

Mr. Allsing's Tales

Featured Stories:

The Lament of Doctor Frankenstein's Monstrosity

The Corpse From The Cosmos

The Black Lion

Hello there dear reader, my name is John Panoptes.

But you may call me Mr Allsing.

Today, I have three tiny tales of terror to tell you.

First, we follow the classic tale of Doctor Frankenstein, but with a twist.

Second, we follow farmer Dan, as he writes about his encounter with a corpse from the cosmos.

Lastly, we follow three young as they hear rumors of a black lion that lives in the mountains of their town. Little do they know, a powerful man is interested in this information.

Let us begin our hour of horror with,

The Lament of Doctor Frankenstein's Monstrosity

Fire.

Torches and pitchforks are armed in the hands of countless people, as screams of rage echos the name, "FRANKENSTEIN!"

They know of his sins, defiling the graves where dead men slept. But he needed those parts... only the best parts can be used for his experiment. A leg from Mr. Smith. He won't be needing that. The arms of one strong man, Alexander "Hercules" Jackson. Dr. Frankenstein used to love his circus performances, but his creation needs muscular arms. The brain of Bobby Fredric. And many more organs and limbs stolen, wives and brothers mourning as their families' graves have been defiled.

As the mob surrounds Victor's manor on the hill, he shouts to the empty halls, "FOOLS!" His booming voice echoes through the empty manor as he ascends up his spiral staircase, and toward his lab. "DO THEY NOT SEE THE IMPORTANCE OF MY WORK!?" He screams, enraged at the mob's unapproval. "I am to discover immortality and spit in the face of death. AND THEY HATE ME FOR IT!? FOOLS! ALL OF THEM!" He says as he enters his lab, where his golem awaits, still and lifeless, the body parts stapled and sown together as it lays on the ice-cold steel table. "They will see my genius when I bring life to my creation." With that, he begins his experiment.

To begin, he injects the subject with a serum of his own design. This serum will be the key agent to give Frankenstein's mount of rotting flesh life, but he needs there to be some electrical current to travel through its body. So, Frankenstein has attached the golem's icy table to a skylight in the roof where Frankenstein will raise the body and it struck by lightning.

Everything must be planned perfectly. He checks the time, injects the serum, and raises his creation to the sky as thunder rolls through the dark clouds, illuminating their rage at the doctor's deeds.

As he waits for the thunder to strike his mound of staples, stitches, and rotting flesh; he hears the villagers bash against the door rhythmically, demanding “JUSTICE!”

“Justice?” Victor scoffs at the very idea that what he is doing is wrong. “THEY DEMAND JUSTICE? Whilst I am the one who is going to bring you all immortality- HELL! I WILL BRING THEM GOD HOOD! FOR MY NAME IS VICTOR-” Then, the thunders roar as it strikes down on Frankenstein’s creation.

Victor’s mouth hangs agog, as the moment of truth has arrived in a blinding chariot of lighting as the entire lab tower glows a blinding white.

Then, darkness.

As Victor’s eyes re-adjusts to the darkness, he first sees the smoke emanating off of the mound of flesh. He lowers it down slowly and gingerly, ending with a loud thud as it reaches Victor’s waistline.

He overlooks the body, his eyes unable to look at anything else with wrapped attention as he awaits movement.

Nothing.

The body lays there, lifelessly, as the smell of cooked meat and heated metal fills the room. The only sound is the rhythmic bashing of the manor door.

But as Victor listens, he notices another rhythmic sound. Bump-bump... bump-bump. A heartbeat. It’s then when Victor Frankenstein sees the golem’s fingers twitch and contract. He then looks up to see the eyes moving underneath the eyelids. It is alive.

Victor does his best to remain calm and try not to proclaim victory over the fools who do not believe him. It's then when the massive being sits up, his eyelids open to reveal blank white milky eyes; this is something Victor plots to fix in the future, but for now, he has succeeded.

Victor then proceeded to test the creation's knowledge, to see how much it can remember his past life. "Sir," Victor says in a calming yet ecstatic tone of voice, "welcome back, can you tell me your name."

"Foolish mortal." The creation says, in a deep and baritone voice, a voice you could almost hear in the back of your head.

Confused, Doctor Frankenstein asks, "Sir? What do you-" The creation interrupts him.

"I have heard of you, Doctor. There are many who are upset at what you have done, especially Mr. Fredric." Victor is then taken aback by this, as he thought he was speaking to Bobby Fredric.

