

Karen

By

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Any resemblance between the characters and any person, alive or dead, is purely coincidental.

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Unrated: The Grisly Edition: This is the version minus the training wheels. As a rule, there is no capitalization of words which have additional meanings specific to this book. You'll just have to put your thinking caps on and figure it out. Or you could just use the enclosed glossary.

Examples of words including all of their implied tenses which have additional meanings specific to this book are: army, associate, believer, book, collateral, change, chosen, church, crank, crimson, dead, death, devices, die, earth, embrace, family, first, glasses, grimm, hard, heads, hogs, hunger, infernal, kill, kiss, law, lurid, made, mafia, marine, military, mistress, mob, moll, moon, optical, pretend, pretense, prime, race, racial, rapture, readers, reaper, redemptive, reform, reformist, research, rook, saint, sanctified, sanctify, save, scan, secondary, scum, suit, tank, temptation, thug, thirst, thirsty, took, trooper, visor, way, whispers, zealot. Then, again, I also lie. Capish?

The Jersey Devil

To the world—a “Les”

To her lover—“Butch”

To herself—“Tramp”

For the foreseeable future. Chicks with dicks—either Parts or a penis and testicles, on girls. Fashion “stylings” come and they go, and they do recycle. But, for now. That one has most definitely had its fifteen minutes of fame and then some, and yet it’s STILL here, just like Paris Hilton.

Bottomline. Concerning females sporting she-male, either born that way or via Parts. That combo of male and female genitalia on women, and not just female parts. Alongside. Just female parts on women. Dig it or not. Get used to it. Because. It isn’t going away, soon, if ever.

Outside. It’s raining cats and dogs. Lightening and thunder, the whole shebang. Sister Edy had just finished her rounds before the weather went from bad to worse, and is glad to be inside this very foul night.

Sister Judi is in its room, and is indisposed. The robot is rebooting after an extensive firmware update. Per Sister Edy’s dictate, it is naked. It only wears clothing when the situation dictates that it needs to be clothed. Hence, most of the time, it is naked.

As such, with her usual partner out of the picture until morning. Sister Edy is left to her own devices for amusement. She is in the kitchen, slipping a mug of hot cocoa. The creepy nun is dressed in only her panties.

Then, as if she has a six-sense, Sister Edy directs her attention to the back door. She gets up from the table and walks over to the door.

“Is that you, Karen?” Sister Edy asks rhetorically, as she unlocks and opens the door. Standing there. Framed in the doorway, soaking wet, is Sister Edy’s handiwork Karen Elizabeth Digney.

Sister Edy’s mental illness has progressed with devastating consequences. By Sister Edy’s twisted way of thinking, Greta Lucille Rohm and Karen Elizabeth Digney are one in the same person. As such. She remembers the fictitious Karen Elizabeth Digney in place of the real object of her obsession, Greta Lucille Rohm. For her, Greta Lucille Rohm never existed.

The vacant robot girl is sporting a makeup-ruined face and a fright wig hairdo—heavily-applied Rugueux and long messy straight hair. The crazy yellow-blonde hair is liberally streaked with grey and white. Additionally wearing narcissus, knobs, Parts, and a grungy black fishnet bodystocking.

That really, really, nasty parochial schoolgirl look. Ever the opportunist, Sister Edy will shamelessly take full advantage of this really, really nasty parochial schoolgirl. And. Why not?

Thanks to the extensive use of a specially-modified kronos attached to the back of the robot girl’s neck while the robot girl was Giggerota. There is no longer a stand-alone Giggerota personality. It has been merged into the Karen Digney one.

Irrespective of the robot girl wearing grungy black fishnets, instead of pristine black fishnets. This is a full-blown Karen, in spite of the merger. To reiterate, this is Karen, not Giggerota but with heavy overtones of Karen. Giggerota no longer exists, and if Sister Ed has her way, this is the only persona that the robot girl will have.

Whenever the robot girl comes to her like this, Sister Edy knows that she'll get to keep the robot girl for quite some time. Last time, the robot girl stayed for almost an entire month.

During these sabbaticals. Sister Edy passes Karen off as Sister Karen. In public outings, Karen wears the same outdated style of habit as Sister Edy and Sister Judi. Thanks to her makeup, the way Karen's ravaged face looks, no one gives the robot girl a second look, let alone close inspection. And the chaste habit completely hides her ripe body.

"Please come in, Karen."

The robot girl does as she is told. Sister Edy closes and locks the door.

Predatory anticipation. The old nun smacks her lips as she yanks the robot girl's fishnets down. The bodystocking ends pulled down below the robot girl's buttocks. She gropes the robot girl's tits, ass, and crotch. They French kiss.

Karen neither speaks, nor does Karen elicit any emotional reaction, whatsoever.

"Perfect timing. Afterwards. We'll go down in the basement and engage in evening cleansing for our sins."

