



# *Crimson the Cannibal*

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Retold Fairy Tales

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Once upon a time, in a far off land, in a gloomy land, in a small secluded town people call Grim, lives a girl, Crimson. Crimson being the color of anger– of wrath– it is the color of her mask, but most important– the reasoning behind her nickname, it is the color of blood. Crimson is an infamous tormentor. She preys on innocent people; she desires and craves bloodshed.

Just like the town sounds, doomed, it is. It was renamed specifically after all of the events that occur in Grim. All due to Crimson. Though no one knows who she is. She is only known for her wicked, devilish ruby mask that victims claim to have seen– which isn't often. She is well known for her mass harrassment. She uses every ounce of her willpower to corrupt, and demolish the lives of those in Grim. All while not killing a single person, nor creature, nor being. Sadistic to the last fiber in her bones, but never once has she taken a life.

That is until she met the Big Bad Wolf; Short for Wendall Olly Frances. Wendall Fran. A formidable gambler, someone that hounds and feeds on puny, wannabe newbs. And he refuses defeat. This, is the story of Crimson.

I run and I run. Fleeing from what was supposed to be my next feast. Galloping faster than a gazelle at supper time. He's here. I can feel it. I can't be unmasked. I know that is exactly what he intends to do. He's been trailing me for days, I've been able to defend myself, but this man– this man doesn't stray from his passions. I run and I run. My feet pulverizing the rich green leaves to smithereens; breathing the ashes up my nose like ants drawn to picnic basket. Until I start to sneeze uncontrollably. As if the crispity crunchity leaves aren't already a siren alarming Wendall.

All of a sudden I hear a cackle, a devious cackle.

“Bloody, bloody, Crimson,” Wendall introduces mischievously, “how do you like to be victimized?” He howls. My blood is beginning to run cold as his pace quickens and his eyes watch me glide through the pine. My limbs

and my face become chilly, and suddenly you'd think slushies were roaming my veins. I've never been tempted before, this is exhilarating.

"Have you ever watched your skin become a zebra's pelt— while conscious, witnessing every slice across your skin— but locked in place, unable to move, Mr Frances?" I tease. I may as well dangle his fears off of the tip of my tongue if I can't bleed him out, until he bellows beneath the steel-blue blade of my battleaxe.

Suddenly his tracks stop, the shuffle of his feet deplete, and I come to notice what enormous feet he has. I stop too, this isn't a chase anymore. I turn around slowly, still wary and focusing on my hearing senses.

Then a sudden cry of leaves, not behind me, but in front of me, cause me to jolt backwards into a grimy puddle. What large ears he has; I notice as he pounces onto me.

"You won't take my mask." I scowl.

"Well hello, Crimson. Now, why would I want your mask?" A large man with smooth silver hair, soul-devouring amber eyes, and such large teeth, hovers inches from my face.

"Your breath smells rancid like dead fish."

"Better than blood." He retorts.

I don't have a clue what he is thinking. He's a goon if he thinks he can fool me, though. He won't lay another paw on me.

I have encountered many monstrous beings in my line of work, but never anyone with the courage to try to weaken me on their own.

Noone has ever dared to come looking for me. I admire his persistence.

Then I remember, I have throwing stars in my back pocket. Maybe I can thrash his eyes so he can't see. I can get up and whoop him, sew his mouth shut, bind his fingers to his toes and contort his body until he becomes my bloody donut ring.

But he's hesitating. I am allowing him to take a spike at me so I can make my counter-attack. But. He. Is. Hesitating.

Intentionally? Maybe?

Intentionally. Definitely.

Then he draws out his arm, and offers to help me up.

I sit like a crab in this slimey puddle with a quizzical look drawn on my face.

Why would he want to help me?

I proceed. Maybe I am a fool, maybe this is a naive move. No. It is. But I am quite fascinated.

After accepting his help he continues to explain to me that he is in need of assistance. He lost a gamble. He lost

a gamble to an old hag. Pathetic. Formidable, my butt. But I comply. He is in debt, and I am intrigued by this so-called, 'crone,' which he refers to her as.

We discuss a plan of attack. He gives me an address, a name; a description of her face, her home, and her manipulation tactics.

