

Kids Murder Club 1-5

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Daniel gets up on a large plastic bucket. He liked to do that every time he was about to say something important. It also helped with his small stature. Two pairs of eyes were already locked on him. No one else is there, inside this old, rusty, dirt filled warehouse. There were no doors to breach through. It was their hideout, the special place where their twisted and dark thoughts weren't met with sighs, parent frenzy and talks of "puberty's difficulties".

"I hereby announce the first official meeting of the "Murder Club", he said in his young voice. He was only 12 years old, but he was smart, certainly the smartest of the group, a cynical nature, his short haircut giving him a kind of geeky look. Girly clapping followed this announcement.

In front of Daniel, sat two girls. The first had long, curly blonde hair and her large, excited smile showed off her braces. Annita was 15 and she was the more energetic, quirky and sadistic of the bunch.

Next to her, contrasting her colorful look, a goth girl by the name of Frederique, or "Fred" as the other two called her now - weirdly enough, she didn't mind. With dark hair, clothes and attitude, she was the oldest of the group, aged 16.

The boy continued. "We will now draw to see who gets to choose first", he said, and produced three pencils, all held in his right hand, so that only one side was visible. Both girls pulled their chosen pencil at the same time. Frederique's was the shortest. "Ok Fred, you win", Daniel concluded. "Who is the first victim?"

VICTIM NUMBER ONE: SUSAN WILLIAMS

Frederique always despised the popular girls in her school. Those with the fake personalities, who liked everyone on the surface, but never failed to talk shit behind their backs. The superficial, hot chicks who, at the end of the day, didn't care about anyone but their own "status". Susan was the worst, at least in Frederique's book.

Having dated the guy that Frederique had a crush on during the first year of high-school, might have played a part in her decision. She had the slim, but curvy body, and the full breasts that Frederique secretly wished she had. At 18 years of age, she was a catch and she knew it, taking very good care of her appearance, accentuated by her expensive, sexy outfits.

The kids waited for the right time, which didn't take long to come. Susan's parents would be out of town for the weekend. And she would have the house to herself.

It was late at night. The kids made their way towards the peaceful suburban home. Daniel had planned everything and brought everything they would need in a small bag. Annita, hidden in the bushes along the road, watched with her favorite binoculars the teenage-girl getting ready for bed, her silky nightgown already on.

They had to act fast, before the girl could turn the alarm system on.

Seeing Annita's phone-call (all cellphones had been set to vibrate), the two kids moved closer, climbing the fence behind the entrance. They knew there was a backdoor, leading to the kitchen. The goth girl, who had spent a lot of her private time practicing lock-picking, didn't take long to open the door. The victim's bedroom was located on the 1st floor of the two-store house.

As soon as Annita saw the two were inside the house - they signaled her - , with another phone-call to proceed to the next stage. Annita shined a flashlight on Susan's window, flicking it on and off. The girl was confused by the strange sight and went closer her to the window to see the source.

Before she could see anything, a pair of small hands grabbed her arms, pinning them to her sides. Before she could utter a scream, a chloroform soaked rag was pressed over her mouth and nose, another hand keeping the back of her head from turning away from the fumes. Shocked and panicked, the girl quickly inhaled the sedative, and was out in seconds.

It would look like a pretty convincing suicide. A sponge had been shoved in the girl's mouth and tied there with a scarf, gently placed over the victim's lips. No sign of a forceful gag would be ever visible. A pair of boxing gloves had been put on her arms, and the laces tied them tightly together behind her back, as to avoid any scars from struggling on her wrists.

While Annita and Daniel prepared the dark-brown haired girl and made the noose out of the Susan's bathrobe belt, Frederique was making the perfect suicide note. Susan's school notes had a pretty big vocabulary, big enough to construct a good suicide letter. Frederique photocopied each word, then cut and rearranged them in the order she wanted. Finally, she scanned her collage on Susan's scanner, before tracing her pen over the scanned version. In the end, it looked like the victim's genuine writing style.

The most convenient part was that Frederique had found out that Susan had recently been dumped by a college kid, and was very upset about it. Her letter paid much attention to that "heartbreak", something Frederique was more than proud of, after reading so many dark-romantic poems.

Finally, the restrained victim was coming to her senses. Daniel and Annita quickly lifted her onto her office chair and passed the noose, which was tied of the ceiling fan, around her neck, before sliding it snugly around it.

The girl was still dizzy, but now stood on her own two feet. She could not do much, but whine in her gag, her green eyes widening as she was slowly realizing the severity of her predicament. She tried moving, but any careless motion worked against her, threatening to ruin her fragile balance on the chair.

"Is everything set?" asked Daniel, in a casual tone. "Just one more thing", said Frederique. She approached the frightened girl, making her flinch. She steadied her boot on the chair, the only thing keeping Susan from hanging. Her victim was getting more and more anxious, her nose flaring from anticipating the worst. She was so damn scared! As Susan started frantically shaking her head, moaning and begging her not to do this, Frederique uttered: "this is for Ben, you stuck-up bitch!" and kicked the chair over.

The young girl hanged suspended in the air, her own neck keeping her from touching the floor, only a few inches away from her bare toes. The kids watched the girl squirm silently, the pressure on her neck, together with the sponge inside her mouth, muffling any gurgling attempts at breathing. Her pupils had already moved towards the top part of her eyes, as if already looking towards the heavens.

"Can i hold her feet?" asked Annita, enjoying the way the girl kicked her nude legs back and forth and in any possible direction. The way she was desperately stretching her red-painted toes downward, trying

with all her strength to reach the floor, made Annita think of ballet dancers. "Ok, as long as you don't leave any marks", agreed Daniel. The hanging girl, whose face had turned purple by now, was still reaching her feet anywhere she might find some support. There was nothing around to alleviate the strangulating pressure of her bathrobe on her throat.

"Her bed and her office are so far away, i don't know why she bothers", the blonde girl chuckled, and held the dying girl's ankles, securely in her hands. Daniel and Fred sat on the girl's bed, bored of standing around, waiting for her to croak.

After 3 or 4 minutes, it was obvious their first victim didn't have much time left, her strength slowly leaving her. After a few "last minute" muscle spasms, she dangled lifeless by the ceiling, swaying only by the push of her last spasm. "Ok, we gotta go, untie and ungag her, but don't touch anything else", advised young Daniel, putting a chair next to Susan's to reach her. He stopped to avoid the urine, wetting the girl's nightgown, panties and carpet, and dribbling down her limp, nude legs.

THE END

It's 2:00 in the afternoon. A strong wind picks up dust, outside the old warehouse, broken glass windows, a half-opened sliding door. Their parents didn't expect them home until 3:00. Daniel writes on a piece of paper, with a rather small pencil, something that looks like a list. Frederique is sitting on a steel barrel, drawing macabre pictures on her sketchbook, half-listening to a story Annita lively narrates. "I think i've got the plan ready", Daniel finally exclaims.

