**Sadistic Pleasure**

**Chapter 6**

Hugo was leaving the dining-hall as the principal's secretary spotted him.

“Ah— DeVilliers there you are,” stated the short rotund woman with brown curly hair.

“A letter has arrived for you,” she announced, beckoning him with a hand.

He followed dutifully to the cramped cluttered office, where his delivery was handed over before he was bustled out.

Unfamiliar writing penned across the envelope puzzled until he opened it.

*‘AFTER READING DESTROY IT,’* stated bold letters.

Instinctively he glanced to see if he was being watched before reading K’s letter.

*‘My brother is homosexual.  The packet contained pictures of naked men. I’m trying to think how my father could uncover the evidence, hopefully before Sebs birthday party.*

*Mother is organizing that and you and two others are to be invited a day before.  To keep him out of her way. (a little idea I put forward).*

*You may be wondering what I’m planning? Not sure, but his sexual tastes are an opportunity to put him in a bad light. Knowing my father*— *he could disown him on the spot.*

*Do you have a plan yet?*

*K*

Hugo nibbled his bottom lip, his mind wrestling with several tangled thoughts.

A moment later the note was destroyed as he walked purposefully towards the playing fields. If Kasandra had retrieved the photos of him killing Maricota, was she thinking of using them to pressure him into doing her bidding? Exposing Dragon’s sexual tastes might well disgrace the boy, solving K’s problem but wouldn’t fix his.

Days later, Hugo was in the library finishing homework, when Dragon sat opposite.

“What are you doing?”

“Geography— how glaciers form.”

Dragon nodded, then leaned closer and lowered his voice.

“I’ve changed my mind on your next target— you have to get rid of my sister,” he relayed unemotionally, matching his lifeless eyes and gaunt face. “That skinny bitch poised me.”

Dragon’s demeanour stirred excitement in the pit of Hugo’s stomach.  Seb couldn’t know what his sister had done but this change of plan was perfect.

Hugo closed his textbook and leaned closer. “How do you know?”

Seb’s eyes held Hugo’s for several seconds, before slowly uttering each word laced with loathing.  “I just fucking know it— alright.”

“I don’t believe it. Your doctor would have spotted that. There will be no thrill in disposing of a helpless girl—, so I won't do it,” Hugo whispered.

His companion sat back as though weighing up how to proceed.

“We’d had a huge argument two days before I was taken ill.  Her tantrum ended with her screaming, I hate you. I wish you were dead.”

“Tell your father.”

Seb sneered and gave a mocking laugh. “Neither will hear anything against the scrawny bitch— it’s always been that way.”

“Thought you’d be the blue-eyed boy— being the firstborn.”

“Yes, you would’ve thought so,” he spat, his dark sunken eyes brimming.

Shaking his head, Hugo thought, time to turn the screw.

“I’d get no pleasure from killing a girl, so I won’t do it.”

Dragon lurched forward and snarled. “Listen DeVilliers— I don’t fucking care what *you* think. You’ll kill her or— I’ll make public the other photo’s of your last botched job.”

Hugo slumped back in faked surprise.  Finally, their illustrious leader shows his tarnished colours. Time to feign surrender, to this delusional upper-class shit.

“So we’re now agreed, DeVilliers?  You do my sister. I surrender the remaining photographs— got it?”

Hugo glared but nodded submissively. “I suppose so.”

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Hugo arrived the day before Seb’s birthday party, where he met Rafael and Sergio.

Kasandra was playing her usual couldn’t careless role but managed to pass him a note.

*‘Unfortunately, you will be sharing your room. You’ll have to come to mine tonight.’*

Hugo’s room-mate Sergio was a bit overweight and always seemed to lag when they were out doing things, but he was always jovial.

By midnight he thought Sergio would’ve been asleep but he was still reading.  So advised him that he was going to find food, which sounded like a good excuse.

“A lump of cake would be very nice, please,” he’d replied ginning.

Hugo slipped quietly into K’s room, then stood with his back to the door for a few seconds, listening for noises out in the hall.

Her room was lit by a solitary candle, creating an isolated capsule of light where she lay reading.

K closed her book and gave an impish grin as he tiptoed towards her bed.

