**Sadistic Pleasure 3**

After the melee of police and investigators had disappeared from school, normal routines took another day to resume.

DeVilliers was in the library studying when a first-year pleb delivered a note from Dragon, summoning him to a meeting in the scout hut at 4.30.

At the allotted time, Hugo was surprised to find Dragon alone.

“I thought there was a meeting?” Hugo said, sitting opposite his leader.

“There is— but it’s just you and me.”

Hugo looked surprised but said nothing.

“It’s about the pleb Maricota,” said Dragon, his eyes fixed on DeVilliers’ face.

Hugo’s mouth dried instantly and prickly heat attacked the back of his neck.

It took several seconds for him to stabilize, what he perceived was his change demeanour but the effort was useless.

“I know what happened at the Abyss,” Dragon said calmly.

Cold beads of perspiration trickle down Hugo’s back. Colour had already drained from his face. He suddenly felt sick but managed to utter. “Do you?”

Dragon retrieved a black and white photo from his pocket and placed it on the table.

Two boys appeared to be struggling in the water. Identify them was impossible but the model boat wasn’t.

Hugo’s head drooped to his chest.

A few seconds passed before Dragon asked. “What did it feel like to kill him?”

Tears trickled down Hugo’s pale cheeks. His body trembled as he stared at his accuser but he couldn’t respond.

Dragon took a lighter from his pocket and set fire to the evidence.

Terrified, bewildered, and now mesmerized, Hugo watched the disintegrating photo.

“I was there,” said Dragon. “So *what* did it feel like to kill him?”

It took Hugo several seconds to reply.

“Are you going to tell the police?”

A wry smile crossed Dragon’s lips. “Good God, no!” He exclaimed enthusiastically.  “You’re part of our organization— after this amazing triumph, you’re without a doubt its strongest member,” paused he flicked the burnt ash. “When the time comes, you’ll become a formidable Dragon— now damn it— tell me how it felt?”

The forced smile Hugo gave was brief and timid— his voice edgy.

“Amazing— bloody hell Dragon, you scared the shit out of me,” he blurted, sagging back into his seat.

Dragon lay forward. “Is that it— you end a pleb’s life and it’s only amazing?”

Hugo took several deep breaths, hoping to relieve the tension gripping his mind and body.

“I failed,” he uttered softly.

“How so?” quizzed his colleague.

“You saw me— that should never have happened.  My plan was flawed,” he said, glaring down at his clenched fists.

“DeVilliers, have no fear. I’ll take your amazing secret to the grave,” said the boy, offering his hand.

Hugo shook it.  “Can I count on you, Dragon?”

 “I swear— to my grave,” came the sober response.

Hugo looked long and hard into Dragon’s eyes before he spoke. “It was the most thrilling thing I have ever done. The power you feel is more than words can express, you have total control over life or death.” He cut off for a moment, remembering the tang of that intoxicating elixir. “It felt as though I’d stolen his living essence. What power was his, was now mine. At that moment, whatever I was asked to do— fly, climb a mountain— I could have done with ease.”

Dragon grinned. “How did he react close to the end?”

Hugo rolled his eyes.  “Mouth-watering.”

“As I remember he was a feeble individual, so how did you manage to get him into the water?”

“I convinced him to watch the boat close up, so we waded in. He stumbled and went under, then started having breathing problems, which made him panic. When he grabbed hold me, I was surprised how weak he was, so I quickly dragged him out of his depth— I pushed him under a couple of times and followed him down, so could watch him fight for life. The harder he tried to stay afloat, the more his eyes bulged and face contorted. I was enthralled but the last few seconds passed so quickly. From frantic struggle to stillness, then he sank into the blackness.”

A distant bell suddenly rang, summoned boys for tea, halting DeVilliers’ interrogation.

Walking along the gravel path, Hugo realized the bond he’d forged with Dragon could probably last a lifetime.  But in his evolving sadistic mind that wasn’t possible— he’d witnessed the killing, so the inevitable had to happen.

With only a couple of weeks before term-end. Both boys had little contact due to revision and exams, but three days before going home, Dragon confided in Hugo.

They were watching a game organized at a term-end party.

“If you decide to kill again, I want to be there,” Dragon whispered. “I want to experience the feeling— but not here at school.”

Briefly glancing at his leader, Hugo turned back to the antics going on in front of them with a sinister smile curled his lips.

“When do you want to do it?” asked Hugo.