When not in use, Karen will be kept muzzled and chained up in the basement. But. There are exceptions to even this rule. People die horribly during those exceptions.

Karen only speaks when she utterly has to, and then with the absolute minimum of words. She might as well be mute. She is totally subservient to Sister Edy, in the same way that the robot Sister Judi is. This Darc persona is constructed entirely by Sister Edy. Although it is darc, an aberration bordering upon being an abomination, it is still a subset of the Borg Collective. As such. Its Borg designation is still Seven.

Bottomline. This Karen suffers from the same extreme version of BDD as Sister Edy. This Karen is very tortured and extremely disturbed, as tortured and disturbed as Sister Edy has always been. This Karen is a 24x7 she-male, just like Sister Edy has been since birth. This Karen is a version of Sister Edy—a vile mess, just like the old nun she is based upon. Remember: Misery, and depravity, craves company!

Judith Head

To the world—a “Les”

To her lover—“Butch”

To herself—“Dyke”

Sister Judith is muscular with masculine looks, ways, and mannerisms, and, like Sister Edy, she too is a well-hung she-male. But, unlike Sister Edy, Sister Judith was manufactured. She was not born. She is a genetically engineered bioform—a synthetic person akin to a Borg queen. She is a Cylon, and, as such, has an over-the-top penchant (craving) for enslaving other beings, especially robotic ones.

While Sister Edy believes herself to be profoundly unattractive. Sister Judith Head is profoundly unattractive. Resembling a bigger, muscle-bound version of Lucy’s Barbara. But. Sister Judith, the stereotypical manhating bulldyke, is not only less attractive than Barbara. Sister Judith is less attractive than Sister Edy is when Sister Edy is sporting a makeup-ruined face.

As far as her practice of Catholicism goes. This Bene Gesserit nun makes Sister Edy look like a flaming Liberal in comparison. In a decrepit, otherwise abandoned monastery, there is only Sister Judith and Lucy.

Lucy comes to herself lying on the floor in front of a heavily-modified Borg queen’s alcove. She is clean and pristine. Wearing her pristine black fishnet bodystocking and her Parts. The robot girl remembers her time with Sister Judi and Sister Edy as the Darc person Karen Digney. Then there is a blank period, a hole in her memory. She has no recollection of where she is or how she got here.

The vacant robot girl is sporting neither a makeup-ruined face nor a fright wig hairdo—no heavily-applied Rugueux or long messy straight hair. Nor is her yellow-blonde hair liberally streaked with grey and white. No narcissus or knobs. The bodystocking has been yanked down around her waist. Her exposed tits are bruised as if they were kneaded like bread dough by a pair of very large, very powerful hands.

There is an extensively-modified kronos attached to the back of the girl’s neck. This kronos is biometric, keyed to Sister Judith—only Sister Judith can operate it or remove it. And as long as it’s attached, it can be used to turn Lucy into Karen with the flick of a proverbial switch.

Lucy stands up on shaky legs and almost collapses. A naked figure, sitting on the bed, in the darkened room, gets up and walks slowly toward Lucy. It’s Sister Judith. She looks eighty-something.

“You’re Sister Karen, now. Sister Karen Digney. A newly-ordained member of the Order of the Bene Gesserits. And. You belong to me. You are mine, forever. I am your one and only headmistress.”

Lucy starts to say something. Sister Judith’s eyes fluorescence blue, momentarily. The girl’s neural implant is hijacked by Cylon malware via her tweaked kronos. Lucy’s hair becomes a fright wig hairdo—long messy straight hair. Her crazy yellow-blonde hair is liberally streaked with grey and white. Lucy ceases to exist. What’s left is Sister Karen, or rather a very Darc

someone who looks like Karen Digney but is really Giggerota. No longer a merger. Karen Digney is just a façade for Giggerota.

“You can never be allowed to upstage my looks. As such, you will always wear heavily-applied Rugeux to ruin your looks. Your extreme version of BDD now eclipses that of Sister Edy. I will heavily-apply the Rugeux, posthaste. There is no cold cream, or its chemical equivalent here. Thus the makeup’s application will be, for all intents and purposes, quite permanent, indeed.”

Karen, Giggerota, Seven, says nothing. Sister Judith bitch-slaps her repeatedly. The robot girl does nothing.

“Now, begins you reprogramming, in earnest. A very thorough brainwashing. So, that you can be a suitable mate for me—a junkie sex slave whore, hopelessness addicted to reanimation reagent. You will exist only to appease my insatiable cravings for limitless depravity. I have an equally boundless need for punishment for my sins. We will wallow in sin, together. We will punish each other for those sins, together.”

Again. The robot girl says and does nothing.

“Make yourself decent. Cover yourself, slut.”

Karen pulls her fishnets back into place.

“Much better. Later, after I dress in my habit, we will add your narcissus or knobs.”