Her kiss made him pull back and look at her. The sensation was different, which took him by surprise.  It was gentle and her lips were soft and— and there was something else as well.

“Should we talk first or make love?” She said in a matter of fact way but didn’t give him time to respond.  “Have you missed me? I’ve missed you?” She offered affectionately.

“Well, what would—” but Hugo was silenced by K's finger across his lips, then she quickly slipped off her nightdress.

“You’ll have to be careful, I’m a woman now,” she stated emphatically.  “I now have my monthly period to contend with *and,* as you can see my breasts are getting bigger.”

Hugo didn’t like to say her nipples looked swollen.  So just smiled and nodded.

Several minutes later Hugo lay against the headboard, his heart beating frantically.

“Gosh that was different,” he said finally.

“Was that better than before?” K whispered.

“Yes, but it’s made my head giddy.”

Kasandra giggled.  “You’ve made the bed wet too and your cheeks are red Hugo.”

“I feel puffed out.”

“So what shall we talk about?” K asked.

“I can’t stay long, my roommate thinks I’m hunting food, he’ll be wondering where I am.”

They were silent for a moment.

“What did you do with the photos?” Asked Hugo.

“I burned them— thought that was safer.”

Hugo nodded but for some reason, his anxieties weren’t mollified.

“What happens when he finds them missing?”

“I took all his disgusting photos of naked men. He’ll think the maids or mother found them.  My guess, he won’t say a word,” she paused.  “I decided not to involve my father, it will complicate things and might mess with your plans.”

Hugo studied her face.  Could she be trusted?  If he did, it left many loose ends dangling.

“So, Mr DeVilliers— how do we get rid of my brother?”

“After these boys’ leave, you and I have to go fossil hunting at the ravine.”

Kasandra stared at her accomplice for a few seconds. “Then what do we do?” she asked eagerly.

“We push him off the cliff— it will look like an accident.”

“That’s it?” she asked with a ring of disappointment in her voice. Hugo nodded.

“But how do we get him there?”

He wanted to tell her Seb’s plan, about pushing *her* off the cliff.  Watching her reaction would be amazing but something stopped him.

“K— you’re going to have to trust me,” he said with a lopsided smile.

Kasandra cocked her head to one side; her teeth nibbling her bottom lip as she studied her partner.

“It seems so simple,” she said finally.  “And you said it so matter of fact, it made my insides shiver.”

Her remark didn’t register because Hugo’s mind had drifted.  ‘This sex thing was very enjoyable,’ he thought.

“What are you smirking about?” K asked.

His mind quickly revisited their plans.  “Nothing— so what do you think?”

“Just push and it’s done?” She asked.

“Simple isn’t it?”

K’s pondering gaze slowly changed to a grin before kissing him.

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The day after Rafael and Sergio had left.  Hugo was having breakfast with Seb and his parents when Kasandra arrived dressed in jodhpurs, shirt and pullover.

“Good morning everyone; did we all sleep well?” She asked but a little too enthusiastic for her mother, who gave a disapproving glance.  Her father suppressed his amusement as he commented.

“Good morning Kas— you look dressed for an active day?”

“Yes, I thought I might go riding,” she emphasized.

“You can do that young lady but not on your own.”

Kasandra wrinkled her nose and pouted, as her father addressed the boys.

“Gentlemen, what plans do you have?”

“As there is only a few days before the start of school, I want to develop my remaining photographs,” Seb replied.

Mr Rodriguez smiled at Hugo. “Well, sir— I’d like to accompany Kasandra on her ride,” he responded, sensing Dragon glaring at him.  Hugo turned briefly and smiled condescendingly before continuing.  “Unfortunately, I’ve never ridden a horse before— so I’ll walk to the ravine and search for fossils, they’ll be useful for my school project.”

Concern flashed across the face of Mr Rodriguez.

“I’d rather you didn’t go up there alone,” his pause was brief as he turned. “Kasandra— would you accompany Hugo to the ridge this morning?”

She shrugged and puffed. “Only if he walks quicker than he did last time.”

Her father smiled at Hugo and raised an eyebrow in dismay, then added.  “Thank you, my dear— I’ll organise a farmhand to give Hugo a riding lesson this afternoon, then you can both ride out for a couple of hours.”

