

# **DOG MURDER**

by Hertzan Chimera © 2001

**WARNING: BANNED FROM THE**

**2001 TERROR TALES HORROR CONTEST FOR OBSCENITY**

4410 words

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## **Mummy, she's alive...**

The shadows hissed again. A tiny, soft hand was laid upon hers.

Rita Colorado cried out startled; her lips tore like crepe paper. She sucked in whimpers; fingers holding the seeping labia together. There was a terrible numbness to her face, as if someone had neatly snicked all the nerves controlling the facial muscles so that the skin now sat on the skull like a pound and a half of cold lard. Another hand was laid upon hers.

Sentences like, Can you hear us? Don't cry. Don't cry. were whispered in her direction. More hands found her and added their clammy caresses to the balm of salvation; a sistership of circumstance.

Where are we? croaked Rita Colorado to her innumerable cell-mates.

Don't know. a different, more mature, voice sighed wearily.

How long...?

Days. a third, girl's, voice anticipated the wrong question.

I've been here Days? Rita Colorado quizzed.

No. another hand strokes her hair, my daughter means we've been here..

Daughter?

Daughters. the soft voices sang.

I am Kerry. one girl squawked.

Joelle. the other girl chirped.

And my name is Vanessa. their mother sighed, wrapping her arms round Rita Colorado and the girls between. We've found it helps to snuggle together for warmth. There's no saying how long we'll have to stay in this hovel.

Evanda! My baby!! Rita Colorado wailed, scrambling to her feet and staggering off into the darkness, her hands out in front of her.

DON'T!! Vanessa was shouting.. too late to stop Rita Colorado from stepping off the piece of cardboard on which she and her daughters had learnt in their short incarceration to stay. It took Rita Colorado only a couple more infuriated steps to realise the flaw in her plan. She screamed and fell; to the floor. And screamed again. Her gasps of pain stabbed the gloom, hack great gushing lacerations into this sightless Purgatory and the girls were all sobbing now.

Don't move, love. Vanessa instructed.

God, what is it? Rita Colorado's trembling voice gasped; she couldn't believe the searing pain.

Glass. It's everywhere. Like someone planted broken bottles in the wet concrete when they first laid it.

Suddenly, the very faint line of light along the bottom of the far wall brightened to a blinding engine-rumbling intensity. All four prisoners averted their eyes, groaning pain. A deep, lecherous chuckle issued from the light. At least someone's having fun.

A large male figure took the naked girl, Rita Colorado, by the arm and dragged her back through the shards of broken bottles embedded into the garage's concrete floor to where she should have stayed in the first place. Vanessa screaming her denunciation at Rita Colorado's ruthless handling,

Stanley, for pity's sake, stop it!

Stanley Washington dropped the girl at the edge of the cardboard island, walked over to his, naked wife and slapped her hard across the face with an open hand. Stanley Washington's malevolent entrance was shadowed by a short highly-neurotic-looking man in a plaid hat and a grey suit, known to almost everyone by the title Mister Vermont.

Mister Vermont was holding a small revolver out in both hands. Back on the cardboard, sweetie. he calmly told Rita Colorado, defying his psychotic manner with this debonair, enunciating accent.

Why are you doing this to us, Stanley Washington? Vanessa asked. Stanley Washington glared at her, a stone-cold killer.

We're your family. Vanessa continued. Your flesh and blood. How can you do this to US? Treat us like filth? Stanley Washington, can you hear me? your..

Her protests were cut short as she ducked to avoid another swinging blow from her husband. Incensed by her evasive manoeuvre, he kicked her in the ribs, a crack. And in the face as she folded round the pain; her lip ripped. And in the face again, her right eye ballooned. And ...

Stanley! the short man pointed the revolver at Stanley Washington.

What? crazyman glared at his ineffectual accomplice.

Enough is enough, Stanley. Be civil.

You know one day, Barry, you're going to have to use that puny thing and I don't honestly think you'll have the balls.