Victor then watches, as the thing he's created takes a deep breath in, and then a satisfied breath out. "Aaaaaah, the welcoming cold air. It is so much nicer than what I am used to, the fires and brimstone from my home. It gets tiring after a while."

Victor then noticed that the thing's eyes had changed colors, from a blank milky white color, now to a pitch black, with a demonic glowing orange iris.

Victor then gets the courage to ask, "Sir... what is your name." It pauses before answering.

"Lucifer."

Victor's face then runs cold white, as his heart begins to beat violently. Lucifer, now standing over Victor towering over him, says this, "We have plans for a man like you."

7 million years of fight or flight has kicked in, as Victor attempts to run. Maybe, just maybe, the mob outside can help kill the monstrosity he has constructed... but that never happens, because as fast as he could be, the monster grabs Victor's face and raises him up off the ground.

In muffled screams and violent spasms, Victor Frankenstein attempts to break loose of his captor's grip... but all for not, as the puppet's golem squeezes his head tightly. In a mere moment, as Victor's muffled screams plead for mercy, his skull is crushed betwixt the puppet's hands. Warm blood and chunks of brain coats the hands of the golem, as the Doctor's body drops and falls to the ground.

It's then when the eyes of the golem turn from their demonic black and orange, and turns into very human eyes. With white eyes and a brown iris, the fallen angel no longer controls Frankenstein's monster; It is now Mr. Bobby Fredric in control.

Mr. Fredric takes his first steps forward, with rigor mortis plaguing each movement. But as the serum flowers through his body, he feels the stiffness of his body loosen its grip on his new body. Mr. Fredric then made his way down the spiraling stairs, trying to recount what had happened. He remembers his life, He remembers his death, and he then struggles to remember what happened after.

Fire, Brimstone, pain, it's all a foggy memory. But with each step down the spiraling staircase, he remembers more and more, his walking becoming more staggered and shaky until it all comes together like a wave of both realization and dread of remembering.

He remembers every last bit of his time in hell.

He then takes one last shaky step off the staircase, only to be greeted by a manor full of scared and horrified villagers, many of whom he knows and cares deeply for. He knows he must warn them of hell, he knows he must tell them how to avoid his fate. But he is unable to find the words, as only a single and deafening sound that all man knows of escapes his mouth,

“AAAGH!!!” His screams bellows through the manor, as his mortal mind can no longer comprehend the horrors and torture he has experienced in hell.

“AAAGH!!!” with tears rolling down his face, he clutches his head and lands on his knees.

“AAAAGck AAAAgcAAACK!” It’s then that he attempts to rip his head from the stitches and staples that connect his head from his body, thick black and crimson blood spurting from the openings.

“GGGCK!” Blood spurting from his mouth, he then dives his hands deep into the opening on his neck and rips his head off.

The room falls deafeningly silent, as a pool of rotting blood forms under Frankenstein’s horror.

The villagers decide to burn the manor, and let the monstrosities they’ve witnessed die that day. Blissfully unaware of the horrors that may await those unlucky few. And as the years go by, as the charred manor begins to be overtaken by plants, some of the children say they can still hear the screams of Bobby Fredric.

A cautionary tale if ever told. Never defile the dead dear reader, as you may never know what hell you may wrought on yourself.

Our next tale of terror is told by our dear friend, farmer Dan, as he wrangles up his experience with,

The Corpse From The Cosmos

My lord, I have found something that no man should ever have to witness.

It was a day like any other, I woke up, prayed to god, tended to my livestock, and tended to my fields. I finished my work late in the afternoon, the orange glow of the sun beats down onto my chest, as the dark black skies cool my back.

But something felt off today, I felt as if something was looking at me. It's eyes borrowing a hole into me. I looked around to see if one of my animals was staring at me... but nothing. I then look up into the darkness of the afternoon sky and notice a strange offness about it. I spent minutes trying to wrap my head around what about the black part of the sky felt so off... and then I saw it.

My heart stopped for a moment, as I watched two glowing blood-red eyes staring at me; beaming the inky blackness of the sky. Minutes later, the eyes seem to drift down towards the sun. Another minute later, a figure drips out of the black sky and drifts down to block the orange-glowing sun. The figure... I almost couldn't wrap my head around it, it had long hair that seemed to float almost as if it were a woman underwater. It's body, even though the sun causes the figure to be blurred, I can tell that it's skinny, it looks decayed. It looks human, except for an extra, twig-like, arm on the left side of its body. The body also seems to have moving vines covering it.

