

Making a New Girlfriend
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“Oh god, you know I’m always so flustered on first dates...” The words flooded Karazel’s ears as she felt the world spin all around her. The raptress groaned as her eyes fluttered open, experiencing the strangest sensation of weightlessness as she stared down at her own arms and legs dangling towards the floor. She was bobbling up and down a little, buxom chest bumping and jostling against something hard and solid as her body seemed to float across the room. Blinking the exhaustion out of her eyes, the raptress realized she wasn’t moving on her own, but instead being carried. A thick, black-and-white furred tail whipped about nervously, the fluffy end skittering back and forth against the ground as its owner hefted Kara through a veritable minefield of wood scraps, wire and linens that lay scattered across the floor. “Mmmm... You’ve got such a beautiful body, I-I’m so happy you chose me, my sweetheart...”

“Ughh...” Despite her head spinning, the sweet dino couldn’t speak, the simple act of slurring her words taking her entire focus. But as the pall began to lift, Kara tried to wrack her brain about what had happened, and how she could have gotten here. She’d spent the night out at a bar with some friends. They all left for a different bar, leaving her to chat with a very interesting theropod who’d kept her occupied most of the night. The last thing she remembered was... the drink! Someone had offered to buy her a drink. Some... was he black furred? He was a canine? No. Broader muzzle, and a set of claws to match. A sergal? Maybe, a black furred sergal offered to buy her a drink. The theropod said go for it, and then... nothing. Karazel grunted as she heard a clatter. Her carrier used one of his arms to swat clean a tabletop before setting her down ass-first onto the cool wood. Woozy, barely able to sit upright, she found herself staring face to face with the same sergal from the bar, the one who had ostensibly date raped drugged her.

“There we are, my love... Is this comfortable for you?” The sergal said in a soft, almost meek voice, his pointy snout bending down to kiss Kara’s hand right on the knuckles. “Oh god, your scales are so soft and supple...” Were Kara not dealing with the waning drugs coursing through her system, she would have perhaps been a little flattered with the comment. “My sweet, what would you like me to call you, dear?”

“K-K-a-” Kara tried to form some kind of response but was immediately talked over.

“Candy? That’s it my dear?” The sergal chuckled, licking his lips as he side-eyed his catch. “My, my... Such a naughty name for an alluring girl like you...” Before she could realize what was happening, Kara felt herself laid backwards, easily moved by the sergal’s firm hands and claws, his mild voice yammering away in her ear as a set of buckling restraints were tightened around her arms and legs. Kara allowed her head to flop to the side as her helpless body tightened into the restraints. All that was left was a ball gag, the tight-fitting rubber squished firm into her jaws and cinched behind her head. “Mmm... you’ll simply have to excuse my haste, my dear, sweet Candy.” Kara’s eyes softened as she tried to follow the strange sergal, the flighty little bastard disappearing out of view and digging through a pile of things off to the side. “I’m still a bit upset with my last girlfriend.”

“Mnnnn?” Kara groaned, her muffled moans accentuating a half-hearted question through the rubber gag.

“It wasn’t my fault, that’s for certain.” The sergal growled as he came back, slamming a rusted red toolbox down on the table next to Kara’s restrained form. “I told her she needed to put on her

lotion, ohh, poor poor Gigi, she had such cracked skin. Hard enough keeping a lovely poodle in a pompadour. Try getting her to put on her lotion... Well, she was having none of it yesterday.” Pursing his lips, the sergal sighed as he lifted a slender scalpel from the toolkit, his eyes carefully examining the blade as he did. “Did I pressure her for sex after? Certainly, nobody’s perfect... And oh, did she take my cock. I rutted on her so passionately...”

“Mnnnnpfh?! Nnnnnngh!!” Karazel’s eyes caught the reflection of light off the blade, her heart sinking as she realized this man was utterly insane.

“Ohhhhh, did Gigi fight back. Naughty, devilish girl, shouldn’t have done it in her condition... Not with her brittle skin...”

Kara’s eyes began to wander as she tugged listlessly at her restraints. The more sober she became, the more her confusion turned to horror as she realized she was in the hands of a deranged maniac. The room seemed normal enough at first glance, but as her head listed back and forth, the raptress realized she was in a veritable charnel house. Gorgeous, hand-crafted wooden plaques hung upon the walls, each one holding a set of stuffed and mounted body parts. Some seemed to be nothing more than silicone molds. Fuckable silicone molds; asses, pussies and everything in between hung with a name and date. Yet there were so many others. So many feet or hands, coated in spatters of crusted cum. So many heads, real people’s heads hanging listless – their faces looking uncanny and not quite like the creature they once were. Yet, as Kara turned her head back towards the sergal, she caught sight of the horrid monstrosity that hung in the center of the room.