Mister Vermont eased back the firing pin.

Okay, give us the flask and needles and stop arsing around. Stanley Washington said.

Daddy, no.. the girls protested in unison.

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Oh, how Morgan Delaware just adored a bit of chinky ... just found those golden glutes so enticing. The way those buttocks flex and flex their rhythm. A sheer delight to the eye. And Lily Veyne had always known just how to soften up the victims for the kill - that rectal injection. Morgan Delaware was getting hard just dwelling on past exploits and present potential as he swayed into the living room with more drinks.

Scandalous behaviour. Morgan Delaware shone a sickly sheen.

Clive Idaho, for the first time, smiled right into Morgan Delaware's face.

Hey! Lily Veyne rested her weight on him, Less of the eyes, lover. You're mine. And kissed him. Her fingers sliding round the back of his neck and pulling him tight into the act. Morgan Delaware's hand went on a wander trespassing near the thigh. Then the neat little package. Clive Idaho shuddered; not knowing the owner of the hand. Lily Veyne kept him occupied up-top, breathed, You like it when I do that?

Clive Idaho kissed her, sliding his thin tongue in. The hand at his crotch slid down the zip and eased out the bronze cock. Clive Idaho shuddered again; he had put all thought of Morgan out of his mind. Wasn't he in the kitchen making more drinks?

There was a perfumed hiss at his ear. Clive Idaho pulled away from Lily Veyne, confused; oppressed. Ignore that. Lily Veyne charmed, It won't cause us any harm. She took his face again, keeps him under her spell, We are alone. Just the two of us. It is the perfect occasion. Twin disciples of Sin, so hungry for the pleasures of the flesh. The revolting taste of passion. So hot for each other.

Clive Idaho reached into Lily Veyne's knickers; explored; fingered.

Morgan Delaware, having been a part of many such seductions, knew it was okay to replace his hand on the Oriental cock, even scrape the flexible tip with his thumbnail.

That's me. Lily Veyne breathed, I'll be honest with you, Clive Idaho. Me. Indulge yourself. I'm all yours. I want you to take me. She threw her head back as his finger hit the spot. Clive Idaho dived at her alabaster neck; seduction so easy. Gorging insatiably on the soft, succulent meat. Inhaling the scent of violets. And the intoxication of sweat. The aromas seeping from her pores almost perfect replicas of the human pheromones manufactured by the body to promote copulation. Heighten the hit. Bolster the buzz. Seduction so easy.

Lily Veyne's clothes were coming off. So are Clive Idaho's. But he seems oblivious to the real identity of his undresser, so intent was he on seeing Lily Veyne's tits, hold them in his hands. Check that her pubes are the same snow-blond as the hair on her head. oh, those pink, bunny eyes. He was now in overdrive, fuckin eager. Almost unclothed. His bare back stroked and scratched from above and below. It was like a drug; brand-named OBLIVION. To be perfectly frank, Clive Idaho no longer gave a shit who he was on, who was on him, in him, under him – that is what *OBLIVION* means.

The smell of Lily Veyne's vagina as it spluttered around his erection, it actually had a smell like you wouldn't believe, not at all what you would expect from between the legs of a woman, healthy or otherwise. Lily Veyne was bending back off the couch onto the floor like caramel. Clive Idaho was over her, his back arched, preparing for the second flesh injection. Morgan Delaware straddling behind the pair of them also naked, his cock poised for entry into that auburn cavern standing out from that hard Chinese rump. Morgan Delaware shoved his prick home.

Clive Idaho shoved his prick home. Like a flesh ballet. Everyone grunted; wallowing in the stifling degradation; snuffling the offal flesh. Lily Veyne below, her feet pressing the leather cushions down the back of the couch in sharp squeaks. Clive Idaho inside her, bucking for Europe. Morgan Delaware inside him, conscientious; keeping time. The three of them a well-oiled mechanism. A sex machine.

