**Sadistic Pleasure. (Ch 5)**

As Kasandra arrived for breakfast, she gave Hugo her usually dismissive look and mumbled a greeting.

“Kasandra— say good morning, properly please,” her mother demanded.

Her daughter huffed and rolled her eyes.

“Good morning, properly please,” she expressed sardonically. But the disapproving look from her father made her sigh and responded in an embellished cheerful voice. “Good morning everyone, I do hope you all slept well.”

Her mother gave a withering look. “What are your plans today young lady?”

The recipient tilted her head and glanced at the ceiling.

“I may stay in my room and read— or sit in a tree by the lake and daydream.”

This spurred her father to fold his newspaper and turn to his wife. “We need to find Kasandra a job. Something strenuous in the garden or stables.

K’s eyes momentarily found the ceiling.  “Thank you daddy— I’m intelligent enough to find far more enlightening things to do— than digging.”

Her mother sighed disapproving before turning to her son. “What plans do you have?”

“I was going to take Hugo up to the ravine to find fossils, but I’m not feeling that strong this morning.  I think the climb will be too much,” Seb relayed.

His father noticed the look of concern on his wife’s face. “Then it’s settled,” he announced, before quickly finishing his coffee.  “Kasandra, you can escort Hugo fossil hunting and I’ll expect two fine examples of a Nautiloidea or Ammonoidea,” he turned to his wife.  “My dear, ask cook to prepare two packed lunches.”

A wry smile teased his wife’s lips as her husband rose from the table.

“Daddy, I don’t think—” But the tone in her father’s voice cut her off. “Kasandra,” was all he said, making her folded her arms and pout. “A Nautiloidea or Ammonoidea— this evening,” he repeated before kissing his wife’s forehead. “I’ll see you later my dear.”

Hugo’s guide hardly uttered a word until they were entering the woods. Then it was as though someone had flipped a switch.  Transforming the sulking bitch into a joyful long lost friend.

“This is going to be so much fun,” K said excitedly.

“You don’t mind going then?” Hugo asked hitching up his backpack a little higher.

“Of course not, it will be exciting.”

“I don’t understand— No, I don’t understand you,” Hugo emphasized.

 “You’re not supposed too,” she chuckled. “Come on Hugo keep up, it’s a long walk.”

Following a narrow trail, the adventures weaved their way through the dense woodland, shield from the bright mid-morning sun, by the abundant tree canopy.  The dim underpass was accentuated by shafts of light bursting through from above; bringing life to areas dotted throughout their field of vision.

Thirty minutes into their trek, Kasandra sat in the middle of one of these oases of light.

“Would you like a drink Hugo?” she asked swinging off her backpack.

Accepting the bottle he was handed, Hugo flicked it open before handing it back.

“Ladies first,” he said with a smile.

“Thank you, kind sir.”

“How much further Kas?”

“We’ve made very good time. A little further on we start to climb. So another twenty minutes.”

Hugo took a quick drink, then asked. “Why are you so different?”

“How do you mean?”

“One minute you treat me like a piece of dog shit.”

K laughed and stretched out on the vegetation.

“It’s part of my plan— I don’t want anyone to know that I like you,” she broke off and sat up. “What would my brother think if he knew what we’d been doing?”  She said with a grin.

Her partner gazed at the treetops for a moment.  “Yes, I see what you mean.”

“Well Hugo, have you decided about our bond, our oath?”

“Not sure it will do any good.”

K jumping to her feet and grabbed her backpack. “What do you mean, you stupid boy?”

“Maybe I am— but in my world, my word is my bond,” he replied arrogantly.

Kasandra looked down at him for a moment before walking off.  “Very well Mr Hugo DeVilliers, I’ll test that,” she shouted.

High on the ridge, compressed lays of ancient sediment brought forth an abundance of small sea fossils for both geologists.

Later, by the river’s edge, lunch was taken on a slab of smooth rock that had been warmed by the sun. In stark contrast to the fast-flowing water of the river.

“So— Mr DeVilliers— your word is your bond, is it?”

“Yes, of course,” he replied.

K stood and looked down at him, before offering her hand.

Hugo grasped it and got to his feet.

Facing each other, Kasandra placed his hand over her heart, then covered his with hers. Then spoke in a confident articulate voice, her eyes fixed firmly on his.

“I swear, anything we do or say— will never be told to a living soul.” Her face was serious and emotionless but her eyes reflected excitement. Hugo held her gaze and repeated the pledge. Kasandra slowly nodded in acknowledgement. “Very well, Mr Hugo DeVilliers— we now have to tell each other our darkest, dirtiest, evil secret.”

