

FIVE IN THE ARENA

By Pouget Dalmas



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Cover by Pouget Dalmas.

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It seems hard to think that only as far back as the 80s the life of a child could be so different from that of today's children. Perhaps it was something to do with our living in a small town, surrounded by farms, and far away from the 'evils' of the city, but as kids we were given the kind of freedoms which are unthinkable today.

We cycled or walked to school, unescorted, and certainly not secured within bomb-proof cars the size of vans.

As soon as we were home from school, we were changed and out to play with our friends until dinner or dusk or both, roaming the town and surrounding fields and rivers and streams and forests with no mobile phones or tracking chips or whatever else today's children are monitored with.

You know what else?

We survived it unscathed if you don't count the occasional cut, bruise, or being shouted at by the local bobbies for being too loud or in the wrong place at the wrong time.

That's not to say we didn't misbehave in our own ways, though.

It was the summer of '87, we were ten years old, and we owned the world, or so it felt like to us.

School had broken up for the summer, it was a long July day, Mum was at home, Dad was at work, and me and my little gang were headed out of town on our bikes, plastic helmets gleaming in the sun, and chattering away like sparrows.

Out in front rode Chris and Mark, the oldest at almost eleven years old, scouting the way ahead on their racers. A little behind them was

Ames who was the oldest of us girls at ten-and-a-half, keeping her green Raleigh a little to the side to avoid the dust the boys' bikes were throwing up.

“Hey! Ames! You checking out Mark’s bum again?” I shouted as I pedalled along, Mandi keeping me company at the back of our little caravan. I was the youngest at just ten years and three month, but I tried to sound more adult when I could. Beside me Mandi giggled, older than me by a crucial six weeks, though she usually sounded the youngest of us all, that giggle really not helping that.

“Don’t know what you mean!” Ames shouted back as she moved across so she was following right behind Mark.

Now I was giggling with Mandi. Ames had always been soft on Mark, and now we were older and the differences between us and the boys were getting more interesting, she was much keener to come to play if Mark was with us and if there was a chance we might end up nude.

She didn’t fool us for a minute, Mark included.

“What about you, Mandi?” I asked as we dropped back a little.

“Me?”

“You thinking about Chris’s shorts?”

“No ...”

“So you’re thinking what’s in those shorts instead then?”

“No! Of course not! Who’d think that?” Mandi asked.

“You would, Mandi. But if you’re telling me you want me to ask him to keep them on all afternoon ...?”

Mandi giggled. “Bit hot for that, Pou, to stay dressed all afternoon ...”

“If you say so, Mandi. Good thing they’re not shy ...” I said, sure she was remembering the same thing I was, all those times when the

boys had been quick to volunteer to get nude if we girls did, sometimes going fully nude when all we had to do was get topless.

Boys!

Of course, it helped that it was a lovely summer's day as we rode along the dusty track between a couple of farms, and up to our special place. The sky was clear and bright blue, with the sun flashing through the leaves, and the odd cricket chirruping in the dry grass in case we didn't already know it was going to be another hot day.

That was probably why we were dressed as we were. Actually, the boys were already topless, riding along in just their football shorts, Chris's black with white edges, and Mark's blue with white edges. Ames was wearing her favourite bikini that had a bandeau top and shorts like boys would wear, all in a dark pink that wasn't purple — she made sure we never accused her of wearing that colour ever again. Mandi was wearing her red swimsuit like they wore in Baywatch, but with some acid wash denim jeans shorts over them so she could ride her bike and not rub her legs red before we arrived. Me? I was riding along wearing my new bikini for the summer, all in black, with thick white edges round the cups and carried on up round my neck, and more thick white edges on the straps that joined the front panel and back panel of the pantie together. It wasn't perfect for riding, but I loved that bikini as the bra was a little padded, kind of like a training bra, and enough to let people know my tits were starting to come. I hadn't got tits like Ames had or Mandi thought she had, but they were coming, sort of.

I was still daydreaming nothing and everything as we took a familiar turn for the left and began to cut through the trees.

We were nearly there.

The Arena.

It was such a grand name we'd given the place which actually wasn't anything more than a little clearing in between a couple of the farms out to the west of town, but to us it was far more important than that.

This was the place where we went to fight each other to the death!

Sometimes we fought duels, sometimes we sacrificed a virgin — we had five of them! — and sometimes it was where a lost girl got hunted and caught and killed.

The story and the setting never really mattered, what was important to us was it was where we could go to copy something we'd seen in a film or on TV, or even just made up ourselves, leaving most or all of us writhing in agony as we died.

And we never died quickly.

Where would have been the fun in that?

Sure enough, that last turn had been the one I thought it was, even though they all looked kind of the same, really, especially if you didn't know where you were, and a couple of minutes later we were skidding our bikes to a halt on the dry grass as we surveyed our domain, standing with our legs braced over our crossbars as we made sure we were alone.

Of course we were.

We always were.

We'd been about seven years old when someone had found this place, and we'd quickly made it our own.

It hadn't begun as The Arena, just as somewhere we went to have picnics, maybe kick a football, or play with frisbees, but after a while we'd started playing 'Jungle' or 'Army' or even sometimes 'Doctors and Patients', and in all that time, we'd grown more and more confident that we were alone there, that we'd always have this place for ourselves.

In our confidence, we grew daring.

That was how The Arena had been born, birthed in childhood games but quickly brought to life as our games grew darker and deadlier, a place now reserved for death and sacrifice and executions.

“Looks clear!” Chris called out.

“Everyone agree?” Mark shouted.

We all nodded.

“Cool!” Chris said as he got off his bike and led the way as we all leant our bikes on tree trunks, hanging our helmets from the handlebars, kicking off our trainers, and taking off our socks. It felt more real if we were barefoot, the grass scratching and tickling our feet, helping The Arena feel like a wild place where wild things could happen.

“Leave these here?” Mark asked as he took off his backpack.

“Someplace in the shade,” Chris said as he did the same with his backpack, pausing like Mark to take his sword carefully from where he’d tucked it. Chris loved his sword, a Roman gladiator-like thing in bronze coloured plastic, even though he had to fight carefully with it as he’d stabbed Mark in the back too hard, once, and bent the end of the blade sideways. It looked great when he did it because it really looked like he’d stabbed Mark, but even though he’d tried taping it up, it’d looked wrong with cellotape on it, so he’d peeled it off and now he fought with a wonky sword.

“Right, who’s fighting?” Mark asked as he took out his plastic sword, more piratey than anything, but not really a cutlass like I’d seen in pirate movies I’d watched with Dad, a kid’s cutlass, I guess. He swung it around a little, like a warrior loosening up for the fight.

“Can we watch you two first?” Mandi asked.

