

# The Statue Killer

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

He always liked reptiles. Lizards, snakes, iguanas. Dogs and cats were too needy, too time consuming. People were like that, too. He never really cared for them either. Sure, he had some sexual experiences when he was younger, but it was because that's what everyone else was doing. He was a fan of the female body, but not in the way other men were. He appreciated its form, its curves, its texture. But in real encounters, it always seemed to disappoint him, like a lessened version of what he perceived beauty to be. People were flawed, their bodies were flawed, and that which he desired was above all.

Slowly but surely, he became secluded to a small place near the forest. He had a job, enough to keep him going, but boredom was inevitable. His pets provided a small company, but his house looked dull and empty.

Ever since he could remember, he had an obsessive fascination with body horror. He ate up these types of horror movies with gluttony. He had watched "The Fly" and "The Thing" over 20 times. The idea of a body distorted into something else, something uncanny and vile, enthralled him. It slowly crept its way into his sexual desires. Not having much experience in the way of a relationship with the opposite sex, this obsession sprawled into a full desire for the loner man. He needed to quench this thirst, to satisfy it.

The internet is a wonderful place. It was there he found what was advertised as "cement spray" a formula that was liquid, but once sprayed hardened to completely rigid. He tested it out and it worked like a charm! Only thing left now was to find a prey. He would have to be careful, of course. Girls from the same town were out of the question, they could be associated with him easier. It would have to be quick and efficient. He didn't care about raping them or torturing them. That was for other people maybe, not him.

His first victim was a cute college student from the city. He had spotted her living the campus with her friends, presumably for a night of drinking and flirting. She had the prettiest, toned legs. He followed her in the badly lit sidewalk. She turned to look but found nothing suspicious. The next moment she was turning ahead, she felt a strong blow to her head by a metal bar and fell unconscious.

He dragged her to an alleyway where no one would see them. She had a small scar on her head from the impact, but to his surprise, she was still breathing. A bit panicked, he sat on top of her body. He pinched her nose with one hand and closed her mouth with the other. He anxiously waited for what seemed like an eternity. The young woman could do nothing, in her state, to avoid her untimely death. Finally, after two minutes, she was gone. He picked her limp body and walked to his car, then placed her in the trunk.

After reaching home, he placed her lifeless body on the table of his garage. Ideas jumped on his mind, left and right. "Just a school-girl" he thought to himself. Her white shirt, with the sexy tie to draw attention to her breasts, matched her blue, short skirt with fishnet stockings. "Probably a slut, too" he added.

He tied a rope around her neck and her wrists, bringing them behind her back. He pulled her legs wide, bending at her knees and let her hands touch the table's surface. She was so pretty like that. He began spraying with the cement glue, the rope around her neck keeping the position. Covering her step by step, inch by inch, a cocoon that would preserve her beauty indefinitely was beginning to form. When he was done she had a greyish color, just like an old statue. He smoothed over the surface of his new work very carefully and then polished it too give it that shine it needed.

Her blank stare and semi-gaping mouth were nice touches to his work. Her legs pulled a bit opened, as if to invite any man inside. Her breasts were prompt up by the position, looking as erotic as ever. He sat for a while, admiring his creation. He had done it, this was truly wonderful.

A few months had passed. His work had become more organized. He didn't want to go through the same trouble as the first time. In another dark corner of the web he found a drug that increased the heart rate dramatically, to the point of heart failure. Once injected, any human would be very, very dead in about 30 seconds. That made his kills quicker and more efficient. His house was now full of exquisite, artistic "pieces" as he called them.

A small ballerina had been placed in the corner in a dancing pose. He had found her working in a supermarket he once visited. She was easy to get, after her shift had ended, he'd grabbed her and, with a hand over her mouth keeping her from alerting anyone, he had stuck the needle in her neck. He could feel her heart pound like crazy, as she struggled in his grip, before becoming limp in his hands. He kept cold and collected throughout this, he just wanted to get her home and begin working on her.

At the other side of the ballerina was a cute kitty-girl next to his actual pets, with cat ears, a tail, and some cute whiskers on her cheeks. She was prompt on all fours, a suitable stance for a pet. Finally a redhead mermaid (at least she used to be redhead) was a piece accompanying a fish tank he had bought a while back. The mermaid's head was inside the water, while the body was used as the tank's base, her tail and shoulders holding it in place. It was funny to him how sometimes the little fishes would go in her mouth and out her eye-sockets, like a little cave.