VICTIM NUMBER TWO: MISS DATOME

Daniel was always a good student. Studying wasn't a big deal for him, nor did the subjects pose a real test. It was with authority figures, like his teacher, Miss Datome he had problems with. She taught history in his 7th grade class. The way she often disciplined him, with an arrogant look of self-importance, rubbed the boy the wrong way.

His defiance over her also reflected on his bad grades on her subject, regardless of test results. She was the kind of teacher that boys tend to love, at least in one way, because of the 35-year-old Italian's, curvy physique, clear through the buttoned shirts and knee-high skirts she wore every day. Her bosom alone made kids lose their focus during classes, but Daniel hated her uptight attitude. She had to go.

Luckily for them, there wasn't a need for a note, this time. The boy had noticed the antidepressant and painkiller pills she usually gulped down during recess. All it would take was to administer an overdose. And Daniel knew the way to do it.

The final bell rung. A sea of students flooded the corridors, joyfully discussing the weekend's activities. It was Friday, and that meant that Miss Datome, as the school's registrar, had to stay longer to finish some paperwork. Daniel knocked at the office door. "Come in", she heard the soon to be victim. "Miss Datome, i wanted to ask you about my grade in the last test". The teacher sighed. "Daniel, you know i'm not going to up your grade, so just move along, i'm busy", the woman dismissed him.

The door opened again, and two girls entered. They closed the office's blinds and approached her, each holding a pocket knife. "What are you two doing here? What are those knives for?" The woman got up from the chair and moved towards them. "I should expel you right here and now for carrying those, so...Aaah", she fell to the ground with a thud. Daniel's Taser had work swell.

The woman twitched on the floor, still paralyzed from the electric shock. The girls got to work quickly, taping her hands behind her back, her ankles together then shutting up her incoherent groans with the tape. "It is soft, surgical tape, so it won't leave any marks", Daniel explained. They positioned their

captive on her office chair, and connected her legs on the chair's base with tape, then wrapping it around her chest and the chair's back, to make sure she wouldn't go anywhere. Miss Datome had regained her strength at this point, and was furious at them, screaming through the tape and stomping her legs. They would get in SOOOOO much trouble when she got free.

Annita locked the door after checking outside to make sure the field was clear. Frederique searched through the teacher's handbag, where she found the pills, vital for the kids' plan. She handed them over to Daniel. They were about forty pills inside a small, plastic bottle. They were more than enough to kill an adult human. "Ok, steady her head", he said to the girls, who obeyed happily. At that moment, the bound woman realized that this was far worse than a mean joke. She jerked on her bonds, the girls holding her head next to the open bottle, that Daniel had brought near her face.

Just then, a knock on the door startled them. "Cleaning!" they heard an older woman's voice. Annita immediately placed her blade's razor across the victim's neck and whispered in her ear: "Tell her your busy or i'll slit your fucking throat", she said, removing the tape-gag from her mouth. "I'm busy right now!" uttered the woman as confident as someone who is ready to piss their pants in terror would do. "Tell her to come back in a couple of hours", commanded the little girl again, and her captive obeyed, with a clearer voice this time. "Ok Miss Datome, have a nice weekend", said the cleaning lady and left.

The kids continued with their plan, the busty teacher now teary-eyed at her misfortune. "Please...kids, don't do this, you're so young,...i beg you..." she softly begged them. She was no longer that same person that ruled everyone in the classroom, that attitude was long gone. Daniel kept his cold stare, and simply said "open your mouth" bringing the bottle to her lips. She tried to shift her face away from it, moaning negatively "m-m...m-m" like a baby that didn't like its meal.

Annita knew what to do, and pinched the woman's nose shut, cutting her air supply. She was now doomed; only biting time struggling, before her air would run out and she would open her mouth to inhale. As soon as she did, Daniel threw a large chunk of the bottle's contents inside her mouth, before taping it shut. They weren't done yet, though, as the teacher refused to swallow, resuming her futile struggles. "She doesn't quit, does she?" joked Frederique. Annita held the woman's head upwards, holding her nose shut, while Daniel teased her throat reflexes by massaging her neck. "We did this with our dog, so she'd swallow her medicine" explained Daniel.

The woman was struggling and moaning, fighting to keep the pills from going down. Gravity worked against her, making her produce muffled choking sounds. Bored by the endless procedure, Fred roughly squeezed the woman's nipple.

GULP

Finally the sound they were after, was heard. The unexpected intense pain had caused the woman to instinctively swallow most of the antidepressant pills.

"Finally, fucking bitch took ages!" sighed Annita, letting go of the woman's hair. "How long till she kicks it?" asks Fred. "About 30 to 40 minutes, i think" said Daniel. "Good think I brought my sketchbook" the goth-girl replied.

The kids sat around their bound and gagged victim, Daniel chatting with Fred about the lethal dosage of various drugs, while Annita was straddling Miss Datome's lap, poking her face with her fingers and teasing her. At first, the woman had the spark to protest and try to call for help, in the hopes that someone might listen to her muffled screams. As the minutes progressed, she got weaker and begun pleading with her captors for mercy, even though they didn't even return her looks, well, except for Annita, who casually asked her gagged victim what she thought death would feel like.

After 45 minutes, she was almost out of it, her head shifting from side to side, a light moan escaping once in a while. Annita had been bored with her. Daniel was playing with his 3DS. Fred was drawing. Finally, she closed her eyes and laid there, still, bound in her chair, her heart given out. Daniel places his finger on the side of her neck, and casually announced:

"No pulse, she's dead". The kids removed the tape from their victim and placed her head on the desk, next to the empty bottle of drugs. The teacher's body was discovered by a shocked cleaning lady, two hours after she had knocked.

THE END

Daniel and Frederique were hanging around in the old warehouse, as usual. She was reading him a poem of hers, one of the many ones, when Annita stormed in. "I'LL KILL THE FUCKING BITCH, I SWEAR I'LL KILL HER!" Both the kids' heads turned.

"I want her dead soooo bad" the girl kept going on and on. "I want her to suffer!" she was breathing heavily from excitement and anger. "Finally" Fred commented with the same low, monotone voice. It had been weeks since it was Annita's turn, and she could not make up her mind about who would 'get the axe' next.

VICTIM NUMBER THREE: COUSIN STACY

Killing one of Annita's cousins wouldn't take so much work, but Annita wanted it done a certain way. 15-year-old Annita always had a heated relationship with her older, 20-year-old cousin, even when Stacy went off to college. The girl was very pretty and she knew it, with long, wavy brown hair and a slim physique that made all the college boys drool over her. Still, Annita knew Stacy had a crush on a specific jock, a guy from the football team named George Stanley.