Like a gibbet, a person-shaped, life-sized, wire-and-wood frame hung from a hook in ceiling. The behemoth was missing its hands and feet, but even in Karazel’s drugged estimation, it looked just about her size. There were a few details, such as the perked-out chest and facial shape that made her wonder if this frame had been made specifically to look like her. The raptress hardly realized she was hyperventilating until the sergal slowly lowered the scalpel towards her chest.

“Mmm.... You’re not going to fight back, are you, Candy?” Kara was about to scream in panic, right up until she felt the blade slip between two of her scales, puncturing her chest just deep enough to begin the process of flaying her alive. “Ohhhh you’re so supple and sweet...” Like a zipper, the sergal slowly worked the blade down between her chest, over her breastbone and finishing the thin red line just above the girl’s pubic mound. “I’m going to free you now my love. Free you from this filthy meat you’re stuck to. Then... Only then... Will you truly get to be my girlfriend.”

It was only then that Kara screamed, screeching at the top of her lungs as the psychotic dollmaker began his cruel work. The pain was far worse than physical. The deranged man’s mild manners and soft-spoken words were only meant for Kara’s skin, her soft yet thick raptor hide perfect to make a sex doll out of. All it would take was a little work to free it from the flesh and bone it so desperately clung to. The sergal didn’t seem to care about Kara’s horror, his mind utterly fixated on skinning Kara’s body as it strained in the tight confines of its restraints. Despite her best efforts to twist and turn, all the raptress managed to do was puff out her chest and gently thrust her hips, bringing more lewd and taunting comments from the sergal as he began to work the knife laterally along her belly.

Spreading his fingers out underneath Kara's scaly flesh, the dollmaker worked with an uncanny precision, only making another gentle cut when he was sure it was correct. This was no easy feat given how much Kara moved and squirmed. But soon, the adrenaline began to wear out, and her body began to slump into exhaustion. An exhaustion that he would fully take advantage of. Slowly but steadily, the hobbyist taxidermist started peeling back Karazel's scales like a onesie, sliding the whole feathered pelt further and further off slippery, blood-red and twitching musculature.

"Now, now, my sweet," he crooned as he ran his fingers over the drippy-wet pelt, shushing the supple flesh as his thumb rolled over Kara's scales, "I've taken your chest and belly. The hard part is next, but I'd like you to help me decide... Should I remove your head? Or should I remove your sex next?" Kara screeched the moment she heard those words. Neither was a particularly pleasant thought, and she couldn't help but imagine the psychotic sergal hacking away at her neck with a saw to remove her head. But he wasn't listening to Kara's muffled voice, nor her pleas. Pinching Kara's hide between his fingers, the sergal squeezed until one of the sweet girl's scales popped upwards from the others. Listening to Kara's pelt, he watched as the tip bent in an awkward angle, slightly pointing towards her head. "An excellent choice Candy... I can't stand that wretched mug..." With a smirk, he pointed back to the wire-frame doll, "I made some changes to your new home. I think your features will look so much more sensual, so much more feminine."

Tears rolled down Karazel's cheek as the scalpel approached her neck, her frantic, muffled and gagged pleading in vain as the cruel sergal began to slice around the circumference. His cuts were a bit unorthodox, sliding around the raptor's collar bone until it reached the edge of her beautiful plumed crest. Only then did Kara realize what was in store for her as the deranged dollmaker began to slide his scalpel up her head, intending to use her proud, feathered crest to hide the scar. Kara could feel the horrifying sensation of something crawling beneath her skin. As the dollmaker's practiced hand slowly lifted her head off the table, his clawed fingertips spreading the wound open, inching his fingertips underneath the flesh to release the supple, scaly skin.

Like pulling off a mask, Karazel had the horrid displeasure of feeling the man's hands creep underneath her flesh, fingers spreading against her scalp and burrowing against her cheeks as she screeched and squealed in abject horror. The taxidermist was professional with each inch he released from the meat below. Carefully, he turned Kara's face inside-out, letting the floppy mask rest upon her snout as he finished the fine detail. Lifting each eyelid, the dollmaker sliced as far back as possible, allowing the whole lid to come off with each cut. He followed up with her muzzle, practically peeling off some of the vermillion with the outside of her jaw. At long last, Karazel felt a weight rest upon her shoulder. Like a wet and heavy mask, her entire face lay resting to the side of her flayed head, held on by a flap of skin that once covered her now sinewy neck. She should have been thankful that the tear ducts came off with her face, but the raptor's drying eyes didn't seem to take much solace as she lay staring at the ceiling in agony.