“Not yet you can’t,” Chris said. “We’re only wearing our shorts but you’re wearing tops and stuff. You want us to fight for you? Take your

tops off, you know, for we who are about to die,” he teased as he stood with his arm down, Mark copying him as they stood united against us.

“We don’t need to do any such thing,” Ames said as she stood, one hand on one hip, the other wagging at the boys in a jokey way. “We’re not fighting yet.”

“No, *we* are, but until you’ve all three got your tops off,” Mark said, “we’re not fighting nobody! It’s not fair if you don’t.”

“You’ll see our boobies!” Mandi complained, though she wasn’t trying very hard. Her boobies were somehow always the first to be seen, our little exhibitionist.

“We’ve seen it all before,” Mark said, trying to sound like it didn’t matter. “And we all know you like showing your boobies anyway, Mandi!”

“I do not!” Mandi pouted as she wriggled out of her swimsuit, rolling it over and over like a sausagey belt round her waist, showing off her brownish nipples and her soft little tummy.

“See!” Mark laughed. “Told you! Okay, Ames? Pou?”

“You want to see our tits?” Ames asked.

The boys nodded.

“Okay, but only if you two fight nude after,” Ames said, Mandi grinning and nodding in agreement.

“Aha! You just want to see our willies!” Chris teased.

“I want to see your willie and I want to try and stab you in the willie!” Ames teased as she took off her top. “Anyway, it’s more natural to fight nude.”

“Says who?” Mark asked.

“Says three girls whose pussies you want to see,” Ames answered.

“Yeah, but you want to stab me in the willie? Okay, then I’m going

to stab your fanny!” Chris said as he mimed doing just that with his toy sword, a quick flick of the wrist and an upward sweep of his blade.

“Then I’ll cut your willie off and you can die without a willie!” Ames said as she hung her bikini top off the handle of her bike.

“What about you, Pou?” Mark asked, though he was keen to keep an eye on Ames, her little pink nipples more interesting to him than Mandi’s or mine.

“What about me? You mean my tits or my pussy or your willie?” I asked.

“All of it!” Mark laughed.

“Well, you’ve seen my tits and you’ve seen my pussy —”

“Yeah and it needs the most stabbing of all!” Chris shouted.

“Yeah, your slit’s so short, you need one of us to use our sword down there to make it the right size!” Mark added.

I sighed. It was true, compared to Ames and Mandi, I did have the smallest slit, but it wasn’t that small — you could still see it. It didn’t matter anyway. I bet I found my clitoris before they did!

“The right size? Er, hello? Youngest? Smallest? You think I’d have a great big slit, do you? And how silly would that look, a slit almost up to my bellybutton? Anyway the important question is — who’s going to stab my bellybutton?” I laughed as I took off my top and hung it, like Ames had done, from my bike.

Chris shook his head slowly from side to side. “Forget your bellybutton, Pou. We’re going to slash your fanny!” he shouted, doing his own sword mimes.

“You really want to do that? Slash my pussy open and all my guts drop out?” I asked.

“Yes!” the boys shouted, making us all laugh.

I sighed theatrically. “Okay, okay, okay. If it matters so much to you,

sure you can slash my pussy. But. If I win? I stab your balls, or maybe I should cut them off?"

Everyone laughed.

"Only if you win, Pou," Chris said as he waved his sword at me. "Otherwise, you're dead!"

I shrugged.

Me?

Dead?

I always was dead when the dust settled.

And if that meant I'd died writhing in pain with something stuck into my bellybutton?

Perfection!

"So, you win, you slash open our pussies, and if we win, we cut your balls off," I summarised. "But here's the thing — we haven't seen you fight, yet!

"So.

"Welcome to The Tournament!" I shouted theatrically. "You have come here to fight to the death for nothing more than to entertain three powerful and beautiful queens. Us," I said as I waved at Ames and Mandi.

Chris and Mark looked at each other and nodded.

Finally, it was settled.

"Queen Mandi, Queen Ames, and I, Queen Pou, are here to see a good fight, warriors. Fight with honour, but remember, only one of you can leave The Arena alive," Ames shouted. "Warriors, take your places."

"For The Queens!" the boys shouted, toy swords in the air.

Grinning, we sat down with the boys watching, and the moment we were kneeling to watch them, they jumped apart as they began to

square off, motioning with their swords, ready to die for our entertainment.

Even as they pranced around and almost danced their moves, it was funny watching them, seeing how differently they fought.

Maybe it was because his sword was like that of the gladiators, wonky end or not, but Chris was the more direct of the two, dashing in a couple of steps, and then slashing instead of stabbing, always slashing high, like he was going for the chest or the heart, even to chop off Mark's head. Sometimes he'd hit Mark's blade, making a plastic slapping kind of sound, but sometimes not. I couldn't figure out why he was doing it, not the first time I saw it, not until I saw the time he had only taken the one step forward and not two. Mark had been waiting for the second step, had stepped forward when Chris hadn't, but then he'd lost his rhythm and Chris had slashed across his tummy, shouting "You're dead!" as Mark fell down, holding his belly and doing the shaking thing as he bled to death.

They both knew this now, but although Mark knew Chris's style, he never knew when Chris was going to one-step him, and sometimes even three-step him, trying to get him to fall over his own feet as he backed away from his attack.

With Mark, it was similar but a little different, his piratey blade only really useful as a slashing blade as the curve of the blade made it almost impossible to stab with. That curve was great for slitting someone's neck if you could sneak up behind them, but rubbish to stab someone in the belly with. So when Mark fought, he slashed as well, but he was more varied, slashing at the chest, tummy, even the legs as he claimed if he slashed your leg, you couldn't move any more, you'd fall to the floor, and then he could slash your belly open. Chris moved better than Mark, but Mark was the more brutal of the two,

slashing harder than Chris, meaning they somehow ended up quite even.

Like today.

Their opening 'dance' done with, the boys slowed down a little as they began the fight proper, Chris making the first move as he stepped forwards, Mark blocking him as he stepped back.

Smiling, Chris stepped forwards again, exactly the same as the last time, but Mark hadn't been expecting that, and when he swung at Chris's sword, they both swung at air.

"Come on!" Chris shouted. "Let's see you with my sword in your guts!"

"Ha! You come on!" Mark shouted. "I want the Queens to praise me as I run you through!"

"You'd never!" Chris shouted as he three-stepped towards Mark who swatted him away with a plasticy flack.

"Will too!" Mark shouted as he started moving side to side as well as in and out, something Chris never did.

"This blade has killed dozens, and it'll kill you today!" Chris shouted as he raised his arm and ran at Mark.

"No way!" Mark shouted as he stepped out of Chris's path, and as Chris was skidding to a halt on the dry grass, Mark spun right round and slashed Chris's back. "Got you!" he shouted as Chris fell to the floor, his spine cut through.

