

# Melissa's Fate

Text by Inmate Tania  
Photo-Manipulations by Joe B.

Melissa Giovanni was the rich bitch daughter of millionaire business tycoon Andre Giovanni. Her foul temperament and disdain for commoners was well publicised by the press. When she was found standing over the body of a poor hotel-maid with a bloody knife, there were few who didn't want to see her get her comeuppance.

The case was intensely observed by the press, and the police investigated it quickly. They found out, that the hotel-maid unintentionally damaged Melissa's expensive leather jacket as she cleaned up her room. As Melissa shouted at the maid, the maid surprisingly shouted back and Melissa got so angry that it ended in a serious brawl between the two young women. Finally Melissa, not used to giving in, stabbed the maid in a furious attack.

It was never a question of her innocence, merely a question of severity. Was this a heat of the moment lapse of reason, or a disturbing example of this woman's mental unbalance? Did she deserve a long term in prison, treatment in a psychiatric hospital or did the crime warrant the death penalty?

She stood trial in a beautiful fur coat. She even attempted to fake remorse, but it took the prosecution about 10 minutes to break her and she started screaming about how the stupid whore deserved it and that she'd do it again if she had the chance. That pretty much blew any chance of a jury finding her anything but guilty.



Guilty!

As the verdict was read, she sunk her head as far into her coat as possible. The judge read out the sentence: "Miss Giovanni, it is my solemn duty to order the following sentence: You have been found guilty of a shocking crime, and have shown no remorse for your terrible actions. I must therefore order the harshest punishment available for this crime. Melissa Giovanni, I hereby sentence you to death by public hanging!"

"Guards, take her down!" She was dragged kicking and screaming from the court room. "You'll all pay! I swear!" she screamed at the judge and jury.

She was taken to the holding cage and left there to cool down for an hour before the van arrived to take her to the State Penitentiary. When the van arrived, she was cuffed and shackled. She wouldn't shut up so the guards slipped a transport hood over her head and gagged her. She didn't seem pleased with that. It was quite a sight. \$6000 fur coat, \$200 pants, \$1000 heels, 6lb of heavy restraints and a leather restraint hood. She still looked beautiful.

She was bundled into the van and we all set off for the prison. When we arrived, Melissa was immediately pulled from the van and pushed to the intake desk. Her hood and gag were removed and she proceeded straight into a tirade of abuse, threatening to sue anyone who touched her again. When she stopped for breath, the guards began.

"Giovanni, Melissa. Death Row."

"OK, she'll need a small!" the guard shouted through to the store room. "Get her ready for the mugshot!" The guards uncuffed her and removed her fur coat. She was wearing an expensive cashmere-sweater under it. "This will be the last time you get to wear your fancy upper-class-clothes, so say good bye to them", the guard said. Then they handed her a board with her inmate number on and stood her against the mug wall.

The mugshot was taken and she was dragged to the store to collect her uniform. She was given a white jumpsuit and forced to hand over her designer clothes. "If that coat gets damaged, I'll sue you all. It's worth more than your life!" she screamed as the guard put her fur coat into her possessions box.



She was kept in her cell for a couple of weeks before I got the call. Now I am on my way down to see Miss Giovanni. She has hours to live now, and I've got to break it to her. Wish me luck.

---

"What! You gotta be fucking kidding. You seriously think I'm gonna believe you. They don't execute people 2 weeks after the trial. It takes years!" She looks a bit flustered as she tries to convince herself I'm kidding. I wait till she is done then hand her a green n2b parka. "Put that on, it s cold in the chamber!"

"Fuck you, I ain't gonna wear some nasty cheap nylon jacket. I want my fur coat!" she squeals. She is so terribly vain. I'm looking forward to watching her swing.

"Your fur coat is really a nice one. Don't you think it would be a pity if you mess it with your body fluids when you hang? I gave it to my girlfriend. She is wearing it just now and she will be present at your execution later on. Think yourself lucky she gave you her parka to wear!" I take a long sniff of the parka. It still smells of her.

"What? You gave my \$6000 fur coat to your girlfriend and she gave me some cheap nasty jacket in return? I'm not common like you. I don't wear unbranded shit!"

"Fine, you hang naked!" I tell her.

"Fine!" Too proud to back down, she unbuttons the jumpsuit and lets it fall to the floor. I go to cuff her and she winces. Then she picks up the parka and slips it on. She zips it up and buttons it closed. "Good girl!" I reply. She pulls the hood up and lets me cuff her hands behind her back.

