

26 I downloaded an IP address blocker first and foremost. I mean it would be rather  
27 silly of me to run this whole operation from my home computer without it, just so  
28 that if any of my play mates disappearances were ever actually investigated,  
29 there would be this electronic trail leading the police directly back to me and my  
30 little workshop of horrors.

31

32 Once activated, I created all new email addresses and dating site profiles for my  
33 dark plan. It was so easy it was almost insulting. But really, who thinks to look  
34 outside their pond when they go out fishing? No one. I did a quick search for  
35 females that matched what I wanted to represent in other cities around the world  
36 and when I found someone I liked, I copied their photos and used them in my  
37 new online identity as whoever it was I wanted to be.

38

39 I always change things up. I never use the same profile for more than one victim  
40 at a time, and I generate new email addresses as well, just in case. After a victim  
41 is removed from the world neatly and cleanly, I erase my accounts and every  
42 trace they left behind. Sure the mother servers may or may not have an imprinted  
43 image, but even if they checked, they wouldn't trace me.

44

45 As soon as the profiles go up, within twenty four hours the responses come in  
46 like a flood. I review the messages sent and choose my victims based on age,

1 body type, profession, status and living situation. Obviously I'm not going to  
2 pursue a 6'4 athletic martial arts instructor who's married with 4 kids. That's just  
3 got trouble written all over it. I mean I'm ruthless but I'm not an idiot. I have my  
4 own fight training background but I don't have delusions of grandeur.

5  
6 When I come across a single man in his late thirties to early forties who is self  
7 employed, lives alone and stands between 5'7 and 5'11 with an average body  
8 type weighing in between 150 and 180 lbs, I know I've found my ideal target.

9  
10 Such was the case with a man I will refer to as Frank. That of course is not his  
11 real name and I won't divulge any other sensitive details about the situation but  
12 Frank was my very first target ever. I roped him in with a profile I was quite proud  
13 of featuring photos of a blonde I would like to bang myself.

14  
15 I asked him to pick me up from my residence at a prescribed time on a particular  
16 night of the week and then gave him detailed instructions on how to find the  
17 place. I gave him some song and dance routine about how my landlord had the  
18 property setup to where the back gate was broken and padlocked and there was  
19 nowhere in front to park because of a no parking zone and a bus stop across the  
20 street. So I told him I would leave the garage door open for him to come in  
21 through and then to come the back door of the house, all the while realizing of  
22 course that he would never make it that far.

23  
24 So the message was received and confirmed, and I waited.

25  
26 Generally I was quite pleased with myself. I had a perfectly formulated plan, and I  
27 was fully prepared. I adorned my specialty mask, serving the double purpose of  
28 facial protection and identity shield to give the victim a false sense of security in  
29 thinking they would be let go since I cared about hiding who I was. But without  
30 explaining it to them, that thought would not likely cross their mind in the heat of  
31 the moment.

32  
33 I slipped my hoody on and pulled the hood over my head, resting it comfortably  
34 over my brow. I slipped the knife holster with the blade in it onto my belt and  
35 pulled on my fine leather gloves.

36  
37 My kill room was perfectly prepped. Plastic sheeting taped together and around  
38 my table; a large green cloth screwed into the drywall ceiling to shield view of it  
39 from my guests line of sight, and to shield me too of course. I now stood but a  
40 few feet away from the front door which I had locked of course. The plan was to  
41 wait in the shadow of my curtain until he approached the door and shock him with  
42 the stun baton followed by a sleeper hold that would sap away his consciousness  
43 so that I could tape him up and set him on my table.

44  
45 The last thought that crossed my mind before Frank pulled up into the driveway  
46 had nothing to do with the event itself, but rather was a mental note that I would

1 need to remember to get a stock of paper towels for miscellaneous clean up in  
2 the future.

3

4 The cars engine rumbled and its headlights shone bright in the lowering dusk. I  
5 thought if his headlights were on a delay self shut off like mine that he would see  
6 more than I wanted him to which still wasn't much. Just a few crates of tools and  
7 paint cans, normal garage accessories in my opinion. But his headlights turned  
8 off as his engine petered out. I heard the sound of the car door opening and  
9 closing and then the footsteps that followed.