"Nooo!" Chris shouted as he writhed in agony, legs twitching as if he'd lost control of them.

"On your back, scum!" Mark shouted. "I'm gonna stab you in your guts!"

"No! Please? I'm dead anyway. Please? Kill me quick?" Chris pleaded, the boys looking over to us as we watched.

We all knew a gut stab was the most painful and longest way to die.

“Quick?” I asked.

Queen Ames and Queen Mandi both shook their heads, their thumbs down.

“A slow death!” I shouted.

“Glad to,” Mark said as he stood over Chris and carefully kicked his sword away so as not to damage it. “Hold still?”

Chris nodded through his pants of pain.

The world slowed.

My heart was beating fast.

I licked my lip and it was a little salty.

Either the sun was making me sweat a little, or watching the boys fighting was.

Even as Mark stood over Chris, both of them sweating and breathing heavy, you could see in their eyes and hear in the voices, this was real for them, too.

I looked at Ames, and she was watching Mark. Mandi was more interested in Chris.

Both of them we a little flushed.

They enjoyed the deaths.

And me?

I didn’t even need to look to know how tight my nipples were as I watched this. My clitoris was itchy and I desperately wanted to touch it, but knew I shouldn’t, I couldn’t, not in front of the rest. Mum had told me it was okay to touch it, just not in front of others.

Even so.

Even so, as I watched Mark prepare to despatch Chris, I wished it was me lying there, that it was my bellybutton he was going to stab, that it was my belly that would feel a sword ripping into it.

Did Ames and Mandi look at it the same way I did, always imagining their own deaths?

I guess they must because we all kept coming back here, not always all of us, but some of us, twice a week, sometimes more, all through the summer, June to September.

But now, the moment of silence was over.

“You’ve heard the Queens,” Mark said. “You are to die. You wanted a quick death, but your death will not be quick. I want to hear your scream as I cut you open like a butchered pig,” he said as he knelt down over Chris and put the edge of his sword over Chris’s belly-button, tilted it so it was over the left side of his belly, and then made a slow cutting motion over Chris’s belly, grinning as evilly as he could as he cut Chris’s guts open.

“No! Oh God, no!” Chris screamed as he lay there. “No! Oh God the pain!” he cried as he looked down at his open belly, his innards beginning to pour out of him. “Please? Kill me?”

Mark just shook his head and stood up. “No mercy for the loser.”

“No!” Chris cried as he rolled and writhed side to side for maybe a minute or more — a lifetime for him — until he let out a great sigh, and we could see he was holding his breath as he died.

I was holding my breath, too.

There was just something more direct, more real about when the boys fought.

When I fought with Mandi and Ames, or when they fought each other, they would kill and die, but they didn’t have the same passion as the boys. Maybe it was a boy thing, fighting to prove who was the most ‘manly’ or something like that, but when they fought there was always a moment you could see in their eyes when they really and truly

believed, when they felt it as something real, not a pretend game any more.

Mandi and Ames never had that.

For them, it was only a game, always a game.

Not the boys.

And not me.

Back over in The Arena, Chris was now sitting up, grinning, as Mark sat down next to him.

“So what do we think, girls? Marks out of ten?” I asked.

“What?” the boys shouted.

“It’s like on TV,” I said. “It’s not just the killing, it’s how you did it. Was it beautiful? Was it brutal? Did you make any mistakes? Like they mark the Olympics? Technical marks and marks for artistic presentation. Same for gladiators.”

“Oh.”

“Queen Mandi?” I asked as I turned to the topless Queen on my left, her flush gone, but her dark nipples looking pretty hard, still.

“I think Mark should get eight, for killing him and for how he did it. So, eight for Mark and six for Chris,” she said, going for a total out of ten, not technical and artistry.

“Six?” Chris complained.

“You died, remember!” Mandi said.

“Oh,” Chris said, obviously not happy he’d lost marks for something as dumb as getting killed.

“Queen Ames?” I asked as I turned to the topless Queen on my right, still a little flushed by the show we’d just watched, her pink nipples only slightly showing.

I wasn’t exactly a surprise when she told Mark, “You get a nine, and Chris, you get seven from me. Rookie error getting a sword to your

back like that, but it was a good death, so you get an extra point for that from me.”

Mark grinned, but I could see Chris wasn't happy.

“And I, Queen Pou, I award Mark a nine from me as well as I really enjoyed your slicing him open and leaving him to die in pain, but Chris? You can have an eight from me,” I said as Chris fisted the air in triumph.

“Eight?” Mark asked.

I nodded. “Eight. He fought well, he died well, he tried to make you miss your step, and if he had been a little quicker, you'd have been the one being cut open for our entertainment. So, Chris, it's an eight from me. Okay?”

“See!” Chris said. “I knew I wasn't a six!”

Mark shrugged. “Oh yeah? And how are your guts, Chris? Got 'em all tucked back in yet?”

Now it was Chris who shrugged. “Don't care, I still got an eight from Pou.”

“Yeah, and we all know why — she wants you to stick her in her bellybutton,” Mark said.

“Yeah? Maybe she wants you to stick her?” Chris answered back.

“Maybe I want you both to stick me in the bellybutton, but maybe I'll be the one who guts one of you!” I said. “Or even cuts your balls off?” I added as I tried to sound as menacing as I could, but everyone laughed. They all knew how much I loved to die, clutching a knife or sword or arrow or whatever in my bellybutton.

“Right! Who's next?” Mark asked.

“The girls are, obviously,” Chris said. “And I think it should be all of them at once!”

“Cool!” Mark said.

“But you’re the only ones with swords,” Mandi said. “And there’s only two.”

Chris grinned and shook his head. “Nope. Not swords. Mark? You wanna watch the girls using sticks and twigs as daggers?”

“Sure,” Mark said. “What about it, girls?”

“So it’s like in one of those gladiator films?” I asked, thinking of those old films I watched with Dad. “We have to fight all at once, but only one can live?”

“Exactly!” Chris said. “You okay for a couple of minutes to get some daggers? I need a drink,” he said as he fetched a bottle of cherry pop from his bag and carefully opened it, taking a long drink from it as he sat down.

“Me too,” Mark said as he fetched his bottle of cola and opened it carefully, but his must have got shaken more as he lost about a third of it in foam over his hands. “Shit!” he muttered as he shook his hand and wiped it on the grass as he sat down, some of the grass sticking to his hand. “Shitty shit!!” he grumbled as he finally drank some of his pop.