So, preparations began 10 days before the actual day of the murder. No one was happy about it, but Daniel said it had to be done. When they had everything set up, it was got to set the trap. The oldest and only able to 'pass' as a college student, Frederique had sneaked into one of Stacy's classes and during a recess, slipped in a note in the front pocket (Stacy would surely search there).

The note simply read:

I'VE SEEN HOW YOU LOOK AT ME, I LIKE YOU, TOO. MEET ME IN THE OLD WAREHOUSE, AT 9.P.M. GEORGE S. XXX

Stacy never stopped talking about this George guy, at Annita's family gatherings. It was an invitation she would not decline.

When they were all done with their family dinner and supposedly retrieved to their rooms for the night, all three kids run off to their favorite place, and waited for Stacy to arrive. The 5'6" college girl entered

with a nervous smile on her face. The time was 8:52 P.M. She was wearing a cute jean skirt, sneakers and a colorful top, all prettied up to meet her crush. Her heart was pounding with excitement.

"G...George?..." she waited for an answer, but no one replied. The next moment, the girl felt a rag, violently pressed over her mouth and nose. "MMMNNGGFFF!" she tried calling out for help. As she tried to pull away she saw a boy and then her cousin Annita (!) rush to her and grab her securely, one by each flailing hand. "MMNN?!?!?" both in shock and confusion the sight of her family member, Stacy flailed her (nicely shaven to show off) legs wildly in the air, screaming into the soaked rag, which muffled most of her noise.

"Jesus, go down already!" Frederique groaned, overpowering the ambushed, shorter girl. Stacey sure had some fight in her. But as much as she thrashed and struggled, the girl gradually became weaker and weaker until she fell unconscious into Fred's arms.

When Stacy opened her eyes, she saw a clear night sky, peaceful. Even the moonlight was dim. Tilting her eyes, she could make out the underside of the face of an older girl with heavy makeup and dark lips, looking straight ahead.

The unknown girl, appearing around her age, was holding Stacy under her arms, which were forced behind her back by rope, binding her wrists. Stacey then moved her head over the shoulders of the girl carrying her. She saw Annita, who she immediately recognized. Her blonde, braces-wearing little cousin was carrying her bound legs by the ankles, which were also tied up with rope. More rope looped around the girl's dainty, exposed knees.

The gang, plus one, moved along what looked like a recently made road. Daniel was leading the way, holding a big flash-light and pulling something heavy along. Everything was heavy for the little boy. The asphalt smelled fresh, with a dark color and the little rocks glistening with the faintest light. On either side of it, where empty fields, not a house for over a mile. They were at the outskirts of the city. No one in sight, no apparent destination either. Regardless, their victim didn't like where they were going.

The college girl flailed aimlessly, suspended in the air by Frederique and Annita's tribe-like end-on-end grasp, but she could only squirm like a worm already hooked on the bait. The victim tried to protest her freedom, but the duct tape placed over her mouth, prevented her from making a case. "How much more do we have to walk? She's tiring my back with all her twitching" complained Frederique. "Not much" Daniel reassured her.

After 5 more minutes of Stacy's annoying struggles, the group stopped. The asphalt had actually stopped a few hundred yards behind their path. Stacy was placed down on the dirt with a painful thud; her groan did not elicit any sympathy. Another piece of rope was fastened to her bound wrists, connecting them to her roped ankles before it was harshly pulled, forcing the little girl into a strict hogtie, with her legs fully folded and her arms taut.

There was a sign that read "**CONSTRUCTION SIGHT**". This part of the road would be paved tomorrow. Daniel walked near a tiny hill of dirt and pulled a dirty cover that was laid down, revealing a large hole. The kids had been digging for hours each day after school to finish this. It was a 5-foot deep, 3-foot long, 2 feet wide hole that was destined to be Stacy's final resting place.

At the sight of it, the hogtied, gagged girl started screaming, figuring out what this all meant. "MMMMMM... MMMMMM...MMMMMMM!!!!" she eyed the kids around her, but mostly her cousin, Annita. Why was she doing this to her?

"Shut up or i'll chloroform you again, and that will be the last sound you make!" Annita threatened her. The 20-year-old's screams were immediately dialed back to soft, muffled whimpering, as the kids pulled out the shovels that had been left inside the hole.

"Wait" said Fred. "What?" the other two enquired. "We should take her panties, too" said the Goth girl. "It'll help me frame George easier, than by just planting the letter on him".

Daniel thought about it for a couple of seconds, then agreed. After momentarily untying her ankles and knees, they pulled a tape-gagged, groaning Stacy's jean-skirt up, and Frederique with a smooth pull from either side of her hips, removed the girl's pink panties, which had a small, red bow at the front. The girl had renewed her frenzied struggling after the sliver of freedom given to her, which was unceremoniously taken back, as Daniel and Fred retied the helpless girl back into her ruthless hogtie.

Daniel then produced the heavy oxygen tank that he was carrying all this time. He had stolen it from his dementia-ill grandmother. "It's fine, she's got another one" was his plain excuse.

It had a mask attached to it, which he brought in front of the girl's face. Stacey's shook her head in intense objection, trying to thwart any part of her abductors/killers' plan. Daniel had no problem fastening it over Stacy's face, before turning the valve on. The girl's tears returned, along with her pitiful, muffled pleading. Weirdly enough, she didn't want to be buried alive.

"This should last about 2 to 3 hours, depending on hyperventilation" Daniel explained. "Good" Annita nodded, appearing satisfied with the level of prolonged suffering her cousin would experience.

It was time. All three kids lifted up their victim in their arms, the urgency of her impending burial, making her renew her struggling efforts, but to no avail. "Watch out for the flailing knees, she might bust your nose" Daniel warned as the three kids placed their bound victim over the rectangular hole, then kind of let her drop into it with another, careless thud.

Stacy was a bit dizzy from the drop, but she had no time for that. She was looking up at all three of her captors looking down at her, her field of vision now much narrower than at first. She shook her head and moaned in protest, as the first wave of dirt fell on her body, soon followed by another, her muffled screeching not warming any of the kids' heart.

"Who's rolling their eyes now, Stacy, huuuh??!" Annita yelled, pouring the most amount of dirt that had already half-covered the girl.

"What did she do, anyway?" asked Daniel, not to stop part-taking in this murder, but out of curiosity. "She looked at me funny, like she was disgusted by me, and then she ROLLED HER FUCKING EYES AT ME!" Annita shoveled dirt faster.

