

Kids Murder Club 6

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Christmas season was approaching and though the breeze was chilly and the roads snowy, it didn't prevent three determined little demons from hanging out in their hideout/headquarters, an abandoned building site, too dark for even the goth kids to hang out at. Well, one Goth girl was there. 16-year-old Frederique was there, in her usual dark tones, wearing another repurposed Victorian-style dress, which she had cut about 10 inches shorter so that it ended about where her stripped high-thigh stockings begun. The tall teen's corset and dark lipstick never came off either. She was playing pat-a-cake with Annita, her 15-year-old manic and unpredictable blonde friend. Both girls were singing a little song as they clapped their hands in synch, standing next to a small bonfire:

“Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man

Bake me a baby as fast you can

Stab it and smash it and fill it with bleach

Put it in the oven along with a peach”

While Annita had an energetic, loud and joyful tone to her singing, Fred exerted the minimum effort on her lungs, saying the words with a dead, monotone voice. Meanwhile, Daniel the smallest and youngest of the group, at age 12, was scribbling down on his notebook, trying to calculate the mass it would take to crack an adult woman's skull fully open if dropped by a height of 15 feet. “Found it yet?” Annita came over after done playing with her scarecrow friend. “Hmm, I can't be quite sure” the small boy seemed perplexed. “If my math is correct, 30 kilograms impacting with max velocity at 190 km/hr with a force of about 392 Newtons, ought to be able to surpass the yield limit of an adult female human skull, but that's only for a round object, if it's angular it could be lower” he explained to his friends.

“Can we please kill someone? My family is all up in this Christmas celebration thingy and I'm getting reaaaally bored. I wanna break their cheery mood” Frederique changed the subject. “Yes, I was thinking this, too” Daniel replied, as if the girl had proposed to go bowling. “Yeeeeeyyy another murder!” Annita cheered. Despite the four of the five murder victims completely linked with the three kids in one way or another, the police had not gotten closer to solving any of the cases. So far, the Murder Club had gotten off scot-free with all their killings.

“Me and Fred will pick pencils, since Annita you had the last victim” Daniel announced in his naturally formal tone, referring to the blonde teen’s suffocated Latina babysitter. The junior highschooler bend over to pick one of two pencils the middle school boy held in his grasp.

“Cool, I win” Daniel said with a more “huh”, matter-of-factly response than any actual cheer. “Speaking of obnoxious Christmas celebrators, I already have someone in mind” he said to his two pals.

VICTIM NUMBER 6: AUNT SOFIA

Daniel’s 42-year-old aunt LOVED the Christmas Holidays. Even though she was a depressing, husbandless cat-lady (in Daniel’s kind words), the skinny, delicate woman with long, wavy auburn hair always exhibited an uplifting spirit, even if sometimes it was tainted with notes of melancholy. She had a soft spot for the Christmas season and decorated her place with a big tree and many many festive lights and little holiday knick-knacks.

The kind-faced woman had not done anything cruel or unjust to her nephew. On the contrary, she was very fond of her little nephew. Too fond of, in Daniel’s book. Whenever visiting, Aunt Sofia always gave him wayyy too long-lasting hugs (Daniel despised physical contact) and drowned the annoyed boy in kisses. She was a try-hard, a real black hole of toxic positivity, though to be fair most positivity appeared toxic to Daniel and his pals. His aunt’s vacant chatter at the dinner table was a thorn on Daniel’s sides. “I hear the weather will turn ugly tomorrow” or “I had to get my cat to the vet last week” or “How’s school been going, Daniel?” were some of the usual phrases that annoyed the young boy. Well, he wouldn’t have to hear them ever again.

Sofia hummed a cheerful song, while placing dry pet food on each of the five plastic bowls that were scattered around her living room floor. Five cats might sound much to someone, but the woman had a comfy 3-room apartment so they never seemed a lot. “And here’s some for you, Lily” she cooed to one of her cats who was simply waiting over her bowl. Sofia was always talking to her cats. It was about 9 PM and the woman was dressed in her cozy purple robe. Sofia sat on her sofa. She liked lazily browsing the TV movie, before hitting her double, empty bed at around 11.

It was quite relaxing, the flickering lights from the Christmas tree along with one coming from the large screen making a peaceful scene in the otherwise dark room. Not 10 minutes after she had sunken in her comfy sofa, the woman heard her “Ding-Dong” sounding doorbell. She frowned her brows, perplexed. Who could it be at such a late hour?