“Ames? Mandi? They did fight for us, so I guess we’d better do what they say,” I said as they nodded and we got up and went in different directions, each of us trying a couple of different twigs until we met back up again in front of where the boys were waiting with our favourite sticks. Of the three of us, my twig was quite straight but also the shortest of the three at about twenty centimetres long. Mandi’s wasn’t as straight as mine, but it was a bit longer, meaning she’d be more of a danger at a distance, especially with me being the smallest of the three of us, and Ames’s stick was about as long as mine, but had an odd bend in it.

She saw me looking and grinned. “Like this,” she said as she held it backwards, so it stabbed down, not up, the bent bit being the handle.

“Cool,” I said, imagining her jamming it into my bellybutton. Hard. Twisting it deeper into me, too.

“Okay, take your positions,” Chris said, giving us chance to get into a rough circle as we stood and looked at each other like at the end of that Western, each of us trying to guess who to fight or who to avoid, which would be a problem if that was the same person. “Right. On the count of three, you fight,” Chris said as he nodded at Mark to count us in.

“One, two, fight!” Mark shouted.

At once, Mandi turned on Ames and screamed as she ran at her, waving her dagger from side to side as Ames tried to run backwards.

She made a few steps before she turned and started running away proper — until she realised she was running straight at me.

“Pou!” she screamed. “Help me!”

I shook my head. “She can kill you, Ames, and then I can kill her.”

“Pou! You’re my friend!” Ames shouted as she started to try to run away from us both now.

“So I won’t be the one to kill you, then,” I laughed.

“No! I will!” Mandi said as she cut right, forcing Ames towards me again.

Suddenly Ames stopped and turned to face Mandi. “No you won’t!” she said as she grabbed at Mandi, missing her, but causing her to stumble and fall onto her bum, somehow still holding onto her dagger.

“You little cow!” Mandi screamed as she realised how much trouble she was in.

She was right.

She'd never get away from Ames, so now I got to watch them fight to the death.

Another death fight for me.

Carefully I took a step back, giving them space, but close enough I could jump the winner and stab them.

“Cow?” Ames screamed. “Ha! Don’t matter if I’m the cow that kills you!” she shouted as she jumped on top of Mandi’s tummy, making her go ‘oof’.

“That hurt!” Mandi complained as Ames pinned her dagger hand with her free hand.

“Not as much as getting stabbed will!” Ames shouted. “Maybe just die quick and then you can rub your poor tummy,” she said as she held up her dagger high, ready to plunge it into Mandi’s chest.

“Don’t think so!” Mandi shouted as she quickly grabbed her dagger from her pinned hand with her free hand, and stabbed Ames right in her bellybutton, wiggling the blade as far in as it could go as Ames looked down at the stick in her bellybutton in disbelief.

“No!” Ames gasped as she dropped her own dagger and grabbed Mandi’s, holding it so it looked like it was inside her bellybutton. “You stabbed me!”

“Said I would, cow, and I did! Now, lie still so I can do it again,” Mandi said as she sat down heavily on Ames’s hips and pulled the dagger out of her belly, Ames lifting her tummy as Mandi pulled the blade out of her.

“Argh!” Ames cried as she lifted up bloody fingers. “I’m bleeding from my tummy!”

“Good job this isn’t a sword or I’d cut your guts out,” Mandi grinned as she leant forward and mimed stabbing Ames in the heart, Ames’s blood spraying them both.

“Argh!” Ames screamed as she clutched at her wounds, one hand over her weeping bellybutton, the other trying to hold the blade in her heart to keep her alive.

Mandi twisted the blade, and Ames screamed again.

For a moment she breathed in, lifting Mandi up as she arched her back before giving a deep sigh as she collapsed back down, dead, her arms falling onto the ground as she held her breath, Mandi pulling her dagger from Ames’s heart, Ames’s legs twitching slightly.

Slowly Mandi turned round to look for me. She was breathing hard, her brown nipples were stiff, and there was a glint in her eyes, warning me she might just enjoy stabbing me.

I took another step back.

I needed a moment to get ready.

It had been so incredible, watching them fight, watching the victory snatched away, the price of death paid with a dagger into the bellybutton, and then a coups de grace through the heart.

I wouldn’t want to die like that.

Stab me in the bellybutton, of course, but no coups de grace for me. I wanted my death as slow and painful and bloody as it could get.

And Mandi looked like she was ready to do just that.

I liked Mandi a lot, she was fun to be around and her Mum could be quite naughty pretending we were older than we were, but none of that mattered.

I wasn’t going to lie there and let her kill me.

We’d played at sacrifices and I’d died plenty, but this wasn’t that.

This was The Arena!

“You killed my friend,” I said as I squared up to Mandi. “And now I will kill you.”

Mandi shook her head. “No way, Pou. Your friend died easy and so

will you. How do you think you'll feel, my dagger in your belly, her blood mixed with yours, and both of you dead?"

"Don't know, Mandi Moo-Cow, because you're the one getting stabbed, not me."

"Yeah? Show me!" Mandi said, waving me to come at her.

"Love to," I said as I stepped towards her, not running, not screaming, but stepping slowly towards her, trying to appear confident and threatening, but also trying to make sure I wasn't going to be the one falling over my own feet.

"What are you doing?" Mandi shouted, confused.

"Coming to kill you."

"But, but you're just walking!?"

"You'll die when I want, or are you in a hurry to feel my dagger in your bellybutton?"

"Bitch!"

"Moo-Cow!"

"Get on with it!" Chris shouted.

"Someone kill someone!" Mark shouted. "I want my lunch!"

Ames laughed a little, but not Mandi and me. We were locked in on each other, wondering who'd kill who.

Mandi waved an angry hand at them.

I shook my head and they were gone. I couldn't hear them any more.

Instead, I could hear the cheers of the crowd in my mind, their chants, their cries, their insults, some for me, some for Mandi, and the rest not caring who died as long as someone did. Slaves carried nibbles and drinks around the audience, and I saw that even some of them paused to watch.

Would a blade in the bellybutton be a welcome release for them, too?

Perhaps.

But whoever they were, master or slave, once they came to The Arena, I knew they had to feel it as I did, the quickening of the heart, the thumping of the blood, and the itch between your legs, everything poised, waiting for someone to die in blood, pain, and failure.

Through all of that, I could also hear the birds as they sang from the trees or shouted as they darted overhead. All around us the trees rustled dryly in the breeze, like the breathing of someone with a dagger in their chest.

I risked closing my eyes a moment to breathe it all in, a snatched chance to savour it all.

I was ten, on the verge of puberty, my body already beginning to signal some of the changes to come, and even though I didn't have the words, the fact was that I was aroused and getting more so with each moment.

"Come on!" Mandi shouted, unsettled by my slow walk to her, my hesitation, her dagger out, her dagger ready.

"I'm coming, don't you worry," I said as I began to move forwards again. "Just be a good girl and stand still and let me stab those little 'boobies' of yours before I stab your bellybutton."

