

The transceiver whined to life and started to pour out sweet melodies  
Happily initiating the process

| Another ritual completed |

She emerges, peeking slowly beyond the new flesh  
Cheerfully making careful adjustments and measurements  
Crow black twin tails and sewing needles for fingers

She excitedly said

“I think .... you need more sutures! So pretty I think they’re so pretty! Staples and glue are yucky there’s nothing better than going ..... stitch by..... stitch by..... stitch.”

She was lost in a delightful trance  
For this was the only time she could show herself  
Oh how she *needed* this

Eternally locked behind a damned tissue portal.

She hummed a tune as she operated

*Hold me tight  
Hold me and tie me up  
Kiss me twice  
Kiss me and pet me  
Like sweets and whips are  
Heavenly ways to be loved...*