“This needs to be planned meticulously— *we* don’t want any mistakes, do *we*?” Dragon emphasized in a patronising tone.

Hugo just managed to restrain the violent response that ignited in his brain.

Seconds later he made an unemotional suggestion. “My half-brother would be a very suitable victim.”

Dragon stepped back, with a look of astonishment.  “You’re joking, of course?”

Hugo’s eyes didn’t divert from the game but his head shook slowly.

“DeVilliers, you’re a cold fish,” uttered Dragon as he walking away.

Maricota’s pain-stricken face welled in Hugo’s thoughts, stimulating hairs on the back of his neck. Savouring the inner rush, seeds of a new plan floated through his mind and began to take root. Plans to solve and delete two objectives.

Observing his brother drowning would be something to savour. The little creep wasn’t fit to live, but what if—

Was it be possible to overpower Dragon as well? Watch his leader’s reaction switch from elated predator to abject fear of a victim— Hugo’s mouth dried, his crotch stiffened as that delicious thought evolved.

Terminating the witness to his first kill and his brother together. But how to arrange both victims in the same location? A place where their demise would look accidental.

Years before, he’d killed his pet hamster and next doors cat, by hanging. Their limbs had been frantic, eyes bulging and contorted faces had made him chuckle. Doing that to a human and enjoying their disbelief and agony close up, would be something special. The problem was, making it look like an accident, so for the moment, he’d have to settle for the double-cross and deaths by drowning. But he should assume, Dragon to be a strong swimmer.

Sebastian Rodriguez was the only son of a wealthy industrialist, who also had a daughter Hugo’s age.

At half-term, Hugo was invited to spend a weekend at Dragon’s house.  This gave Seb an opportunity to show off their huge house that sat in a hundred hectares of land.

Hugo was impressed but what caught his eye and imagination was the lake situated five hundred meters behind the main residence. This large expanse of crystal water was shrouded by thick woodland, reaching to the water’s edge.

For no reason Hugo could think of, Dragon’s sister Kasandra took an instant dislike to him.

“I can’t understand what I’ve done?” he told Seb.

“Don’t worry, the girl’s crazy, she never likes any of my friends.”

Strangely, the issue made Hugo uncomfortable, which was odd.  If anyone at school didn’t like him, it wasn’t a problem.

The girl was about his height, slender with long straight brown hair that was always held in a ponytail.  Her slender legs looked a little long for her body, but she rode like the wind bare-back and could climb trees with ease and didn’t appear to play with girl stuff.

Oddly, Hugo found himself watching her whenever she was around.  He felt he’d like to know more about her, even though she was a girl.

Back at school, both boys put together a plan requiring them to camp next to the Rodriguez lake.  This would be organized sometime towards the end of their summer holidays, when Bruno, Hugo’s bother would be invited along.

Six days into that holiday, Dragon was taken ill and rushed to hospital.  Hugo found out a week later when he’d phoned to invite his friend over to his house.

Seb’s mother said the doctors surmised it could have been food poisoning, even though they had all eaten the same food with no ill effect.  She asked Hugo to phone back, as Sebastian was confined to bed for a few more days.

A week later, Hugo was invited to Seb’s. To say he was surprised by the look of his friend was an understatement, even though Dragon assured him he was feeling a great deal better.

“If you’re much better now, you must have looked ghastly last week.”

Due to weight loss, the boy’s gaunt face made his eyes look too big and his skin was greyish in colour.

“I’m eating now, so my doctors are happy,” he confirmed.

After dinner that evening both boys played snooker. That’s when Dragon announced he couldn’t go through with their plan to dispose of Bruno.

“I feel weak and don’t have much energy,” he mumbled.

Hugo grimaced. “We planned doing it towards the end of this holiday and there are still five weeks left. Maybe you’ll feel stronger later.”

“I don’t think—” He stopped in mid-flow.  “OK, we’ll postpone— see how I am in a couple of weeks.”

Hugo beamed inwardly. Euphoria saturating his mind. Turning the tables will be easy, he thought.

**To be continued**

**Sadistic Pleasure 4**

Hugo switched off his bedroom light, wondering what was in store for him— it was nearly midnight and he was naked as instructed.

When staying at the Rodriguez estate, he always occupied this room. As time passed, his visits became more frequent, which was favourable, due to his parent’s continually arguing. This only bothered him when he became the target, usually, when his sly shit of a brother had told tales.

Laying silently in the dark, three issues were at the forefront of his mind.