Mandi loved her boobies.

She loved to play with them, to show them, was more than happy if the boys touched them after she was dead, so I knew if I said I was going to stab them, she just might let me.

Nobody had ever stabbed her tits before, or anyone else's.

I'd be the first.

"What! You can't!" Mandi protested. "You can't do that! You can't

stab someone in the boobies!” she shouted as she stepped back nervously, knowing that if I’d said it and if I could, then I would.

“Sure I can, Mandi. Stand still and you can watch me do it!”

“But they’re my boobies! I need them for my babies!”

I shook my head and laughed. “What babies? You’re going to die with my dagger in your bellybutton! No fat baby belly for you.”

“No!” Mandi screamed as she suddenly rushed at me, but I’d see her do this before and was half expecting it.

“Yes, Mandi-Moo!” I said as I grabbed at her as she ran at me, missing grabbing her arm but still somehow tripping us both up as we fell onto the soft dry grass.

Knowing what had been coming, I’d made sure I kept hold of my dagger, but it in her surprise Mandi had dropped hers as she fell.

“You bitch!” Mandi said, angry and shocked as she looked round for her dagger.

“Bitch with a dagger, you mean,” I said as I scrambled up and grabbed her from behind, my hard little nipples digging into her back as I snaked one arm around her belly and fell onto my back, pulling her over onto me so she couldn’t move. “How’s it feel to get stabbed in the boobie, Mandi-Moo?” I shouted as I swung my arm round, grabbed her fleshy little right nipple with my left hand, and stabbed her, my hand sliding down the dagger to try and make it feel like I was pulling the blade into her tit.

“Noo!” Mandi cried as she grabbed at herself, my hand and dagger in her way.

“Yes!” I shouted as I pulled my dagger out, leaving her holding her bleeding tit as I rolled us both over until I was sitting on her belly. Before she could react, still holding her stabbed right nipple, I grabbed at her fleshy left nipple with one hand, and stabbed her again, slower

this time, so she could watch me doing it, feel me doing it, see me enjoying seeing her nipples ruined by my blade.

“Argh!” Mandi cried out. “Oh God, Pou! My boobies! You stabbed my boobies!”

“Not done stabbing you yet, girlie,” I said as I pulled the dagger from her bloody nipple, slid back down her body a little, put one hand on her tummy, lined up my dagger with her bellybutton, and pushed it in as far as it would go until I could let go and it stayed sticking out.

“Noo!” Mandi cried in mock pain. “You stabbed me in the belly! You know that’s the most painfulest way to die!”

“Shouldn’t call me a bitch, then, should you Mandi Moo-Cow. Want me to cut you open like your dead gladiator Chris?” I asked.

“No! Please! Please not that! Just, just let me die ...?” Mandi begged, coughing a little as if the blood from her tits was in her lungs.

“Happy to,” I said as I pulled my dagger from her bellybutton, watching her clutch at her belly as her blood started to pour out, soaking the grass where she lay.

“Oh God, Pou, it hurts ...” she said, sobbing a little as she rolled onto her side and balled up, clutching her belly with one hand and her chest with the other.

“That’s cause you’re dying and I’m the winner!” I said, standing up, arms raised high, breathing hard and aching to touch myself as I watched her twitch, spasm, and finally stop moving altogether as she died at my feet.

Normally that would be me, but not today.

Today I was the winner.

It felt so good, to know I had done what nobody had ever done before and stabbed a girl’s tits, to know as well that she was dead because I had driven my dagger into her guts.

It was fun ...

But.

Dying with a blade in my bellybutton?

That felt so much better.

Grinning, I turned round and held my dagger high. "I win!"

"Yes!" the boys shouted.

"That was awesome, Pou!" Chris said as the girls got up and we all sat together, the boys passing round our sandwiches and pop from their backpacks. "You really stabbed Mandi in the tits!"

"Boobies," Mandi corrected through a mouthful of cheese and pickle.

Mark shrugged. "Tits, boobies, doesn't matter. That was hot! We've got to do that to you three sometime."

"Yeah? You want to stab our tits, or just just want to feel them?" Ames asked. "Either way, you've got to catch us first."

"Hey! We're bigger and stronger," Chris said.

"Yeah, but that doesn't mean you'll win. Remember who just killed who?" Ames said, grinning as Chris remembered and looked a bit less confident.

"But say we did grab you and win, you'd let us do it like Pou did, and stab you in the tits?" Mark asked.

Ames shrugged. "Mandi and Pou made it look fun so sure, I guess. If you win. And if you have a nice little dagger to go in my little nipples? That just makes it more and more like I might let you."

"What about you, Pou?" Mark asked as he looked away from Ames's tits to mine.

"Me? I don't have any tits," I sighed. "I mean I guess you could stab my nips, but my tits? No way."

"Anyway, what about you guys?" Mandi asked.

“Us? We don’t have tits,” Chris said, puzzled.

“What about things you do have that we don’t have?” Mandi asked.

“You mean our balls?” Chris asked.

Mark laughed. “Or our willies. Don’t forget about them, Chris.”

“Exactly,” Mandi said. “Maybe next time you two fight in The Arena, you should go nude and the winner is whoever stabs the other in the balls.”

Chris grinned. “You want us fighting nude next time?”

Mark shrugged. “Don’t bother me.”

“Me neither,” Chris said. “But what about you three? You going to fight nude?”

Mandi grinned. “You’ve seen us nude often enough, doesn’t bother me.”

“Mandi, if they asked you nicely, you’d strip off for the boys right now!” Ames teased.

“You want me to?” Mandi giggled as she mimed like she was going to get up and pull her shorts and swimsuit down.

Chris grinned, but then he looked a bit disappointed when she sat back down and started eating her sandwich again.

Maybe he was as soft for her as she was for him?

Or maybe he just liked seeing her nude?

“Ames? Pou?” Mark asked.

“Well I’m not the little slut she is,” Ames teased as she bobbed her tongue out at Mandi, who bobbed hers right back. “But it’s fine with me if we all fight nude.”

“Pou?” Chris asked.

“Er, is this all the girls fighting nude, or all of us?” I asked.

Chris grinned. “Well, next time you fight each other you can fight nude, we won’t mind,” he said as us girls all mocked him with ‘har-

har-har'. "But if we're all going to fight together in one big ... thing, sure, let's all do it nude."

"So I get to see one of you stabbed in the balls, right?" Mandi grinned as she tucked into her last sandwich.

"Depends," Mark said. "What if we do girls versus boys, and if you kill us by stabbing us in the balls? You okay with that, Chris?"

"Well, now, see, that all depends, doesn't it," he said. "What about them? If we defeat one of them, do we get to stab you in the fanny?"