He put extra work into each piece now, from the clothing, to the position, to the expressions. Everything had to be perfect! He worked on them like a dedicated craftsman, with care and mindfulness. In addition to the ones decorating his living room, he had two nude girls expressively holding each sides of an oval mirror on his bedroom, and another one "installed" in his kitchen sink. She had been placed half inside the wall from her waist down, wearing a traditional German dirndl. Her hands were positioned evenly so that he could place a sponge or anything on either hand, and by some clever plumbing, the water came through her body and out her half-open mouth.

Lastly, an amazon-looking woman was propped inside his bathroom, her arms vertical to her body, with a small gap between them. This is where he kept all sorts of hygiene items, like soaps, razors and whatnot.

It's about 9 p.m. He is sitting in his favorite armchair, stroking his iguana "Felix" watching the news. The place is quiet, except for the news anchor's low voice. "This place feels much more cozy now, don't you think Felix?" the small animal didn't respond, but it wasn't the first time. As the anchor announced the disappearance of yet another girl during the last months, the man reached his hand to a table next to him, where a bowl of chips was.

"That was really smart to modify that." He said to himself. The "table" in question was none other than the school-girl he had caught that first day. Where her head was, he had added a wooden frame, and a flat one on top. "I bet she never was as useful when she was alive as now, right ladies?" He laughed to himself, as the nameless statues around him remained silent.

Police had begun investigations months ago. The disappearances of young, attractive women, within the area, had become noticeable to an alarming extent. There didn't seem to be a connection linking these women, as well as much physical evidence, which made their job very difficult. An up-and-coming detective by the name of Jake Brandons had been assigned to the case, including two others. This was his first big case and he was determined to prove people right for trusting him with such a task. But he needed to work, and work hard. Whoever the suspect was, he was safe for now.

\*BEEEEEP\* \*BEEEEEP\* \*BEEEEEP\*

The sound of the alarm clock wakes him up, like usual. He slowly opens his eyes and shuts it without looking. It rests on top of a female figure's abdomen, posed in a bridge position. He had painted over the cement with a black-colored paint, and it looked as good as the day he made it. Her upside-down look was a frozen mask, with no emotions, or thoughts. Sure, when she was alive she might have lots of those, but now, she was just his bed-side table. He didn't even glance at it, or at the two artful forms of his mirror, as he walked with lazy steps towards the bathroom.

He flicked the light open, the amazon-dressed woman on his right waited for him like every other morning. He took a toothbrush and toothpaste from a glass placed on her welcoming hands, and begun his morning routine. He got on his bath tub, either side of it decorated by two nude feminine forms, each on the ground, with her legs open, up against the tub's sides. They were painted fully gold, which matched the tub's white surface. He showered quickly, he needed to be at work in about 50 minutes and it was a long way from home.

Work was boring as usual, but he was used to it. After returning home he made some food and then spent the rest of the day taking care of his pets. It was starting to look like a reptile zoo with the amount of creatures he had living with him. But he didn't mind. Their hissing calmed him, and their skin was nice to pet.

But, the problem was, he was again feeling jaded. He hadn't acquired any new statue in months, and it wasn't because of any precaution. The thrill he received at first had subsided, and his statues, had become mere household objects.

Sure, he still was proud of them, and would probably sculpt them all over again if he had to, but excitement was once again missing.

Desperate, he thought he would give actual people another chance. Who knows? Enough years had passed since he last tried to converse with someone. Maybe things would be different. Maybe he'd even find someone who understood him.

Detective Brandons searched through his notes for the hundredth time. They didn't give him any new ideas, just like the last time he looked at them. The leads he had were not many. He looked at the photos of the victims, each one smiling at him, a happy memory that was now just a reminder of the tragedy these women had suffered. No bodies had been found, so technically they might still be alive, although by his experience, he knew chances were not on their side. He took another sip from his coffee and continued looking through the files.

The loud noise of the music. The even louder chatter from way too many people around him. He rarely visited such public establishments, being what you would call a homebody. But new things are meant to take you out of your comfort zone.