“Wh..who is it?” Sofia asked cautiously, with her face stuck against the inner side of the door. “Hi Aunt Sofia, it’s me, Daniel” the boy’s voice was heard from the other side. “Oh hi sweetie, and who are your friends?” the woman immediately let her guard down, opening to see two more smiling children standing alongside her nephew. “These are Fred and Annita, can we come in?” he said with an utterly artificial smile, which the kind-hearted woman’s radar missed. “Um, sure!” the woman recovered quickly from the confusing sight. “I got some candies if you guys want” the woman offered as the kids walked inside, cats walking by them left and right.

“It’s ok, aunt, we won’t be staying for too long” Daniel reassured her, looking up at the 5’9” tall woman. “Excuse my robe kids, I wasn’t expecting any visitMMMNNNGggg...” Sofia’s pleasantries were harshly interrupted by Frederique walking behind her, clamping her mouth shut with a black, leather-gloved hand and pressing the electrodes of a stun-gun against her neck. The electric shock caused the woman to drop deadweight on the carpeted floor, all but knocked out. “You’re right, it was already tiring” Annita said to Daniel, referring to Sofia’s yapping, as all three looked down at the paralyzed, barely conscious woman. Aunt Sofia strained to raise her head up at the children standing around her, mouthing god knows what. Probably some confused, shocked exclamation.

“Alright, get her to the bathroom” Daniel said and Annita with Frederique obliged, one picking up the limp woman’s ankles and the other her arms. Sofia let out the weakest, labored moans as the kids carried her over to the bathroom where they dropped her inside her porcelain claw-foot bath-tub, one of those tubs that aren’t built into the room’s walls. The electricity that had surged through the slim woman’s body kept it weak, the woman having little control over it. She could not even keep her own head upright, as it swayed from side to side against the white edge. Annita unzipped her schoolbag and took out a couple of rolls of white foamy tape, specially designed to be water-proof. She also took out a box-cutter.

“Clothes first” Daniel orchestrated the process, as through her heavy eyelids Sofia saw the three kids pull her robe from her body, revealing her plain, black satin negligee and black panties. Using the box-cutter, Annita made a straight slice across the center of the nightgown, opening it in half and giving sight to the 42-year-old woman’s B-cup titties and her rather flat (for her age) belly. Sofia had gotten the slightest bit of energy back to try and push the little blonde girl away, but Frederique easily grabbed each wrist and kept them over Sofia’s head, until Annita snipped the helpless woman’s underwear off. A curly, brown little bush was unveiled between the woman’s loins. Sofia was completely naked now.

“Wh...why are you...doing... this?” she said in a weak voice, as Frederique was ripping the foam-tape from its roll. “Because you’re boring as fuck” Frederique replied fully straight-faced, right before wrapping the tape over the woman’s mouth then around her head 3-4 times, covering the bottom half of her face. “MMNnggh!” Sofia whined, but could not remove her tape-gag, since Daniel and Annita were already securing her skinny wrists against either side of her bathtub, by pinning them with numerous strips of the white foamy tape. They made sure to secure the wrists so that they faced up towards the ceiling.

“MMnff!” the feistier-by-the-second aunt shook her head indignant, having recovered much of her strength, but Frederique had already moved to the other side of the tub and was now securing her ankles to the edge of the tub there, using a similar technique to strap the ankles down on the porcelain, so that only the woman’s pedicured feet were sticking out of the cute tub.

With the woman eyeing her nephew with pleading, as well as confused eyes, Daniel turned the faucet all the way on on, letting a big stream of hot water slowly fill the tub and cover his aunt’s naked body. “Why do we have to turn the water on? Couldn’t she just do it like this?” Annita asked, sharing Sofia’s confusion, though not her utter terror. “Most suicide victims do turn the water on, it’s a more comfortable way to die, I think” Daniel had an answer for everything. ‘Mnnffhhh?’ the boy’s gagged aunt let out an inquisitive, scared moan.

“Yeah, Aunt Sofia, you’re gonna commit suicide” Daniel confirmed her horrific suspicions with a deadpan look. “Think of it as putting you out of your misery” Daniel expressed his utter contempt for the innocent woman, who had really done nothing wrong, except grind her psychopathic nephew’s gears.. “MMn...hhh.hhhhhh...” the woman started pitifully whimpering in her gag, while weakly pulling at her secure, waterproof bondage. She did NOT want to die or commit suicide. No one appeared to ask her what she thought.