"Too late for that, they already have a cut down there," Mark laughed, Ames miming a cutting as she ran her finger up her slit over her bikini bottoms, Mandi and I copying her.

"What about ... if you'd stabbed us and put your swords in our slits, it would make it look like you were cutting our pussies open," I said.

"Nasty!" Ames said.

"Yeah, that's nasty, Pou," Mandi added.

"Nasty but true," I said. "Anyway, who's talking about stabbing the boy's balls?"

Ames shrugged and grinned. "Guess it's fair, if they win, they cut our pussies open, and if we win, we stab them in the balls or cut their balls off or something like that. Everyone else agree?"

We all nodded.

"Right, so, rules," Chris said as he swallowed the last of his pop, his crisps gone like his sandwiches. "We all fight nude, boys versus girls, we can stab whoever wherever, but if you're stabbed you have to lie there and either get your balls cut off or your pussy cut open? Okay?"

"But we've not got any swords?" Mandi protested.

“Don’t need ’em,” Mark said. “There’s three of you and only two of us. You want a sword? Come get one.”

Chris nodded. “That means we all fight harder, us to keep our swords, and you to get our swords from us.”

“Mandi? Pou?” Ames asked. “Seem fair?”

“Wish we’d got daggers or swords of our own,” Mandi mumbled.

Ames nodded. “We need to go shopping to the toy shop. Next week?”

Mandi and I grinned. We’d all been trying to save up so we could get proper weapons, and none of us got that much pocket money, not even Ames, but we figured we had just about got enough to buy ourselves something each. It wasn’t like it was for the boys, and we couldn’t exactly ask for those kinds of things for birthdays or Christmas.

“Mandi? You okay with being nude as you cut their balls off?” Ames asked.

“Hell yes!” Mandi grinned as she fisted the air.

“Pou?”

I shrugged. “Don’t know how we’ll do it, but sure, it would be fun to watch them scream as we cut their balls off.”

Ames nodded. “Okay, that’s settled, we’re going to cut off some balls,” she laughed.

“Right, then. Everyone done eating?” Chris asked as he put the cap on his empty pop bottle.

We had.

“Anyone else want to pee?” Mark asked as he got up.

Ames and I both held up our hands.

“And me,” said Chris.

“Guess it’s time to get nude, then,” Chris said as he stood up and

pulled down his shorts, standing in front of us with his legs wide so we could easily see everything. “Take a look, girls, cause this is as close as you are getting to these balls,” he said before he picked up his trash, took mine and Ames’s, and tucked it into a carrier in his backpack before he jogged off to go pee.

“Same here,” Mark said as he wriggled out of his shorts. “Now pay attention class, this is my willie, these are my balls, and you ain’t stabbing anything down there,” he grinned as he took Mandi’s trash, stashed it with his in his backpack, and went to stand next to Chris to pee.

“They don’t want to look at our pussies?” Mandi asked, a bit puzzled.

“Must be nervous,” I teased as I got up and slipped out of my bikini bottoms, carrying them over to hang on the handlebars of my bike.

“I hope so,” Ames said as she unfastened her bikini bottoms and hung them next to mine on her bike.

“Guess they plan on seeing them again in a few minutes anyway with their swords cutting them open,” I said as I nodded to Ames and we went off a little into the trees to squat and pee.

“They are not cutting my pussy,” Mandi said as she stood up, took off her shorts, and wriggled out of the rest of her swimsuit, hanging them both over her bike’s handlebars.

“Don’t worry, Mandi. They won’t get us,” I said as I made sure I was done peeing and started back to where Mandi was standing.

“Why not?” she asked.

“Because we are smarter than they are,” Ames said as she held her arms out so we could ‘huddle up’ as she whispered her plan to us. “Think about it. If we gang up on one of them first, we can get his sword and his balls ...”

“You three ready?” Chris shouted as he and Mark came back from peeing, standing almost the other side of The Arena to us, their swords ready for our pussies.

“Almost!” I shouted as I turned back to the girls. “So who do we go for?”

“Chris,” Ames whispered.

“Why Chris?” Mandi asked. “You want to cut his balls off?” she grinned.

“Or Mark’s?” I teased.

“No, we go for Chris first because he fights tricky. If we cut his balls off first, Mark will get worried and then we can get him, too,” Ames explained.

“What about Mark, though?” I asked. “He’ll try and help and then he’ll be cutting our backs open with his sword and then our pussies.”

“Get him to chase one of us, and the others can go after Chris. Two on one? We still should win,” Ames said.

“I’ll do it,” I said. “I can run fast, and he’ll be confused why Mandi isn’t trying to get her hands on his balls!”

“Hey!” Mandi said.

“She lying?” Ames asked.

Mandi sighed and grinned and shook her head. She knew Ames was soft on Chris so he was out of the question, but not Mark.

“Ready?” Ames whispered.

We all nodded.

“Okay! We’re ready!” Ames shouted as we stood up and spread out a little bit.

And with that — we were at war!

As the boys began to advance, only a couple of metres apart from

each other, we began to move towards them, me cutting off to the left, leading Mark to come for me.

He took a couple of steps away from Chris —

“Mark! They’re trying to split us up!” he shouted.

Damn! Spotted already.

“I see it!” Mark shouted back as he moved back a little closer to Chris.

Ames’s plan wasn’t going to work, not now they’d figured it out.

Instead it was going to be two swords working together, and we were done for.

Time to go for broke.

“Mandi! Ames! Let’s —” I began to shout before I somehow slipped and was on my back, my pussy facing right at Mark.

“Yes!” he shouted and before Chris could warn him not to do it, Mark was dashing for me as I did that funny crab thing as I tried to scoot back away from him.

“Get him!” the girls cried as they rushed at Chris, still distracted by Mark and me, and suddenly it was chaos.

As Chris saw the two girls rushing him, he did the math and figured out that was not a battle he could win on his own, so he bravely turned round and started to run, trying to get and stay as far away from them as fast as he could.

Mandi grinned and gave chase, screaming as she went.

Ames hesitated a moment and looked over at me, worried, but I gave her a little nod.

She got it and, grinning, she was off, chasing Chris and soon catching up with Mandi as they started to drive him towards the edge of The Arena, where, by mutual agreement, nobody could go without immediately losing the game.

Me?

I looked up at Mark as he stomped towards me, his willie stiffening as he looked at my open pussy, his sword even stiffer in his hand. “You’re going to die, Pou!” he shouted.

“Not dead yet!” I shouted back as I rolled over, scrambled to my feet, and ran in the opposite direction from him, heading for the edge of The Arena as far from Chris and the girls as possible.

“That won’t save you!” Mark shouted as he closed in on me, his longer legs carrying him much quicker than mine.