He had taken Felix with him. If it was too much to handle, he at least had him for company. The barman shot him a disapproving look, but didn't say anything to him. He had seen lots of hipsters with their exotic pets come here, and he wasn't gonna start pissing them off now. The man ordered a beer and sat in the corner table of the bar. He maintained a cool air to him, mostly through his expressionless face, which contrasted his colorful shirt. The place wasn't very crowded. A few groups of friends, scattered around enjoyed their night out.

Then his eye caught a woman, standing alone in the bar. She had long blue hair that was a really cute match with her black tank top and skinny jeans. She seemed to be looking at her watch, disappointed. She turned and looked towards him eventually, then her eyes locked on his pet iguana.

"I love iguanas!" she said to him with a contained excitement. "What is his name? Or is it a she?" she asked him. "His name is Felix" he answered her, a bit startled, but still soft spoken. "I have three of them at home. They're the best, right? I'm Felicia by the way" she said and put out her hand towards him. "Jared, pleased to meet you, Felicia" he replied.

They talked for hours that night. Jared couldn't tell if he was actually enjoying himself, or was it really that long since the last he got out for a drink. Her company was ok, though. She was always with a smile

on her face, and her blue hair made her quirkiness make kind of sense. She was pretty, too, but that usually didn't face him that often. They exchanged phone numbers and arranged to meet again. That night, Jared slept with a rare satisfaction inside.

They met at the weekend and then the one after that. Jared was confused as to why this girl was so attracted to him from the start, but he didn't complain. He liked getting out of the house, and simply hear Felicia talk about her day. Even more so, he liked seeing Felicia. She had beautiful pale skin, it caused him thoughts, thoughts that grew to the point he couldn't ignore. How lovely would she be, set up on his living room wall, or maybe outside in the garden? "No! Stop it!" He'd try to stay focused, but the temptation was becoming increasingly dangerous.

"Fuck!" Jared yelled at himself after leaving her outside her door. It was their fourth date and they had just kissed for the first time. Felicia would have invited him in, too, if he hadn't gotten cold feet and left. But still, being intimate with a woman for the first time in half a decade should have been a reason for anyone to be happy. But Jared was not well. Things were worse. The itch was getting to hard to resist.

A few weeks have passed. Jared continued to see Felicia. He never was a big talker, but she didn't mind. She enjoyed his company. Where some women might have found him a bit creepy, she saw him as mysterious. He had mentioned to her that he always was a bit anti-social and an introvert and she took it upon herself to help him get out of his shell. They went to music shows and cinemas, and basically spend more time together as days went by. She had fun with Jared. She was started to develop feelings for him.

The detective was searching the super-market's parking lot for a while now. The last girl to disappear was a cashier at the store. He was praying for a mishap, just a simple error could get him the break he was looking for.

"At last! He shouted, even though no one was around at the time. "It looks like mud" he thought as he examined the foot-prints he found. "No, it can't be. It's frozen solid"! The sample was analyzed and found to be a chemical substance used mostly in construction and sculpture. With no construction site near the area, Jake assumed the killer was using it on his own. After days of searching for purchases of large quantities of the product, on the internet and on hardware stores, he finally had an address in front of him. He wasn't gonna let anyone get credit for his work.

Jared was becoming exhausted. He wasn't getting much sleep, and the darkest side of his mind was starting to take over. He was out with Felicia, looking down at his meal with a blank stare. "What's wrong, is it not good?" she asked him. "No...it's fine...listen, you wanna go home? I'm not feeling very well tonight" he said with a sudden energy. "Eeh, sure, my roommate is there, though" Felicia replied. "No, i meant my place..." he said. "Oh, ok!" she hadn't been to his house, yet, and she always wanted to check his pet collection.

They drove to the small cabin. The sun had already set when they arrived. Jared opened the door and let the young blue-haired girl step inside in front of him. What she saw made her heart stop. Before she could utter a scream, a blow to the head knocked her out cold.

She felt a tight pull on her neck, upwards. Instinctively, she tried to raise herself, to loosen the noose's pressure, but it wasn't easy. Her limbs didn't give help her at all, since they were tied tightly with rope.