"Come on, we gotta go", I tell her. I lead her out the cell. We reach the door to the chamber and I take out the noose from the bag by the door. I pull down the hood of the parka and quickly slip the noose over her pretty little head. She begins sobbing. I notice she hasn't shaved her pussy in a couple of weeks. Odd, she seems like the type to keep it bald. Oh well.

I open the door and drag her through with the noose. I take her past her coffin and through the crowd. I pass the victim's sister and mother. The sister looks beautiful in a hand-knitted but very sexy turtleneck-sweater. Then I see my girlfriend looking damn fine in that great fur coat. She smiles back. She asked me to make sure Melissa wears her parka when she swings. She always wanted a memento from one of my executions. Melissa screams as she sees the gallows. The mother and sister of her victim look so pleased to see her get what she deserves.



I lead Melissa to the far wall and up the steps to the trap. I stand her in the centre on the big X. I drop the other end of the rope over the beam 3 times then tie it off on the structural beam. Finally I strap her legs together and notice her pussy is very wet.

"Enjoying yourself up there?" I ask. "Fuck you!" she replies.

Then the warden and doctor enter. The doctor gives her a quick check over. "This person is in an acceptable condition for the punishment to be carried out. With the proposed four feet drop, I estimate a mortal agony that will last about 10 minutes." The doctor reports, "That's acceptable!" the warden answers and opens the envelope containing the death sentence. The doctor nods to the warden and goes down the steps to wait for Melissa to drop. The warden opens the envelope and reads aloud:

"Melissa Giovanni, you have been found guilty in a court of law of the crime of murder in the first degree. You have been sentenced to death by hanging. Do you have any last words?"

"Yeah, fuck you!" she glares at the warden. "Fuck you too," looking at me, "fuck you all too!" she shouts to the crowd. She sure knows how to get the crowd behind her.

"Any last requests?" asks the warden.

"Yeah, why don't you just go fuck yourself. I killed that stupid bitch, and I'll kill you too!" Behaving like this, there is no chance of a last minute reprieve for Melissa. This takes all the tension away from me. I stand at the lever. The warden looks to the clock on the wall. "We will commence at 5:00." The clock reads 4:58. I grip the lever tight. I look over to see my girlfriend blow a kiss over. The victim's sister takes out her camcorder. She smiles at me. The clock ticks on. Miss Giovanni seems to be getting anxious. "Get on with it, you common fucks!" she screams.

The hands point to 5:00 and I pull the lever. The trap falls away and Miss Giovanni disappears from sight. The huge TV screens behind me display her face. She looks shocked. Her eyes bulge and her face goes red. I look through the trap. She is kicking like a fish on a hook. She kicks for over 5 minutes. I watch as she attempts to breathe in but fails. Her tongue starts poking out her mouth and she dribbles a bit. It falls onto the parka. My girlfriend will love it.





Her face is blue now and her eyes glance around the room, at the crowd, then they settle on the big screen on the far wall. She can see herself hang. She looks even more shocked. A couple of minutes later, she pees. It sprays the inside of the parka and my girlfriend looks like she might cum any second.

The victim's sister comes over to the gallows with her camera and records Melissa's last kicks and death rattle. As she passes away, she cocks her head to the left one last time and releases a big steaming shit which spatters down her legs and splats onto the floor.

We give her 5 minutes more and then the doctor walks over and unbuttons the parka. He checks her eyes and her heartbeat. "She is dead!" He signs her death certificate and hugs her briefly. "It's a shame. She was so young and so pretty..."

I now untie the rope and Miss Giovanni makes her last drop to the floor. She falls unceremoniously and lands in her own piss, shit and blood. I walk down and uncuff her. Then I remove the parka and hand it to my girlfriend. She looks happier than I've ever seen her. I know what we will do as soon as we are at home: She will put on the stained parka. I will put the noose around her neck, the very same noose that killed Melissa. Then we will re-enact today's execution and have some of the best sex ever...

I quickly clean Melissa's dead body and dress her in her blue jeans and the cashmere-sweater that she was wearing as she entered prison two weeks ago. I arrange the turtleneck-collar to cover the wounds of the noose on her neck and place her in the coffin. She looks peaceful now. She will soon be buried in the prison-cemetery and her headstone will read:

MELISSA GIOVANNI  
MURDERESS  
born 1981  
executed 2005