

Carver 2: No One

By

H. P. Lovelace

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

The numerical usages, Biblical (1, 3 & 9) and Pagan (2, 5 & 7) and Mystical (6 & 13), are quite intentional.

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This reading material is of a mature nature. Reader discretion is advised.

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?

This short story is based upon the torture porn movie Carver (2008).

Based on a true story, Carver depicts the real life events of five 20-something's that went camping in the mountain town of Halcyon Ridge and never returned.

Directed by

[Franklin Guerrero Jr.](#)

Writing Credits

[Franklin Guerrero Jr.](#) (written by)

Cast (in credits order) complete, awaiting verification

Natasha Charles Parker	Gina (as Natasha Malinsky)
Erik Fones	Bobby Shaw Carver
Matt Carmody	Pete
Neil Kubath	Bryan
David G. Holland	Billy Hall Carver
Jonathan Rockett	Zack
Kristyn Green	Rachel
Luke Vitale	Quixley
Ursula Taherian	Kate
Savannah Costello	Dead Naked Girl
Leslie Anne Valenza	The Dark Side of Love
Kilby O'Rourke	The Dark Side of Love (as Kilby O'Rourke)
Paul Goldblatt	The Dark Side of Love
Alexander Demah	The Dark Side of Love (as Alex Demah)
Stephen West-Rogers	Horny Camper Guy (as Stephen Rodgers)
Joe Julliano	Tough Guy
Ryan Morley	Tony Danza Fan
Jaye Lowe	Guy with Anger Issues
Anthony Guerrero	Little Kid in Line
Sammy	The Dog

On a scale of 1 to 5, this movie is a 4. What keeps it from being a 5 is not enough female nudity, and the usual fate that befalls smoking-hot blondes in these types of movies—they all get killed.

Spoiler Alert!:

By the end of the movie. We're left with the okay-looking brunette Kate ([Ursula Taherian](#)).

In my version,

The buxom blonde sexpot Rachel ([Kristyn Green](#)) would have survived her attack, but suffers brain damage that turns her into a CHUD (cannibalistic humanoid underground dweller). She can speak when she has to, but mostly she growls, snarls, and foams at the mouth. She is now a homicidal maniac and a cannibal. Wearing a cannibal necklace, her soiled panties, and a skimpy crop top made from uncured human skin taken from a buxom redhead's torso. She will be kept muzzled and chained up in the basement, when she's not starring in one of Billy Hall Carver's ([David G. Holland](#)) snuff films.

Also, Rachel would have much bigger tits, and we would see full frontal nudity and full rear nudity from her and all of the other girls in the movie.

A Star is Born!

At the end of **Craver (2008)**, Billy Hall Carver laments the fact that his star and kin, Bobby Shaw Carver, has been killed by one of the victims of their snuff film. Then he hears loud sounds coming from behind him. The sounds of someone eating and drinking, flesh being rended, bones being gnawed on and cracked.

When he turns around he sees the girl, nail still sticking out of her battered forehead, consuming one of her friends Bryan. Bryan was the last of the college kids to survive. Bryan killed Billy Hall's Bobby Shaw. And. In turn. Tit for tat. Billy Hall killed Bryan—severing the boy's head from his body.

Billy Hall had dumped the girl's half-naked body in the basement to be disposed of later. Bobby Shaw had struck her repeatedly in the forehead with a claw hammer. Then, with her laying helpless on the cold concrete floor of the utility shed, he had driven a large masonry nail into her legs, arms, and shoulders—drove the nail in and pulled it out with the hammer, reusing the same nail over and over again. He had finished her off by driving the nail into the center of her forehead. Yet, here she is, alive and eating one of her friends.

The murderous redneck walks over to the girl, large butcher knife poised to strike. The same knife he used to behead her friend. The girl looks up from her meal and growls at Billy Hall. She is foaming at the mouth like a rabid animal. Her large ugly mouth twisted by rage. Long blonde hair hanging over and partially obscuring her tortured, insanity-ravaged face.

She is no longer wearing her t-shirt and bra. The girl is topless. And in place of her own panties, she's wearing a pair of soiled pink panties taken off the corpse of one of the dead girls dumped in the basement.

Her clear deep blue eyes are now the cruel, deranged blue eyes of a lunatic.

“He's mine! He belongs to me! Mine! Mine! Mine!” She shrieks before returning her attention back to the eating and drinking of her dead friend.

He doesn't even remember her name. Then again. That doesn't really matter. Because.

For all intents and purposes, whoever she used to be is dead. The girl suffered massive brain damage as a result of Bobby Shaw's attack on her. As a result. She is a homicidal maniac and a cannibal. Totally insane. Stark, raving mad.

Billy Hall lowers his knife and smiles.

“A star is born!”

No One

Over a decade has passed. The girl has starred in numerous snuff films for Billy Hall. In his movies, her costume consists of a cannibal necklace, hand-bra, soiled pink panties, and a skimpy crop top. And, in the movie credits, her “No One” character is listed as being played by actress Karen Michelle Digney.

Although this Karen is an alias. Karen Michelle Digney is not fictional. She was a real person. And, she was an actress. The real Karen was a victim in one of his snuff films. She was killed by the fake Karen who has taken her place in real life.

There are times. Especially around the time of a full moon. When she cannot be allowed free rein of the basement. During those crazed times, she must be kept muzzled and shackled in the basement.

Her cannibal outfit in the movies is not for modesty, of course. When she’s not starring in one of Billy Hall’s films, she prefers going naked, and does so most of the time—à la the “Jersey Devil” episode the fifth episode of the first season of The X-Files series. The outfit is a showcase for her trophies.

The cannibal necklace is be made from the severed human fingers of her victims. The skimpy crop top, which is crudely stitched together, is made from uncured human skin taken from a buxom redhead’s torso. The cannibal skins top is stretched to its limit across her double-D tits, and it exposes the bottom third of her boobs. Her hand-bra is made from mismatched, decaying hands severed from two different corpses.

