

Football 197

Chapter 197 TOBY (4)

"I'm just going to bash your brains in," he repeated, almost to himself, as if he were trying to convince himself of his actions. He lowered the gun, gripping it by the barrel like a club. The cold, metal weight in his hand felt reassuring, an extension of his newfound power. He took a deep breath, savouring the moment, the fear in the girl's eyes feeding his twisted sense of triumph.

"Please, don't," Wendy whispered, her voice barely audible, each word a struggle as pain and terror coursed through her body.

Toby didn't respond. His smile never faltered as he swung the gun down with all his strength. The sickening crunch of metal meeting bone echoed through the corridor, mingling with the ongoing fire alarm and the sprinklers. Wendy's body jerked violently, her head snapping to the side, blood spraying from the impact.

Toby raised the gun again, his breath coming in ragged gasps, a mixture of exertion and exhilaration. He brought it down once more, the impact sending another shudder through Wendy's body. Her skull caved in, the sound of bone cracking and flesh tearing reverberating through the hallway. Blood splattered across Toby's face, mixing with the water from the sprinklers, creating a grotesque mask.

He didn't stop. Again and again, he brought the gun down, each strike more frenzied than the last. Wendy's body twitched with each blow, but her movements grew weaker, more spasmodic, until finally, she lay still, a broken, bloody heap on the floor. Her face was unrecognizable, a pulped mass of flesh and bone, her eyes staring blankly up at the ceiling.

Toby stood over her, panting heavily, his hands trembling. He looked down at the mess he had made, a mixture of satisfaction and emptiness washing over him. The euphoria he had felt moments ago was already fading, replaced by a hollow void.

"I bet you see me now," he muttered, a bitter laugh escaping his lips as his young licked the blood on his face.

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In the library, the sudden outburst of gunfire and the muffled sounds of violence sent waves of terror through the students. Some even dared to peak through the blind witnessing the gruesome scene. Emma and May, still huddled behind the librarian's desk, exchanged horrified glances. However, they managed to gather their courage and head downstairs with the rest of the students who weren't rooted in place with fear.

Emma's grip on May's hand tightened, her knuckles white with tension. She could feel her friend's body trembling uncontrollably. "We have to stay quiet," Emma whispered, though her own voice was shaking. She was never a fan of horror movies always feeling sick at the sight of blood. Now although she didn't see the gruesome scene first hand she was able to hear it despite the blaring of the fire alarm.

Just as they were trying to sneak down the stairs they spotted a respectable boy covered in blood. It wasn't his own but that of his friend who was unlucky enough to be hit by a start bullet. He was desperately trying to drag his friend towards the stairs to safety. None of the other kids dared to help instead they directly bypassed the boy.

"We have to help," May said snapping her out and allowing her to suppress the sickening feeling that was threatening to overwhelm her after looking at the blood. She simply nodded at her friend following behind her ready to offer a helping hand.

They both knew it would be safer to leave them behind and make a dash down the stairs. It was the logical thing to do in this situation and if her Dad was here he would urge her to run. However, she couldn't leave him as the bleeding boy reminded her of when she first met her brother. The only regret is that she got her friend into this mess as May hadn't noticed them until she stopped moving.

Both girls quickly reached the side of the boy what being dragged by the shoulder. Not hesitating they each picked up a leg surprising the bespectacled boy as he lifted his friend into the air. "Thank you," he whispered to the two girls who simply nodded as they quickened their steps down the stairs.

What met them was a group of students trying their best to move all the furniture that they had used to block the door. Since they knew that the shooter was upstairs the ground floor should be safe and they could run to safety. Thus they moved quickly trying their best to make as little noise as possible least they attract the shooter's attention.

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Back in the hallway, Toby got up from the ground, looking at his bloodied hands with a twisted sense of satisfaction. His handiwork caught his attention, a grotesque testament to his fractured state of mind. It took him a second to regain his cool, but soon he was back on his feet, heading towards the changing rooms. Something inside him whispered that more "sheep" were waiting for his judgment there.

Entering the changing rooms, the first thing that caught his eye was the growing puddle of water on the floor. Two showers were left running, probably abandoned by someone who had heard the gunshots and bolted. Toby quickly reached that conclusion, but he had to be sure. He approached the lockers, his footsteps echoing through the room.

The lockers were large enough to fit two people comfortably, and Toby knew this all too well from his own experiences of being locked inside them during his school years. He began checking each one, methodically, almost with a sense of ritualistic pleasure.

"Anyone there?" he called out, his voice dripping with faux sweetness as he waved his bloodied gun from side to side. "If you come out now, I promise not to hurt you." Silence greeted his words, the fire alarm's blare and the constant spray from the showers creating a surreal background noise.

"Since you don't want to come out willingly, I will have to ask my new mother for help," he stated, caressing his gun lovingly as he walked to the centre of the room. The dim fluorescent lights flickered, casting eerie shadows on the wet tiles.

"This is going to be fun," he muttered to himself, a malicious grin spreading across his face.

"Since nobody wants to step forward Let's play a little game, a crowd favourite really, don't know why I didn't think of it before," He stated with a smile having seemingly come up with the solution to a question had plagued him.

"Eenie... -meenie... -miney... -mo. -Catch... -the tiger... -by... -his toe..... -If... -he hollers... -let him go..." he started counting out with an eerie calmness that was easily heard despite the fire alarm. It acted as an ambience for anyone watching or listening tightening their fear to a new level.

"-My mother... -told me... -to pick.... -the very best one... -and you... -are.... -it." Not even hesitating he fired three shots at the lockers his hand had stopped at. Not stopping there he sprayed a few shots at other lockers just in case he was wrong.

Toby's bullets ricocheted off the metal lockers, the sounds of gunfire mingling with the blaring alarm and the incessant spray of water from the showers. The bullets tore through the thin metal, sending shards flying. He stopped after firing three more shots after hearing what he thought was a grunt but couldn't identify.

The blaring alarm didn't make things easier either thus he stopped shooting for a second and simply listened. He tried his best to ignore the alarm but just couldn't hear anything no matter how hard he tried. Eventually, he could only sigh after not being able to hear anything royally dampening his mood.

"(sigh) Maybe I was wrong, or I killed them already, one more stripe won't change things anyways,"