

She might've only been seven years old, but she didn't let that stop her from squaring off with Isaac. She'd been known to assault him, both verbally and physically. She was a firecracker, and once her fuse was lit, Isaac knew he was in for a battle.

Sam was no angel either but never seemed to initiate the torment. Despite being born first, she followed Sadie's lead. If Sadie was mean, Sam was mean.

The mimic of brazen behavior was most likely the reason people believed them to be twins. Also, they both had a similar dainty stature and were blessed with the same shimmering blonde hair. The easiest way to tell them apart was their hairstyles. Sam's hair was normally held back in a ponytail while Sadie had pigtails.

Most people who encountered the sisters for the first time perceived them as innocent. But looks could be deceiving, and often were.

"How the hell does this work?" Tom asked.

"Good question," Molly replied, scanning the brochure.

"These gates are so huge," Isaac mumbled.

"Your ears are huge," Sadie sniped.

She reached around Sam and flicked the wide, awkward cartilage that leaped off the side of her brother's face. Her harassment was stealthy enough to avoid garnering parental attention.

A slight rush of blush manifested on Isaac's cheeks—his sister knew how to hurt him.

It wasn't enough that he was scrawny and unathletic, or that he was shy as a chipmunk. He already got fucked with in school for having strange ears, but Sadie wanted to turn the screw even further. She wasn't the type to avoid people's sensitivities—she preferred to exploit them, to publicly tar and feather them. It wasn't just Isaac. She'd done it to her peers, strangers, and friends. At just seven years old, Sadie's name rang closer to her personality. She was a psychological sadist.

As the family wagon crept to a stop, Tom rolled down the window of his driver's side door. He gawked at the small speaker with a single white button staring back at him.

"I guess I'll just push the button," Tom shrugged.

Molly nodded at him in approval.

The crackle of the speaker suddenly erupted with an elderly man's German accent. "Hello, name, please?"