

# **The Professor and the Dominatrix**

# Why the hell is this so damned late?

- Because I'm not nearly the masochist reading this book requires.
- Not even close.
- As in, I skimmed through bad fanfic instead of reading this some nights.
- I actually did homework in lieu of reading.
- It took Something Awful's recent Weekend Web feature on dragon vore to make this readable.

# John Harrigan

- Former Combat Marine!
- Professional Psychologist!
- University Professor! Retired!
- Jazz Trumpeter!
- Solo Sailboater!



# Features

- Ethnic stereotypes.
- Hating the gays.
- More anti-religious bullshit than you can shake a dead pope's dick at.
- Terrible sex scenes.
- Making accounts of deviance boring.
- Inability to get on with the plot.
- Wait, there's a plot?

# Yes, there's a plot. Sorta.

Testicles, dead body, “CARD-CARRYING CHRISTIANS!”, stereotypes, babbling, more babbling, dominatrix, babbling, dead body, babbling, restroom meeting, stereotypes, babbling, killer's name and background, “want to have his baby,” babbling, hearing, babbling, Deus ex Mach... er, Dominatrix, dead body, restroom meeting, babbling, sex and marriage and that's just creepy, babbling, talk show, talk show fight, killer attacks reporter, kidnaps cop's kid, kills the cop chick but not killing the dominatrix's underling, goes to kill the dominatrix, beaten by another underling dressed up as Wonder woman, runs to church, gets shot down, THE FUCKING END.

He decided to feast on the four newly-gained testicles. He bounced out of bed. Wearing a macabre smile, he smacked his red lips. The taking in of body and blood was well associated in his mind with Holy Communion, the cannibalistic ritual where one magically consumes the body and blood of Christ. He loved Holy Communion.

He had a recipe for preparing mountain oysters: so convenient to find it on the Internet along with goat testicle stew, penis stew, turkey nuts, and ranch fry. You simply toss the balls into a hot skillet, when they explode they're done. He had bought the ingredients: corn meal, red wine, cooking oil, salt, pepper, and Louisiana Hot Sauce. Maybe he should try one raw.

While we're on the genitals...

# Cock

- Everyone loves cock.



Most everyone...



# Cock



- Everyone loves cock.
- There's a lot of cock in this book.
- Lots and lots of cock, although most of it's severed.
- When it's not...

After leaving Newfoundland, Colleen Ryan became Kitty Kentuck, a stripper specializing in lap dances. Next she became a sex surrogate employed by a sex counselor, one of her former lap-dance customers. She stayed a surrogate for years. She learned a lot about erectile dysfunction, or impotence as it was commonly called before it got the medical dodge. She called it progressive limp-dick disorder, LDD. She could even quote Shakespeare on the subject, "*Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?*" She knew that the Latin word for an erect penis was "fascinum," whence comes the word "fascinate." She could tick off research findings on how a fascinum occurs from a sight or a touch or even a memory to an electrical impulse carried by the pudendal nerve, on how the chemical cyclic guanosine monophosphate that in good supply will lead to a high-schooler, on how the enzyme phosphodiesterase 5 will kill it. She'd preach: don't overeat to diabetes, smoke and damage circulation, drink or ride a hard-seat bicycle and damage nerves, the pudendal nerve to be exact. With blithe shamelessness she'd encourage frequent masturbation to bring oxygen-rich blood to the penis to prevent atrophy. "Look fella, if you don't use it you'll lose it." And with a knowing smile she'd explain to quick-comers that holding off premature ejaculation by mentally reviewing baseball scores or battling averages does them harm in time, becoming an established "down-boy" phosphodiesterase 5 habit, leading to inability to maintain a full fascinum later in life. As for the cause of fascinator dysfunction, mental or physical, she'd recommend the stamp test: paste a strip of postage stamps around the penis before going to bed; if the strip breaks, it's a mental problem. Nocturnal erections are not impaired by mental problems, only physical ones.

OED. It's sexier than this book.  
And not even in the nerdy way,  
either.

penis, *n.*

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*Anat.* and *Zool.* The male genital organ used (usually) for copulation and for the emission or dispersal of sperm, in mammals containing erectile tissue and serving also for the elimination of urine.

If only we could trade all this cock for an editor.  
And then another editor to replace the first one  
after his poor brain explodes.

I am a fucking dumb ass shit who failed to scan these pages.

- “...Katie Kuric...”
- “...Ophra...”
- “...oddly barefoo-”
- “...they exited fas-”
- “...about that Tattoo?”
- “...where we be investigation?”
- Oh wait, that might not be a typo...

