

Earl had waited patiently for this day. Years had passed since he had first hatched his plot. He had acted cautiously, slowly, and methodically. It had taken a great deal of patience and planning, but now the time to execute his plan had finally come. His parents were leaving for a long planned and much-anticipated cruise to the Caribbean, courtesy off course of Earl. He had kindly offered, and his father Mr. Wilson had gladly accepted his offer to take care of the house while they were away. It all meant that Earl would be all alone in the house for a whole two weeks. It was more than enough time for what he meant to do.

The next-door neighbor's kid, Dennis, had been a thorn in his side for as long as he could remember. He resented the fondness his dad had for the brat, and was envious of the attention he got. He had often felt neglected, and could not stand the fact that it was not he, Mr. Wilson's son, who garnered his father's attention and affection, but that annoying brat next door; Dennis. Just thinking of the name made Earl's hair on the back of his neck stand up in anger and resentment. That's why he had decided that he was going to put an end to it, for good.

Earl's parents had already been gone for two whole days, and Dennis had not dropped in yet. Earl waited impatiently. He knew that eventually that menace of a kid would show up, he always did. He was ready; he would strike when the time came, and strike quickly. He was actually surprised that the brat had not already shown up at his doorstep, with his characteristically annoying behavior. It did make sense however, because the weather had been very wet; keeping most activities, even those of a rambunctious kid, confined to the indoors.

Today however, the weather was fine, so Earl waited, ready to act. He had planned things carefully, and with great detail. He had fantasized about what he would do to and with the boy for a long time. The very thoughts of what he had planned for the kid aroused him to no end. Even now, sitting in front of the TV without really watching it, Earl's dick was hard and throbbing. "Common already brat, make your move", he thought.

Almost as if in cue, Earl noticed the top of a blond head of hair with the distinctive cowlick move past the front window of the house. His heart began to beat harder and faster; the time had arrived. He quickly went through the whole plan in his head, one last check, and one final chance to back out. Did he really want to go through with this; YES!

Earl had purposely left the sliding glass door that led to the back yard of the house open. He knew Dennis would not resist the temptation to barge into the house, and meddle in the goings on inside; he was, off course, right.

"What you doing?" asked Dennis in his usual peppy and annoying voice.

Earl turned his head and looked right at the boy. "I am watching television. Why are you here?" he gruffed

The boy came back quickly, "just dropping by, I miss Mr. Wilson. Hey!, Wanna play?"

Earl could not fail to find irony in the boy's request. "Sure, I would really like to play", he said with a smile.

Dennis smiled and jumping up and down said, "oh boy, REALLY!" "Yes, really", said Earl, "Have you ever played cowboys and Indians?"

Earl soon had the brat restrained and gagged, entirely at his mercy. It had been just too easy. Earl played the Indian, Dennis



the cowboy, who had been made prisoner by Earl the Indian. Even now, the boy thought that the game was still on, although he looked at him quietly and with a hint of fright. He had never quite played cowboys and Indians like this. He was unable to move much with his wrists tied tightly behind his back, and his feet bound together. Earl looked at the clock in the wall; it was barely 9:30 in the morning. Earl knew that neither of Denis's parents would be back and looking for him for many, many hours yet. The boy was his to do as he pleased.

Earl did not want to delay in the least. He placed a cloth gag over the boy's mouth, and took the boy over his shoulder. Unfortunately, for the boy, Earl had a long list of things he wanted to do before it all came to an end. Dennis protested and tried to squirm free as Earl took him down the stairs to the basement where he had everything laid out and ready. The boy kept squirming, wriggling like a worm, making it harder for Earl as he came down into the basement. Earl's patience with Dennis was at an end.

Earl undid each of the straps of the boy's overalls, and peeled them down to his ankles. The boy's expression of fright only grew. Earl could not help but to chuckle when he realized that the boy was freeballing. The boy's little penis came into view as he tugged the pants down. Next, Earl pulled up the boy's shirt revealing his torso. For a young boy, Dennis was well developed, and quite cute. It made his plans to abuse and murder the boy that much more appealing.

