

Who Would Suspect

By Reaper

My name is Randy Mason and I would like to tell you the story of my family. No family is perfect but I had always thought my family was pretty close to being perfect. It was no secret to me that I was adopted into my family but I was always made to feel like I was one of them. Their biological daughter Kimberly had been something of a best friend to me. She even called me her little brother even though she knew I wasn't really.

Those were the golden days that I had with my family. But those good old days just didn't last. Over the years I think my family either became bored with me or tired of me. They were never exactly cruel to me. I was never mistreated or anything like that. I suppose neglectful would be the most accurate way you could describe how my family became towards me.

Rather than inviting me along, Kimberly now refused to let me accompany her when she would go out with her friends. I was never really good at making friends on my own so loneliness started becoming the norm for me.

My adopted parents lost interest in me as well. It reached a point where they seemed to make a point of ignoring me and would never talk to me the way they used to. For the longest time I just became very sad and longed for the days when I was really loved and was really a part of the Mason family. I began to suspect that they only treated me this way because I was adopted and that they would never treat their own flesh and blood with the level of indifference I was treated with.

My feelings began to drift from sadness into anger and eventually the anger I felt towards my family turned into something far worse. I began to hate my family. I kept this hatred to myself. Even though my family didn't love me or care about me anymore I still continued to stay with them and always greeted them with a smile whenever they saw me, but under the surface my hatred for them burned. I could feel it building in me day by day.

Finally I'd had enough. I was sick of my family and I would give anything to have another family instead. Then one night, I had an idea. I would get rid of my family forever and I'd try and find someone else who would take me in and love me like my current family used to.

So one night, after mom, dad, and Kimberly had fallen asleep, I got up and snuck downstairs. I took the big kitchen knife out of the knife block and snuck back up to Kimberly's room. I crept up on her sleeping form and brandished the knife. I stabbed her in the neck with all my might and I got lucky because I think I cut her vocal cords with my first blow. She woke up and tried to scream but only blood splattered out of her mouth. I stabbed her again and again until she finally lay still in a spreading pool of blood.

That just left mom and dad. Dad was bigger and stronger so I figured I would kill him first. I walked over to dad's side of the bed and tried stabbing him in the throat the same way I had to Kimberly. This time it didn't go as smoothly. I was able to successfully kill him but he got out several blood curdling screams before he succumbed to my blade. His yells woke mom up who in a groggy panic fell out of bed.

I pulled my knife out of dad's throat and jumped off the bed to where mom was sprawled on the floor in her night gown. She looked at me with a look that was confused, shocked, and horrified.

"R-Randy??" she asked in complete disbelief at seeing me, covered in blood and walking towards her brandishing the knife.

I lost my temper at that stupid look on her face. That look that quite plainly said she never ever suspected me of being capable of doing what I was doing. Really? After all that indifference and uncaring treatment I'd endured she didn't think I was even capable of this?

I snarled and sprang at her slashing at her with the knife. She screamed loudly and got up to flee but I aimed the knife at the back of her knee and she collapsed in the hallway unable to walk properly. I climbed on top of mother and tried to drive the knife into her chest, but she struck me across the face sending me into the wall. I'd never been hit before and it only enraged me further.

I lunged at her again and stabbed her in the side of the stomach. Then as she tried to push me off of her I plunged the blade of the knife into her eye socket with a sickening squelching sound. Mom gave the loudest scream yet after that and clapped her hand over her ruined eye. I got several more stabs in her stomach and chest before she tumbled down the staircase crashing into the opposite wall at the bottom.

She lay there still at the bottom of the stairs. I walked down the stairs staring at her still form on the floor. She never stirred, but just the same I dragged the blade of the knife across her neck making sure she was dead.

After I was done I tossed the bloody knife into the sink and walked back up the stairs to Kimberly's room. I crawled into her bed and lay next to her still body and waited for whatever might come next. I knew that killing people was wrong of course and that when the police caught murderers they would put them in jail and never let them out again. But I wasn't worried about that because I didn't think anyone would suspect me.

I mean, who really suspects a doll?