Morgan Delaware was jolted by a spasm round his cock and thrown forward onto Clive Idaho's slick back. Seemed to fall too far through ribs and lungs and found his hands squashing Lily Veyne's large breasts into her chest. She looked up at Clive Idaho's dark eyes; his face a sudden and appalled mass of expressions. She stretched her neck to kiss his, and bit a huge chunk of muscle, bone, flesh and gristle from the centre of his oriental face.

Morgan Delaware thrust ever harder; spurred on to evermore ridiculous anatomical feats, pushing his winkle-picking pencil-thin cock through rectal walls, displacing intestines and skewering spleen, and it shot out of Clive Idaho's belly button, impaling itself into Lily Veyne's solar plexus.

Clive Idaho spluttered gallons of erotic from the gaping hole in his face. Lily Veyne slurped up the horror as it showered down onto her. Drenching her. The gyrations reached fever pitch. Accelerating to an unbelievably accurate mechanisation

of flesh and bone and passion and grotesque bodily contortion and accentuation. A livid monstrosity. Then all three were flung apart as if from a spinning wheel. Clive Idaho bucked high into the room due to the tremendous recoil of the triplet climax, landing in a curious heap.

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I am a complete bastard.

Not worth a wet shite in a paper cup; a cunt gone off; a turd; something you'd step round in the street.

How could I have let it happen? It's obvious from the look on their faces that he had me. Fucked me up the arse. I'm a fucking shirt-lifter. How could I stoop so low? God, I'm so fuckin ashamed.'

Exactly this sort of self-disgusted scolding had spewed forth from young Clive Idaho's lips ever since he returned to his family home sometime in the cockerel-shrieking early hours. His parents would be so ashamed of his perverse alter-existence. How could he so betray them? What a weak bastard, a cocksucker, hah, theirs irony there for you, even rent boys on the game are financially rewarded for their services to cockdom; alls Clive Idaho got was a couple of Arrowroot biscuits to dip in his lukewarm coffee after the act and an uncomfortably unbearable atmosphere before he left Morgan Delaware's apartment in utterly embarrassed silence.

There came a light percussive at his bedroom door. Everything is okay, Clive? his big sister Sukie hailed in fluent Cantonese. Clive Idaho wished he wasn't there. Wished he hadn't returned here to face the inevitable grilling. The where have you beens. The what did you get up tos. The...

Clive? Sukie called again. Clive Idaho gazed forlornly at the tightly-knotted vinelike pattern of the flowery wallpaper of his bedroom that even now evokes Sleeping Beauty agoraphobia. It always amazed him as a child, this tangled forest of vines surrounding him day and night; the way that if you stared at them for long enough the pattern of creepers, thorns and roses would lift from their backing, seem to stand out as if he could slip fingers between the gap and tear off the design.

Clive Idaho. the Cantonese rang out afresh, It is lunchtime, you mustn't keep us waiting, Clive. It is going to be cold. You mustn't further offend our mother's house.

What's that supposed to mean? Clive Idaho retorted. The wallpaper continued to practice its alluring party piece, conscientious to master the technique so many years of exercise under its belt. Clive Idaho rolled off the bed.

Are you coming down to lunch or not? We must have an answer.

Clive Idaho didn't retaliate; too engrossed was he with the illusion taking place before his incredulous eyes. He attributed the vision to the fatigue of staying out all night with some blokes cock up his back passage. Ah, the disgust; the revulsion; utter contempt; self negation. He wished he wasn't here to listen to...

Right. big sister Sukie shouted, I am telling father, You are a disgrace to this family as always. Good-for-nothing lay-about.