"That's it?" Frederique said with a puzzled chuckle that embodied the phrase "what the fuck? lol"

"Well...yeah" Annita replied casually and they all continued shoveling. A simple sneer during Stacy's last visit at something cringey the young teen did was all it took for Annita to want her dead.

Unable to kick off any dirt, her hogtie keeping her helplessly immobile, the girl could not hold off the onslaught of dirt coming her way and was soon covered completely by the dirt, only slight movements of it, betraying that there was a living person underneath.

But with more piling on top, that faintest sign of life faded as well. The kids kept on shoveling dirt of the girl's makeshift grave. The hole needed to be completely filled. Stacy was in for a long, nightmarish death, her desperate moans still audible throughout the process of her burial.

Finally, after about 20 minutes, the hole was completely filled, virtually indistinguishable from its flat surroundings. The young victim's pitiful, fearful moans could still be faintly heard 5 feet under, despite the soundproofing abilities of the dirt.

Wanting a breather, the kids sat around Stacy Peterson's makeshift grave, chatting and discussing other creative ways of murder. After 30 or so minutes, they simply got up and left. Stacey still had a solid couple of hours to ponder the actions that lead to her horrible, claustrophobic death.

The next day, the construction didn't pay any attention to the particular spot, asphalt was paved on it, and any chances of Stacy's body being discovered, were eliminated.

THE END

The gang is hanging out in their usual spot. About three months have passed since the latest killing, and all has gone well, for the three friends, that is. Their victims, on the other hand, had suffered three terrible, terrible deaths, in the hands of these ruthless children. Daniel had advised that a small break was necessary, for the heat to cool off, and the small town they lived in to return to normalcy. As a result, the after-school meetings consisted of little more than of Frederique's macabre poetry, Daniel's trivia vomit, and Annita's innocent child-games. And of course, a lot, but a lot of discussions over who, how, and why, deserved to die.

All this was history. Today, as Daniel prepared the same old pencil trick, as he had the first time, Annita could not contain herself with excitement, shaking from head to toe, while Frederique, the expressionless Goth, sported a restrained smile, something rarer than a full eclipse.

"It's time for another murder round" announced Daniel, adding some flair to his presentation. As the two teenage girls pulled their respective pencils simultaneously, Annita screeched from joy, causing both the other kids to clasp their hands over their ears. The little ball of energy that was Annita, had won the raffle. She had a wide smile that fully showed her braces. She would get to kill someone for the second time in a row.

VICTIM NUMBER FOUR: ADRIANNA PENNERO

The blonde girl had decided that she wanted to snuff the woman that babysat her for 2 and a half years as a little kid. The cute, then-college girl of Mexican origins, was babysitting 6 year old Annita, while her parents were away for business, or out on an intimate night. She wasn't an irresponsible or abusing babysitter per se, but always did the bare minimum, regarding the child she took care of, usually forcing little Annita to stay at the living room, where she could keep an eye on her, while she mindlessly flicked through the T.V. She never let her eat any candy, or stay up later than usual, something that drove her furious.

Their time together was one of absolute boredom. Adrianna didn't care that much about children; the 21 year was just trying to earn some easy beer money for herself. Annita despised her ever since. It was time for her to repay the grudge.

Now at 31, the beautiful Juanita had settled down, and had a 1 year old baby with her husband. After some searching from Daniel and Frederique on social media and public info, they tracked down the dark haired Latina, and found her residence, an apartment place, located at the big city, 40 minutes away by bus.

The kids would have to skip the last two classes of the day, in order to make it in time back to their homes, without raising any suspicions. It wasn't the first time anyone had done this, so it was a piece of cake, for them to meet at the bus stop at around 12:00. Frederique posed as Daniel's older sister, in order to get him a ticket. On the way there, Daniel whispered the plan for one last time.

Annita was standing alone outside the door of the apartment. The nametag on the bell "Juarez-Penner", a further proof they were at the right place. Frederique and Daniel were standing at the end of the long hall, there had to be at least 8 apartments in each level. "Come on Annita, keep it together!" yelled-whispered the goth-girl, her friend unable to contain her enthusiasm, all jittery from the prospect of taking her former babysitter's life. The blonde girl finally composed herself, took a deep breath, and pressed her finger on the bell, causing a fake, bird-chipping sound. The two kids watched, far outside the field of vision.

An attractive Mexican woman opened the door, holding her baby boy with one arm. She was wearing a simple yellow top and sexy, slim fitting jeans which she had worn to go grocery shopping. "Hi...can i...help you?" the woman hesitated at first.

"Really? I didn't grow up so fast, Adrianna", replied Annita with a smirk. "...Annita, is that...you?" she remembered the aged kid, from so many years ago. Adrianna waved the girl inside, unaware of her sinister intentions. She placed 2 year old Michael on his baby-chair, and chit-chatted for a brief moment with Annita. "I would love a cup of tea!" Annita replied with a smile to the woman's offer. As Adrianna made her way to the kitchen, Annita silently opened her front door, where Daniel and Frederique waited outside. Once all three children were inside the house, Annita approached the woman's baby, and picked him up in her arms.

"It should be ready in..." Adrianna's words were cut short, at the shocking sight in front of her eyes. Annita was holding her only child, a very sharp blade inches away from the baby's neck. The baby looked confused and uneasy, not so much from the life-threatening weapon, as much as the stranger holding him. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ANNITA?!" the woman's terrified question wasn't answered, before another, regarding the two new, strange kids inside her apartment, rose. Both a young, short boy and a taller girl were looking at her blankly, with latex white gloves over their hands to avoid leaving fingerprints.

"Do as they say and your baby will be safe", said the small blonde girl with fire in her eyes. She loved how much she controlled the woman at that moment. A few threats from the angry mother were soon followed by teary-eyed pleas to let her child go, but Adrianna's predicament was simple and inescapable. With Annita holding a knife to her baby, at a safe distance from her, the woman had no choice but to comply.

Daniel and Fred got to work, ordering the woman to sit on a wooden, antique-type chair, which would work great for what Annita had in mind. They rolled multiple coils of duct tape around each wrists and forearm, so that her arms were pinned on the delicate arm-rests. Her mouth was gagged with more tape that was tightly wound around her head three times. Her full breasts were now heaving up and down with her worried breathing that often translated into faint, pitiful moans.

Finally, the two kids tightly restrained each ankle, strapping it tightly against the bottom of the chair's front legs, then more around the top of Adrianna's calves, right under where the chair's legs met the seat. The young woman watched the children work on her bondage with eyes that conveyed a mix of shock, fear and disbelief, occasionally trying out a defiant pull or a jerk, with no result. The baby was now crying, throughout its mother's binding, sensing that things weren't how they should be. Annita tried to soothe the baby by rocking it in her arms.