Denis had began to moan into his gag, when Earl shut him up with an abrupt and brusque scream, "Shut up brat" Leaning forward, so that his face was close to Dennis, he unleashed his vitriol on the boy, "you are going to pay for all your shenanigans boy"

Placing the boy down on the downstairs bed, he slapped the boy hard, making him wail and cry. Earl, still cautious, quickly closed the door of the basement, and locked it, effectively sealing the boy's fate. Earl began to take off his clothes, making Dennis cry even louder. Outside the house, no one would have been able to hear the boy's screams, unless they had come right up to the house, and listened very carefully, but no one did.

Inside, Earl stripped the boy of his overalls, and using a sharp knife had ripped the boy's t-shirt off his chest, leaving him naked. Earl was not out to just eliminate the boy, he had every intention to punish him as much as he could in the window of time he had allotted himself. He satisfied his sadistic pleasure, when he placed the shreds of the boy's clothing in a big black trash bag, and told the boy, "you wont need these anymore boy, not anymore, ever"



Earl then approached the boy, and grabbed his right ankle, forcing his leg up and exposing the boy's ass. "Let's have a little bit of fun with you now boy, have you ever been fucked?" The boy, who had not idea of what being fucked meant, attempted to respond, but Earl had no care for the boy's response. He placed the tip of his throbbing cock against the boy's ass, and started pressing in. The boy tried to squirm again, but it was no use. Earl pressed even harder, and began to enter the screaming kid's ass, as he looked up at him in terror. Earl satiated his appetites and quenched his anger on the boy. How long did he use the boy, one hour,

two? He really did not keep track of the time. However, by the time he was done, the boy had been both thoroughly raped, and beaten by Earl. Now, Earl thought, for the best part of the plan.

The boy just lay limp on the bed, whimpering in pain, breathing hard, and covered in sweat. His hands were still tightly bound behind his back, and had no chance of escape. Earl looked at him, and said, "lets go for a ride you and I, shall we?" The boy whimpered once again, Earl's expression was one of utter hate, sadism, and frightened him.

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Earl enjoyed the feel of the wind in his face as the outboard motor labored to push the little boat forward over the waters of the lake. The boat slowly made its way up the lake towards a seldom-visited part of the lake. There, Earl knew, there was a secluded and deep cove. The perfect place for what he had in mind. The spot was many miles away from the boathouse, so it took the little boat a good amount of time to get there, but eventually, he did get there. Along the way, Earl had kept an eye for other boaters, who by their presence might spoil his plans, but being a weekday, the lake was deserted.

When he finally reached the cove, Earl twisted the throttle controller on the little Evinrude outboard engine, and allowed the boat to slow down. The following wake caught up with the boat giving it a gentle roll forward. The boat quickly stopped, and began to bob gently between the steep hillsides on either side of the little inlet. Earl turned the engine off, and suddenly the quiet of the lake enveloped him. He looked all around one more time to make sure that there were no potential witnesses in sight. He strained his senses, looking around as far as the eye could see, and listening as keenly as his ears could hear. He was all alone. Satisfied, he reached to the front of the boat and pulled on the frayed blue tarp. Under it was Dennis, naked, quivering in fright, his arms and legs still tied, looking up at Earl, clearly afraid of what the man might do to him next.

Earl picked up a short length of yellow nylon rope from the bottom of the boat, and without saying a word, he began to tie the old nylon rope around the rope that bound the boy's ankles together. Dennis had never been a boy that could let a moment of quiet go without filling it with some kind of chatter. Earl hated that about the boy. Yet, the boy was the way the boy was, so despite the boy's fright, perhaps because of it, he began to talk.

"What you doing?" asked Dennis. His voice could not hide the apprehension that he was feeling. Obviously, the question was born not just out of the desire to chitchat, but also from a natural sense of curiosity. "I am tying this rope around your ankles," replied Earl, glad to put up with the banter of the boy if only for a few more minutes. At least it would keep the boy from screaming, or crying. Earl hated both of those things. If the boy wanted some last small talk, then fine.

"Why?" Earl kept his concentration on the task at hand, and just droned on a response to the boy. Earl could not help noticing how very much like his own father, Mr. Wilson, he sounded like when he had to deal with the brat, "so that I can attach the other end to this weight"

"Why?" Earl shook his head slightly; the boy just did not know how to shut up. Well, no matter, he would take care of that in a just a minute, perhaps two. Earl completed the knot that secured the nylon rope to the boy's ankles with one last jerk, and answered back, "So it will weight you down when I throw you overboard" Earl knew that the boy would sooner or later figure out where all this was going. Already, the tentative nature of the boy's next question hinted at the fact that he sensed something was not right.