There was so much more to do, so much more work to finish. The sergal muttered a list of necessities to himself as he dove into his work, his single-minded focus dragging him on as he swapped out his scalpel for something a bit heftier. In another unorthodox cut, the man began to carve down into Kara's pubic mound like he was cutting a roast, the first real spatter of blood beginning to drip and dribble from the girl's body as he worked into her abdominal cavity. This was no exploratory surgery, he had clearly done this before, as the multitude of stuffed and mounted 'fuck trophies' on his walls and

laying about his home seemed to suggest. Alternating between the hefty kitchen knife and his favorite scalpel, the dollmaker began to carve out the entirety of Karazel's hips, slowly removing an almost encyclopedic listing of her sexual organs and the last few inches of her lower colon. Unable to struggle anymore due to the pain, Kara could only groan and whimper as she lay face-up upon the table, her gut wrenching with each slice as her vent and oviduct were carefully removed, still padded by much of her plush rump and groin.

"Mmmm... there we are..." He crooned, casually heating the flat of his kitchen knife with a blow torch. "I like a girl with a little heft. Don't worry, my dear... We'll get you nice and tight. A little silicone works far better than kegels." The sergal chuckled as he casually placed the blade against Kara's mutilated flesh, a seething hiss followed by a howl of pain as the man cauterized the wound. "Mmm... Gigi never used to like when I gave her a touch-up." With a smirk, the sergal lowered his head down, slowly lapping his long, slick tongue out to caress the soft edges of Kara's vent, so happy that there was no reaction as he tongued the severed flesh. "Mmmm... perfect. Just one more step, Candy... you're almost free of this filthy meat sack..."

The hands and feet presented a different problem for the dollmaker. Earlier girlfriends had unsightly seams running up the edges of their fingers, occasionally snagging on clothes and making hand jobs rather rough. The sex doll that hung in the living room, however, was conspicuously missing its hands and feet. Kara would find out why when the taxidermist reached her wrist. Slowly, carefully, he began to dig the scalpel into the space between Kara's hand and arm bones. Tendons popped and coiled, slithering up the length of her arm as severed arteries began to pulse blood with each thready heartbeat. The sergal worked fast, a hand dremel quickly pulverizing any connective tissue, freeing her hand so the stump could be cauterized before blood loss got the better of her. Kara moaned listlessly as the process was repeated for each limb, hands and feet removed so they hung like weights from the ends of the oversized pelt she was producing.

Karazel didn't even feel the poke of a needle snuck into one of her buried veins. The sergal didn't bother to address 'her' as to what was happening, but instead muttered some comment that he couldn't go killing his new girlfriend's 'old best friend' so easily. He wanted her to 'admit she didn't need that filthy meat bag' and would be rid of her 'only after his new girlfriend realized she only needed him and his love.' At long last, just as Kara felt herself lifted off the wet mat of a pelt, the first dribble of paralytics, pain meds and antibiotics crept into Kara's faltering bloodstream, causing the girl to whimper as the fiery pain wracking her exposed and naked body dulled to a low discomfort.

Kara moaned, her head listing as she drifted in and out of consciousness, a strange feeling now that she had no eyelids. She was locked in a strange twilight, unable to let the pain meds take her away, yet also unable to focus as the dollmaker went about his work. He didn't seem to mind. There wasn't much for the old Kara to see as he tugged and stitched and adjusted the sex doll upon its purpose-built mannequin. Every time she focused her eyes, a life-sized Kara doll began to take shape in front of her. The sergal was extra careful to secure the hefty meat of Kara's ass and groin into the special hooks he'd created, as well as taking care to sew up Kara's facial features with as minimal stitching as possible. When she last woke, Kara lifted her head just in time to see an uncanny face looking back at her. It wasn't quite right, the doll's dimensions could never truly be her. But the skin? The skin most certainly was hers. It was hers down to every cute little discolored scale, and every little blemish, even ones she couldn't see because they were hidden on her back.