But it's face... god it's face. It took a few minutes for my eyes to adjust, and then I saw how its teeth took up a quarter of its face and how it didn't have any lips or cheeks. Its mouth was stuck in a perpetual smile. And its glowing eyes, they stared at me as it was floating in the air. Fear overtook me and I did the only thing I thought to do... pray.

And so, I dropped to my knees and prayed, "Good lord in heaven, you alone are God. Help me to walk when in the pure fear of the evils of this world. Surround me with your presence and command your angels to guard my life and loved ones. Send your messengers to protect me wherever I go; don't let me trip. Don't let evil conquer me or come near my doorstep... please... save me!" It's then when I hear a whisper in my ears, the voice of a woman and a man speaking

almost as if he were far away, “God?” whispers spoke, “God has sent an angel, his most beautiful angel. I’ve been sent to make your world just as beautiful.” My heart raced, pounding against my ribcage; banging to be let out and run from this monstrosity. I then spoke in a weary voice, “W-what is your name? If you are an angel.” The whispers paused before the male voice overpower the female’s, “Lucifer.” The whisper said, as its hand rose and seemed to reach out to me.

It has been a few hours since I last saw it. I locked the doors to my house. I can hear the animals screaming, fear, pain, anguish. My heart races, thinking that the door to my bedroom will open, and I will see it behind there.

It’s getting tougher to write... I can feel something happening to me... I can feel something moving under my skin...

I see things... things that I know aren’t there... I see people who I know are dead... they seem to have twigs growing out of them... and their eyes... they glow colors I have never seen before... colors that have no right being in this world

I look into a mirror and it isn’t me... Its skin is melting... blood seems to drip from it’s eyes and mouth... but every time I touch my face... my hand is covered in blood.

I see it... a forest... constantly shifting and moving... and what seems like snow falling from the sky... god... why... please...

Help

Me

Hmmm, I wonder what our dear farmer Dan has found this time? I guess we'll never know~

Next, I will be telling you the story of how three young ones have gone looking for the horrible Black Lion that lives in the town's mountains.

But I warn you, this story is not for the faint of heart, or those who are of weak constitutions.

Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you,

The Black Lion

“A lion lives in the mountains of Orvil. It appeared when the Wilson mining business shut down, and when the Wilson family became mysteriously rich. It is said it has charcoal-black fur and long knife-like teeth, and that its eyes burn a bright orange. Some say this lion will visit strangers and answer their questions... so long as they give him something he desires.”

While the three children sit they listen to their friend, a blond-haired boy by the name of Nick, as he tells them the story of the Black Lion. “Your full of shit.” One of them says, a brown-haired boy by the name of Robin. “No, he’s telling the truth!” A blond-haired girl who goes by Mabel says, “The story is true. The Lion lives in the mountains and is the reason why the Bone Men don’t come down and kidnap us.”

A little backstory, other than the tale of the Black Lion, there have been stories of Bone Men that live in the abandoned Wilson mines coming down and stealing anyone unlucky enough to get caught by them. Due to the high number of disappearances the town has, the most recent being Martha Day, Jill Everet, and Samantha Hillinger, the three wanted to figure out what has been truly going on. This leads to Nick telling Robin about the Black Lion, as it may help them with their investigation.

“Okay fine,” Robin laments, “I’ll entertain the thought that he may be real, how are we supposed to find him? We don’t even know where he lives.” “That’s where you’re wrong my friend,” Nick rebukes, “We know where the terrible beast lives. Pack some snacks and water, because tomorrow, we’re going hiking.”

The next day rolls on by, Nick, Robin, and Mable have bags packed with snacks and water, as they begin their jaunt by walking through the town, past their school, and right next to the mayoral building, where they were stopped by the mayor of the city, John Wilson.

“Hello kids,” He says, with a happy and jovial expression, “Where are you off to this fine summer’s day?” “We’re just off for a hike,” Nick responds, trying to conceal their plans of meeting the Black Lion. “Oh, how lovely.” John says, “Don’t stay out too late, ya hear.” “of course sir.” the children say, as they walk off into the mountains. By all means, John Wilson is a very welcoming and warm man, and charismatic to boot. But the children always felt off by him, there was always one or two things that were off about that man, but they never knew why or what about him was so off-putting.