But I am a natural-born skeptic.

"How can I trust you?" I bluntly question. No need to be secretive.

"I didn't tell you to, dear." He snickers.

I veer my head to my back and mimic a gag. I think about slapping him clean-cut across the face with the 'star' in my back pocket – but he could potentially be a client, it may be detrimental.

"I requested you vandalize her."

"Mutilation and dismemberment are highly invigorating." I giggle, "I suppose so. I suppose we have a deal."

Then we proceed to examine possible plans.

We set out to meet at a willow tree grove near Granny's cottage the eve of our planned ravaging. We thought out, discussed, went over, and double checked our plan. We sought out to bring granny to her ultimate demise. Annihilation isn't necessarily in my job description, but I am now a hired assassin – and I don't dissappoint.

The moonlight looms through the branches of overhanging trees and over our bodies, illuminating silhouettes that surface a path for us to follow. We pace through the wood in silence, keeping a keen eye and ear out for any havoc that may cause our mission to go awry.

But nothing.

If I pay attention, I can almost hear the sickening laughter of children in the next town over. The town that is approximately 150-200 miles from here, give or take. But the buzz of the lightning bugs is charming, and the whisper of the fairies cowering behind their greenery feed into my confidence. The dangle of my equipment chatters in my ear, too, which only excites me more. And the cool breeze of the nymphs watering fountain wash over me in delight, so chilling, yet inviting. Lovely. Though it is taken back merely by Wendall's musky breath which wreaks strongly of cigars. You'd think he'd have the common sense to arrive odorless so we go by unnoticed.

Pft. This buffoon has some nerve. He could reveal our intentions. If I lacked common sense too, I'd ask him. As we start to approach the cottage, I signal for him to scurry to the rear of her house where he can keep his peepers on the old nag; where he can alert me if she wakes; while I trail the perimeter of her house to look for

any fellow lurkers.

I admit, this would have been easier without him here. He could make one mistake and this whole assignment could plummet and drown in the abyss of failure. Then certainly he will attempt my throat. I won't allow this. Suddenly an axemen blitzes toward Wendall. Rocking his knees to the filthy, dank, mud covered ground. Well done.

See, I planned this. I don't get tempted. I don't get persuaded. I don't partner up on anybody's terms other than my own. I spoke with the axeman, I arranged this. A triple double-cross at its finest.

"The Big Bad Wolf is down." I chuckle. "The Big Bad Wolf is bound." I sneer while my axemen ties him up, surely creating a ruckus. "Now it is time for my fun." A sly while a daunting smile crawls onto my face behind my scarlett mask.

The axemen forces the Big Bad Wolf back to our meet-up spot in chains and rope. In a traveling crate for abnormally large dogs. I mean he is a dog after all. The axemen forces him through the brushery, across town, and even through underground tunnels and sewer systems, he navigates upward north to my townhome, sneakily.

Originally my axemen wanted to torture him himself, but I declined. A few hits to his legs if he is disobedient, I told him previously when we devised our plan. But I want to laugh when he suffers. I want to taunt him when he is on his last ounce of blood. I want to feel his blood on the lines of my fingers. I want to smell the salt. I want the rich copper fragrance to scorch the follicles in my nose hairs and the delectable taste on my 'buds to dance, to linger on my tongue into the next morning.

He knows exactly what to do to ensure that I can. He knows what will happen if the thought of crossing me enters his mind. I'll breach your life— your brain— using my throwing stars and various knives faster than the thought overtook your mind. I will cement my every weapon into your measly, frail, and fragile ego. So don't you even imagine that I wouldn't ensure that you agonize in immortal cataclysm. Do not, by any means, dare let this collapse. Then I picked up his own axe and ease the dull blade through his meaty leg. Watching in awe as he breaks into tears, into sheer terror. Only to then sew his wounds again. I can undo them just as effortlessly that I wounded you.

So we have an agreement.

Meanwhile, I wait for grandmother to awaken and check her house, for her to possibly open her door. I just need her to be roaming about. I could leave her alone, leave her to her life of gambling and... such. But she may have witnessed me. So I intend to remove her head, and let her roam the town like a tongueless chicken.