As Kara whimpered, her bloody and heaving chest glistening in the soft living room light, she watched the dollmaker return with the final accoutrements. Carefully selecting a thick and plush silicone stroker, the sergal began to feed the slippery tail-end between the doll's jaws, working the length of the sex toy inside until her muzzle pursed around the edges. The sex toy's hole was shaped like a vagina, only adding insult to injury as her captor used silicone caulk to seal the pelt's muzzle around the toy, locking Kara's uncanny features in a perpetual 'sucking off' position. He followed this up by bringing the caulk gun down to Kara's waist, casually selecting a tight silicone sleeve to jam into the last inches of Kara's colon. A little caulk would ensure the silicone toy fused properly with the doll's remaining anatomy. Kara's sex, however, would be a different story.

"I hope you're not shy, Candy... I just need give your sweet sex a little attention." Rather than retrofitting a stroker into Karazel's vent, the sergal began to casually pump his shaft in front of the life-sized Kara doll. Slipping on a condom, the man gasped as he slowly pushed inside of the soft and supple vent, the once firm muscles loose and unmoving as he slipped inside. "Ahhhh... god you're heavenly..." Grunting, the sergal gave a few tentative thrusts, jostling the sex doll about as he felt out Kara's sex organs, all while the living, skinned Kara watched the horrid mockery her body had become. Occasionally, he would pull out, inserting the silicone pump into her hole and adding a thick glob of gooeey caulk, before pushing it inside with his condom-covered shaft. Slow but steady, the dollmaker used his arousal to shape and fill Kara's sex. Once he'd finished, Kara's vent had swollen, silicone filling her oviduct and smoothing out the inside of her tight snatch. A condom-coated dowel would suffice to hold open her hole while it dried and hardened.

The real Kara groaned as she watched the dollmaker finally approach her. The sergal sighed, shaking his head as he turned the stopcock on her IV drip, the flood of pain meds finally putting her out cold. The last thing she remembered was whimpering a soft and rasping groan, before the world seemed to float in tepid darkness. When she finally began to stir, awakening after a fitful nightmare, Kara's dried and aching began to focus open to a rather gorgeous and sweet sight. She was sitting upright, slumped in a wooden chair. As her dried and aching eyes came into focus, Kara sucked in a deep breath. Her nostrils flared as a gorgeous, fragrant scent passed her grimacing lips and wafted over her tongue.

As her eyesight returned to focus, Kara realized she was situated on the other side of a beautifully arranged table, forced to share the space with the accursed sex doll. There was no way to tell how long she had been out, but the toy's pursed muzzle was already smeared with a dribble of gooeey and drying cum. Clearly, it had been played with once already. The life-sized fuck toy was a complete mockery of Karazel's life; the sergal had mutilated her body and didn't even want to rape her. All her horror and suffering was a means to an end, her death worth it for the pleasure he got from the 'girlfriend' he'd created, built from parts of her skin. She could only sit in silence, muffled with the thick rubber ball gag between her jaws and staring with a stony glare across the tablecloth covered dinner table, soft candlelight dancing off the motionless sex doll.

Humming softly to himself, the dollmaker wandered back into view. Kara's eyes shifted as much as her skinless face would allow, trying to follow his movements as he walked a large platter to the table. Setting the homemade dish down before his new "girlfriend," the raptress had a chance to see what caused that fragrant scent to fill her nostrils. At first glance, the hefty, roasted joint of meat looked as if it was beef tenderloin. Easily ten inches around at the thickest point, the meat was deboned and

rolled, laid amidst a medley of pan-cooked vegetables. But even with her body racked with agony, Kara was acutely aware that the meat didn't smell like beef. It smelled foreign.

"Here we are my dear," the sergal chirped, naked as could be and wiggling his fluffy, whip-like tail behind him. "I'm so glad you didn't want to make this a simple hookup. Your mouth is so talented, I simply couldn't let you go without feeding you." Lifting a carving knife and fork, the dollmaker began to slice into the juicy and succulent roast. The meat carved nicely, but also seemed to flake ever so slightly, more reminiscent of a reptilian dish than meat from a mammal. As he settled the inch thick medallion upon his plate, pausing to spoon a helping of roasted vegetables from alongside the joint, the doll maker idly added, "Consider this your final taste of that wretched sack of meat you were forced to endure, my love."