Her panties are so filth-engrained, they are starched stiff. She will pull them down to take a shit. But. When she needs to piss, she just pisses through her panties.

The girl is filthy and infested—head lice, fleas, and crabs. Her teeth are so filthy they will look rotten. Her lily-white skin is so dirty that patches of it are black. She has long dirty ragged fingernails and toe nails, in spite of a monthly manicure and pedicure for her “date” with Billy Hall. She is much thinner than when she was first abducted, over ten years ago. Draping her shoulders and her huge heavy-hanging tits, her hair is filthy, unkempt, infested, and greasy—messy straight hair and floppy, pendulous tits, with a matching unkempt golden blonde bush between her legs.

Messy straight hair. The deranged strait hairdo of a lunatic. Hair which hangs limply hangs over her face, partially obscuring her face. A krazed.

Infectious sewer moss covers the inside of her thighs.

Fetid breath and a strong sour body odor.

Thirty-something. She’s still very pretty. A tortured face, nonetheless. As such. A hard, pretty face—a “come hither, and worship me” 1950s movie starlet face. A face that wears a perpetual scowl. A look that’s best described as “haughty, mixed with a little bit of rage.” A ravishingly-beautiful face with a large ugly mouth that looks like it could deep throat a massive cock and balls with ease. A mouth that bespeaks of loathing and disdain even when that’s not the wearer’s intent—that frown of a mouth—a Bass eating bait mouth. Thick, sexy, raspy, New Jersey accent. A natural blonde—golden platinum blonde hair. Long, board-straight blonde hair that’s the color

of raw wheat. Long perfect legs. A killer body. Slim hips. A tight, flat-as-a-pancake ass. A fair Nordic complexion.

No scars, whatsoever. No evidence of Bobby Shaw's attack on her. No physical evidence of the lobotomy he performed on her with a nail. No evidence of the wounds her victims have inflicted upon her over the years while they were trying to defend themselves against her attacks. Nothing. And, it gets even stranger. None of it the results of either self-mutilation or Billy Hall's doing.

No unsightly body hair—no need to shave her armpits or legs, or trim her bush. Her body hair consists of scalp hair, a limited pubic bush, eyelashes, and eyebrows.

Dark cosmetically-perfect eyebrows. Black eyelashes, that look like they have been thickened by mascara. The need for eyeliner and eyeshadow negated by the pigmentation of her eyelids. It's as if she's wearing permanent makeup.

When they are idle. Her hands are claw-like, in appearance and grasp, like the taloned feet of a bird of prey. Klaw.

There is a creepy black mole on the rightside of her neck. A small, black, star-shaped "mole." Knobb.

Her blue eyes are those of a madwoman. As such. The cruel, deranged blue eyes of a lunatic. Mad eyes.

The girl eats anything she can catch in the basement. Rats. Snakes. Etc. She also feasts on any dead bodies. No longer does Billy Hall have to dispose of the victims, she takes care of that for him. Bones litter the filthy, dimly-lit basement. She likes to gnaw on bones. A favorite snack of hers.

She can speak, but she only does so when she has to. For example, when she's luring prey into a trap. But mostly, she growls, snarls, foams at the mouth, rants and raves, and hisses just like a venomous snake.

The girl craves sleeping in one of the basement rooms whose floor collapsed into the sewers below, rendering it a grotto. Half of the room's floor is a pool of raw sewage feed by the sewers.

A cesspool swarming with large leeches and large carnivorous slugs. Leeches and slugs that will slither out of the pool and feed upon her while she sleeps by the pool. Leeches and slugs that, at times, will glow in the dark—glow a fluorescent blue.

The grotto's ceilings, walls, and floors are slimy and moss covered. She craves drinking its contaminated water. Water that, at times, will fluoresce blue in the darkness. Likewise, at times, her mad eyes will fluoresce blue in the darkness, after she has recently drank from the grotto's pool.

The Other One

The night before a full moon. She begins ranting and raving, incessantly. During the full moon, she changes into something else, something much worse. She becomes a mindless, depraved, sexually-insatiable leechwoman in the guise of a Zuni Fetish Doll.

She has a tortured, insanity-ravaged face that is not even remotely pretty. A face that looks like it's been ravaged by insanity, unchecked sexual depravity, and chronic drug addiction. The coarse features and protruding eyebrow ridges of a Neanderthal cavewoman. The unprettier.

Her long blonde tresses become liberally streaked with grey and white. Her pubic hair becomes grey and white with blonde specks. Rendering her a geriatric platinum blonde.

The girl's already hefty chest expands to rival that of porn star Candy Samples. As such. Her double-D's become outrageous F's (same as double-E cups).

The girl's pale Nordic complexion becomes very pale and very white. Not the chalky, pallid complexion of an entombed corpse. It is a flawless porcelain-white complexion. Pallor.

Her eyes become bloodshot as the blood vessels of her eyes dilate. Her pupils constrict. Her irises disappear. And her eyeballs turn light grey. Greys.

Her teeth become too large, with receded gums, and they are pointed. Huge, very straight, pointed teeth—serrated teeth. A razorblade smile.

Her tongue becomes forked, too facile, and inhumanly long, and, when she's not making her feral lunatic sounds, it whips about in her mouth like a snake with a mind of its own. A tongue that is a bloodlusting, self-sustaining organ—in essence, a lingual leech. A killer tongue that can shoot from her mouth, morphing into a long retractile proboscis, when it needs to feed.

Her big, ugly mouth is reshaped and stretched inhumanly wide, and her thin, ruby red lips become lime green. The resulting grotesque mouth now looks like it belongs on the face of The Joker from the Batman mythology of DC Comics. A joker's mouth.

Lastly. She will lay down flat on the floor, legs extended straight out with toes pointed as if she's a ballerina dancing on her pointes (toes), legs and feet together, arms held rigidly at her sides. There will be the smell of burning flesh. Her legs and feet will fuse together. Her arms and hands will fuse to her body.