It was clearly stated to her, that any scream or call for help would result in the death of her child, so all the 31 year old MILF could do was quietly sob and whimper, pleading at them with her eyes, more than with her useless words.

About 10 rather idle minutes have passed. A creepily calm atmosphere was now present in the room. The oldest member of the club, Frederique had taken Adrianna's baby in her arms, her touch weirdly comforting him and stopping his crying. The mother herself had tired herself from her pointless struggling, and was nervously waiting, bound in the chair, her eyes fixed on the tall Goth-girl holding her child and playing peek-a-boo with him. Daniel, along with Annita, had gone to the kitchen to retrieve the tea that was now ready. The kids were running ahead of schedule, so time was not much of an issue. The room's silence was broken when they returned to the living room, holding three cups of hot tea.

"Did you pack the cling film?" asked Annita, sipping from her cup. "Yes...you asked me like 5 times, already!" answered a fed up Daniel. "Clear, nylon wrap", confirmed Annita again, with the boy giving a reassuring, tired nod.

After enjoying their tea, the kids were ready to move on. Annita approached her chair-ridden babysitter and straddled her, seating on the Latina's lap, facing her with each of her skinny legs on either side of Adrianna's torso. The bound woman looked at her with wide, worried eyes, nervously shifting her body in her bonds again. She couldn't move her arms or legs at all, so that was pretty much her doom.

"Nice and comfy!" said the girl with a braces-full smile. "Knife, please", she opened her palm towards Frederique, who handed her the blade. Adrianna started moaning loudly and struggling harder, thinking

that her throat was about to get sliced. "Don't move your face now, silly, or you'll get slashed!" Annita told the woman in a cheerful, advising tone rather than a threatening one, as she placed her hands on her head and removed the tape that sealed her lips. As soon as the MILF's lips were free, Annita had the blade against her neck, to stop an incoming scream.

"Please, why are you doing this, Annita? What have i done to you? Didn't we have a good time, together?" The mother tried to reason with the 15 year old girl. "I don't remember having such a good time, Adrianna", replied the girl, in a casual, inquisitive tone. "As a matter of fact, i remember being very bored around your company..." she continued, taking out the nylon wrap roll and beginning to unravel it.

Before the woman could utter another attempt at negotiating, the kid swiftly placed the clear plastic wrap over her former caretaker's face and started winding it around her head. "No...NOOO" was all Miss Pennero got to utter before the cling film smothered her nose and agape mouth. Daniel approached to help Annita with the "wrapping" job, pulling the wrap tightly around the woman's face and sealing it around her neck and over her head, so that no air could find its way inside.

The woman produced a shrieking, albeit muffled noise, the result of unsuccessfully trying to inhale air. The plastic fabric was making a perfect seal over her open mouth and nose, its clear nature presenting all of her panic and terror and agony in all their glory. Daniel and Annita were satisfied after about 8 or 9 wraps of the cling film, leaving it do its thing. Adrianna let out these unearthly groans that come when you air has no way to go. She shook her head maniacally, but despite her efforts, was unable to dislodge the suffocating plastic prison. Wherever she "turned", it was there. Her hands grasped at nothing, secured on the armrests, her legs tried to kick, but were pinned down. Annita only felt a few light bounces on her human seat, as her babysitter's fight for life caused her to jerk her torso all over her seat.

All the while throughout the woman's dying last moments, Frederique held her little boy in her arms, cradling him up and down and side to side, as Daniel was now searching his bag for a moderately large hammer, useful for the next part of the plan.

Adrianna pointlessly flailed in place, her bonds granting her only minimal movement, and certainly not posing any threat for Annita's plans. Her moans were getting all the more desperate, but also more exasperated by the obvious lack of oxygen. "See, I told you they make the weirdest sound when they die like this..." Annita turned to her two friends. She had the best sit in the house for this murder. She cradled the dying woman's face between her arms, looking through eyes full of terror through the clear

plastic. Adrianna had no energy left for shrieks and screams, only the occasional death-rattle moan that dared to defy her end.

Her motions became weaker and weaker, with every passing second; Annita did not have to hold on this bull rodeo anymore. Her beautiful chest was bouncing up and down, her lungs burning for air.

After a few more seconds, she stopped struggling her body slouched forward, her head dangling on the side of the chair with eyes frozen in terror, her mouth hanging open, starved dry of air.

"Keep the wrap on, just to be sure she doesn't wake up. Sometimes they simply pass out", informed Daniel, and Annita obliged.

The trio got to the last part of Daniel's plan, trashing Adrianna's household. The hammer made things easier for him, not that the two girls had any trouble smashing down furniture, or breaking stuff. It had to look like a robbery, had took place. That part of the city was already infamous for each gang violence and criminal activity. The kids took a big stash of jewellery from the couple's bedroom's cupboard, along with some cash they found on the drawers. The girls didn't like any of the accessories, despite the fact some of them were gold or silver. They would just trash it in a bin once they were at a safe distance, along with the money.

Next, Frederique got a big, beer bottle, he found in the woman's fridge, and approached the dead woman, still lifeless in her chair. The kids pulled down the dead woman's slim jeans and her thong panties, just enough to reveal her nether regions, as with her legs bound spread they pull them down to her knees. It wasn't necessary. Fred simply jammed the glass object violently inside the woman's vagina. Daniel thought it would be better if the murder had a sexual connotation to it. It made more sense that the group of thieves raped the helpless mother, instead of just killing for no apparent reason. The necropsy would show the signs of penetration.

As the two younger kids held each of the woman's - already unresponsive - legs spread, for the goth chick to penetrate her, Annita whined. "Wait, why didn't we do this earlier when she was alive?" "Because it's easier", explained Daniel. He was right. A struggling rape victim would take more of their time than a passive one.

After a good three minutes of pounding with both hands, to the point where she drew blood out of their speechless victim, Frederique called it quits, and the gang packed things up and prepare to leave, baby Michael tucked in in his crib. His mother was left duct-taped to her chair, with her pants slid down her thighs and the cling film encasing her face.

THE END

As the attention of the murders around the kids' cycle rose, so would suspicions. The Club voted for the next victim to be a random person, unattached to any of the three members. It didn't take long for them to a cute girl, a casually dressed 23 year old brunette, for their target. Frederique had checked Alyssa out in the supermarket, wearing skinny jeans and a cute tank top. She carefully followed her route home, which was in the suburbs. After lying to their parents about a sleepover at a friend's house, they were ready. Daniel, Fred and Annita would have the whole weekend ahead of them, to play with their new toy.

VICTIM NUMBER 5: ALYSSA TREVOR

Alyssa was a normal girl, by many accounts, she worked as a waitress at a nearby bar, something her looks might have helped with, but she wasn't a dump bimbo by a long-shot. She had a degree in economics, and was looking for the right time to pursue her desired profession. Until then, she had the privilege of staying in her own comfortable single-story house, left to her by her grandpa.