10

11 My head was rushed with adrenaline, my stomach had a half second flutter of  
12 butterflies before my resolve strengthened and I stood there, ominous in the dark  
13 prepared to strike with my stun baton fully extended and the safety off.

14

15 The typical taser guns used by police carry a charge of 50,000 volts and we've  
16 seen what they do to the people hit with them. The stun baton boasts 800,000  
17 volts which sounds practically lethal but you have to understand that it isn't the  
18 voltage but the amps delivered by the weapon that matter. Either way I was  
19 confident in the weapons strength.

20

21 My confidence was misplaced.

22

23 I took two swift silent steps toward my target and pressing the baton across the  
24 back of his neck, pulled the trigger. It shocked and jumped but did little more than  
25 merely alert the bastard to what was really going on. It did not render his muscles  
26 unusable and the little ■■■ fought back.

27

28 I had a distinct advantage. I was taller and outclassed him in tenacity and  
29 strength. This was also my environment and he wasn't expecting to run into a  
30 psycho in a mask, only a beautiful woman he hoped he would get lucky with. The  
31 confusion played to my benefit and I struck him repeatedly. He yelled "what the  
32 ■■■" at the top of his lungs. The noise was something I had hoped to avoid but I  
33 paid it no mind and continued attempting to subdue this defiant little ■■■

34

35 I dropped the baton and punched him several times in the side of the head but  
36 still he would not go down. He broke free and I could tell he would make for the  
37 door, for the way he came in so I reached into my pocket and withdrew the gun.

38

39 I pointed it straight at him and all of a sudden he took me seriously, his eyes  
40 wide. I commanded him to get down on the floor, to which he obeyed quickly. If  
41 he lifted his head even the slightest bit I warned him against it. I removed my  
42 gloves and went for the duct tape. I tore a piece off and slipped it over his eyes.

43

44 It was then that I told him that if he did what I told him to, that I would let him live.  
45 I brought one arm down around his back and was reaching for the other arm  
46 when he began defying me again.

1  
2 "No, I can't, I can't do this." He began. Retrospect is of course 20/20 and had I  
3 been able to go back to that moment there would have been a hundred things I  
4 would have done differently. Obviously overestimating the stun baton is a  
5 mistake I would not repeat. The other one was putting up with his [REDACTED]. I  
6 should have just pounded him in the back of the head while he was down until he  
7 lay unconscious on the floor. I should have shut the big door when I had the  
8 chance but everything moved too quickly and I didn't want to take my eyes off  
9 him for one second.

10  
11 He got back to his feet having removed the duct tape and when I pointed the gun  
12 at him again, he grabbed it. He gripped down hard, twice and I think I might have  
13 seen a gleam in him that indicated he felt the guns construction and realized it  
14 was not real but I can't be sure. I still held on for dear life, not willing to give him a  
15 blunt object to hit me back with.

16  
17  
18  
19

20 Frank made a few feeble attempts to hit me and tried one impotent kick aimed at  
21 my groin that I easily deflected. I delivered a head butt to his face and he broke  
22 free again. I clutched onto his jacket but he shook himself loose of it and took off  
23 for the opening in the door.

24

25 He made it into the driveway and that's when I knew I was pooched. I followed  
26 him out, not caring anymore who might see me. He was fumbling on the ground. I  
27 grabbed him by the leg as if to drag him back into the garage caveman style but  
28 my energy was depleting and the human survival instinct is one of the most  
29 powerful forces on Earth. He tried to grab at my mask and came quite close to  
30 pulling it off. I broke the grasp and he spun away into the alley and sure enough,  
31 a couple on an evening stroll saw me coming after him sporting a deer in the  
32 headlight look that can only be described as a total lack of comprehension. I  
33 stared back at them through my mask for half a moment and then headed back  
34 for the cover of my lair.

35

36 I don't know why I played it as cool as I did. Maybe it was something Frank said  
37 during the skirmish about swearing not to tell anyone if I let him go. Maybe it was  
38 my own instincts about reading people and the fear in his eyes that told me deep  
39 down, he wouldn't report the incident, but I felt ok.