They French kiss.

“When I’m done experimenting upon you, you will also be much thinner, which will make your huge tits look even larger.”

A Tourist Point of View

In psychiatric terms. She is personality zero.

She comes to herself laying spreadeagle upon the bare mattress of a bed. The timeclock on her restraints release on schedule. She's locked in a soundproofed room only accessible via a secret panel in Sister Judith's bedroom. The lock is biometric, and it's keyed only to Sister Judith and to Lucy/Karen/Giggerota/Seven/etc. Thus, the robot girl can come and go as she wishes.

The robot girl sits up. Her debilitating migraine caused by an enlarged pineal gland and lizard brain is gone, because she no longer has an enlarged pineal gland and lizard brain. Nor is she much thinner, she's her pre-abduction weight. Rugueux—gone. Hard, pretty face—returned. No Parts, whatsoever. A girl with only the girl parts she was born with.

Dead straight yellow blonde hair in a Grune. Yellow blonde in spades. No geriatric hair, whatsoever—drapes, rug, etc. A beguiling perfume, an almost pheromone for weaker minds ruled by their libidos. The same becoming, natural-looking “no makeup” makeup worn by Russian ballerinas in Moscow's world class Bolshoi Theatre—Bolshoi-bare.

Pearl necklace. Satin corselette. Flesh-colored rubber thong. Underwear worn under her black fishnet bodystocking. She, just like her body wear, is clean and pristine. Being modern wear, and thus possessing a hygiene mode, her stuff is self-cleaning and it keeps her the wearer clean and pristine also. Her Borg EXO has the same type of hygienic functionality. All of her duds do, with the exception of her grunge fishnets.

Nearby, laying upon the floor, is the extensively-modified kronos that was attached to the back of the robot girl's neck. Its innards are fused from a terminal overload. The device is quite dead. Then again, having served its purpose, it's no longer needed.

Although she is well aware of her various and sundry personalities and personas, having full access to all of their memories. For the foreseeable future, she prefers to be Karen Digney, without Giggerota lurking underneath the hood.

Karen and Giggerota are no longer a fusion, with Karen as the façade for Giggerota. They are again separate personalities. And, therefore they are not the duality of a single persona.

In spite of her klaw and knobb, and her under-expressiveness. Karen/Giggerota is Darc, not Borg. The groundwork for what she is now, and thus the sexually depraved creature she clearly prefers to be, was laid out on the Dead world when she took that detour of hers to Europa during her outing in The Kingdom. Darc is a Cylon construct.

As Giggerota. She is much thinner with messy straight yellow-blonde hair that is liberally streaked with grey and white. Heavily-applied Rugueux. Grunge fishnets. Parts. A junkie sex slave whore, hopelessness addicted to reanimation reagent. A vacant under-expressive robot girl sporting a makeup-ruined face and a fright wig hairdo. Narcissus. Knobs. A torn bodystocking usually worn yanked down around her waist. Her big floppy tits exposed. Suffering from an extreme version of BDD that eclipses that of Sister Edy. A slut who exists only to appease the insatiable cravings for limitless depravity of Sister Edy, Sister Judith, and herself. An enlarged pineal gland and lizard brain that racks her with a debilitating migraine.

Karen walks over to the featureless access panel and places a palm against its surface. The hidden panel swings open. A naked Sister Judith is waiting with bated breath. The nun's joy

mutes as she sees that it's Karen instead of Giggerota. But, that can easily be corrected, when it gets on her nerves too much, and she has a very short fuse for such matters. For obvious reasons, the petty envious Sister Judith has no use whatsoever for Karen.

First things first. They French kiss. Then the morning blowjob. Karen drops to her knees and deep throats Sister Judith. She pulls her fishnets down around her waist without missing a stroke. Sister Judith is hung like a horse with testicles to match. Karen kneads the nun's grapefruits as she performs expert fellatio.

Sister Judith's eyes fluorescence blue, momentarily. Karen reverts to Giggerota. Although sans rugueux, grunge fishnets, narcissus, knobs, and Parts. This is still a vast improvement over the smoking hot Karen, by Sister Judith's twisted way of thinking. Soon, very soon, the robot girl's comely face will be makeup-ruined, and thus no longer upstage hers.

Epilogue

Sister Judith awakens to find herself alone, again. The girl is gone. Leaving behind an imprinter and a note on the kitchen table. Sister Judith's eyes fluorescence blue, momentarily. There is no recall of the girl. The girl is gone, free of her subjugation, and thus cannot be remoted.

The master imprint stored in the imprinter is that of the fictitious Karen Digney. The device has been jail-broken. Thus, there is no limit on the number of copies that can be made from the master. A fortune can be made on the black market with it.

The note reads simply: "Thank you very much for the adventure. Time to go back to my real life. XOXOXO." It's signed *Lucy*.

The End