Sitting back into his chair, the dollmaker absent-mindedly bumped into the seat that Kara was slumped in. The jostle might not have been intended, but the accidental bump gave exactly the sort of tease he was looking for. The doll maker turned his gaze just in time to watch Kara's flayed head slump forward, muzzle resting against her moist, meaty bosom. As gravity took over, both of the raptress's eyeballs popped out of their sockets, hanging by a few centimeters of strained optic nerve. While each swung freely without any musculature to control them, they both pointed straight down to her empty groin. It was only then that Kara realized she had been further mutilated in her drug-induced twilight. In addition to losing her entire groin, the raptress realized her thigh had also been cleaved off at the hip. Removed like a joint from a primal cut, the agonized dino felt her heart skip as she realized the meal being served for the dollmaker's 'first date' was her very own leg.

Idly reaching back, the sergal gripped Karazel tight by the flesh of her skinned head, shoving it back upright. With the skilled hands of someone who had affixed taxidermy all his life, he reached two fingers out to firmly push Kara's eyes back into their sockets, a gentle pat to her cheek letting the tortured girl know that he was very aware of her continued agony. With her focus re-centered upon the sex doll, the dollmaker began to eat, savoring each tender bite-sized morsel as he forked them up between one-sided small talk with the inanimate sex doll.

"Mmm... For wretched flesh, the roast did come out palatable." The psychotic sergal chuckled aloud to himself, glancing up at the sex doll with a wry side-eye. "Oh, my dear, you look simply divine with my seed rolling down your chin. You are such a naughty girl." Forking another bite into his mouth, the dollmaker began to edge his clawed feet a little closer to the naked toy that sat silently before him. With the shy excitement of a crushing schoolboy, the sergal allowed his foot to linger against the doll's bony, lifeless foot. Soon curious exploration turned to playful footsie. He wasn't very convincing about hiding it, occasionally reaching across the table to grab the pepper, or taking a sip from his wine glass. All the while, Kara was forced to watch, a rasping wine escaping her jaws as her kidnapper molested a lifeless facsimile of her body.

Running his footpaw up the Kara doll's leg, visibly dimpling the stretched-taught skin where there was no underlying support, the dollmaker growled as he allowed his clawed toes to caress along the sex toy's inner thigh. Bringing his toes up to the edge of her sweet vent, the sergal started to playfully circle her hole with his biggest toe. Toying with the silicone-buffered flesh, he shuddered at how wrong, and yet how hot, it felt to tease the unmoving toy from under the table, fondling and molesting his newfound love on their first date.

“Mmmm... Gigi always hated when I’d play with her in public...” With a growl, the sergal licked his chops, pushing aside the half-eaten plate of raptress roast before leaning across the table to fondle his doll’s rounded yet sleek chest. “Ohhh but you like it, don’t you, Candy?” The dollmaker shuddered visibly, his arousal already halfway swollen out of his fluffy, fuzzy sheath. “Goddamn you’re gorgeous... I just want to...” Huffing under his breath, the psychotic sergal growled as he fondled the taught skin, allowing his finger to caress up and swipe off the gelatinous and gooey blob of cum from Kara’s dead-eyed face. Giving up any pretense of modesty, the beast yanked the sex doll out of its chair, the metal, articulated arms and legs clanking awkwardly as he forced his doll up and onto the table in a kneeling position. His cum-soaked fingers slipped down between the doll’s thighs, exploring and lubing the supple and lifeless vent.

With a low, heated growl, the sergal leaned in to kiss the Kara doll right on the mouth, his tongue forcing its way inside the tight, cum-slick fleshlight, snowballing out the load he’d dumped just a short while earlier. A slow moan rumbled from the man’s chest as he withdrew his fingers from Kara’s vent, using his slick hand to pump his cock a few times to get it up.

“What’s that, my love? Y-You want me to take you?” The dollmaker huffed, almost breathless as he added, “But Candy, your filthy sack of meat is watching...” Shooting a side-long glance to the living Karazel, he listened for the raptress’s reaction, a slow whine escaping her grimaced jaws as she pleaded into her ball gag. What she pleaded for was lost on the sergal, the lewd and licentious critter edging his stiff cock up against Kara’s former vent. “Mmmm... What’s that my dear? You... You don’t care?” Pressing his throbbing shaft into the silicone-shaped folds, the dollmaker moaned, gasping as he took his new ‘girlfriend’ for the first time. “Ohhhh... you say you’re so much happier without that waste of flesh weighing you down?” Kara gurgled into her gag, heart pounding in her chest as the sergal began to thrust. Each firm pound of his hips caused the girl’s whole groin to shift, bouncing lifelessly as it cushioned each haphazard and forceful downstroke. “You... you...”