"Aaaah" she let out a moan, hurting herself. "Do you like my latest piece?" said Jared, as he held her neck rope in his hands painfully tight. His eyes had a mad shine to them, this wasn't the man she had met, or was that monster him all along? "It's a centaur-girl! Isn't it majestic?"

The description was very accurate. In front of them was a statue of four women, joined together to form a grotesque sight. They were fully nude except for two pairs of boots that made their heels stand like hooves. They were attached to each other, hands, legs, heads and genitals, all part of a greater design. Felicia tried to call for help, but her tongue was trapped between two wooden sticks and nothing intelligent came out of her mouth. She tried to keep her balance to avoid asphyxiating. "I have something really special for you, though..." she heard his voice behind her.

Jake was on his way to the strange address. It must be somewhere near the park, cause there were not many houses on that street. He drove quickly towards the destination, while nervously checking if the gun was still in its holster.

He had already ripped her clothes off with a pair of scissors. Her struggles had subsided and she was now whipping uncontrollably, completely on his mercy. He tapped her mouth shut to avoid a headache and picked her up in his arms. He carried her outside. It was dark and cold, as he navigated through the woods. She jerked from time to time, but the ropes were not giving any slack and she'd tire after a few seconds. They moved through the trees, into the deepest parts of the forest. Certainly, no one could hear Felicia's moans, there. Then, Jared stopped. In front of them was a pedestal, with two steel poles on either side. They had hooks, where tied pieces of rope dangled from. "A special place for a special piece!" he yelled and begun tying and pulling ropes here and there, until the girl was bound in a spread

eagle position. Then, he produced the cement spray and got to work, its hissing sound muffling Felicia's desperate wails.

The police car stopped. The lights were already turned off. Jake was hoping to surprise the suspect and catch him off guard. He walked slowly towards the only house on sight and then noticed a small cave on the side of it. His curiosity rose when he witnessed the same marks leading to the cave's inside. Determined, he stepped inside. Darkness surrounded the man as he made his way deeper and deeper. He made sure he was alone, then switched his flash light on. What he saw the next moment, made his skin crawl. It was like a nightmare coming to life. Encased women were covering the entire walls of the cave, to the point where you couldn't tell where the walls ended and their lifeless bodies began. They were in all sorts of nude poses, and all had painted blue hair, the only thing the man had colored on them. Jake reached for his radio, and called for back-up, in complete shock.

He was done. After a few minutes, Felicia was totally covered in the hardening substance. The cold air helped it stiffen fast, and she was soon encased in the gray prison. "Now, i'm going to attach your feeder" he said to the helpless woman. "It will pump liquid food through your nostrils. I think i have enough to last six months for starters." Two small tubes were coming from beneath the pedestal, which also facilitated the use of her food storage. He took them in his hand and jammed them in the girl's nostrils. She could still breathe through a separate tube, but they were very uncomfortable. He turned the feeder on, and left her there. "I'll visit you tomorrow, and every day, believe me. You're my greatest work!"

Jake had just walked inside the suspect's house and had found even more incriminating atrocities. All those girls, disgraced like this. What person could be this inhuman? He thought to himself. As he turned behind him, his eyes met those of a man. For a split second that felt like a thousand years, both men were stunned. Then, Jake raised his gun straight at him.

"Don't move! Put your hands in the air and DON'T MOVE!" He yelled as assertively as he could.

"I just wanted to keep their beauty" Jared said as he kept slowly walking towards the policeman.

"Stop right there! I'm warning you!" shouted Jake.

"They look so wonderful like that, don't you see?" the unarmed man didn't stop.

"Stop right now! I'M GONNA SHOOT!" Jake was really panicking now. The man wasn't more than three feet away from him now. "So beautiful... forever... they're forever now" he mumbled, lost in a profound bliss".



**\*BANG\***

A single shot was fired. Jared looked down at his bleeding chest, before collapsing to the ground, dead.

The police identified all the missing women on Jared's house, and most of the ones on the cave. Felicia's disappearance was reported two weeks after his death, since she wasn't working anywhere at the time. No one knew that she had any relations with him, and so, her case was not associated with his.

No policeman thought to check the forest for any added clues. Felicia was trapped in a living hell, kept alive through her programmed feeding box, for however long it would last her.

Her silent screams heard by no one.