But Clive Idaho had heard enough. He found his slender fingers unbelievably between the tall, thin vine-columns, the vivid floral tapestry, and the cream base colour. He could actually feel the felt backing against his smooth fingertips; the nylon paper against his nails. It was a very convincing effect; a very consoling sensation. He didn't even look back into the room. Didn't even hear the door opening as he slipped his hand further beneath the design. Slid it in to the forearm. Felt wonderfully excited, yet sublime in the serenity of what he was accomplishing. Didn't yet truly believe it ...

but kept on pushing beneath the surface until his arm, shoulder, right leg, head, chest, hips, left shoulder, left arm, left leg, left foot, left hand and fingertips were trapped behind the vinelike structures micrometers before his nose.

He could actually see the stunned reaction on Sukie's face as she scanned the empty room; looking under the bed; in the wardrobe; even out of the curtains, drawn instantly by Clive Idaho on his arrival this morning. Clive Idaho was there, actually IN the wall, looking OUT.

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Down Parson's Walk Lily Veyne was striding out, hands buried deep in the pockets of her long violet-velvet overcoat trying to control the garment as it lashes about her caught in the aftertow of a huge, red motorbike being driven by a fat dwarf at a hundred miles an hour, her long-haired pillion passenger scared shitless. Headed out Billinge way. She turned into the gateless, unkempt garden of a terraced house in the row. Nothing special about this place. Maybe it was about time the council repainted the window frames and doors; replaced a few missing tiles; fixed the draining pipe, sheared off half way down so that a green trail ran down the wall to the grid, a repaint of the whole facade wouldn't hurt either. But you could say the same about the majority of terraced houses in this street that hadn't been bought up by the influx of yuppies, out-of-towners who used this hovel as a cheap homebase for their jobs in the city of Manchester less than twenty easy commuters minutes to the cast.

Lily Veyne knocked the brass-plated emily devil knocker three times then once more; a code.

There was no immediate answer. She drew back the knocker about to repeat the combination when there was a strained shout of, BARRY! from the bedroom above. Again the grating summons, BARRY! rang out.

Alright. came a muffled reply as heavy footsteps approach the front door. Barry Vermont opened the door, his hands caked with flour. He stank of some foreign, choking odour.

It's rude to keep, a guest on the doorstep, Barry.

Sorry. he blustered, Yes. Indeed. Sorry, Lily Veyne. Didn't think to ask.

Lily Veyne followed the creepy man.

The kitchen was a right state. Dirty dishes everywhere. Everywhere filthy. The large chopping table hogging centre stage was a health visitor's wet dream. Total abuse of all standard hygiene practices. Upon it lay a naked baby, face down in its own blood that dripped onto the greasy, dust-and-rat-poison strewn floor boards. The infant's buttocks had been inexpertly sliced off.

Mister Vermont gleamed as he stirred a large stained metal pan on the stove. Hubble Bubble, he whispered naughtily.

Lily Veyne got straight to the point, Now, what was so important to bring me all the way out to this shithole?

It was Stanley. Stanley Washington. Mister Vermont shuddered, reliving the escape, The formula. The girl escaped. It's all gone so bloody wrong. He took off his thick-lensed specs revealing the tender indentations either side of his thick nose. Lily could see that his eyes were bloodshot. He wiped the specs on a corner of his shirt.

Lily Veyne was losing her cool, the rage in her voice was barely under control, What has all gone wrong, Barry?' she hissed through clenched teeth.

Stanley. His wife and kids. The girl...

What 'girl'?

Stanley caught her in his shop. Like a fly in the spider web, he mumbled to himself, replacing his specs. We used her child in our formula. The brain, you know. Occipital lobe. Thought it might be a good idea to do her as well. I was all against giving her the serum. But it all went wrong. The girl escaped. Stanley's had it. He's all mixed up. Him and his family of sickness. It was too warped. You know? About this fucking formula of yours, I'll get to that later. Just got to sort out these blessed pasta sheets. These.. he shows her the packet, ..are much better than the last ones I had. he sniggered, Put the cheese and the sauce on. Pop it in the oven at gas mark 9 for an hour and I'll be all yours. He flapped about, unwrapping the pasta from its crinkle wrapping and pressing even more garlic into the bubbling, scum-headed slurry.