Hours pass by, sweat drips off of their foreheads as the sun beats down on them. Then finally, they reach a cave on the side of the mountain. As they enter, it is dark, the ground is adorned with blankets that seem to be from many centuries ago.

“Who dares disturb my home.” A voice booms through the cave. The kids then watch as this massive, impossibly black figure outlines the darkness. it is the Black Lion.

“We do not mean to disturb you, we only wish for answers.” Nick says fearfully, as the imposing Black Lion towers over them.

As the kids look at the great lion, they notice how its skin seems to be loose, and what looks like these massive tendrils, as they squirm and writhe underneath its skin. And as the great lion lumbers out of the shadows, they thought they saw, if only for a split second, red scales inside its mouth, around the gums before his lips covered his mouth. They also notice how his teeth are much more pointy, like a crocodile's teeth.

“Hmmm...” the gigantic lion ponders for a moment, almost sounding like a pur, wondering if he even should indulge the children. “Fine then,” The Black Lion then roars, “BRING ME A POULTRY TO DINE APON! And then I shall quench your thirst with answers.” The children then look at each other, surprised by his demand.

Mable then politely speaks to the imposing lion, “Well... sir, we don't have any poultry for you to dine on... and we are a long way away from home. Is there any way you can answer our questions?” The lion then takes a moment to ponder again, thinking of what to say.

“Yes, I can. I shall answer ONE of your questions with another question.” The lion says, with an eyebrow raised, “Now ask little lambs, what is your question.”

Robin is then pushed up in front of the lion by Nick as he gestures for him to say something.

Robin takes a moment to think of what to say, so many questions assault his mind until one question screams louder than the rest. “What can you tell us of the Bone Men?” The Black Lion's eyes widen, showing off his red glowing eyes and subtle surprise at the question. But as the lion thinks, Nick proceeds to berate the fellow eleven-year-old, “Seriously?!” “What?” “We

already know a tone about the Bone Men already- WHY WOULD YOU WASTE OUR ONE QUESTION WI-” The Black Lion then interrupts. “The place or the creature?”

This question then takes everyone off guard, “Excuse me?” Robin asks, making sure he heard the lion right. “I asked if you want to know about the place or the creature?” Robin thinks to himself, wondering what he could ever mean by that. “May I ask another question?” Robin asks, causing the lion to pause for a moment before answering. “Well, because I enjoy your company so far... I will only answer one of the two questions I have given you. But I warn you child, there is a right question to ask... if you want actual answers that is.” Robin and the rest of the children are visibly disturbed by this, “Thank you.” Robin says, weighing out which question is the right one. It’s a 50/50 chance that Robin asks the wrong question, and by all the stories of the Bone Men attacking and kidnapping people... the answer seems almost obvious.

“Can you tell me of the Bone Men creature?” The lion then looks at the small boy and says, “There is no such thing as Bone Men.”

The group is shocked by this. Their minds ran with so many questions of what this could mean. Sadly, they can not ask any more questions.

“Well, I suppose that is that,” The lion says, as it lifts its paw to shoo off the little ones away, “If you want me to answer more questions, remember to bring me the meat of a bird. Preferably a big one.” “Wait,” Mable says, causing the lion’s eyebrow to rise, “Do you want us to stay and

just talk, you did say you liked our company?” Robin and Nick look at Mable with shock. As if the great and powerful lion would ever... but much to their surprise.

“Hmm...” The lion purrs to himself, “you know... usually people just ask me questions and then want me gone. I would like to actually have a conversation for once.” Nick, Robin, and Mabel look at each other before whipping out the snacks and start talking with the Black Lion as the children talk about their favorite shows, hobbies, and more to the lion, as they listen to the lion talk about his passion for classical music.

As the lion spoke, although he sounded and looked scary, and how the way he moved was off; the children found themselves very comforted by the Black Lion. He was not just very charismatic, but it sounded like he spoke with honesty and care as he would take time to think about his words, or how he'd laugh at their jokes. They actually found themselves comparing the Black Lion to John Wilson. While both are charismatic and try to be charming, the lion feels much more honest and naturally charismatic, compared to John where everything he says sounds scripted and planned hours or even days beforehand. The lion feels more human and genuine than John Wilson.