She didn't expect anyone Saturday morning, relaxing at home in front of the T.V, off work. The doorbell sound was met with a raised eyebrow. "Good morning, would you like to buy some scout-cookies?" a cute blonde girl with braces on her big smile, was at the door step. "Ummmmm", Alyssa politely was taken aback. "Sure, i'll buy a box", the girl replied, thinking that she heard the kitchen door slam shut. "It's 5 dollars for these ones, 7 for those with the chocolate chips", Annita talked over the sound, which eventually was ignored by Alyssa.

As she dug inside her wallet, Alyssa suddenly felt a hand smother her face from behind her, and something sharp across her neck. "Stay still, bitch, or i'll start poking holes", she heard Frederique whisper in her ear. She couldn't yet see the woman that held her at knife-point, only feel the blade against her soft flesh. With her mouth hand-gagged, nervously breathing from the nose on Fred's hand, she saw another kid, a boy this time, that was already working with the so-called "girl-scout", running coils of tape around her jeans, at the ankles, and then again around her knees. The goth girl held the group's captive firmly with both hands, as they finished wrapping her wrists behind her back, running some more tape around her torso and arms, before finally addressing the scared woman.

"Open your mouth, but don't make any sound", said Daniel to her. She wanted to scream as loud as her lungs held, but Fred was pressing the blade so far towards her neck, she had already drawn some blood. The kids took out a big chunk of cotton pads, almost larger than what their palms could hold, and shoved them in Alyssa's open mouth, eliciting a whiny, pleading response from the girl, that sounded like "please, don't gag me", which ironically, was not very distinguishable. The duct tape was winded three times around her head, effectively sealing the cotton in.

First thing they did, after tossing their wrapped up plaything on the couch, was close of all the blinds, as the house was at ground-level, and any random passer-by could see through them, across the small front porch. "Ffff, this uniform is so hot", Annita complained while removing her decoy outfit. Alyssa on the other hand, had regained some of her courage and strength, twisting and turning on the sofa, trying pointlessly to break free from her bonds. Her angry moans went unanswered, with so much padding stuffed in her mouth the kids didn't need to worry much.

The kids made themselves comfortable in Alyssa's place; after all, they would be here for a while. They ate all of the fake girl-scout cookies, Annita had actually bought from a convenience store, nearby. Daniel occasionally checked their captive's bonds for any circulation problems, or any tears at the tape, but he found none. After switching through the T.V channels for about an hour, they got bored, and started getting interested in their lovely victim.

"You know what i've heard is terrifying? Waterboarding", Annita answered before the two other's had a chance to guess. "Isn't that where you smother a prisoner with water, so they feel like they're drowning?" enquired Frederique. "That's correct", said Daniel, a usual know-it-all. Alyssa was staring at them with wide eyes, in pure disbelief. They hadn't stolen anything, or asked her for anything else. Why would they just torture her for no reason? She couldn't come up with an answer.

Annita returned from the bathroom with two towels, and put them under the kitchen sink, until they were drenched well. The kids sat side by side on the couch, with their helpless victim on their laps, Fred holding her feet, Daniel her thighs, while Annita had Alyssa's face, cradled on her lap. "I'll count to three, and you take a deep breath, ok?" the little girl hunched over the bound woman. She responded by struggling and protesting. She didn't want to play the game they had in mind. Luckily, the kids were ahead of that, and held her down securely. After tiring out, Annita asked her captive again. "Now, that you're paying more attention. Three counts and breath in, ok?"

The poor woman was half-sobbing already, but replied with the slightest nod, acknowledging defeat. "Ok...one...", before she even reach "two", Annita pressed the soaked towel, hands on either side, over Alyssa's face. "You went on two", Daniel noted, confused. "Hehehe, it's more fun when they are not prepared", Annita laughed at her trickery. Alyssa of course, had breathed in almost nothing and she was having a very rough time, within seconds, the water on the towel, blocking all airways to her nose, but also, dripping down through her nostrils, effectively drowning her.

With her hands tied behind her back, her fused legs and her head firmly held still by hands, the woman jerked frantically for a few more seconds, producing no sound, until Annita finally removed the wet cloth. Alyssa's nose flared at the precious intake of oxygen, still in shock from the experience. She looked up at her torturers with wide, panicked eyes. "Ready for one more round?" asked Annita without wasting time, and brought the towel again over the girl's face right as she screamed for mercy.

The kids "played" like that for a good half-hour, taking turns suffocating the pretty brunette, who could only moan pathetically, hoping this hell would end. There were times, where she couldn't even do that, only succumb to the horrifying experience, too focused on staying alive.

It was getting dark so the kids thought it was time to eat something. They all craved pizza, so they ordered - from a place far enough to not know who lived at this house, not before stashing their bound captive inside her bedroom closet, and baring it shut with a coat-hanger. They didn't want the delivery guy to see her in that state. "Should we feed her something?" asked Frederique, as she slurped her double-pepperoni slice. "What for? She only has till tomorrow!" said Annita. "It's not nice..." commented Daniel.

Besides, she won't have the energy to be fun, without food. They opened the closet to find Alyssa, as they had left her, bound and gagged. In complete darkness, she had been feeling the place around for anything sharp, to cut her bonds with, but as was obvious, that she hadn't made much progress. They brought her to kitchen, and promised to feed her if she didn't scream, and that if she did, they would gag her and leave her starving for the night.

The frightened girl was indeed hungry, so she obeyed. Daniel fed her with his hand, as her wrists remained bound behind her back. "What are you going to do to me?" Alyssa asked after the first bite, with a trembling voice. "Don't stress about that too much, just take it step by step", Daniel falsely reassured her, handing her another bite, followed by a sip of water. After a while, the girl returned to the pressing matter. "Please let me go...i have a box with over 1000 dollars, on my bottom drawer. Take it, and whatever you want. I won't snitch on you", the girl begged them, thinking her offer was good enough.

"We don't want your money", Frederique replied. "THEN WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS! PLEASE...LET ME GO!" Alyssa's tone had been raised alarmingly. Annita shoved two or three scarves, she found in her bedroom, deep in the girl's mouth, and used another one over them to keep them there. Alyssa had clearly overstepped her boundaries. She would definitely not be getting any more food or water from that point on. To drive the point further across, Daniel pushed the helpless girl on the floor, and put his leg on her chest, pressing it considerably, cutting of the air from her lungs. "Don't do that again!" he spoke calmly and softly, his actions were loud and clear.

