

Football 200

Chapter 200 TOBY (7)

Panic quickly set in on his face as he scrambled on his stomach searching for his gun. His only security, the source of his strength and power was granted to him by his flock. So he wasted no time looking to regain that control and power he had been yearning for.

As Toby clawed at the floor, his fingers brushing against the cold metal of his weapon, a shadow loomed over him. The figure tackled him with brute force, sending the gun skidding further away across the floor. Toby grunted in frustration, twisting his body to get a look at his assailant.

The two figures grappled fiercely on the ground, each struggling for dominance. Toby's face contorted with rage as he fought to free himself from the iron grip of his opponent. The strength of the other figure surprised him, the desperation in their movements adding a frenetic energy to the struggle.

Toby managed to throw a wild punch, connecting with the side of his attacker's head. The blow sent the figure reeling, giving Toby a brief moment to scramble towards his gun. But just as his fingers reached out to grasp the handle, a strong hand yanked him back, slamming him onto the floor with a thud causing some of the mist clod to kick up.

They both coughed for a second after inhaling the god-awful smoke before they re-engaged in their scuffle. Toby didn't know who he was fighting but he knew that if he didn't get to his gun quickly he would be helpless again. Everything would be over he would once again be at the mercy of this unforgiving world.

The figures rolled across the floor, their bodies slick with sweat and blood, each trying to gain the upper hand. Toby's hand clawed at the other's face, seeking to blind or disorient, but his assailant's resolve was unyielding. Blood smeared the tiles beneath them, mixing with the foam creating a grisly tableau of chaos and violence.

As they struggled, Toby managed to get a glimpse of his attacker. Rakim's face, contorted with pain came into his view but that didn't stop him from sending a punch to the boy's face. Managing to get on top of him he started pounding punches aiming especially for his right shoulder. It had a makeshift bandage made out of his shirt but it was red by now as blood continued pouring out of his wound.

Just as he put his whole weight behind another punch at rakims right shoulder he felt himself being thrust up. It surprised him since he knew just how much he weighed and it shouldn't be that easy for Rakim to push him off him. He wanted to regain control but found himself thrust on his side as Rakim's legs snaked around his arm.

Toby's arm was caught in an armlock as Rakim's legs wrapped around it, twisting and pinning him to the floor. Toby screamed in frustration, using his free hand to punch wildly at Rakim's torso. Each hit sent waves of pain through Rakim's body, but he held on, his determination unwavering.

Rakim's face was pale, beads of sweat mixing with the blood that had soaked through his makeshift bandage. The wound on his right shoulder throbbed with every movement, but he gritted his teeth and tightened his grip on Toby's arm. He could feel the warmth of his own blood trickling down his side, but he couldn't let go now. Not when so much was at stake.

Toby's initial shock gave way to a searing, white-hot pain as Rakim's legs tightened their hold, twisting his arm further. The agony was immediate and excruciating like his arm was being torn from its socket. He felt the tendons in his shoulder stretch to their limits, threatening to snap, while the bones ground against each other with sickening friction.

"Let go!" Toby screamed, his voice a mixture of pain and rage. He thrashed violently, his body bucking and twisting in a desperate attempt to free himself. Each movement only made the pain worse, the armlock sending sharp, stabbing sensations radiating from his shoulder down to his fingertips.

His vision blurred with tears, his free hand clawing at Rakim but he could reach his face. So he decided to aim a punch at the bandaged area hoping to cause him the same pain he was experiencing. Despite hitting his target and Rakim audibly grunting in response he couldn't pry himself free. His grip remained unyielding, fueled by a determination that surpassed Toby's frantic desperation.

The pain in Toby's arm reached a crescendo, a roaring inferno of suffering that drowned out everything else. His arm felt like it was on fire, each nerve screaming in protest. He could hear the sickening pop of ligaments straining and the dull crack of a bone beginning to give way under the pressure. His mind, consumed by the relentless agony, began to fracture, the pain pushing him to the brink of unconsciousness.

Rakim felt the moment of weakness, the slight hesitation in Toby's frantic movements. He twisted harder, his own pain a dull background noise compared to the singular focus on subduing his opponent. Toby's scream turned into a guttural, animalistic howl as his arm finally gave way, the joint dislocating with a sickening crunch.

Toby's strength ebbed away, his body going limp as the pain became too much to bear. The burning agony in his arm was all-consuming, eclipsing everything else. He could feel the broken shards of bone grating against each other with every shallow breath, the raw ends of ligaments flaring with white-hot pain.

"Please," Toby whimpered, his voice hoarse and broken. "Stop... it hurts..."

But Rakim's focus was unyielding. With a final, desperate twist, he immobilized Toby completely, the larger boy's arm bent at a grotesque angle, the bones misaligned and jutting against the skin. Toby's screams turned into sobs, his will to fight completely shattered by the unrelenting torment.

Rakim's breath came in ragged gasps, his pain almost blinding, but he knew he had to hold on. He glanced up, his vision blurred with sweat and blood, to see figures resembling Emma and May securing the gun. Relief washed over him, but before he could even communicate with them a feeling of drowsiness washed over him.

He finally succumbed to the pain from the gunshot falling into unconsciousness. However, his grip on Toby's arm didn't loosen in the slightest barely able to make up what was happening in his surroundings.

Emma and May, having secured the gun, rushed to Rakim's side. Emma's eyes widened in horror at the sight of her brother, blood-soaked and barely conscious, still clinging to Toby with a strength born of desperation.

"Rakim!" Emma shouted, dropping to her knees beside him. "Stay with us, please!" May, her own fear palpable, moved quickly to help. "We need to get him out of here. He's losing too much blood." She applied pressure to his wound, her hands trembling but steady.

"Hurry up he's been shot too," they heard someone shout from up the stairs catching everyone's attention. Standing at the top of the stairs was a soaked Lexi holding a fire extinguisher in her arms.

"Hand's up," Up was the last thing he heard before he drifted off into dreamland as his mind was fully exhausted. Not even the constant blaring of systems alerts or Eva's calming voice could rattle him out of his current state.