divine words. “A very noble idea! Such is reasonably befitting of our impasse. It could be capable of preparing for the next world.

“So far, I have hitherto fulfilled my departing ambition (hearing your philosophies).” Juliette resumed. “Adeline, let us get underway: What may yours strictly be?”

“Er, I had this idea of eloping with... um... Charlotte, my passionate mistress, whom I, a good deal, fixate upon.

“Pardon this, Juliette, but may you, besides my lover and I, help join us in matrimony—if you’re fine with my petitioning?”

“Why not? For old time’s sake, I shall commit myself with the utmost grace.”

Charlotte bid a warm reception towards Adeline’s affections, under the circumstances. The chaste affinity sustained by our duo was to turn into a more impeccable one... of unequaled altitudes which surely no other couple could not harbor.

“Without further ado, we have reached a verdict,” Juliette said. “You can rehearse with me, the function: me as the speaker, and you two the newlyweds ending things off with a treacly caress of the other’s lips. Is this in both your interests?”

“Undoubtedly!” Adeline and Charlotte called out, of one mind.

Juliette arranged herself abutting the Serpent’s entrance; our cohabitees stood in the

middle of the Serpent's domicile... then more or less oriented their bodies laterally, so their eyes could convene with their lover's.

Adeline heralded a mesmeric smile; Charlotte, whereas, a sheepishly bright look.

Juliette broadcasted subsequently. "In our current climate, we have our two comely brides companions—the ebullient Madame de Saint-Sauveur and, antithetically, the unsociable Madame de Bellegarde. While friends before all else, their reciprocal imagination pushed the conÿnes of accepted friendship. In doing so, before the morrow, their lives shall coalesce for all future time we have to live."

"My good Adeline, from the heart, do you approve of Charlotte to remain your wife for ever so long?"

"Yes!"

"Now, my good Charlotte, from the heart, do you approve of Adeline to remain your wife for ever so long?"

"Um... Yes... yes! Yes, I do!"

"Very well then! I hereby declare you wives upon this hour. Go ahead, both of you, and conclude things with a kiss."

Adeline set out and marched towards Charlotte's sapped lips, upon which the duo homogeneously reciprocated a concise yet softhearted kiss.

Charlotte went red in the face, quite unprompted, during which Juliette clapped, in tandem with vigorous oculi, upon taking notice of her two close companions grinning from ear to ear similar to a crowd of pups happy to play with their matriarch.

"My word!" Juliette blabbered, leaping about. "That was every part titillating, devoted, tender, and volcanic. The two of you sported such a dashing performance of amity, and it wound up not dampening the spirits. I can only—"

Juliette conveyed several signs of concern, predominantly having to do with what woe

would take shape for them in good time, which our other maidens took notice of with haste.

“To be frank with you, Sistren, I am downright daunted by our ambitions now over and done. It seems we have no choice but to cooperate with our doer’s chief whim: we stick by our fate, and remain in good spirits that, at the very least, we perished with our ideals brought into fruition.”

“What should it be, my ladies? Dehydration, strangulation, slamming our heads against the enclosure’s walls, or malnourishment? We are a long way from an opportune recourse, and there is no point in not paying proper heed to the preordained. We can either die from thirst, strangle ourselves, or bash our fragile heads into the Serpent’s wall.”

Catching sight of an awfully terror-stricken semblance on Charlotte’s face, Adeline, rising to her feet with each of her two arms strung out horizontally, brought to light a conjecture she thought, thinkably, would show her wife the ropes—for just why in God’s name the three of them had better flee from their lifelong bondage. “Charlotte, my love... kindly be wise of the cruel reality that we must only show absolute forbearance to it soberly, on the grounds Juliette and I can wherein gather, the world at large remains sufficiently galled by our very being. This being the case, then why attempt to bear fruit in a world that runs around aimlessly bent upon murdering you where you stand? Before all else, do not be so senseless as to hold that honor matters—never mind it, in the grand scheme of things.”

Silence brimmed the Serpent’s unholy suite; Adeline and Charlotte rested upon the rigid terrain; Juliette, on the other side of the fence, gave every indication she was despairingly looking vacantly into the bare nothingness of the poorly lit room— expecting one of the other two to chime in on conversation, in her place.

Juliette, not best pleased, made herself known. “Somebody? Will somebody say something? For example, a reflection of what we bore witness to throughout our suffering?”

“Fuck! Christ almighty! Alas... then let us instead—”

A deafening thunder escaped well-nigh Juliette’s stamping ground, where the couple,

Adeline and Charlotte, dwelled.

In chorus, Adeline and Juliette recoiled, whined, and reversed their transcendent bodies most warily; their other companion was incandescently bludgeoning her modestly fragile skull into the Serpent's hardwood walls, that was of a most sublime, coral complexion.

The creature's red fluids took to the air before they instantaneously bespattered the carpet tiles; inch by inch, shards of skull made a mess of the Serpent's unsullied flooring, with the bellicose discharge of pink flesh.

Juliette wavered, whereas Adeline delved further off into the vehement domain of derangement; our additional friend, at this stage relieved of virtue's masterful delusions, thusly lies in her own lawless Paradise... and the remaining pair had best follow suit.

"O thou!" Juliette exclaimed. "The two of us, granted with Charlotte's company too, have stayed close companions for quite many years, setting aside my damning instants of hubristic opposition with inadvertence to enchant the considerably nuanced human emotions. I feel frightful contrite about this... therefore, my dear, I ask one simple thing of you...

"Lend unto me your vigorous pain... vigorous enough to put a man to death! Foremost, lay hold of my pharynx, constrict it almost entirely to afford your fingertips the means to brush your palms, and finally come to rest once no hint of respiration transpires again! We are only frittering... so, you see my point, Adeline?"

Adeline's deportment, in the early stages being terribly irresolute and hysterical, which no less deviated from Juliette's estimation, in only two hours refashioned into something a tad more permissive, albeit still mildly coy about the sepulchral circumstance.

At the very time that Adeline took hold of her subject's neck, Juliette articulated the only words she could with her climatic breath. "Farewell, respected friend of mine. Have no more than a concern for yourself. We shall convene again, alongside Charlotte too, in our newfangled kingdom upon both our deaths, dear Adeline."

Juliette, palatially, in the manner of a courtly maiden, disclosed a bright look through to her companion's burning eyes, before she thereby shut her own— contentment was ultimately her concluding emotion.

THE AFTERMATH

Paris investigators were posted to the Villemarette Suites a fortnight after personnel stumbled upon the remains of three girls in the hotel's fourth floor dining chambers. The entryway was inexplicably made airtight—within the bounds of possibility, this had a hand in making a getaway all but non-viable for the three victims.

The tenant Comte d'Espéron informed personnel of plangent, enigmatic sonances hailing from the dining chambers which prompted personnel to actuate a meticulous examination of the entire accommodation.

The personnel, rather belatedly, turned up the three female corpses inside the dining chambers. The Mademoiselles, who have now been identified, are: the 24 year old Adeline de Saint-Sauveur, daughter to Paris magistrate François de SaintSauveur; the 26 year old Juliette Flournoy; and the 21 year old Charlotte de Bellegarde. Interpolating from clues left behind at the obscenity, private eyes speculate the trio relinquished further breath through their own agency—granted, that has been all they could bring in meanwhile.

Thus far, there has yet to be a piece of evidence alluding to a concrete perpetrator, but at any costs, investigators will carry forward with their foray.