No longer able to move around bipedally. She will slither about, akin to a snake. And, get about as easily as when she could walk.

Without the free use of her arms and hands. She will use her multipurpose killer tongue, instead. It can be used to grasp things as well as feed.

This human leech cannot speak. She can only hiss, venomously. Her killer tongue flicking out of her mouth, from time to time, like the serpent's tongue of a venomous snake.

So far. The unprettier, the killer tongue, the razorblade smile, the joker's mouth, the greys, the geriatric hair, the double-E's, the limb fusion, and the pallor—that entire Doll format of hers—has only manifested itself during a full moon. And. To reiterate. All of it reversible when the full moon ends.

Giggerota

From time to time. Her limbic cortex and pineal gland expand exponentially, displacing her frontal lobes in the process, and, in effect, lobotomizing her. Eventually reducing her to an oversexed deranged lunatic, 24x7.

Many people call the limbic cortex “The Lizard Brain” because the limbic system is about all a lizard has for brain function. It is in charge of fight, flight, feeding, fear, freezing-up, and fornication.

During those crazed times, Karen is equivalent to the cannibalistic Giggerota character played by actress Ellen Dubin in the Lexx series. As such. She is a mindless killing machine. A giant leech the size and form of an adult human female. She’s totally uncontrollable. Even Billy Hall is not safe from her.

This Giggerota of his cannot not speak. She only hisses venomously.

Billy Hall keeps her confined in the grotto, when she’s this leechwoman. As this leechwoman, she wears an outfit that easily tops what she wears in Billy Hall’s films.

Cannibal skins. Crudely stitched together, form-fitting leather clothes made from uncured human skin. A straitjacket and monosleeve breeches.

A waist-cinching straitjacket that reduces her waist to a Vampira-inspired 17-inches. Resulting in the extreme hourglass figure favored by women of the Victorian era.

Breeches that are actually a leg restraint—the leather breeches have a single leg, a monosleeve, into which both of the girl’s legs are stuffed.

This waist-cinching straitjacket and these restraint breeches. Are very popular in the B&D (bondage and discipline) fetish community, of today. They were staples in Victorian Era insane asylums, along with lobotomies (both chemical and surgical) and electroshock therapy.

And. Besides the cannibal skins, the ankles of Karen’s bare feet are fitted with leg irons. And. To keep Karen from feeding, she is fitted with a muzzle à la Dr. Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs*.

The gaping hole in the wall which allows access to the grotto from basement has been fitted with rusty iron bars. Bars with a barred door that is kept chained and padlock from the outside, when the grotto is Karen’s jail cell.

Karen can, and does, slither about the grotto. Swimming in the pool with the slugs and other leeches. Leeches and slugs that will attach themselves to her face, neck, arms, legs, back, torso, buttocks, hands, feet, and breasts. Covering her back, buttocks, right breast, forehead, left cheek, and the back of her hands.

The Date: Part One, with Billy Hall

The English Kate. A modern-day anachronism. Beautiful tailoring on this otherwise drab vintage 1940s ladies' suit. Medium weight 100% wool in a nice flecked gray tweed. No accents, whatsoever. Severe. Form fitting and figure flattering. Jacket features a nipped waist with princess seaming, oversized pockets at front, three-quarter-length sleeves, and a severe English cut, no daring plunging cleavage-baring neckline, in a word, no deep V-neck. Original matched buttons at front, fully lined.

The matching pencil skirt, has a high fitting banded waist with metal side zipper. Slightly flared at the hem with panels at front and flat styled back. Hits a full four inches above-the-knee—a daring hemline that never fails to tease—that, not quite, but, almost legitimate miniskirt. Includes original matching belt.

In summation. Conservative, but not entirely un-fun.

For the last ten years. Once a month, on a Friday evening, Karen ventures out of the basement, gets cleaned up, dresses up like a normal human being, and she goes out to a local restaurant to dine with Billy Hall. They don't eat people. They eat regular people food, on their date.

For that one fleeting moment. She becomes a semblance of the girl that she used to be. Clean and pristine. Flawless, lily-white perfection. But. It's only a façade. That girl is gone, for good.

Karen. With that tortured face. Manicure. Pedicure. Those deep, clear, blue eyes. Perfect white teeth—cosmetically perfect, very straight, and very white. Etc. Etc. Etc.

A description of Karen's get-up on her monthly date with Billy Hall?

In appearance, she represents the anti-feminine. Her tight obscene bun and strictured skirt suit, complemented by women's black ballet flats, contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity, sexual repression, and the devious overtones of a dominatrix.

A beguiling perfume. The same becoming, natural-looking “no makeup” makeup worn by Russian ballerinas in Moscow's world class Bolshoi Theatre—Bolshoi-bare. Fancy, retro-1950, French-cut underwear. A pearl necklace. They all represent expressions of the so-called “spinster's prerogative” that all spinsters seem to invoke in one way or the other, juxtaposing Coke-bottle eyeglasses, with plain glass in the place of prescription lenses, and clear plastic frames—unbecoming spectacles known as sternns. A frumpy outfit. An equally dowdy hairdo—her golden platinum blonde hair, is parted down the center and yanked back and down into a small tight bun which rests on the nape of her neck—the staple hairdo of the British librarian since the 1930s, known as a sternka. Wrist-length formal white gloves—prudz. A white cotton pussy-bow blouse that has been pressed and starched within an inch of its life—coarse weave—a corsa. A flecked gray tweed skirt suit of a style made popular in the 1940s thru the early-to-mid 1960s—its nipped waist jacket has a very conservative English cut and three-quarter-length sleeves, and its matching pencil skirt is above-the-knee-length with a high waist and comes with a matching belt—it's known as a Kate in the UK. And, underneath that no-nonsense business suit and that plain white blouse. A lacy white underwire bullet bra, with a daring cleavage-baring French cut, resulting in the highly artificial look of pointed projectile breasts—breasts are pushed up, together, and straight out, and greatly compressed to look a full cup smaller. A lacy heavily

boned flesh-colored panty brief with metal stays and a French-cut. Brassiere and panty briefs have old-fashioned hook-n-eye closure.