It was around 3 A.M. Annita shared the small double bed in Alyssa's bedroom, while Frederique slept on the sofa, hugging the bound Alyssa like a body-pillow. The girl was still wrapped up with tape, still in the same orange tank top and skinny jeans she was in when the kids visited her. But the goth-girl was restless. Something inside of her was knocking around. The feeling of the girl's body, pressed up against her own, made sleeping almost impossible. She had closed 18 years of age, a couple of months ago, and with not many (or any) lovers to speak, she found herself often aroused. Alyssa had trouble sleeping too, but for different reasons, namely trying to find an opportunity to escape.

As she was being spooned by her captor, the dark haired girl felt suddenly two hands, groping her C-cup breasts, poking from the tape that surrounded her chest, under and above them.

"MMmmmmmmMMM!", she let out a worried moan, but the hands kept roaming across her body, not stopping. "MMMMMMMMMMMM", the worries turning into protests, but Frederique didn't care for her consent. She pinned the bound girl on the sofa, and mounted her chest, her trusty pocket-knife in hand. "Don't make me slit your throat, please...", her voice was not cold and snob as before, but more deep and sensual, like she was actually asking this of her. She slowly removed the gag from the girl's mouth, and told her to open her mouth. The girl, with silent tears rolling down her eyes, obeyed, only watching as the younger woman moved the sharp blade past her pretty lips, touching her tongue with the wide part of the knife. Frederique stood there, locking eyes with her prey, who only waited for what she decided came next.

She let the blade still in there, savoring the moment, of her fearful prey, taking in the spectacle. She was already, involuntarily, rubbing her nipple with her free hand, as she had mounted the tied up girl's body. With her two friends, still fast asleep in the bedroom, Fred removed the knife and raised her right leg, only to remove the white panties from it, leaving the underwear around the other leg as it was, her short black skirt, still around her cute waist.

Alyssa faintly shook her head left and right, she didn't dare to object audibly, to what was clearly about to happen. Her 18-year-old, dark haired captive shifted her weight close to Alyssa's face, positioning her pristine, untouched pussy over the woman's sweet lips, only leaving room for her eyes. With her thighs, she prohibited any movement of the girl's head, away from her sex. Still, as she lowered her naked crotch over Alyssa's face, she didn't feel much excitement down there, even though her nether regions were very much smothering Alyssa's mouth and nose.

"Come on, move that tongue inside", she said, producing again the blade's edge, pointing right at the girl's eye, an inch away. That helped move things a bit, as Fred immediately felt the girl's tongue begin to work its way full of life, around and through her labia. "Owww..." Frederique let out a soft moan, finally that's more what she had in mind. That felt so good, was it from the sear domination over that total stranger. Was it the effect her wet tongue had on her pussy? It was probably a combination.

By now, Fred was grinding her hips, over the smothered woman's face. She was clearly in need of oxygen most of the time, but Fred didn't give a single fuck, only crashed her face more with her naked thighs, pulling her hair even tighter to her crotch with one hand, the other hand over her mouth to not wake up the others. Soon, she erupted into a strong orgasm, her juices smeared on the girl's tomato-red face. Her rapist re-gagged her with her own white panties, and fell asleep in true bliss, with Alyssa wrapped in her arms.

The next morning, the kids woke up and made their way to the kitchen bar, making good use of Alyssa's cereal and milk, along with some fresh orange juice. The even offered a glass to the girl, who was in real need of some nutrients, so she complied this time. As they were relaxing in front of the cartoon channel, with Alyssa properly tied up and gagged, as always, the phone rang. They didn't pay

much attention to it, only it rang again, 15 minutes after, and then again, 40 minutes later. The caller I.D wrote "Mom and Dad". There might be trouble, Daniel thought.

The next time they phone rang, they ungagged their captive, and made it perfectly clear that she had to act totally natural. With the blade firmly across her neck, the girl tried her best not to make her voice tremble. "Hi mom....yeah...i'm fine..." the mother's voice was also audible from the speakers. "We thought we might come and visit you with your father", the older woman's voice said on the opposite line. Immediately, Alyssa felt the Fred's blade almost cut into her, and Daniel and Annita signaling her to "turn them away". "I'll don't think...you can visit.... i'm in a rough spot right now..." Alyssa tried her best to sound in need of help, without setting her captors off. Their parents only politely agreed to her "request", and promised they would stop by the upcoming weekend.

"How come she had a pair of underwear in her mouth?" a puzzled Annita asked Frederique. "I don't know, I guess underwear cut off sound very well..." Fred played dumb. "Well let's put some more on her!" they girl cheered and started removing her own pair. "I peed a little on it this morning, it was an accident!" she giggled, as she laid the yellow-stained panties over the girl's face, forcing her to breath in her dirty mess through her nose.

"We should play a game with her!" Annita was getting hyped up by the minute. To Alyssa's dismay, the little ball of energy wanted to see her naked, and so, her clothes were removed in not time. After Daniel applied some new, tighter coils of tape, around Alyssa's ankles, knees and elbows, Annita had decided that the group would play "Marco Polo". As the girl rose to her toes to tie a blue scarf around and over the bound girl's eyes, she could only stand straight, with her legs and her arms bound. "Your IT, so we're going to hide and you shout "Marco" to find us", Annita explained the very obvious rules to the poor girl. Her face was still mostly covered with Annita's filthy panties, and her mouth packed with another pair and gagged with round of duct tape.

The kids took positions in the large kitchen-living room - Daniel just stood sitting on the kitchen bar, where he already was, Alyssa bound like a sausage, naked in the middle of the room. Alyssa was clearly in distress, not wanting to play a stupid kids' game, let alone in that state. "COME ON! SAY MARCO!" Annita walked up to her and smacked the blinded girl in the face. She let out a painful cry and said "MMmrrcmmmm", which was her attempt at saying "Marco". The kids had some laughs, watching the girl hop around the house, to find them, and maybe end this misery. Daniel watched the way her pretty C-cup breasts, jiggled up and down as she hopped. But Annita was enjoying this more than anybody.

Playtime was over, for now, and the kids prepared some spaghetti, with a sauce they found in Alyssa's fridge. This time, they actually sat down the bound, nude woman with them, removing her gag, if only for a few minutes. She looked sweaty from the forced exercise and generally exhausted from everything she'd been through. She was just thankful to be able to eat something, albeit she was getting hand-fed by Fred, with her hands remaining tied. "What do you do, like, for a living?" Daniel asked her, while the group ate together. "I...i'm a waitress..." the girl responded surprised that they actually addressed her like a human being. "Waiter is a dumb person's job", Daniel replied. "You don't look dumb to me", he continued. "I...", again frozen by the actual conversation, "i have a degree in economics..." she simply

replied. "See, i knew you were smart..." the boy smiled at her. "Do you have a boyfriend?" he continued with the personal questions. "...no...not...at the moment...", she answered, not sure why really, with a shy voice, probably a result of the overall submissiveness her situation brought upon her.