“Maybe these will?” I shouted as I skidded to a halt and turned to face him, my fists balled as I tried to look like Bruce Lee or Muhammad Ali or something.

“Think you’re tough do you?” Mark called as he slowed down, pointing his sword at my pussy.

“Come and see!” I called back. “Think you’re tough enough to slice my pussy up?”

“Every day of the week, Pou!” he shouted as he lunged for me, trying to push me over the edge and into immediate defeat, but instead I stepped aside and kicked at his shin.

“Bitch!” he wailed as he stumbled, fell onto his knees, and in stopping himself from going into the grass chin first — he dropped his sword!

“Yes!” I shouted as I dove for it.

“Shit!” he shouted as he dove for it.

“Mine!” I shouted —

“Mine!” he shouted in triumph as he pushed me out of the way, grabbed his sword, and spun to face me, back on his feet as he pointed his sword at me again. “I’ll cut your guts open for that, Pou,” he said.

“Yeah?” I asked as I scrambled back up, facing him again.

“Yeah! All the way up, from your pussy right up your belly!”

Oh Fuck!

I’d not thought of that.

I don’t know why he had thought of it that way, either, but the moment he said it, my little clitoris really began to tingle. Cut me open, pussy to bellybutton? There was no way I didn’t want him to do that.

But I didn’t want the boys to win, either.

“You, you wouldn’t dare!” I shouted as I stepped sideways a little, opening my legs a little, Mark’s eyes distracted as he saw my open pussy.

“Watch me, Pou!” Mark shouted back.

“Okay!”

“What?”

“Come here and show how much of a man you are, cutting open a defenceless little girl,” I said as I dropped to my knees, arms wide, legs wide, even my slit as wide open as it could be.

Mark hesitated. “Seriously? You want me to slice you open, all the way round, your guts falling out between your legs?” he asked, unsure of what was going on.

I nodded slowly, thrilled by the idea, of how it would feel, steel cutting my pussy open, cutting me open, and my guts pouring out between my legs.

I wasn’t the only one getting a thrill from the idea, Mark’s willie about as stiff as I’d ever seen it get.

Stiff for my pussy, or stiff at the idea of cutting me open?

“What? You’ll kill me if it’s a fight, but not like this with my pussy open for you?” I taunted.

Mark grinned wickedly. “Your pussy is going to taste my sword,” he said as he knelt in front of me, put his arm round me so he could

grab my bum, and slid his sword with its curved pirate's blade along the grass between my legs. "You ready to scream as I open you up?"

I nodded, so Mark reached behind me a little as he twisted his hand until the blade was in the crack of my bum. "How's this?" he asked as he began to pull it slowly through my bum crack and forwards into my pussy.

"Oh God!" I cried and sighed and gasped as I imagined him cutting my bum open.

"Not done yet, not at all," he grinned as I felt the blade going over my little hole, enough that I could feel it, but not harsh, like he was slicing me open, not roughly cutting me up.

"Argh!" I cried out as I felt it in my mind, my slit getting deeper on the edge of his blade.

"Now to open you right up," he said as he carefully pulled the blade slowly between my pussy lips, rubbing my clitoris a bit roughly as he got ready to open my belly up.

I gasped, my clitoris finally being touched, even if only by the dull edge of a plastic sword. I didn't cry out, but I did give a shiver.

"Not ... yet ..." I gasped as I grabbed his hand with both of mine. "Not ... so ... quick ..."

"What? You bitch, Pou!" Mark shouted as he tried to cut my belly open to finish me off, both of us somehow knowing what he had done so far would not be enough to quickly kill me, but as I held his hand in mine, he quickly learned that two hands are stronger than one.

Again, he tried to tug at his sword hand, but he wasn't strong enough.

Sure I was the smallest, and probably the weakest, but two hands beat one every time.

"Mark! Help!" Chris shouted from the other side of The Arena

where I could see Mandi and Ames doing their best to keep him from grabbing either of them as they moved in, one from each side, trying to trap him. Every time he swung his sword at one of them, the other tried to dash in.

Stalemate.

“I can’t!” Mark called back. “She’s got my hand and I can’t finish cutting her open!” he shouted.

“Shit, Mark. Just stab her up her pussy and come help me!” Chris shouted.

Mark turned back to me and tried to get control of the sword, but he couldn’t. In the confusion and excitement he’d forgotten to let go of my bum, and if he didn’t remember that, I just had to hold on long enough for Ames or Mandi to come and kill him, my death for his.

“Come on, Pou!” Mark moaned. “I know you want me to cut you open ...” he begged.

I grinned. “Yeah I do, and you will, but just a moment more ...” I said as I saw what was happening the other side of The Arena before he did.

“No!” Chris cried out in horror as Mandi dashed behind him, tripping him onto his back as Ames dived for his sword, sitting on his arm and pinning it as Mandi sat on his other arm.

“Yes!” Ames shouted as she pulled the sword from his hand and passed it to Mandi, Chris thrashing and kicking and trying to get free.

“I can’t get his balls!” Mandi said as she waved the sword close, but not enough.

“I’ll help,” Ames said as she twisted round and grabbed Chris’s semi-stiff willie in her hand, lifting it clear.

“No!” Chris cried out as he realised he was defeated.

“For our sister, Pou!” Mandi shouted as she put the tip of his sword just below his balls, and made a careful cutting motion upwards.

“Nooo!” Chris cried. “My balls!” he gasped as the girls let go and ran towards me, Chris shaking with the convulsions of his death as he clutched at where he was imagining his balls had spilled out, his willie still stiff as he died.

“Now,” I sighed as I looked at Mark and let go of his hands.

“Yes!” he cried as he finished dragging his sword up over my belly, ending with a twist over my bellybutton. “You’re cut open now!” he said as he tried to scramble to his feet.

He was right.

I could feel it.

Blood and guts were wetly slapping onto the grass between my legs. I was open from the bum to the bellybutton and the pain was terrible.

I gasped and screamed and cried as I saw and felt it all in my mind, the slow cutting open, the cold blade inside my belly, shreds of my innards pouring out with a torrent of blood.

And all the while, I could feel my clitoris, tingling and itching and desperate to be touched again, by me.

Later, I promised myself as I twitched and cried and sobbed and screamed on a bed of my own flesh.

With death in my eyes, I watched the conclusion of the battle.

“Shit!” Mark shouted as he saw Mandi and Ames tearing towards him, wild with the power of having stabbed Chris in the balls to death, Mandi with sword in hand, fresh with the blood of Chris’s balls.

“It’s ... not ... so ... bad ...” I gasped and coughed as I weakly reached for Mark’s ankle.

It wasn’t enough to trip him, but it was enough to make him hesitate, and as he swung his sword at Mandi, she batted it up and

away, a plastic smacking sound as she made a lovely little arc, came back on herself, and slashed across Mark's belly.