Agitated beyond reason, James Pennyman sat on the throne in Stall II of the commissioner's grand restroom shouting in high-pitched Black English. "Every dog and cat bunch in dis city is writin' letters and callin' me on de telephone. 'Why don'tcha catch the killer?' I bet preachers be wearin' chastity belts with lock and key. Blacksmith can't keep up with de demand. Preachers gon round with a hand over de crotch. Dun look good—what with a Baptist convention comin' up. Fundamental dun need no cock loppers terrorizin' our preachers, of which we have many. Then there be de motherfuckin' cocksuckers, of which we have a good supply also. *You unnerstan' what I'm sayin', commissioner?*"

Fighting for emotional control, the mayor said, "Billy, where we be investigation?"

# Stereotypes.

- The mayor is one of two black characters. The other is a patrol man who's just kind of there. The mayor's bit is preceded by some babbling on, "Black English."
- Then we have our Latino characters: Luis, the pimp/informant, his Latina prostitutes, and his mom, who plays madam to the hookers.
- Except for Luis, they also speak in exaggerated accents
- The members of the student group, Dykes Taking Over, are *womyn* with men issues.

# Chekov's Glove and Pink Salmon

- Speaking of Dykes Taking Over, here's how not to actually build up suspense:
  - 1) Reveal the killer in Chapter 1.
  - 2) When the body is discovered in Chapter 2, mention that there's a white latex glove found.
  - 3) In Chapter 3, have it mentioned that the members of Dykes Taking Over all wear a white latex glove on one hand
  - 4) Never mention this again until the cleaning lady who found the glove *finally* gives it to the police.

# And The Pot Just Hurlled A Racial Epithet At The Kettle...

Dykes Taking Over and shitty stereotypes aside...

We all know that some dumb shit comes out of the mouths of fundamentalists. Fundies are pretty much the basis for Poe's Law.

Actual real life preachers can handle being confronted with arguments against religion.

Unless they're in Fundamental, Tennessee...

See, I didn't write before scanning,  
so clearly, I am a dumbass.

Credit where credit is due, this was really funny.  
It's probably not funny in the way the author  
intended, but it's still pretty hilarious.

Shortly before we meet our Gary Stu Hero, Prof.  
Synan Slane, the president of his college has a  
fucking canippie out the window at some uber-  
religious protestors, calling them, among other  
things, "*Card-carrying Christians!*" to which his  
fundamentalist secretary is deeply hurt and  
offended by.

# A Word About our Hero

- He has an unusual name.
- He's a former boxer, and a classy one to boot, all finesse and power, not raw brutality.
- He served in Mogadishu, Somali with one of the officers on the case and saved his life, while he himself was wounded with a gunshot wound to the side.
- His wang is both massive and sturdy.
- By the sheer power of his intellect, he instantly gets Intellectual Checkmate on every religious person.

There are three major confrontations between the religious population and Mr. Harrigan's avatar. The hearing, the talk show, and his shittily named, "Critical Thinking 101 class." In every case Intellectual Checkmate comes in about one comment from him.

# Critical Thinking 10... Sorry, I meant, Anti-Religious Bullshit 101.

- Bonobo sex. Human sex. Castrated statues.
- HEY GUYZ, WE MADE GOD.
- Female Genital Mutilation and Circumcision.
- Molestation and other sexual crimes committed by the clergy.
- Witch-hunting.
- Sex.
- Castration.

There are a lot of anti-religious monologues that go on, most of them out of the mouth of our protagonist. That makes sense as he is the author mouthpiece and he's often started with some musing on the killer's religious tendencies and spun off to Cygnus B.

When it's completely fucktarded is when we have a needless flashback to the latest murder victim, having just plowed a parishioner, having a drink after she leaves and going into an out-loud monologue about the sexual deviancies of the Catholic Church to absolutely no one.

And then, there's the fight on the talkshow.

# The Dominatrix

She has red-gold hair, for starters.

She shows up in Chapter 7, there's a running date made in Chapter 9, and then she's gone until Chapter 22, wherein she announces her desire to have Slane's baby.

She's part of the title, but she's not a major character, less than a Damsel in Distress and slightly more than a MacGuffin.

Also, she has red-gold hair.

# The Killer



# How This Book Could Have Been Improved

- Written entirely in Tamaritan.
- Had an editor.
- Less cock.
- Borrowed its sex scenes from the classic Sailor Moon fic, "Artemis' Lover."
- Remained in the author's imagination.
- Writing an outline of the story first, and then ensuring that the story follows along the outline and doesn't randomly tangent off into some anti-religious bullshit.