Of special note. The vintage panty briefs are tummy control briefs. Therefore they feature a high waist—riding just below the navel—for a smooth fit. Hidden easily by the complimentary high waist of a Kate’s tummy control pencil skirt.

This smooth 1950s era panty brief, provides firm control to smooth the tummy, slim the hips, and shape and flatten the rear. With a second-skin fit, its breathable fabric lays flat for a sleeker, smoother silhouette—the panty briefs won’t show under the wearer’s clothes. The panty is cut higher on the leg so that the wearer can move freely, and has full rear coverage designed to prevent ride-up as it shapes, smooths, and flattens.

The way Karen looks on her monthly date with Billy Hall, no straight man would give her a second look and no straight woman would be upstaged by her. In other words, a frumpy cunt. In a word, spinster. But. This is clearly a case of people being unable to see the forest for the trees.

Because.

In spite of how off-putting she dresses in public, these days. Undressed, she’s still the same smoking hot blonde that she always was. That aspect of her has not changed one iota. Nor has her wanton bisexuality—this girl likes to fuck, and her door swings both ways. An oversexed Barbie Doll.

Undressed. Either this Karen, or the girl she used to be, is an absolute cock tease and cunt tickler—straight men and bent women crave her upon first laying eyes on her. With that hard, pretty face of hers. A ravishing face with a large ugly mouth that any porn queen would covet. Those clear, deep blue eyes. Thick, sexy, raspy, New Jersey accent. Long, board-straight blonde hair that’s the color of raw wheat. Full breasts. Long perfect legs. A flawless, lily-white complexion. Ravishing beauty in the eye candy tradition of Rachel Zoe, Miss Debra Gale Marshall, and, most especially, June Wilkinson.

Voluptuous would be an understatement when describing the incredibly-endowed June Wilkinson whose va-va-voom 43-22-37 contours filled out a 5’ 9” frame that rivaled Jayne Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren during the heyday of the pneumatic blonde bombshell.

The girl that she used to be. The titillating way that version of her dressed this ripe body of hers. She was a legit traffic stopper. She was also charming and smart, and witty. Beauty and brains, always a deadly combination for a woman.

On every one of their dates. Always seated at a nearby table. Billy Hall’s distant cousin, Ms. Helen Funches, is watching the couple, intently. Helen is originally from the old country, the German side of the family.

A naturalized citizen. Helen has lived in this country for over forty years. And, yet, she still has a thick German accent.

The date is really a two-parter. The first part is Karen’s very public outing with Billy Hall. The second half is very discreet and very private, and it’s spent with Helen at her abode—just Karen and Helen. That latter part of the date always ends up with a naked, drugged Karen strapped down to an electroshock table in the basement of Helen’s house.

The Date: Part Two, Helen Funches

It is very late at night. The sitting room of the private residence of local resident Ms. Helen Funches. Wagner plays from an antique grammar phone in the background.

Karen parted ways with Billy Hall, hours ago. He is at home, asleep in his bed. In a couple of days, his cousin will walk the girl home, after she is done with his pet monster.

Ms. Helen Louise Funches is a sixty-something dowdy spinster and a doppelganger for actress Dame Judi Dench.

Karen, who just turned thirty-four, is a buxom leggy sexpot blonde, a double for English glamour model and actress June “The Bosom” Wilkinson (circa early 1970s). Ms. Wilkinson did Playboy, back in the day. It was Hugh Hefner, the man himself, who christened her The Bosom.

Of special note. Lucy is two years younger than Marilyn Monroe when she died.

The spinster librarian has been Billy Hall’s partner in crime, from the git-go. She has co-starred with Bobby Shaw and later Karen in all of Billy Hall’s films. A sadist and a masochist, the bulldyke loves torturing other people and being tortured herself. The films provide her with an avenue to vent her twisted cravings. She performs sadistic Nazi-inspired experiments on her unwilling subjects. She likes to experiment on Karen, as well as have sex with the girl, especially when the girl is restrained, strapped down to a metal exam table. She also likes to experiment on herself. Increasingly, under Helen’s stern and severe direction, Karen is being taught how to experiment on Helen herself.

Helen is a real hardcase—unflinchingly bossy, stern, and rigorous, as well as haughty, distant, and aloof. In other words, a total bitch. She’s also an alpha female, of the overtly bulldyke persuasion.

Both Helen and Karen are busty—which is the only thing—besides their gender, their nationality, and their ethnicity—that the two women have in common.

Specifically. Helen is an F-cup, which is the same as a double-E. And, Karen is a double-D.

The two women couldn’t be more different, yet they are dressed identically. Same make-up. Same hairdo. Same eyeglasses. Same gloves. Same clothes. Same shoes. Same undergarments. Same perfume. Same pearl necklace. Same everything. In other words, the same get-up.

Helen dresses this way all of the time. She’s the one who picked out and purchased Karen’s date outfit.

Bottomline. Karen is wearing the same severe frumpy unattractive things that severe frumpy unattractive Barbara wears. And, when Karen wears them, she’s just as severe, frumpy, and unattractive as Helen always is—things that make her look just as sexually repressed as Helen always does—couture, a hairdo, and eyeglasses that render her unrecognizable to even close friends and family of the girl that she used to be.

Dressed or undressed. Creepy and obsessive-compulsive Helen is neither attractive nor is she very feminine-looking, in the conventional sense. A “real” frumpy cunt—profoundly unattractive.

In appearance, the bulldyke represents the anti-feminine: heavy and squat, with thick legs and very strong calves for a woman. Her tight obscene bun and strictured skirt suit, complemented by women's black ballet flats, contribute to create an overall impression of a grotesquely deviant femininity, sexual repression, and the devious overtones of a dominatrix.