As the water’s surface was approaching the middle of the tub, one of the woman’s cats, a pretty fluffy grey one, meowed her way inside the bathroom. “AAAAaaaw, what a cutie!” Annita cooed at the pet, which appeared unaware of its owner’s dire peril. “I’m gonna name youuuu “Happy”! Cause you are nothing like this old lady we’re about to murder” Annita had a tendency of being painfully clear, picking up the pretty cat in her arms. “Better not take anything from the house” Daniel advised, as his aunt could only watch the exchange with the same worried gagged look. “I’m keeping her Daniel!” Annita responded annoyed. “Water’s ready” Fred said in her usual Goth, monotone voice.

“Ok” Daniel said, grabbing the box-cutter and sliding the sharp blade out of its pocket. Aunt Sofia’s eyes grew fully wide as she started again pulling on her wrist and ankle bonds, and hyperventilating

from fear. "You should embrace death, it really suits you" Frederique said like a wise advice, gently grabbing the older woman's face from behind her with both hands. "NNnn...NNNGGGHH... PLGGGHhHH!" the woman started screaming and shaking her head in utter panic, her tearful eyes stuck on the box-cutter that her nephew was holding and which was approaching her arm ominously. "The trick is to not slice across the arm, but alongside it, so that you slice all along the artery and the bleeding is much more severe" Daniel explained over his aunt's desperate moans. The naked woman was trying to pull her hands away from danger, but they were stuck by the tape onto the tub's porcelain. "MMMMMNNNGGG!" she screamed as the kid plunged the tip of the blade just under where her tape restraints were and slid it alongside about halfway up her forearm, immediately causing blood to flow out copiously. The hopeless bound woman kept writhing, as Fred had wrapped her arms gently around Sofia's neck in a close embrace, the Goth girl putting her head right up against the gagged aunt's cheek. "Look how much it is!" she referred to the amount of blood leaving the woman's arm with a rare excitement (for her) though offering little comfort to Sofia this arguably "difficult" time.

Meanwhile, Annita was simply watching, standing next to the tub with "Happy" in her arms. Daniel moved over to the woman's left arm, cutting it open just as he did previously. The water was already getting a red hue, as plenty of blood was mixing with it. Daniel's poor aunt could do nothing by struggle in her bathtub bondage as she was slowly being drained of her blood, creating a little storm of waves in the reddened water she was covered in.

"It will take a couple of minutes" Daniel informed, tossing the box-cutter inside the tub with a little splash. "MMNnnffgh!" the three kids just watched the woman's whimpering moans. They were no longer the terrified screams of before, but desperate cries at the face of an inevitable thing the bound and gagged woman still tried to avoid. The woman's gradually weakening moans along with the soft splashing of the tub's water filled the otherwise silence of the bathroom. Fred kept her arms tenderly wrapped around Sofia, guiding her through her final moments by stroking her hair and gently whispering weird and cryptic dark verses in her ear. Sofia's bare feet shifted meekly from side to side, perched upon the tub, in the only movement they had available in their bondage.

It was apparent from looking at the naked 42-year-old woman's face that her vision was becoming blurry and her eyelids appeared heavier. "Hmmm...hmmmm..." her breathing was getting labored, audible with each faint moan. With blood still flowing generously from both arms, her head shifted dazed from side to side, Frederique giving her a little peck on her temple, realizing she wouldn't feel anything else very soon. She had no fight left in her, no strength. Truly, a few seconds later, the woman stopped moving inside the tub, her eyes remaining open, her head slumped over to one side of the tub's edge. She was dead.

"She was even a bummer to kill, haha!" Annita joked as soon as the lady had croaked it. "Can you help with the tape?" Fred said as she and Daniel started unwrapping the tape that held the expired woman's wrists, ankles and mouth. The tape's soft material left no indication of any bondage on the woman's

body. They then propped the lifeless body in a normal position inside the tub, Sofia's jaw-slacked expression and dead-stare face resting sideways on the tub. Using some towels, they cleaned any water that had splashed out of the tub in the woman's struggles, as well as swiping the edges of the tub clean of any blood. To the first person that would find Miss Sofia, it'd appear as the woman decided to peacefully put an end to her life.

"Merry Christmas, auntie!" Daniel said in a mocking festive tone as the kids headed off the bathroom, Annita taking the woman's grey cat with her.