As hours move by and the day begins to grow dark, the lion tells the children to head home and rest well. And so, the children march back to town, with more hours going by as they reach the old church. But suddenly, the kids run into John Wilson again as he shows off his smile that he's practiced a hundred and one times.

“Oh! Hello again kids, how was your guy’s hike in our lovely mountains.” John speaks, his words sounding practiced and lacks sincerity. The kids tell him that it was a good hike and that they were just tired from all that walking. The three didn’t want Mr. Wilson to know about their meeting with the Black Lion, but against Robin’s better judgment, he asked Mr. Wilson a burning question.

“Mr. Wilson, can you tell me anything about the Bone Men... the place I mean?” As soon as he said that, John’s face went pale as all of his political charms fades away as he now speaks in an authoritative and patronizing tone.

“There is no such place as Bone Men, just the stories you kids talk about.” “but-” “GET HOME NOW!” The kids were stunned, such a person who is so concerned about how he speaks and how he presents himself is now red in the face and bellowing at the top of his lungs. The children fearfully go home, feeling Mr. Wilson’s eyes burn into the back of their heads.

As the kids return to Robin’s home, ready to plot for tomorrow’s meeting with the Black Lion, the children are welcomed by their stern and angry parents. The kids know that Mr. Wilson must have called the parents about their hike, as they begin immediately questioning them about the Bone Men and where we went on their hike.

The parents then grab their respective kid and drag them back to their homes, not before the children agree to sneak out of their homes the next day.

And so, Nick, Robin, and Mable get a verbal lashing before being sent to bed, where each plots their own respective escape for tomorrow.

The sun rises, with each parent finding that their kids have sneaked off, along with forty bucks missing from their wallets. Each kid meets up at the local grocery market and buys three turkeys, one for each kid to carry. As they begin their march up the mountains, John Wilson catches a glimpse of them and begins to slowly trail behind.

Hours pass by and the kids finally arrive at the Black Lion's cave, where the Lion is seen lounging about, "Aah, I was wondering when you'd be back, I was worried you'd be too late." the Black Lion then eyes the big turkeys they had brought. "OOOOH! You children are too kind, as to bring me not one turkey, but three, big and juicy turkeys," he said with glee, showing off his lizard-like teeth. Nick hands over the massive turkeys, where he pinches all three turkeys at once, dangles them above his gaping maw, and then drops them into his mouth where the food is slowly chewed.

"Mmmh, now- mph- I promised you that I would answer questions." the Black Lion says with his mouth full of food. "Yes, I want to know about the Bone-Men... not the creature, the place." Nick says, with the Lion slowly finishing up his meal. "Of course," and with a loud and grotesque gulp, the Black lion swallows the three turkeys; bones and all. "Well, let us begin with the fact that the place is not called Bone-Men, it's the Bone Mill. It used to be an old mining building, but after the ore ran dry it became abandoned, leaving the town with no source of income. Not only that but due to their mining, toxic minerals leached into the water and caused

most of the inhabitants to become unable to have children. That was until the Wilson mining company had the idea to..." The Black Lion then paused for a moment to think about what to say, as not to use any harsh language in front of the children, "acquire women to aid in the declining population. From that point on, the place became a factory of reproduction, where infertile families with buy children from the Wilsons." That's when the Black Lion saw the children's faces, despite his careful wondering, they knew what he meant as they looked at him with horror on their faces, the realization of everything. "I'm sorry for telling you this. No man should have to deal with the horrors of humanity, at least not this soon in your lives." "Does that mean... does that mean Wilson has been kidnaping women and..." "Yes." the Black lion interrupts the child, as to not make Mable say what the mayor has been doing.

The Black Lion looks sorrowfully at the children and then looks out into the horizon, where the sun begins to set and the sky turns shades of orange, red, and pink. "The sins of man have become so immense, that god has become tired and weary. The sins of the few have outweighed the sins of the many-" "Lion?" Mable interrupts, with Robin asking, "Are you okay?"

The Lion looks sadly at the group, "The reign of man is about to end children, judgment day is ticking forth." "WHAT!" one of the kids yells, startled by their view of impending. The Lion then smiled at the children, "Never fear children, you are all safe from judgment. For you three will be brought to heaven by the angel Gabriel." the children looked at each other scared and sad, "B-but, what about our parents? Aren't they going to be alright?" the Lion looks at the children, sadness swelling in his burning heart, "I do not know, for that is up to heaven to decide." He's lying, he just can't bring it in himself to tell them what he knows.