Hugo swallowed unintentionally as K continued.  “As I’m older by fifteen days and a woman— I will go first.”

“I’m going to kill my brother,” she stated pragmatically.

Hugo cocked his head to one side and nearly laughed in her face.  What is she talking about? Girls don’t have a clue. Then slowly shook his head.

“No— that doesn’t count.  It’s something you’re thinking of doing,” he said patronizingly.

K gave a wry half-smile.  “But I have— why do you think he’s so ill?”

Hugo’s gazed at the thin girl in front of him, his mind evaluating what he’d heard.

If it was poison, surely the doctor could tell. But if she was telling the truth, the witness to Maricota’s death issue was solved. His stupid brother was something that— His train of thought was broken by a verbal nudge.

“Your turn Mr Hugo DeVilliers— you gave your word I believe.”

Hugo sat down on the flat rock, as did K in anticipation.

“Did you hear about the boy that drowned at school?”

The girl nodded.

“I killed him.”

K’s face lost colour and expression. Her eyes widened and began to glisten and she appeared to be holding her breath.

Then without warning her face exploded with a huge smile. “Did you really? Or are you making it up to impress me?”

Hugo held her gaze for a few seconds, assessed her reaction.

“The problem was— there was a witness.”

Kasandra sat wide-eyed, spellbound waiting for more.

“Dragon— sorry— your brother took a photograph of me doing it.”

“Why did you call him Dragon?” she asked pointedly.

“I can’t tell you,” mumbled Hugo.

Kasandra tilted her head and waited.

Hugo rolled his eyes skyward and shook his head.  “We have an organization at school— he’s our leader.”

“My brother’s the boss of your gang,” she scoffed.

Hugo was going to retaliate but suddenly, didn’t see the point.

“So because of this photo, he has a hold over you?”

“No— he burnt it. My mistake was being seen but I can’t understand how he managed to get the photograph developed so quickly.”

“Taking and developing pictures is one of his hobbies. Hasn’t he shown you his darkroom?”

Hugo shook his head.

“What if he made copies?” K asked.

“He gave his word that was the only one.”

“Yes— that might be so. But what if there are *other* photographs?”

“He gave his— Oh! I see what you mean.”

Kasandra sneered.  “If he has more, they’ll be hidden in the house.”

Hugo looked puzzled.  “Surely he’d have them at school?”

K shook her head confidently.  “If they’re valuable, I know exactly where they be. He thinks he’s so clever but his secret hiding place is under a loose floorboard in his darkroom.  It’s not a real room, more a large broom cupboard,” she paused nodding.  “Yes, it’s the logical place. So don’t you worry, I’ll find them when he returns to school.”

“You’re that sure?”  Asked Hugo.

“Yes— get him out of the house tomorrow and I’ll investigate.”

Hugo wondered if he could trust her. But for the first time, he felt a close bond to someone.

“I’m going home at three,” he advised.

“Then take him for a walk first thing and I’ll search,” she smiled confidently.  “Now, tell me all about the boy at school. I want to know every detail— you’re very brave and scary Hugo.”

For ten minutes Kasandra sat dumbstruck as Hugo went over the planning to execution.

“How did it make you feel watching him die?”

As Hugo revelled his thoughts and feelings, K suddenly interrupted him.

“I hadn’t thought of that,” she said emphatically.  “It never crossed my mind there could be pleasure in watching him die. You seem to have enjoyed that a lot.”

“Poisoning works but my way gives you— well, such an amazing feeling of power and—,” Hugo suddenly broke off and blushed.

“What?” K demanded, noticing his change.

Her companion laughed nervously.  “It’s embarrassing.”

“Go on, you must tell,” she commanded.  “Remember our pledge?”

“Well— it made me go hard,” pointing to his crotch.

Kasandra giggled. “Did it really? How amazing. It excited you…..ee….,” she fumbled for the right word. “Erotically. It excited you erotically— wow,” K lowered her voice. “Did you have to rub yourself?”

“Gosh— this is very embarrassing.”

K just stared wide-eyed and waited.

“Well— yes I did,” he finally admitted.

“Was it very pleasing?”

Hugo nodded shyly.

“Was it better than when we did it?”

“Oh! No— that was very different,” he said.

K studied his face, enjoying his embarrassment.

“Would you like to do it again?” She asked.

Hugo gazed at his hand, as he rubbed it across the smooth rock.

“Actually, I’d planned to do it to your brother.”

Kasandra scowled at him for a split second with her mouth open.  “You want to shag my brother?”

Hugo slapped a hand over his mouth, suppressing a burst of laughter.