Although opaque black stockings and a midi-length skirt would be more age-appropriate for Helen. She prefers going barelegged and wearing a skirt that's a full four inches above the knees. It's why she wears a Kate, instead of the stodgier Kaye which has a knee-length skirt.

Karen is seated in front of Helen's desk.

In a clearly predatory move, designed to provoke. Helen sits on the edge of her desk in front of Karen. Her legs are gaped, teasingly—flashing inner thighs and a glimpse of bulging panties. She's looking covetously at Karen in the same "unhealthy" way that lecherous old men look a girl's they're attracted to.

Of course. All of this "flirting" by Helen is wasted on the girl. Karen is slumped in her chair. The gentle heaving of her chest as she breathes is one of the few indicators of her still being alive. She has been heavily drugged.

Helen slipped Karen a mickey-finn much earlier in the evening in a glass of wine. It took a while for it to finally take full effect. At which time, Karen swooned. Passing out in her chair. Mouth open slackly, drooling.

Helen didn't dose Karen with chloral hydrate. The vile butch used something much more insidious and potent than that on the girl.

Rohypnol. The date rape drug of choice for sexual predators. A small 2-milligram dose can put a person into an excited, agitated, and disinhibited state, leaving only amnesia. When its effects begin to become manifest, the victim becomes highly suggestable, and, unlike with hypnosis, they will do things they normally wouldn't do. In much larger doses its mind controlling effects are analogous to LSD. Helen used a 9-milligram dose on the girl!

For good measure, to reduce the girl a complete catatonic, Helen jabbed Karen in the neck with a hypo filled with a Thorazine/Lithium/Prozac cocktail. She emptied the syringe's mix of mind-scrambling drugs into the girl's jugular vein. When she was much younger, during her tenure as a Catholic nun, Helen was a nurse in an insane asylum.

As a side note. Technically, Helen is still a Catholic nun, a member of the Order of the Bene Gesserits.

Helen flirting with an unconscious Karen is foreplay. She has an orgasm. Her signal that it's time to move on to the next step.

Helen gets off the desk. The bulldyke unbuttons the girl's jacket, and then her blouse, very, very, slowly. Once the girl's bullet bra holstered tits are exposed, the butch lesbian squeezes the bulging cups of the girl's rocket bra. Helen's large powerful hands look like they belong to a man.

The bulldyke feels the girl up, letting her hands roam freely over the drugged girl's ripe body.

And. Then. The moment she has waited for all evening. Having laid the girl's limp body upon the floor. She yanks Karen's skirt down, undoes her intended's panty briefs, and sodomizes the girl.

Afterwards, she completely loses control, repeatedly striking the girl in the face and kicking the girl in the ribs and abdomen. In her twisted mind such vengeance is necessary, the girl must be disciplined, humiliated, and degraded. In other words, break the girl down completely and then rebuild the girl from the ground up in her exact image.

In closing. She drags the naked girl's body down into the basement. Straps Karen to an electroshock table and subjects the girl to several brutal sessions of electroshock treatments.

Additionally. She'll cut up the girl's brain. Performing some crude brain surgery on her cousin's monster.

Helen always keeps the girl for the entire weekend, before returning her early Monday morning to her American cousin.

This entire rape scenario. Helen gets off on it to the nth degree—the brutal “ape” rape of Karen, especially in this most degrading and humiliating fashion. In other words, it's her uber sex fantasy realized. But. If the goal was simply to just fuck the girl, rape would be completely unnecessary. Helen doesn't have to force herself on Karen. They are lovers, and have been for many years.

Unlike the girl that she used to be, Karen will voluntarily have sex with Helen, and in the most degrading and humiliating fashion imaginable. It's her previous version that Helen would have had to drug heavily to have sex with in any way, shape, or form.

There's something else to consider in all of this. Something even creepier. Helen is much more than just your garden variety, degenerate, wanton, ball-busting dyke. She has a hideous, gender-bending secret, supposedly known only to a select group of people. She was born with male and female genitalia.

In other words. She's a she-male—the Holy Grail of hardcore unreconstructed Biphobic butch lesbianism. Having a big penis explains why the crotch of her panties has a large bulge.

The old bag's cock is huge—as in, Johnny Wadd (John Holmes) proportions. And, she prefers Karen fitted with a huge cock, too. So. Always after the electroshock stuff, Karen ends up strapping a flesh-colored dildo harness and dildo. Doll Parts.

Doll Parts. This prosthetic dildo consists of an uncircumcised penis and testicles. The penis is capable of erection and ejaculation. The strap-on allows full access to Karen's anus and her female genitals, rendering her, in effect, a she-male who can be ass fucked.

As a side note. Karen's man parts are molded from Helen's. Having a big penis, when she's strapping, explains why the crotch of Karen's panties has a large bulge.

The Morning After

It's the morning after date night. So. As always. For the duration of the girl's stay. With one notable exception. Neither woman will wear any clothes or shoes.

Helen admires her handiwork. Subjecting Karen to electroshock and then butchering the girl's brain. The bulldyke is naked and wanting. Sporting messy straight geriatric hair.

Draping shoulders and breasts. The bulldyke's long blonde tresses are liberally streaked with grey and white. Her pubic hair is grey and white with blonde specks. She is a geriatric platinum blonde.

Now sporting messy straight blonde hair. The nameless girl is strapped down to the electroshock table, wearing only a strap-on. Arms at her sides. Legs spread. Staring blankly at the ceiling. Mouth open, slackly. She's vacant.

A large jagged crosshatch scar, resembling a lightning bolt, runs from her hairline to just above her left eyebrow. Already healing, it is raised, hard, and angry red.

The way the girl heals. Helen knows that in a day or two the scar will be completely gone. But, while it's there, the bulldyke revels in the girl's disfiguring lobotomy scar.