“The time is nearing, for me and my brothers to rain judgment upon humanity, and to finally remove the snakes and weeds from the Gardens of Eden.” The Black Lion then looks at John Wilson, who has been listening on at the mouth of the cave.

The Black Lion smiles, showing off his sharp, lizard-like, teeth, “Go children, Gabriel will find you in due time.” The children then run off, with John staring dumbfoundedly at the massive black lion in front of him.

“You still have time to repent, son of god.” The Lion says, with hopes he will heed his advice. But sadly, John Wilson is too far gone, as he turns to chase after the children. “A pity, I had such high hopes for him.” The Black Lion then begins to march towards the town, his skin beginning to rip and tear as he walks.

The children run deeper into the mountains, with John Wilson chasing after them, “GET BACK HERE YOU LITTLE SHITS!” He screams at the top of his lungs. “WHAT DID YOU SAY TO HIM ABOUT ME! ANSWER ME!” The kids arrive at a large lake, with John Wilson far behind. “Everyone stay quiet.” Robin says, scared that if a single word leaves their lips, the mayor will find them. John Wilson then sees the children and is about to charge at them until he sees something descend from the sky.

Clean, white, feathers drift down, as the wind flaps against a set of large blinding white wings. Gabriel has arrived. “Be not afraid,” he says in a whisper that is as loud as a thunderstorm, “for I

am with you, do not be afraid, for I am the angel Gabriel; I will strengthen you, I will help you.”

Gabriel then opens his arms, preparing for a warm embrace. “Come brothers and sisters, I shall deliver you from evil.”

They hold onto him, feeling this sense of security and safety, a feeling they haven’t felt in a long time. They then ascend to the heavens, watching as the mountains and town become mere specs in their vision and leaving John Wilson as a distant memory too faint to even remember clearly.

Meanwhile, back in the town, the people watch in horror, as they are slowly being left behind as angels pick up people one by one, leaving only the sinners and scum of the earth left.

The Black Lion, his skin ripped and torn to reveal crimson red scales, watches from on top of the central town building, watching as the truly evil beg for forgiveness from god. But he will not listen, for the angels have finished their job, and now it is his turn for judgment.

“SINNERS!” He roars, silencing all the sorrow from the sinners, and filling it with a newfound dread. The Black Lion thinks for a moment, as to what to say.

“Greed... Lust... those are the sins that you all bathe in. For too long has the sins of the few brought pain and suffering to the sins of the many.” He speaks, as what appears to be a second set of lips, scaly red, slither out of the lions mouth... and then another one... and then another one.

“NO LONGER! No longer shall you dine on your sins like a convenient snack. For too long you have ruled this world and many others for your sins.” as he speaks, more and more heads slither out, connected to a long crimson-scaled neck. Until finally, the last head slithers, revealing seven heads connected to seven necks. He then finally crawls out of the lion's skin, to reveal a massive body, with giant crimson and black wings. He towers over the people, he is as tall as a short skyscraper. He then says, with the utmost disdain in his voice, “Men like you all should have never evolved, instead, you should have stayed like the crawling! SLIMY! INSIGNIFICANT CREATURES YOU ARE!!!” then, from each head spewed flames, shades of orange, yellow, and deep red, as it scorches the earth beneath him, burning every sinner beneath him... but never dying, for this is the start of their eternal punishment.

His flames engulfs the entire town and forest, soaking both in the deep red fires.

The forests of the mountain burn as John Wilson attempts not to catch fire, but little does he know he is being unwittingly guided to the Bone Mill by the flames where once he sees the mining building, believes that it will save him from the fires surrounding him... what a fool.

He enters the Bone Mill, where he finally catches his breath, sweat beating off his brow. Oddly enough, as he enters into the mine it feels suspiciously hotter than usual, almost as if heat is emanating from deeper within. But before he could rest or figure out why, he hears this high-pitched laughter and snickering coming from deeper in the facility, almost sounding like a pack hyenas.

He ventures deeper into his building, the heat building higher and higher, walking past several metal doors, each with one or more women behind them, tied down to military-style beds; unable to move. As he gets closer to the laughter, he can hear chains being messed around with, realizing that someone is trying to free them.