The tattered plan to dispose of his brother and Dragon, if the opportunity arose. But it was the third topic that preoccupied him mostly. All due to a confrontation with Kasandra Rodriguez.

He’d been wandering through one of the estates huge barns when a kitten had attached itself to his trouser leg. After disentangling the needle-like claws, he’d dropped the animal on a heap of straw. Unfortunately, his new playmate scampered back to his leg, which didn’t amuse the recipient.

On the third occasion, Hugo calmly dropped the creature into a barrel of water, making the cat howl as it frantically thrashed to save itself.

DeVilliers watched with a hint of amusement but as cat sank he retrieved it.

“Not so brave now.” Hugo lectured. Unfortunately, the bedraggled specimen gave a low guttural growl— so was released.

“Save yourself you little shit.”

Seconds later as the cat slipped below the surface, it was rescued again.

“Now— what do you have to say?”

Hugo’s eyes opened wide as another growl resonated.

“I see— so no respect whatsoever,” he added, before releasing his grip.

The exhausted kitten fought for a moment but tepid fluid rushed into its gaping mouth and it sank.

“Did you enjoy that, boy?”  A superior voice asked, making the startled killer jumped, as he spun around— but there was no one there.

Amused laughter resonated from above.  Glancing up Hugo saw Kasandra staring down from the hayloft.

“Did you enjoy that?” She repeated sternly

He’d been caught torturing and killing what might be her favourite pet. He swallowed hard but when it came to responding, nothing coherent came out.

“What do you have to say for yourself boy?” she demanded.

He glanced into the water butt and uttered.  “I don’t know what to say.”

K scrambling down and peered into the barrel.

“That was cruel and barbaric— but oddly fascinating— could we find another. I’d like to watch more closely this time.”

From that moment, they contrived to spend more time together.

And this evening's midnight rendezvous was one of K’s crazier ideas.

Hugo was always a willing participant. K triggered lurid pictures and stirred up violent emotions that excited him, in ways he’d never experienced. And he respected her a lot more than her brother because he sensed Dragon didn’t have the nerve to kill.

That evening after dinner, both boys played a few games of snooker before retiring.

Hugo took a shower before lying on his bed to read.  As the bedside clock reached almost midnight, he removed his pyjamas and turned off the light. The moons glow through the open curtains, filling his room with shades of grey.

Out in the hallway, a floorboard creaked suddenly. Sensing his doorknob turning, he closed his eyes as had been agreed.

The door opened and closed in one silent movement. Disturbed air changed the room’s delicate balance. Coolness washed lightly over his body, which gave an involuntary shiver. The next few seconds passed like an age, before a cold soft hand gently stroked his calf, then his thigh, then—

Ω

Dragons tired eyes gazed vacantly at the ceiling, his mind focused on his house guest.

He sensed DeVilliers knew he was having second thoughts about their plan. A tendril of anger ignited in his mind.  This illness had weakened him, that was all— he could accomplish their plan he reaffirmed.

If DeVilliers continued on his present course, he’d mature into a formidable opponent, one he’d not relish tangling with.  The boy was either mentally unbalanced or extremely brave but what he found hard to fathom, was why the boy enjoyed inflicting and calculated brutality.

Dragon’s lips fashioned a brief sly smile.  A considerable amount of power and wealth were coming his way and this young thug could well be a useful asset, so it was wise to keep him close. Fortunately, the photo of Maricota being murdered was one of many he had hidden away.

Ω

A floor below a young girl whispered.  “Are your eye’s closed?”

Hugo tried to say yes but the word stuck in his throat, so he had to repeat it.

“Do you like what I’m doing?” K asked.

“What if someone should come in?” uttered Hugo.

“That wasn’t the answer to my question— Do you like what I’m doing?” she repeated softly.

“Yes, very much.”

“Your cock isn’t very big even though it’s hard.” Hugo instantly felt a rush of anger but her soft lips brushed against him, stopping his response.

“How old are you Hugo?”

“The same as you,” he said a little indignantly, then gasped as she took him into her mouth.

“Ow! I can tell you liked that,” she said a moment later.  “The good thing is I can get it all in— when you’re older you’ll be much bigger.” Hugo didn’t or couldn’t respond, he was enjoying the rapid movement of her fingers.

“Lopez, the gardener’s helper is sixteen, his cock is huge. So I’m not sure yours will please me,” she said, climbing on top of him.

Moments later K replaced her nightgown, then propped herself up against the headboard.