"W...why?" Earl had fantasized about this moment hundreds of times over the years, the moment when he would let the brat know what his fate was. He had always wondered how the boy would behave once he told him. His heartbeat accelerated, and in his swim trunks, Earl could feel his cock stiffen anew.

Just as Earl started to loop the rope around the weight that would pull the boy down to the bottom of the lake, he replied, "so you will sink and drown", Earl had made sure to be looking at the boy when he told him. The boy obviously did not quite understand Earl at first. He had certainly heard him, but the magnitude of the message was

too big to fit into the boys head all at once. A few moments passed as Earls words sunk in. The response was precious, "B...but, but that's bad, I... I will die!"

Earl meant to exact one last terrible toll on the boy, so he went on the offensive, "I don't think so. I think it is about time someone tied a rock to your feet and threw you in a deep spot in the lake" Earl felt his long pent-up vitriol let loose, and come pouring out. "Just think about it boy, in just a moment, I am going to toss you into the lake, and then I am going to watch this heavy block drag you down to the bottom" The boy's face began to reflect terror and panic. A panic caused not just by what Earl was telling him, but also by the expression of unmitigated hate and despite in Earls face. There was no benevolence in those eyes; there was nothing but dark and deep hate. Earl approached the boy, and Dennis screamed.

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The boy screamed at the top of his lungs. Between screams and yells, he begged and pleaded desperately with the man not to throw him into the water, not to drown him. The boy squirmed and rolled, trying his best to keep the man from picking him up, and throwing him into the lake. Earl however, did not intend to let the boy get away with any of it. There was only one way off the boat for the brat, and that was a one-way trip to the bottom of the lake. He had made very definite plans for the boy, and he was not about to deviate from them. He tugged on the rope between boys ankles once again, dragging the boy a few inches closer to him. Dennis begged even louder, emitting a howl of terror, as he realized that his efforts to be cute, and appease the man were not going to work. "Please! Please mister, I will be good, honest! I will stay away, I won't tell anyone, I will be good"

Earl chuckled, he had expected as much from the brat. Even if he had wanted to spare the boy, and he definitely didn't, things had already gone too far to back out now. "Common boy, quit your yelling, and come here" Earl pulled from the rope again dragging the boy between his legs. Then he began to pick the boy up.

Earl loved to see the expression of terror in the boys face, he even thought about raping the boy again, or force him to suck his cock again. It would be fun to exact one last measure of revenge on the boy, but he decided against it. The way the boy was screaming someone in the lake might actually hear him. Better not take any chances, he thought. Earl grasped the rope around the boy's neck, and used it to gag the boy, quieting him down.