Barry. Lily Veyne grunted...

It can wait. Mister Vermont dropped everything, stood to attention while he gathered his thoughts. Began his well-rehearsed report. Come. This way. I have it all set up in the cellar. Keeps the specimens fresher down there in the chill, you know.

You don't say. Lily Veyne followed the beast down the creaking staircase into the gulping abyss below; the eerie gargle of a mini generator burped fermentation. Mister Vermont flicked on a light at the foot of the stairs that illuminated a Hammer House of Horror laboratory that would be nought but very funny were it not that the stench coming from it was testimony to its functional authenticity.

Hey! Lily Veyne exclaimed, surveying tables of interconnecting glass and plastic tubing conveying different colours of an oily liquid. The emulsification swirling rainbow vortices at the many crisscrossing junctions, a continual distillation.

All along the wall to, the right hung by one foot from butcher's hooks were thirty four infants of either sex; no gender preference seems to have biased the acquisition of these tots.

Where d'you get them all? Lily Veyne asks. The babies?

Yes... You wouldn't believe how careless parents can be. Barry shrugged. At the far end of the tube laden tables a small baby girl lay foetal on its side. A steel tube had been hammered into her wispy-haired cranium and the tubing connected up so that the brain matter inside could be sucked out, syphoned off.

I tried fermenting animal brains first off but the results were very haphazard.

Lily Veyne followed Mister Vermont to the back of the cellar where a thick, wooden door was built into the bare brick. As instructed, Lily Veyne peered through the crude spy hole.

Among the pile of corpses...

Got most of them from the zoo. Mister Vermont remarked, You know, the security in atrocious. Hope the kiddies don't miss them.

... something moved.

A snout broke the surface of the offal. The nostrils twitching; sensing life. There was a low, guttural sound then a beast scrambled from beneath the cadavres. Hurlled itself at the door. Lily Veyne jolted back, gulping shrieks.

Don't even ask me what that is. Mister Vermont held up his hands, Brought some schoolkid back, you know, to show him all the nice sceintific equipment. Well, he didn't like the taste of my concoction. Then he went berserk. Nearly lost all of this.. My life's work. Ended up locking the little brat in there with that lot. Don't care what he's become. Just hate that sound he makes last thing at night. Like soft weeping

sounds. In-human. Gives me nightmares. Then what happened to Stanley ... it was revolting. His family. Just swallowed him up. Suffocated him.

How soon before I can have a testable batch of this?

Well, I think I'll have ironed out the kinks, cleared out some of the radicals with the next distillation there. Just a case of waiting for the distilling process to churn over. How soon? A week? Ten days at the most.

Things are getting close to the wire, Barry. I don't want to lose what we've built up here. Wouldn't want you to lose your stake in this honourable endeavour, would we?

No. Barry agreed, We wouldn't.

I'll give you two days.

What?

Lily Veyne shrugged, That's all the time we have left. Two days. Max... My people are getting jittery, Barry. I'll send details of where and when. You do your best, get me as much of the catalyst as you can by then. It'll have to do. We don't have time to waste on extravagances like testing.

I understand. Mister Vermont sighed. And got his thinning hair ruffled for it.

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Badly mutilated and inhaling the acid fumes of exhaustion; the murderous obscenity hard on his heels; the physical medium he slithered through burning and scarring him from molecular friction; the seering pain of escape; torture the final moments of Clive Idaho's miserable life.

But anything was better than the terror that beast represented. Those clawing bear-hooks. Those razor teeth. The guttural rumble of its insatiable intestines. The

deafening gnash of those bloodied Jaws. The stench of dead flesh lifting off its throat like a sewer fog. The lingering, gnawing presence a bite from that monster left embedded in the skin and muscle; a maggoty parasite of pain.