As strange as it seemed, this boy had a lot more power over her, than she had over him. Daniel simply returned to his meal, Alyssa not sure if she had started warming up to him or not. Unfortunately for her, Daniel's small talk did nothing to increase his empathy towards the girl, as was expected.

This afternoon was a hot one, and all three friends took a nap on the couches and the two sofas, their naked hostage left bound on the floor to do whatever. Complete peace filled the house for the next hour, until some shuffling noises woke one of them up. "Hey...hey look", Annita nudged Daniel, whispering. He opened his eyes slowly, and in turn nudged Fred awake. The both shifted their eyes on Alyssa, who was sure she was sneaking her way to freedom, hoping as silently as she could towards the exit door. The three kids simply watched her pointless escape attempt, confident in the knowledge that, even if she reached it, the door was locked and the keys were secure in Frederique's pocket. It was a fun sight at least, because the girl had not spotted her audience was up and awake.

When the girl finally realized she was being observed, she screamed and shrieked in her packed tape-gag, slamming her petite weight on the door, producing some small thuds, until the kids were tired and moved in to pull her from there. "You're starting to get annoying", Fred dragged the bound girl by the hair, and lowered her on the floor. Now that she was awake, Annita was in the mood to torture the poor girl, and she found a small box of toothpicks. With a hand of another tape roll, Annita wrapped coil after coil around the girl's already bound ankles, and then connected that to more rolls around her neck, forcing her into a strict hogtie. "See, now if she pulls her legs, she chokes herself", she said more to herself, than her other friends. The three kids played for a good 45 minutes, poking and prodding the girl's bare soles with the toothpicks, or simply tickling her, almost to the point of passing out. With her strict hogtie, Alyssa was truly at their mercy, which was non-existent.

It was starting to get darker outside, which meant the time of the kids' departure was coming close. As Daniel made a small woke around the house, a perimeter of grass-filled garden, he stepped behind the house, where Frederique had made her initial entrance. He spotted a long, wooden table, perfect for a nice, sunny brunch or a cup of coffee outside, with wooden chairs all around it. The setup was under a pretty wooden pergola with wooden polls supporting it. As he kept looking around, Daniel spotted a large barrel near the corner of the wall, one of these old things kept around just for the fun of it. It looked really old, and was filled almost to the top with moldy, dirty water over the years. God knows why it was filled, probably someone had forgotten it in the open once, but Alyssa was always too bored to clean it up. The whole setup gave Daniel an idea.

After giving Alyssa the dignity of wearing her jeans and top back, the kids tied her wrists behind her back with rope and then did the same to her elbows. Her ankles followed, tied together, then the girl was silenced with a couple of scarves tied tightly by another. They finally, put a black garbage bag over Alyssa's head and tied the yellow handles semi-tight, to make escape more difficult. Then, they picked her up from her legs and armpits and brought her behind the house, where Daniel was waiting with more rope on him. The girl tried to scream herself to safety, but no one would help her, and her bound legs didn't allow her to get up, so she just wiggled in place, while all three kids pushed with all their might, until the large barrel was sitting next to the short side of the table, the barrel's top almost at the same level to the table.

"Alright, you can take that off now", Daniel signaled and the girl's pulled the blinding bag from Alyssa's face. What she saw was confusing and alarming at the same time. "Why would they move the old barrel there?", before she could think into it any further she was again picked up in the air and placed face down on the table. Alyssa could see her breasts' reflection, dangling above the blurry waters.

Annita and Fred got to work, untying the girl's feet, before spreading her legs wide to the sides of the table, and tying each ankle off on the table's vertical sides, with rope passing over and under the table. Alyssa could not do much to alleviate that, and she was already getting tired from keeping her waist straight and avoiding sinking into the barrel. Her tightly wrapped arms, secured behind her back, made it impossible for her to support herself in any way.

"Ok, i say we start with 30 seconds. Ok?" Daniel said to his friends, although it was Alyssa who really should be taking notes. "Hmmf?", Alyssa raised her eye-browns, but then she felt Frederique grab her bound wrists and gracefully, raise them and rotate them upwards. With no leverage with which to offer any resistance, Alyssa was left with no choice, but to dive her upper half, right inside the barrel. With her fingers pointing straight to the sky by Fred's grip, she was now submerged from the belly-button up into the barrel.

She panicked at the sudden loss of air, pulling at her leg restraints, and shuffling her body around, but Fred was stronger than she looked, and the way her arms were bent, Alyssa wasn't going anywhere. Plenty of bubbles rose to the water's surface, until Daniel looked at his watch and said. "30!" Fred then let the girl back up. Her look was one of shock and fear, the cold, dirty water all over her cleave-gag, her hair and body dripping. "Let's go for 45!" yelled Annita, excited at the fun game. This time Alyssa had the spare second to inhale through her nose, before she was again plunged into the water. Expecting the torture this time, she remained calmer, making it through the 45 seconds without much problem. But the pattern that was developing wasn't on her favor.

"One minute now!" said Daniel. This time, she fought frantically with Fred's grip on her during the last 10 seconds, but Alyssa's anatomy betrayed her, getting the better of anyone's grip at this position was impossible. When she was pulled out, she was breathing very deeply and very hard, fatigue getting the

better over her. "Let's go for 1.30 now", Daniel said with the stone cold expression. "MMMMmmmm", Alyssa looked up at the boy half her age, with puppy eyes. It was clear she was begging him to spare her. He didn't flinch, as if chatting up with her had melted his heart or anything like that. He simply replied: "Better take a good breath for this one", and in she was again with a splash.

As the clock kept ticking, Alyssa would go from moments of complete stillness, as to preserve energy, to ones of panicked struggles, as she'd realize the hopelessness of her challenge. In the end, she splashed inside the barrel, like a fish out of water, until the "1.30" mark was reached. She was in a bad shape, almost passed out and barely able to hold herself above the barrel.

"She's good, ain't she?" commented Annita. "I don't think i can hold my breath for that long". The sun was setting, and the kids all looked at each other with meaning. "Yeah, it's time", sighed Daniel. "Anyway, it was fun knowing you", Frederique said to their captive, before dunking her for the last time. As Alyssa tossed and writhed on the table, the two younger kids grabbed a strand of rope, and tied the girl's wrist to one of the wooden poles, which was a few feet besides the barrel, effectively sealing her fate. With her hands bound upwards, no matter how much she pulled, Alyssa would be unable to raise herself from the barrel, her torso vertically trapped inside. As she pulled and yanked and screamed at her cleave gag underwater, the three kids left, leaving her to drown, alone.

THE END