Helen undoes the girl's restraints. Then she motions for Karen to get off of the table. The disfigured girl obeys. She French kisses the girl, while the bizarrely submissive girl just stands there. Helen prefers the girl looking and acting this way.

The bulldyke gropes the girl's tits and private parts. Then she points at a small metal table upon which sets two pairs of pink cotton bikini panties. Karen slips on one pair and Helen slips on the other.

At this stage in the game, Helen shackles the girl. Then, she shackles herself.

In spite of her lucid pretense. Helen is totally-insane, a homicidal manic and a cannibal, just like Karen.

But. Unlike Karen. She doesn't need a surgical lobotomy to go completely bye-bye. All she has to do is to let herself go. And. This is what she does. She lets herself go and goes bye-bye.

And. When both of them finally do come back. In an hour or two. They will be CHUD (cannibalistic humanoid underground dweller).

The two feral cannibal woman will stay in Helen's basement for the rest of the day. Fucking, sucking, eating, licking, killing, etc. Sadism. Masochism. Bestiality. Cannibalism. Torture. Necrophilia. Cunnilingus. Fellatio. Anilingus. Bondage. Discipline. Humiliation. Degradation. Depravity ad infinitum. They are two sides of the same, very sick, very twisted coin.

As previously mentioned. Helen experiments on Karen. And, Karen, in turn, experiments on Helen. Helen is Dr. Frankenstein. And Karen is her Monster, The Frankenstein Monster. Karen is Dr. Frankenstein. And Helen is her Monster, The Frankenstein Monster.

They also like to switch between who is the dominatrix and who is the submissive.

Although Karen has the occasional one night stand with Billy Hall as filler. She and Helen are lovers, and, as aforementioned, have been a couple for a very long time. As soon as same-sex marriages are legal in the state, they will get married. For now, they live in sin.

A Chance Encounter

Found Love in the *RFT* Personals? It's a chance encounter. Karen answering a lonely nun's advertisement in the Riverfront Times personals. The nun is a Bene Gesserit. Karen doesn't know this Sister Edy. But. It turns out that this Sister Edy knows the deceased Karen Digney, and is obsessed with her. A loose end that needs to be tied up? Or. A loose cannon who needs to be feed?

It's all role play. Karen is the submissive. Sister Edy is the dominatrix. Their roles will never change. There is no "safe" word. This a game. And. It is the first time they've played it. How it will end, nobody knows. Maybe there won't be a next time for either one of them.

"I, Karen Digney, have been very sinful. Please, punish me for my sins. I deserve your punishment, Sister Edy."

Short, sweet, and to the point. A scripted confession, authored by Sister Edy.

"Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. Your penance is one 'Our Father' and two 'Hail Mary' prayers. Your punishment will come soon enough, by my righteous hands and feet."

A fake penance from a real nun Sister Edy for a fake confession from a fake Karen Digney. The punishment part of the penance is real enough, though.

They emerge from the confessional. There is no one else in the chapel, this late, on a Friday night.

Karen is dressed as her usual self. Disguising herself as a frumpy cunt. As such. Few people would know that she's a looker with a killer body. So. Figuratively speaking, she's hiding in plain sight. Who would give her a second look, let alone find her attractive, when she's looking this way? Pretty much no one.

Sister Edy is dressed in her old-fashioned habit—a severe black and white "penguin" getup, with the requisite opaque black stockings and ugly black knob shoes. An outfit straight out of the pre-Vatican II days of the late 1950s. Only her face and hands are exposed.

She's a staunch conservative. One of those by-the-Book anti-reform Catholics. As such. She doesn't recognize the reforms of the past sixty years. A nun for fifty years. A Catholic for her entire life. She's never changed her ways or her doings about The Faith.

No makeup. No nail polish. No perfume. Cold water baths. Etc.

In spite of her advancing age—she's pushing eighty. She's still quite the looker. A look-alike for her namesake, actress Edwina Beth Williams.

When we think of the term "worse for wear," somehow provocative images of 39-26-37 actress Edwina Beth Williams (better known as Edy Williams) and her outrageous apparel at film festivals and award shows instantly stands out into one's mind. You have to admit this wild child, who has now moved into her late 70s, can never be accused of being a shrinking violet and not giving her all to her chosen profession.

Underneath Sister Edy's uniform, she's wearing the required by her Order burlap sack fashioned into a full slip. No bra. Plain, white cotton panties. A burlap slip and cotton panties that have been pressed and starched to within an inch of their life.

Every morning. The first thing she does is an hour of self-flagellation. Flogging or beating, either as a religious discipline or for sexual gratification: "pursuing the path of penance and flagellation." She tastes the whip daily for both reasons.

She also engages in auto-erotic asphyxiation (AEA): the practice of cutting off the blood supply to the brain through self-applied suffocation methods while masturbating.

The Church, of course, turns a blind eye to all such personal practices of corporal punishment and auto erotica, by Catholics. Especially, when said Catholics are Bene Gesserit nuns.

The sinful, elderly nun smiles at Karen's dowdy appearance. She looks the girl up and down, lecherously. This is worth breaking her vows for, by her way of thinking. She'll confess her sins, much later, to God and flog herself appropriately as atonement for her sins.

In nervous anticipation of what is about to ensue, she reaches out and covetously strokes the side of the girl's face. Envy, the little green monster, and desire, the sins of the flesh, flash in her eyes. Consuming her, completely.

Sexually repressed. Sexually depraved. Racked by loathing and disdain, and hate. Obsessive compulsive. Mentally disturbed. A borderline alcoholic. Sister Edy is a complete and utter mess.

Even before her fall from grace. Even when she was very young girl. Sister Edy could be eccentric, bordering on creepy, at times. One of her strangest habits, being her penchant for disguising herself as a frumpy cunt. As such. Few people know that she's a looker with a killer body. A killer body with a grotesque difference—she was born with male and female genitalia.