“Make sure you both wrap up well, it’s extremely cold out there,” her mother added.

“Refreshing mother,” her daughter countered.

Walking through the woods, Hugo and Kasandra paused for a quick drink.

“I can’t stop my body shaking,” she said.

“Are you afraid?”

She thought for a moment.  “No— and I’m not cold either but my nerve endings are buzzing.”

K swung around in the direction of a distant noise and whispered.  “I heard a stick break— is he following us?”

Hugo nodded and walked off along the narrow path.

A kilometre further, they began climbing. A knot of anxiety was building in Hugo’s stomach, stimulating pictures of the Abyss and the killing, but this wasn’t like disposing of Maricota.

Ten minutes further they’d arrived at the spot he’d visualized. The path levelled and passed close to the ravine edge.  It wasn’t as high as he’d first thought but it was straight down to broken rocks.  He kicked small stones over the edge, thinking how to manoeuvre brother and sister to achieve his goal.

Not knowing where Dragon was made planning impossible and the blustery wind whipping through the tree canopy, made it difficult to hear. But what happened next was so abrupt, it made the frightening melee run in slow motion.

Seb materialized out of nowhere.  Screaming verbal abuse at the top of his voice, he charged past Hugo towards his traumatized sister.  The white-faced girl turned just in time, allowing her to sidestep the frenzied projectile.

Dragon’s lurch sideways and managed to grab her jacket, pulling the girl off balance, swinging her in an ark towards the ravine.  But his grip failed and sent her sprawling in the opposite direction. Still yelling, he grabbed a handful of her hair and began dragging his captive towards the cliff edge.

Hugo suddenly came to his senses. Picking up a disused fence post he sprinted towards Seb, who was three paces from the ravine.

With the makeshift weapon high above his head, Hugo brought it down with all the force he could muster, on Seb’s outstretched arm.

Ripped ligaments and shattered bone, generated horrendous pain that ripped through Seb’s body. His agonizing scream was blood-chilling. Suddenly losing contact with his sister's weight, he lurched forward and teetered on the cliff edge.

His wide inflamed eyes glimpsed the rocks below. Instinctively his body strained and contorted, trying to recoil from the danger.  Fear, panic, disbelief, flashed across the boy’s face, as his functioning arm hysterically grabbed at thin air.

DeVilliers backed away but Dragon caught his sleeve, as gravity propelled him over the edge. Upended, Hugo landed face down on the gravel, with an arm lost from sight.

In those fleeting segments, time slowed and stretched.

As Seb struggled, his lifeline slid slowly towards him.

Hugo’s feet and hand fought to gain purchase but moments later he was looking down at a grey face that screamed fear and disbelief— with wide pleading eyes like Maricota.

Hugos warped intoxicated mind revelled in what he was seeing and agonized as he edged towards death.

Suddenly, air burst from Hugo’s lungs in a forced scream as K landed heavily on his back. Long hair whipped across his face, driven by the cold updraft but her warm breath close to his ear was a relief. Reaching back he grabbed her leg and relaxed for a moment.

K gazed at her brother's face, chiselled with agony and fear.  His eyes begging for a glimmer of hope but an instant later, it was swallowed by terror— as his grip failed.

Seconds passed before Kasandra rolled off Hugo’s back. “I see what you mean about the eyes,” she whispered.

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Arriving back at the Manor, turmoil broke out. They’d deliberately run from the woods so they would out of breath, making their story more compelling.

Ninety minutes later, Sebastian’s battered body was carried to an awaiting ambulance.

Later that day, a grandfather clock solemnly chimed as Mr and Mrs Rodriguez arrived home from the hospital. Hugo and Kasandra had been instructed to stay home, so sat by the library fire and waited.

Muffled voices in the hall were followed by hurried footsteps going upstairs, a moment later Kasandra’s father opened the library door.

“I need to talk to you two,” he stated in a stern voice.

Hugo glanced at his accomplice; K closed her book. “Where’s mother?” She asked. “Gone upstairs to rest, she’s exhausted,” he stated, as he stood directly in front of the killers.

Hugo swallowed the dry lump in his throat, as Kasandra’s pale face gazed unswervingly at father.