“No— get rid of him. He was the only witness.”

Kasandra fell back on the rock sniggering.  “Gosh! Goosebumps came up all over my body— what I meant was, shall we make love again tonight?”

“Aren’t you scared about having babies?”

“That’s what the gardens boy asked,” she paused. “I’m old enough but you do know there are rubber things you can wear,” she added with a snigger. “But they might be too big,” she quipped, which prompted them to speak in a low deep voice. He’s got a big cock, making them howl with laughter.

On the trek home, they contrived a plan to get Seb out of the house, so K could raid his darkroom. She’d also decided to let Hugo’s plan her brother’s demise.

“I want to see if it arouses me in the same way,” she emphasized.

“Why do you want to be rid of him?”

Kasandra momentarily pondered that request.

“My father is extremely rich and powerful. I intend to succeed him, so I need rid of my brother,” she stated in a decisive tone.

“What makes you think he’ll pick you to run his business?”

“With my brother out of the way, Rodriguez industries will fall to me,” she paused. “I’m not stupid enough to think I don’t need brains— I am extremely bright for my age and I’ll continue to study hard.  I want my company to be the biggest and most powerful in the world.”

Hugo smirked as he followed this determined slip of a girl.  She was as ruthless as he but a great deal more calculating.  He’d revelled in his victim’s agony but now, realized it was a way to capture power and wealth.

Before emerging from the wood Kasandra stopped and turned to Hugo. “We may not get a chance to talk later— if for some reason I can’t get to your room tonight.  Get my brother out of our house before your father arrives and I’ll look for the photo’s.”

“As it’s my last night, I was hoping you’d be able to come,” he said, which made K grin.

“So you enjoy it more than you’re letting on— typical boy,” she scoffed.

Hugo blushed. “Ok— I think I like it a lot,” he added.

K gave him a quick hugged.  “When is half-term?”

Hugo shrugged. “Maybe in five weeks.”

“I’ll expect a plan on how to get rid of my brother by then,” she leaned forward and kissed him.

The kiss wasn’t as pleasing as those from the village girl, who lived near the school. Her lips were soft and sort of stodgy and smooth, which made him want to try it again. Maybe with practice K could kiss like that— maybe he could teach her.

At dinner that evening, K informed her parents in her usual off-hand manner that their outing had been as she’d expected. “He walks well enough,” she said looking at Hugo with no emotion on her face, before adding.  “He lacks stamina and was very nervous climbing down to the river. He didn’t take a swim because the water was too cold. Like most boys— lazy and bone idle.”

Mrs Rodriguez smiled at Hugo.  “Take no notice, my dear, she treats all Seb’s friends this way.”

“Were you successful in your search?” Her father asked.

Kasandra waved a hand dismissively in Hugo’s direction.

“Yes sir, we were,” he said rummaging through in his trouser pocket, before passing two fossils around the table.

§

Kasandra hadn’t visited Hugo’s room that night but he’d persuade Seb to join him for a short walk the following morning.

“Unlike our daughter to miss breakfast,” her father said, as his wife refilled his coffee cup.

“She complained of a violent stomach ache.  I gave her a hot water bottle as is usual in these cases.”

“Hope it’s not what Sebastian had?” He said despondently.

“Nothing to worry about,” then added in a low voice. “Our daughter is going through a radical change— her first period.”

§

Hugo was desperate for information, so planned to sneak to K’s room before leaving for home. Unfortunately, two maids were cleaning the hallway and landing, so he had to abort. But unpacking his bag at home, he found a note.

*‘After reading, destroy this.’* A smile crossed his lips. She was so demanding— but there was something very warming in that.

*I found four photographs of you, plus a sealed packet.  I’ve left everything just in case he checks before returning to school.  No need to put him on guard.*

*I plan to remove everything after he leaves.   He’ll think my parents or maids found them.*

*Now it’s your turn, we need a plan.*

*Sorry unable to see you last night.  It appears I’ve changed into a real woman*— *extremely painful it was too.*

What the hell was she talking about?  Shaking his head his thoughts switched to her brother. The creep was disloyal and a liar and he’d betrayed the organization. He could have him removed but that would incriminate him. The bastard deserved an agonising death.

Hugo lay back and looked at the ceiling. He’d sampled killing and sex.  Vivid images of Kasandra’s naked body flashed through his mind, followed by Maricota’s attempt to save himself. Nibbling his bottom lip, a satisfying warmth rushed to his groin. Then re-reading the postscript on K’s note made him sniggered.

*The next time we do it. You need to take it out before you squirt*— *that’s the bit that makes babies.’*