“So what did you think?” she asked attentively.

He didn’t respond, he lay still with images flashing through his mind.

A partially dressed man seemed to be fighting a naked woman whose legs were wrapped around his back.  She was writhing but suddenly the man stiffened and cried out. Then the woman howled in agony, blood covered her face from wounds inflicted by his fists.

The young voyeur gasped and shivered as a sudden rush of euphoria swept through his senses. Hugo glared at K but the desire to inflict pain dissolved as she repeated her question.

Hugo shook his head, confused by conflicting urges.

“I like the feeling,” K said emphatically. “But it will be much better when I’m older or have a man who knows how to do it properly.”

Inferiority surged through Hugo. Visions of pain being inflicting exploded in his brain.

“You’ve never done that before, have you?”  K stated with authority.

Hugo struggled to control the need to lash out.

“No, I haven’t,” he responded aggressively

K reacted unfazed. “That’s good.”

“Why is that?” He snapped.

“No— not that you haven’t done it before, silly— it’s the fact you’re not afraid to say so.”

Hugo thought for a moment.

“I’m embarrassed about it and—” his voice trailed off.

“And what?” she pushed, which made him ponder before replying.

“Well, I feel inferior, when you talk about the ‘gardener's boy’ and his ‘big one,’ that’s all.”

K gawked, her eyes surprised and shining. Suddenly she slapped a hand over her mouth, to suppress a giggling fit. Moments later she managed to breathe and spoke in a low gruff voice.

“He’s got a big cock,” then buried her face in the duvet and screamed hysterically.

Her frantic efforts to contain the outburst, switched Hugo’s mood from sadistic black to jovial white, so much so, he covered his face with a pillow as he howled with laughter.

After a few moments, the atmosphere calmed but only for seconds, because Kasandra repeated.  “He’s got a—” but a giggling attack cut her short.

Hugo bit his pillow as tears ran down his cheeks but as he rocked back and forth as if in pain, he suddenly farted.

The couple stilled and gawked at each other, wide-eyed.

A second later, K stuffed part of her nightgown into her mouth to quell her screams of delight.  Hugo buried his head in the pillows, his body trembled.

It took several minutes for calm to prevail before they could exchange more than a brief sentence, without bursting into fits of laughter.

“You shouldn’t feel inferior Hugo,” K insisted eventually.  “I don’t feel inferior about my body.  I mean— I don’t have breasts do I?”

Hugo mulled the question over.  “I hadn’t really thought about it.”

“Well, now you have, what do you think?” K asked.

“I suppose when you have them, it will be nice to touch and squeeze them.”

“See Hugo, when we’re older; we’ll both have bigger things.”

K looked thoughtfully at her bedfellow.

“There’s something rather strange about you Hugo, which I like. Whatever it is, makes me shiver inside for some reason— and you do make me laugh.”

Hugo smiled, he actually liked her— for a girl that is.

“Kas, can I ask you a question?”

“Of course.”

“How do you know so much about what we just did?”

“Don’t you know what they call it?”  She asked.

He felt uncomfortable saying that four-letter word they used at school, so he shook his head.

“We made love!” K proclaimed.  “I’ve seen a few people do it, that’s how I know so much about it,” she added proudly.

“How did you manage that?”

“There’s a spyhole in a guests bedroom.  I’ve seen three couples doing it.”

She moved her position closer to Hugo. “One of the ladies didn’t really want to do it,” K giggled softly.  “The other was very beautiful and much younger than the man but she didn’t seem happy with him. She sat on him like I did with you; he held her breasts and made groaning sounds.  I think it pleased him very much but she complained.”

“About what?”  Hugo asked, rolling onto his side to face her.

“I’m not sure; it’s hard to hear through the wall.  It sounded like, ‘it didn’t last or she wanted it to last— I don’t know but I do like watching.”

They lay silent for a few moments.

“You're very advanced for your age,” Hugo said.

K sat up and looked at him.  “We girls mature much earlier than boys— so if you want to learn more, then we should form a pact— what do you think?”

“What do you mean like a gang— but you’re a girl.”

Kasandra turned away and thought for a moment.

“Hugo— you're different to other boys, it makes me wonder,” she paused.  “No, not a gang, this is a pact between you and me.  I’m going to be very rich and powerful one day and I want—,” her voice trailed off as she slipped off the bed.

“Until we establish our bond, I don’t want to say more.  You must decide if you want to be rich and famous too?” With that, she headed towards the door.

**To be continued**

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