“If it hadn’t been for you two—,” he paused, his voice overcome with emotion. He cleared his throat.  “Your quick thinking probably saved Sebastian’s life.”

Kasandra and Hugo glanced at one another.

“He’s alive?” She exclaimed.

Hugo white-faced stared at the man towering above him.

“That’s amazing,” whispered Hugo.

“Our doctors are not sure of the extent of his injuries. They say it’s a miracle he’s breathing— we can only pray the boy pulls through,” he added wiping a tear from his cheek.

“Why was the boy there?”  He demanded suddenly.  “I thought he was staying home.”

An awkward silence hung until K stood and hugged her father.

“I don’t know daddy,” she said. “He came running up the track and seemed to slip.”

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To everyone's amazement, Seb surfaced from his coma four months later, then had to come to terms with the extent of his terrible injuries.

He’d broken nearly every bone in his body and was paralyzed from the neck down, apart from limited movement in his left arm and hand.  His right was so badly damaged it had to be amputated.

For the would-be killers, the following school holidays gave opportunities to spend time together.  Hugo attended regular horse riding lessons at the estate, which was used to smooth their clandestine relationship into the public eye.

“I think you’re quite taken with young Hugo,” her father commented over dinner one evening.

K’s initial reaction was to be dismissive but quickly changed tack.

“Yes, he’s sweet— he’s the first boy I’ve met with intelligence.”

A wry smile crossed her mother's tired face. “I hope he likes the perfume you wear when he comes over.”

There was an awkward pause on Kasandra’s part, as the young girl struggled to keep her composure.

“He likes it very much,” she replied, fighting back a blush as her father addressed his wife.

“Could you contact Mrs DeVilliers, see if Hugo could stay over for a few days. Seb has asked to see his old friend.

Kasandra beamed inwardly.

Hugo’s hospital visit was nerve-racking. He’d followed Mr Rodriguez into a small white room, adorned with get-well cards almost everywhere.

Glimpsing Seb’s frail withered form, Hugo felt every muscle in his body tense; even his breathing seemed to labour.

“Look who I’ve brought to see you,” Seb’s father announced.

The patient's head hardly turned but his sunken eyes moved quickly towards his guest, then his wasted lips curled in a crooked smile.

For a moment Hugo was unsure what to do but then took the withered hand in his.

Mr Rodriguez fussed about for a moment, before turning to go.  “I leave you chaps to talk; I have a meeting with doctors.”

A moment later Dragon’s soft raspy voice cut through the silence.

“They say you saved my life.”

Hugo forced a smile and nodded in agreement.

“What happened to me, Hugo?  How did it happen?” The patient’s eyes were suddenly awash with tears.

Hugo cleared his throat.  “You don’t remember?”

Seb’s eyes reflected that same pleading. “I can’t remember anything,” came a pitiful reply, releasing tension in Hugo’s body as a little euphoria seeped back.

K had said her brother had no knowledge of the event but she hadn’t been to see him, due to Seb not wanting visitors.  He couldn’t tolerate being seen in such a pitiful state.

His doctor’s assured this reaction would pass in time but for the moment, a great deal of mind healing needed to take place.

Hugo had contrived a simple explanation was best, which would leave so much in doubt.  He’d feared the boy’s memory would regenerate on seeing him but looking at what was left of Dragon, he doubted the boy would live very long.

“You stumbled— the next thing I knew, you went over the edge.  I grabbed your arm but I wasn’t strong enough to hold you.”

“How could that happen?  I’ve walked that trail hundreds of times.”

Hugo shrugged.  “It happened so fast— you tripped and fell.”

“How could I trip?” But the question was like a plea.

“Maybe you stumbled over your bootlace.”

Seb sunken eyes glistened, his voice harsh and bitter. “I can’t remember a fucking thing,” he snarled. “I’ve lain here searching every corner of my mind— there’s nothing— I’m trapped in this—,” suddenly his voice failed.

Watching this mental anguish, sent bursts of euphoria through Hugo. The cripple had betrayed their organization. Had cheated and blackmailed. A sinister smirk creased the corners of his lips.

Was it time to tell this bag of bones, what really happened?

**To be continued**