Closing his eyes, the dollmaker growled as he lost himself in his newfound lover’s folds, the supple and hand-shaped silicone tube perfectly snug to his cock as he pounded against the creaky, lifeless sex toy he’d made of Kara’s body. The real raptress, her body already wearing down from exhaustion and breakthrough pain, could only watch as the man rutted on her dead and motionless vent, all while putting such horrid words in her mouth.

“You want to be my girlfriend forever?” The sergal gasped, shuddering as he forced himself to slow down, risking accidentally popping his load off in Kara’s hole right then. “Nnnngh, but what about that thing?” Crooning over his shoulder, the dollmaker reached up to forcefully turn the doll’s face towards Karazel, making her stare right into the cold, unfocused taxidermied eyes. “You think so?” Forcing the head to nod in agreement to the one-sided conversation, the dollmaker leaned up and pushed his tongue deep into the Kara doll’s fleshlight mouth. His pace quickened as he made out with his newfound love, the doll’s uncanny silence only causing psychological damage to the real Karazel’s already broken mind. At long last, the man shuddered as he could hold back no longer. Hips plapping firm against the doll, the sergal finally let loose a hot rush of cum. Despite being the kind of man who masturbated for sport, the dollmaker’s newfound girlfriend brought a rush of excitement back to his sex life as he filled the doll’s tender snatch with gooey seed.

Pulling his muzzle back at long last, the dollmaker licked his lips before saying, “If I do it... Will you really be my girlfriend forever, Candy?” Deafening silence filled the room for a moment before the

sergal let out a huffing sigh of relief. After giving his lover one firm and tight hug, he carefully, almost reverently, put the doll back in the chair, before reaching out to grip the carving knife off the table.

Kara's face sunk in a horrified expression, her body hardly able to move from the mix of shock, pain and paralytics coursing through her system. She was in no place to fight back when the dollmaker gripped her around the back of the neck tight. She screamed, perhaps from the pain, perhaps from the realization that something awful was about to befall her. Gripping the skinned raptor tight around the neck, the sergal shoved her forwards, throwing her bodily down onto the floor so her face scraped against the ground. Gripping her under an armpit, he growled as he dragged the pitiful wreck of a girl across the floor, smearing fluids and blood all the while.

"She has made her decision. Candy's come to live with me now, meat sack." The sergal huffed coldly, his demeanor almost put out by having to deal with this problem. "She said she would if I threw you away. Away, just like all the others. Just like Gigi. Just like Roxy. Just like Mirabelle." Kara's popped out eyes made it hard to see where she was going, the Sergal finally stopping at a locked-tight room in the back of his home. Even before he opened the shackled door, she knew something was very wrong; the room had a fetid, musty odor about it, a dried, ominous stain had seeped out from under the door at some point, painting the floorboards nearby a dark crimson. Throwing the door open, the dollmaker grabbed Karazel up to her knees, forcing her to stare deep into the darkness.

It was no bigger than a closet, but the room was packed with the remnants of flesh, rotten meat, and molding hides. "This is where my lovers go when they break up with me." The sergal said, a sharp growl as he lifted the carving knife to Kara's throat. "Candy said you deserve to be trash. Like Gigi." For a brief moment, Kara tried to scream, her gagged cries suddenly cut off in a torrent of wet gurgling as her captor slit through her throat with the greasy kitchen knife. Karazel inhaled sharply, her body struggling and quivering as she felt hot blood flood down her open windpipe and throat. A moment later, the skinned corpse-to-be felt herself gripped about the ass and shoulders, before being unceremoniously tossed into the pile of discarded 'lovers.'

Struggling to focus on her last moments of life, Kara could feel her blood gushing with each sluggish heartbeat, rolling in droves down crumpled pelts and pattering onto the wooden floor as the closet was locked behind her. The raptor groaned, her mouth agape as she desperately tried to suck in fresh air, instead getting a nose full of rancid cum with her gurgling breath. As the darkness began to creep and flood over her body, the 'filthy meat sack' finally gave in to her exhaustion and pain, allowing her head to slump down against whatever was underneath it. Shallow breaths brought more of the musky, rancid stench into her nose. In the dark of the dollmaker's closet, she would never know that her head rested upon the silicone womb and pussy of Gigi. Just like Candy, Gigi had been some cute poodle girl in life, murdered for her looks. Now, her torn and punctured skin lay folded up and discarded, useless after the dollmaker had torn it open with his overzealous cock. It was almost comforting that the last embrace Kara got was from the dried-out skin of the girl who she'd replaced. Perhaps Candy's new life wouldn't end quite so tragic? Perhaps, but very unlikely.