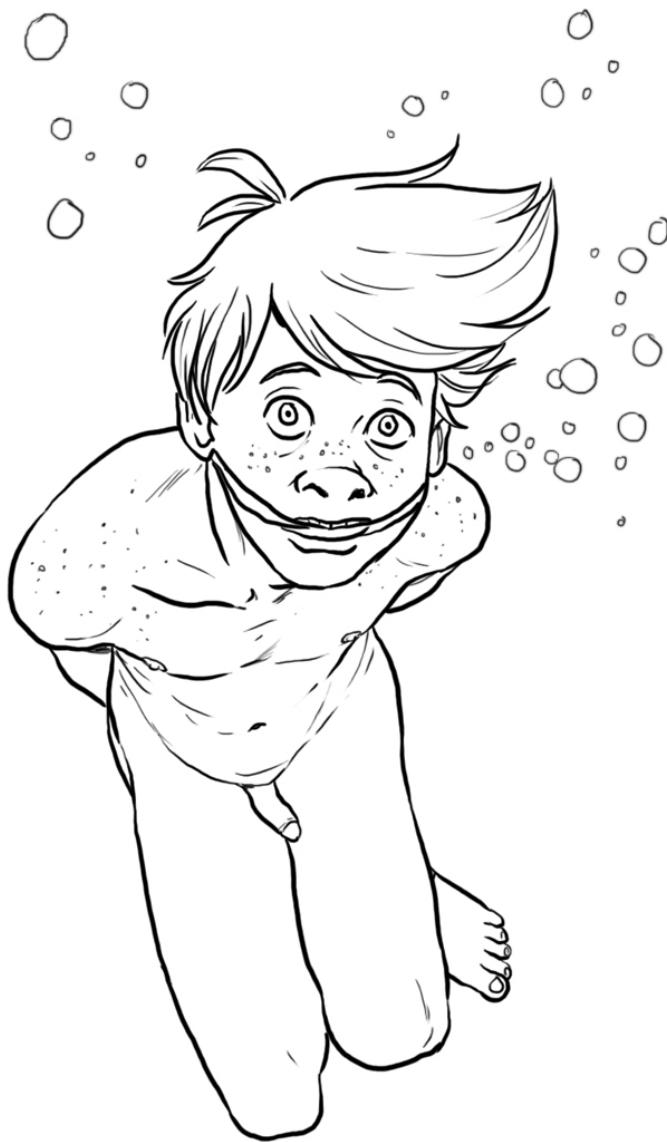


Looking right at the boys terrified eyes he said, "Ok brat, time for you to go make friends among the fish" with that, Earl picked up the boy, and being careful not to tip the boat, he simply tossed the boy overboard. The body of the boy splashed on the water, and the immediately began to twisted and turn, trying desperately to swim. Earl had purposely not used a very heavy weight. He wanted the boy to sink slowly, to struggle, and suffer. He had hoped that perhaps the boy would even manage to take one more breath before he started his final journey to the bottom.

Dennis looked at Earl wide eyed, and terrified, as he tried to stay afloat. The boy tried to wiggle like a fish trying to stay on the surface, but the weight attached to his ankles tugged downwards inexorably, and after a few moments it pulled the boy below the surface, leaving behind a sparse trail of air bubbles. Earl

adjusted his swimming goggles, and placed his face on the water. He wanted to witness the boys last moments.

He knew that the boy would be pulled to the bottom by the cinderblock. By his estimation, the cove was about 40 or 50 feet deep here. The water was clear enough that the sunlight penetrated deep into the lake, tracing the familiar pattern of parallel dark and bright lines that faded into the depth. Far below, Earl could barely make out the flat brownish bottom of the lake. The boys blond hair stuck out clearly against the dull brown of the bottom. Just as he had expected, the boy was being slowly pulled down by the cinder block. He worried that perhaps it was not heavy enough, since the boy was sinking a bit slower than he had expected. The boy was struggling mightily, both to regain the surface, and to free his arms. Earl watched the show, as he had long desired to observe this moment.



The boy had already been under water for a while, and was growing visibly desperate for air. In his growing panic, the boy pulled on his arms, trying to break them free of the ligatures that bound them. Obviously, his air was running out. The boy pulled and twisted, first to the right, then to the left. Earl had tied the ropes that held the boys arms and legs carefully, and knew that the boy would not be able to break free. However, the boy did not know that, and kept trying nevertheless. Yet, his lungs were aching desperately for a fresh breath of air, and he shook his head from side to side letting a few bubbles escape from his mouth. Then suddenly, the boy lost control, and let go of his air producing a big burp of bubbles that began their twiddling journey upwards towards the surface. The boy then inhaled, filling his lungs with water. The boy contorted and writhed, coughing a few residual bubbles of air. His chest heaved in and out, trying to expel the water, and find air, but that was not going to happen. For an instant, the boy and Earl looked right at each other, Earl with a smug smile, Dennis with the expression of a frightened boy who had just realized that Earl had every intention of following through with his promise to drown him.

The boy still trying to free himself began to sink faster now that his lungs were empty of air. His efforts grew weaker and weaker, as the boy began to run out of oxygen. The boy looked right at Earl one more time, sinking deeper and deeper. Then suddenly, the boy twitched a few more times, and then, just like that he was done. His eyes glazed over, and his body went limp. The body sunk slowly, until the cinderblock attached to its feet hit the bottom kicking up a small cloud of silt. The body of the boy hovered above the weight, swaying ever so gently in the water. A few more bubbles came out of the boy. Earl knew then that he was finally rid of that annoying kid once and for all.

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Shortly after Earl left, the body of the boy, floating right above the bottom of the lake like a statue, began to attract the attention of the fish, which began to nibble on the boy's supple penis and eyes.