That's why the way the fake Karen looks right now, turns Sister Edy on to no end. Karen as a frumpy cunt. This is the fake Karen as the real Karen as the nun's physical fantasy come true. In her corrupted mind, Sister Edy cannot distinguish the fake Karen from the real one. To her, they are one in the same person. If you show Sister Edy a picture of the real Karen, she will see the fake Karen instead in the picture.

Even when she's undressed, and looking at herself in the mirror, Sister Edy sees herself as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker with a killer body that she is. She suffers from an extreme version of BDD.

Body dysmorphic disorder (BDD) is a mental disorder usually characterized by an obsessive preoccupation that some aspect of one's own appearance is severely flawed and warrants exceptional measures to hide or fix it. In Sister Edy's case, she sees her entire appearance as being flawed.

If Karen were undressed. Sister Edy is so obsessed and disturbed that she would still see the girl as a frumpy cunt instead of the looker with a killer body that the girl is.

Even as a teenager, you were always such a cock-tease. A virgin sexpot, who never put out. Now. Look at you. All grownup. No longer untouched. Looks gone. No longer a sexpot. You're a frumpy cunt, just like me. You're profoundly unattractive. Who'd notice you, now? No one, but me, that's who. And. You're all mine. To do with as I please. I will enjoy sodomizing you with a broom, ramming it up you snatch and your rectum. Eating your pussy and your ass. Sitting on

your face. All those vile things and so much worse. All things come to those who wait. And. I've waited so long to go around the world with you. All the way nasty. Almost every night I dream of doing you nasty. You're worth any penance levied against me for the sins I intend to commit with you.

“Are you wearing it?” Sister Edy asks. Her voice trembling with excitement. As she envisions Karen wearing that hideous strap-on. A device that transforms Karen into a she-male, just like she was born.

“Yes.”

Crack! Sister Edy bitch-slaps the girl. The loud, violent strike echoes in the otherwise empty chapel.

The nun's breathe reeks of cheap liquor and unfulfilled desire. She's bitter and old, and twisted by her hate. She likes to drink. And when she drinks, she's a mean drunk.

Now, she has another flesh-n-blood reason to rejoice. For two days, she will have living, breathing companionship in the form of this girl to take out all of her pent-up frustrations on. This fake version of the former Catholic schoolgirl from her past will be physically abused, degraded, and disciplined by her own hand. Kicked, beaten, slapped, and punched, and other punishments unnamed and sickly applied. Just like she punished so many boys and girls back in the good old days of the Archdiocese.

“Say it right!”

“Yes, headmistress, I am wearing it.”

“Better. Much better.”

I was born a freak. That device you're wearing has made you into a freak. But. That's temporary. You can easily remove it. It would be so much better. Ideal, I'd say. If the device were surgically attached to your body in a way that you couldn't ever remove it. Perfection!

The parish is in such dire shape. Sister Edy is the only nun living in the parish convent, these days. In point of fact. Excluding the convent and the chapel. All of the remaining parish buildings are unoccupied and boarded up. She's the last holdout. When she dies, the parish will be officially closed.

Back when the real Karen attended parochial school here, this was a thriving parish. And the surrounding neighborhood was very affluent and very Catholic. None of which is true, anymore.

This vile, wretched bitch will suffer my merciless wrath, be degraded, for all the things that have gone wrong in my life!

Taking Mildred Huff

Karen is in a skidrow diner. Two miles away from Sister Edy's parish. After their first "date," Karen decided to take in the sights. She got on a city bus and just rode it to the end of its route. Karen got off the bus and started walking. She ended up here.

Seated in the booth across from Karen is a skinny, frail-looking, old woman. A woman with the face of a Halloween witch. Her name is Mrs. Huff, Mildred Louise Huff. She is filthy and smelly, and so is her ruined dress. A tattered dress that's so filth-engrained, it is starched stiff.

Mildred is a feral baglady who lives in the sewers and eats garbage. Karen saw her in the alley raiding the dumpster behind the diner and offered to buy her a real meal. She accepted. They exchanged first names. Then, they French kissed and groped each other. That's when Mildred discovered that Karen was strapping. Sister Edy has sutured the Parts to Karen's body.

Mildred's large teeth are so filthy, they look rotten—big crooked teeth with receded gums, but, not a razorblade smile. A long, facile tongue that whips about in her mouth like a snake, when she's not talking, but, not a killer tongue. Long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails. In place of heavy, unbecoming, pancake makeup, something much worse—dirt as makeup, in other words, a dirty face. No shoes or stockings, and no underwear for that matter. Floppy, pendulous double-E tits with disfiguring stretch marks and disgusting stringbean nipples. Tits that hang down almost to her waist. Fetid breath. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Lily-white skin that is so dirty, patches of her skin are black. Reeks of urine, feces, cum, and jism. A junkie, a whore, and a drunk. Filthy and infested. Zero personal hygiene. A tortured, insanity-ravaged face. Long dirty unkempt greasy geriatric hair that drapes her shoulders. The list goes on and on.

As a baglady, Karen could move about unnoticed, filthy, and infested—openly feral, yet attracting no undo attention. Hiding in plain sight. This guise suits her better than her clean and pristine spinster guise.

From Karen's perspective. After Mildred finishes her meal, they will go off somewhere. Karen will kill and eat the old woman. Taking her life. At least that's the plan.

From Mildred's perspective. After Mildred finishes her meal, they will go off somewhere. Mildred will kill and eat the girl. Taking her life. At least that's the plan.

A former mental patient, who was confined in a hospital psych ward for twenty years. Mildred is homeless. Living on the streets and in the sewers. All of her worldly possessions are in an old, battered, rusty shopping cart. As such. Karen desires her.

Somewhere between the diner and Mildred's subterranean lair in the sewers, Karen blacks out.

When Karen comes to herself she sitting on a bed of filthy, infested rags. Her back is leaning against a slimy brick wall. She is naked. Legs spread. A naked Mildred is leaning over her. The girl's Parts are gone. Mildred cut the sutures and threw the Girl's Parts away along with the rest of her getup.