He makes a mad dash towards an adjacent door, with a dim light and laughter coming out of it, passing by hundreds of doors and women. He then swings the door open to find nobody except one of his “stallions”, her belly full and strained. He then notices that the chains used to hold her down have been unlocked. This sends him into a violent frenzy.

He grabs the woman’s hair and smacks her, “WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY!” He hits her again, merely sealing his fate even more, “WHO THE FUCK LET YOU OUT OF YOUR CHAINS BITCH! I’LL FUCKING KILL YOU IF YOU TELL ME YOU WHORE!!!”

Then, laughter, high-pitched laughter echoes through the halls. Hundreds of laughs behind each and every one of those doors. He then hears giggling right next to him. Two small and skinny, black and red creatures, with big round heads and large horse-like teeth, crawl from under the bed.

“What the fuck!” He says, as he crawls off the bed and back away slowly for the door. They then lunge at John, clamping their long and hard teeth down onto his lower legs, crushing them between their jaws. He falls onto the stained floor, as they let go of his legs, allowing him to desperately try and crawl away.

“GOD SAVE ME!” He pleads, only to be greeted by the shrouded figure’s voice deep within his head, “You do not deserve God- YOU DON’T EVEN DESERVE TO SAY HIS NAME! For you have dug your own grave. Now sleep in it.” John then feels the pressure build in his head, he feels like his head is about to explode. He then blacks out.

Hours later, he awakens to a sudden abdominal pain. He looks down to notice his belly, full and strained. He then sees that the women have been freed, and how demons and devils are helping them to select angels, who pick them up and carry each and every one up to the heavens.

“What have you done to me?!?” He asks, hoping to get an answer. He then hears the figure’s voice reverberate around his skull like a pulsing pain, “A DEMON, BORN FROM THE SINS OF MAN’S LUST...” He then feels a sharp sensation, as something begins to tear out of his belly. “AND SO TO SHALL BE YOUR TORTURER.”

His stomach bursts open, with blood and black goo spraying against the walls, a pitch-black baby crawls out, with tiny horns on its head and a small tail coming out from behind. It begins to whine, as it stumbles out of John’s stomach. But soon, its whines turn into powerful roars, as it grows in a matter of seconds. Its tiny protuberances turn into massive and heavy horns, its small and slim tail turns long and thick, and its body grows muscular with its skin being smooth like rubber or leather.

An Incubus is born.

Well wasn't that a light-hearted romp, I wonder if we'll ever revisit poor old John Wilson.

Oh, and if you think you'll be stuck on earth if this happens, don't worry, only people who actively decide not to be a good person stay for judgment/go to hell. Also don't worry if you don't believe in heaven, you'll be sent to the afterlife of your faith. And if you don't have one, an angel will help you find a suitable afterlife for you.

Anyway, off the doom and gloom, thank you so much dear reader- YAWN- man it's getting kinda late, let's head off to bed.

Ladies and gentlemen, it has been a pleasure to be your reader. Goodnight, sleep well, and don't let imps bite~

References/inspiration:

For the Frankenstein story, I didn't really have any inspiration for it other than the original story. I just wanted to show my own take on it.

For the Corpse From the Cosmos story, I was inspired by Midwest Angelica on YouTube as I kinda felt disappointed by it, thinking it was going to be like a zombie eldritch analog horror. So I decided to throw my own spin on it and make this story... maybe there might be a follow up... maybe not... who knows~

For the Black Lion story, I had listened to the Borrasca story on Creep Cast and was so deeply repulsed by the things done in it that I my mind had not felt right in days. Because of that, my mind would make these constant scenarios in my head, some about a single insane person who threw a wrench into things, and other stories about how just a single monster would just stumble upon the place and kill the three men responsible for this pain and misery. But then I made the story about the black lion and I decided that I wanted to make that the story.

All of these stories share my ideals/ideas, but I would love to hear about what you think these stories are about and what their messaging is, along with what you liked and disliked about my stories. I also do want to say that these stories are not meant to shun anyone's religious beliefs... except those people who say "God loves you" while also using the gay f-word and saying that god hates (*insert group here*). Those people have sacrificed their God for ideals.

I hope you all have a lovely day, afternoon, and good night.

Content Warnings:

The Lament of Doctor Frankenstein's Monstrosity

(Murder, body horror, gore, and suicide)

The Corpse From The Cosmos

(Body horror, gore, and eldritch horror)

The Black Lion

(Death, mass death, mass rape, implied human trafficking)