The thing snapped out of nowhere with a hypersonic boom. Hit Clive Idaho right in the chest. The gnawing of its tiny pirahna teeth against his sternum a truly nauseating sensation; rattling him to the core with its incessant pneumatic grinding.

The heat and hiss of his own blood all around him now like a lavaflow. Embalming him. Clive Idaho drowning in the hot, meaty slurry, facing imminent death in his own haemic womb as the abortionist's surgical machinery slowly annihilated him. Consuming him bit by bit; chewing him to a pulp.

NOOOOOOOOO! Clive Idaho screamed, kicking out at the revolting assassin with all his remaining might. One last valiant bid for freedom. He scrambled away, trying to lose the thing in the concrete maze of the towerblock he was certain stood not too far off - Highgrove Mews, if only he could make it in one piece.

Does Clive Idaho still exist as a human? Or was he just mud and cement pretending to be human? Was the sum of his parts anything like the vague and ever-fading memory of the young man he once was.

He arrived in the comforting stability of the concrete hi-rise and wound his way up the infathomable structure hoping for refuge in its lofty three-dimensional maze of floors and walls and ceilings and ducts and steel. The calming comfort of concrete.

Clive Idaho heard the menacing snuffles and scuffles many floors below him methodically rising - a whisper becoming a scream. Not long now before he was tracked down. Destroyed. Humanities only real chance to save the World from Lily Veyne's vile influence. Why was she here? Why all the secrecy; the cloak and dagger.

The drugs ... what was that all about? How deep into our society did her corruption go?

Clive Idaho would never know 'cos the beast had sniffed him out and cornered him up on the eleventh floor. The last apartment on the right facing the main road. Trapped in concrete awaiting the coup de grace. An unkempt man rose solemnly from his favourite chair opposite the TV.

Clive Idaho had been totally unaware of this man's presence, so concerned and obsessed had he become with the inevitability of his imminent demise.

Snatching the opportunity, Clive Idaho made a dash for the ruffian; a dark-haired bloke in his early twenties. Unshaven and dressed for Winter. Clive Idaho corkscrewed recklessly into the man's shoes, through his socks and into the trouser fabric, causing the hapless individual to trip over himself as he passed the modest couch and land heavily on his face. Regaining consciousness fairly rapidly, the man crawled in the direction of the kitchen, probably to seek solace in the bottle; or at least give himself some excuse for his clumsy manner.

He doesn't reach the kitchen

For as the man was rising once again to his feet, struggling against his inexplicable gain in weight that was so encumbering him, the beast tries to enter his hand. The man pulls his hand back as if scorched. A loud squeal reverberated throughout the apartment floor. The man was on his knees, motionless yet alert. The beast again tried to enter, through his shins. The man was thrown back onto the floor by the shock of the intrusion. Again the pained scream rocks the floor.

Clive Idaho hung on, hoping the beast would be deterred from further attempts then felt the saw jaws lock on his ribcage grinding down on the tough muscle of his heart. The man took immediate action trying to rid himself of the two demented

poltergeists that had decided today of all days to use his clothing as their battlefield. He kicked off his piss stinking jeans. Tried to wriggle free of the cumbersome overcoat. Tried to rid himself of his T-shirt and jumper in one swift economic action. The shoulders locked over his head and the beast lunged at Clive Idaho's face hoping to sample the young Chinaman's nose; the delicacy after the stodginess of the main course.

It missed and instead sank its razor-edged jaws into the chest of the busily undressing man. His screams abruptly stopped; his sternum split open like a blood orange; heart and lungs hewn open.

A deafening wail accompanied the monster's wounded flight from its contact with this human's life; his living pain. The whiplash as it tugged at the tissue to be free so ferocious it tore the torsal skin and muscle right off in one sickening blood-bursting laceration. Quivering still, and not knowing how or why, the hapless man died; his nerves firing off their last before even they succumbed to Death's refridgerating embrace.

Dog Murder 'as it came to be known' would make headline news for three days.

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THE END