"No!" he cried in horror as he looked down at the deep gash across his belly, dropping his sword as he stumbled to the grass.

"Your balls!" Mandi cried as she dropped to her knees and held his stiff willie out of the way as she made an oddly gentle slashing move, his pre-adult balls falling out onto the floor.

"Oh God!" Mark wailed.

"And now you die!" Ames shouted as she picked up his sword and poked the point into his bellybutton, twisting it in there like we'd all see them do in films.

Mark gave another scream, and went rigid.

Mandi sighed and sat back. "They are both dead. We won."

Ames nodded. "But so is Pou."

"She died for us."

"We should die for her, then," Ames said.

The girls looked at each other for a moment and both nodded.

"You think we should die like she did?" Mandi asked.

"You'll cut me open like that?" Ames asked. "Pussy to my tummy?"

They'd been too busy to see Mark cutting my bum open.

It didn't matter.

I wanted to see them cut each other's pussies, their deaths both senseless and sexy. I wanted to witness the death I'd experienced, to learn all I could about it, savour it so that I could remember it again, later, when I was alone and I could finally stroke my clitoris until I came, my mind full of imagined deaths. I didn't always think about blood and blades when I touched myself, but when I did it was always intense.

"Let's do it," Mandi nodded and so Mark and Chris and I watched

from where we lay as the girls knelt down, facing each other, legs wide open, swords poised just inside their little slits.

“On three,” Mandi said.

Ames nodded. “For our brave sister, Pou,” she said.

Together they counted, one hand on the other’s shoulder in support, the other ready to cut them open. “One. Two. Three!”

As one they quickly slashed up, through their little slits and up their bellies as high as their bellybuttons.

“Oh God it hurts!” Ames cried as she dropped her sword and crumpled to the grass.

Mandi just nodded as she collapsed and writhed and screamed and clutched at herself until both girls were silent and we were all dead.

For a moment, everyone was quiet.

“Shit!” Chris shouted as he got up and ran over to where the rest of us were getting up from our graves, his willie waving as he ran. “That was awesome!”

“Yeah,” Mark agreed as he sat up, cross-legged, his willie now only semi-stiff. “I didn’t think you’d do that, Pou,” he said, grinning.

“I didn’t think, either. We’d planned to split you up, but not what to do when we had. But when you said you wanted to cut me open like that? I knew I wanted you to. I just had to figure out how to do it and not let you beat Mandi and Ames,” I said.

“So you held my sword in your fanny, stopping me from finishing cutting you open, until they got Chris?” he figured out.

I nodded.

“Double-teaming me, that was smart,” Chris said. “I thought I’d be okay but I couldn’t get either of you. One each side? That was clever! And then you, Ames, holding my willie so Mandi could cut my balls off. I didn’t expect you’d do that,” he said.

“Why not?” Ames asked, grinning. “It’s not like I’ve not touched your willie before,” she said, The Arena sometimes being switched out as The Hospital where Doctors saw Patients, and Doctors could be girls as well as boys. “Anyway, next time we do girls versus boys I might cut your willie off!” she added

“No!” Chris and Mark gasped together.

Ames and Mandi and I laughed.

“Time for another?” Chris asked.

Mandi looked at her little digital watch. “I can’t. Mum said I had to be back by four, and it’s nearly three, and I need to put my bikini on —”

“You look better without it,” Mark teased, making her flush a little.

“Thanks,” Mandi smiled. “I like how you look too.”

“Yeah, because you can see his willie!” Chris teased.

“And touch it. Don’t forget that. I touched it!” Mandi said, proud and happy she’d had the chance to do that. “But, I have to go,” she said as she got up, taking one last look at Mark’s willie before heading off for her bike and her clothes.

“Guess that’s that,” Chris said as he got up, the rest of us getting up, too. Somehow we all knew that today it was all five, or none at all.

Mark shrugged. “Shame, that was a lot of fun, even when we lost.”

“Yeah, but they’re talking about cutting off our willies, next time,” Chris reminded him, shuddering like he was afraid.

“Maybe we should cut their tits off?” Mark suggested as we all got to our bikes and started dressing.

“That’s me safe, then,” I grinned as I ran my hands over my flat chest, finding my nipples still hard and really sensitive, so much so I quickly tied my bikini bra over them so I didn’t get tempted to touch myself in front of the rest of the gang.

“Not so much ...” Mandi said as she ran her finger underneath her tits, trying to make almost nothing into almost something.

“Going to need small knives, not swords, for that you nasty boys,” Ames added as she stepped into her bikini panties, her tiny tits almost big enough to hang down a little. Almost. A little pointier, I guess you’d say.

Chris shrugged. “Not really that nice a thing to do, though, is it?” he asked as he tucked his willie away.

“And pussy cutting is?” Ames asked as she finished dressing and started to tie her trainers back on.

Mark shrugged. “Got us there.”

“You see. You all laugh at me, but a nice pointy something in the bellybutton? It’s the nicest death there is,” I said as I sat down next to the girls to tie my own trainers on, smiling as Mark made sure Mandi was watching as he tucked his willie away.

“We know!” they all shouted.

And with that we were done, still laughing as we finished dressing, got on our bikes, and rode off home, the boys riding us girls to our homes first, to make sure we were all safe, leaving The Arena to whatever else it was when we weren’t there.

Until the next time.

Me?

As soon as I was home, I ran up to bed and stripped off and lay there, remembering everything, the thrill of stabbing Mandi’s ‘boobies’, of Mark’s touch on my pussy as he cut me open, of dying there in the field, clutching at my belly as my guts poured out.

I don’t know that I understood what it meant to be aroused, to be sexually aroused, not then, not at ten. I knew that if I touched my nipples or my clitoris in a certain way, it felt good, and I knew if I kept

touching my clitoris for a while, it felt even more good until it felt really good, but I don't think I properly understood what was happening and what I was doing.

Whatever I did or did not understand about the rest of it, I had no problem at all understanding how I felt about it all.

The idea of a cold blade in my flesh, the pain, the agony, and the heart-beating blood-pumping, clitoris-itching excitement of it all?

That I knew all about.

As I lay on my bed I closed my eyes and felt it all again, not with toys and sticks, but with the real blades of my mind's eye. A thousand images and sensations and fantasies ran through my head, each one of them a response as I rubbed my nipples, little jolts of fire jumping down to my clitoris until I reached between my legs, held my lips open, and gently stroked my plump little clitoris. Over and over ran my finger as I slowly began building that magical ball of warmth inside me until, finally, it exploded, filling me everywhere with the hot sweet joy of imagined deaths, my own death the hottest and the sweetest joy of all.