I sprint up to her window when out of the corner of my eye, I see it open just a crack. So I creep through her

house. Down her hall. But I don't see her. I don't hear her. Maybe she passed.

After searching a bit more, I find her laying asleep in perfect serenity in her bed. Then I sneak my left hand into my tool belt and I grasp for my classic weapon of choice; a throwing star. I kneel down beside her. I glare at her cold, resting eyelids.

Suddenly there is movement on her side of the situation. Without hesitation, I lash at her with the 'star in my left hand. I drag the freshly sharpened blade vertically down her tendons. Carving them out of place while blood spews out at me. Oozing down the side of my nose. Dribbling down my mouth. Dripping down my jawline, down my chest. It splashes onto her flower-covered walls and onto the hardwood floor, then onto her cotton sheets. I lick the sides of my mouth and my lips, then proceed to maim her after placing her tendons to the side of me on her lemon-scented polished floors.

I stare into her open throat for a moment, you'd think I would be used to it, but man is human anatomy undeniably fascinating. Next, just to be sure, I remove her blanket, revealing her inner wrist where I could feel her pulse. I can't believe I've never killed anyone before. Especially not like this.

Next I reach behind me into my satchel and I grab my ribbons to tie around her wrinkly witch fingers so that way it restricts her blood flow. Her skin will peel back and her nerves will become senseless. Then I will grab my portable saw and slice through her brittle candy cane bones. But I don't have to stitch her fingers afterwards, this time! She's already dead!

I bare a large and exuberant grimace, baring my teeth as I skip merrily into her kitchen. I scour through her kitchen, through her freezer, through her cabinets in search of an ice dish. Nothing. How does this lady use ice if she doesn't have a tray. I think as I pat my hand around the top of her dusty, spider infested cabinets.

Aha!

I clutch the tray, bring it to her farm sink below her quaint window and I rinse it, fill it halfway with water, then carry it back to her bedroom. Upon arrival, I pat my gadget belt down for my needles for drawing blood and my handheld saw so I can continue to dismember her scrawny fingers. After removing her fingers from her body and placing them in the previously prepared tray I use needles and ribbon to guzzle the blood from her limbs. I decide to endure more damage on her body. Utterly for the thrill of it. I grab a wire hanger from her hanging wardrobe and place slits down her body in curvy motion so I can see her skin fold. It rings flawlessly like crunching velvet suede. Then I fry that same hanger on her four burner gas stove, so I can sear her skin.

The sizzle like hamburger meat is what really hounds at me, what really excites me. Suddenly all I want to do is massacre her. Massacre everyone. I finish up her torment by shearing her skin. A classic. And my favorite. I

start at her bare, open fingers. I slice her like cheese, watching flakes of her skin fling across the room in each and every direction. Onto her nightstand, onto my head and shoulders, and a large slimy sliver onto my face. I sling my hand up to my face to pry it from beneath my eye. It's shriveled and dry. Kind of like a parched orange peel. I wonder if... No, I couldn't... I examine her withered flesh, I give it a good whiff. Pungent. Then I place the chunk of raw flesh onto my tongue. I clench my teeth together, and swallow— slowly. Mm. Savory. Yearning more, I continue to maul her body until she looks like a skinned watermelon that got slain on the pavement.

Gruesome. I think, hovering over her horrifically mauled body.

“This was more fun than I had anticipated,” I grin. Although it would have been nice to watch her suffer. I shouldn't have slaughtered her without thought. “Nevertheless, I think this will be my first butchering of many.” I say sprinting back to her door, squishing in her puddles of blood. “My dear, Wendall,” I pause in my tracks, consuming a huff of the smoky, salt consumed, humid air. “It is your turn.”

And so Crimson kept her promise, she killed the Big Bad Wolf, and craving greater enjoyment, she even killed the axemen. Brutally, too. Both put under anaesthetics— conscious sedation. She wanted them to witness their demise, all while being defenseless. She drew their blood, carved them like pumpkins, and dismembered them like her previous victims. Only to be ground up and placed into tupperware jars. No longer was she parched, she was satisfied and hydrated. She was bloated, filled to the brim with blood and raw human flesh. From then on Crimson devoured each of her victims after savaging them. And Crimson, Crimson the Cannibal, lived happily ever after.

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