Mildred is holding a brick in one of her hands.

"I was going to bash your head in with this and eat you. But. You're broken, just like me."

Karen opens her mouth, but only animal sounds come out. The old woman drops the brick and leans closer. The girl begins sucking the stringbean nipples of the baglady's sagging, pendulous, stretch-marked tits.

It's as if the girl has reverted to a Neanderthal cavewoman minus the unprettier—she is a cannibal who looks like looks like Homo sapient Karen, but she acts like Neanderthal Karen.

She's noticeably thinner than she was when Mildred first "acquired" her. As such. She's skinnier than her normal size, which makes her tits look even bigger and juicer.

Mentally, she's a mindless, homicidal, depraved, sexually-insatiable leechwoman in some Doll format, but clearly not in the guise of a Zuni Fetish Doll. She's a Jersey Devil.

Karen's long blonde tresses are liberally streaked with grey and white. Her pubic hair is grey and white with blonde specks. Rendering her a geriatric platinum blonde.

The girl's hefty chest remains D-cup. And she retains her pale Nordic complexion. She's still relatively clean, but that will soon change. Soon, she will be smelly, filthy, and parasite-infested, just like Mildred. Soon, her hair will be unkempt, just like Mildred's. Messy straight hair.

With that age-ruined hair hanging over a tortured face sporting Mildred's "dirty face" makeup. As such. In place of heavy, unbecoming, pancake makeup, something much worse—dirt as makeup, in other words, a dirty face. Dressed like Mildred. The girl could pass for an old lady. An old baglady.

Suddenly, Karen shoves the old woman off of her. She jumps up and sprints toward a large hole in one of the grotto's walls. Then. She just stops dead in her tracks and walks back over to a waiting Mildred.

Her hair-draped face is expressionless. Blue eyes stare blankly ahead. It's as if she's been lobotomized. The girl is totally vacant.

"Who am I?" The girl asks in her heavily-accented voice. A voice that is a raspy monotone.

"You're my wife, Karen."

Mildred points at their rag bed. The girl lays down on it. Mildred lays down on top of Karen and they make love. And so begins Karen's new life as baglady Karen.

Serial Killers

With their decrepit shopping cart nearby. They dig through a dumpster for lunch. Supplementing their kitty with twenty-dollar blowjobs.

Karen's teeth are so filthy, they look rotten. A long, facile, dirty tongue. Long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails. A dirty face. No shoes or stockings, and no underwear for that matter. Fetid breath. Head lice, fleas, and crabs. Lily-white skin that is so dirty, patches of her skin are black. Reeks of urine, feces, cum, and jism. A junkie, a whore, and a drunk. Filthy and infested. Zero personal hygiene. A tortured face, hard and pretty. Long dirty unkempt greasy geriatric hair that drapes her shoulders. The list goes on and on.

She craves her life with her "husband" Mildred, as much as she craves her life with Billy Hall and Helen. She is filthy and smelly, and so is her ruined dress. A tattered dress that's so filth-engrained, it is starched stiff.

She speaks only when she utterly has to. And then only a few words. Mostly, she is mute. The exception is when she goes cannibal. Then, she exclusively makes animal sounds and will foam at the mouth as if she's rabid.

Of course. They both like to kill and eat people. Concentrating on runaways, the homeless, skidrow bums, bagladies, street kids, prostitutes, and such. The people no one will miss when they disappear.

It's been almost a six months, since Karen disappeared.

Billy Hall and Helen are still looking for her. A month ago, they canvased the neighborhood, passing out and posting missing person leaflets with Karen's likeness on them. They handed them out to Karen and Mildred, not recognizing baglady Karen as their Karen. The girl was hiding in plain sight, right in front of them.

Seven months into her sabbatical,

Karen wakes up on a Thursday mornings. Her hair is no longer geriatric. Again, it's a natural blonde color—golden platinum blonde hair. Her long blonde tresses are still as messy straight hair, draping shoulders, breasts, and face.

Karen is still noticeably thinner than she was when Mildred first abducted her. As such. She's still skinnier than her normal size, which makes her tits look even bigger and juicer.

Mentally, she's still a mindless, homicidal, depraved, sexually-insatiable leechwoman in some Doll format, but clearly not in the guise of a Zuni Fetish Doll. She's still a Jersey Devil.

Her behavior? The girl still acts like a Neanderthal cavewoman minus the unprettier—she is a cannibal who looks like Homo sapient Karen, but she acts like Neanderthal Karen.

Deep, blue eyes—the crazy eyes of a blue-eyed lunatic. Long dirty ragged fingernails and toenails. A dirty, tortured, insanity-ravaged face, which nonetheless remains pretty. A hard,

pretty face, sporting dirt makeup. The crazed face of an insane asylum pinup, circa 1950s. Get on your knees and worship me!

A full moon comes and goes, and Karen stays in this Doll format. As Mildred's wife, Karen is never uncontrollable—there's no time when Mildred cannot control her. The girl is only dangerous to other people.

As such. During a full moon, Karen never physically becomes a Zuni Fetish Doll. There are never times when Karen becomes equivalent to the cannibalistic Giggerota. Therefore, there are never times when Karen cannot be controlled by Mildred.

But. The night before a full moon. She still begins ranting and raving, incessantly.

And. During a full moon. She will foam at the mouth like a rabid animal and she will act like one too. In other words, she mentally becomes a Zuni Fetish Doll.

Worse. Mildred and Karen. There is no depravity that this couple is incapable of. Depravities that, at Karen's urgings, they begin to film, using a small hand-held camera "liberated" from one of their victims.

Gruesome footage that Karen mails anonymously to Billy Hall and Helen, for their enjoyment.

Eventually, she will go back to her old life, her life with Billy Hall and Helen. But. She craves the life she now has too much to abandon it as yet.

The End