

## Football 21

### Chapter 21 The Snake And The Weasel

[Finn Pov]

"How did it all go so wrong?" I asked myself looking at the rising sunrise. (cough) breathing has become a struggle, probably because my blood is not staying put in my body. Shouldn't my life be flashing before my eyes or something? At this point, I don't even feel the pain from all the holes in my body. The only thing that's been keeping me concise is trying to figure out how it went so wrong.

I and my guys are just sitting in the middle of nowhere in the black van that belonged to the gang. We are five in total everyone in the car was holding a blade just waiting to slash it at someone. We are all a little tipsy but that's what gives us the courage for what needs to be done. None of us has ever killed anyone so the extra liquid courage is appreciated.

little joe has been twitching at every little thing and it's starting to get on my nerves. If I didn't need him for this, I would have beat him up myself but he's quite strong so he will be helpful. The paranoia must be messing with his head, and it seems like I'm not the only one who noticed.

"Yo Joe stop twitching about it's starting to piss me off," A short boy in the back seat said as he glared at Joe.

"Who do you think your talking to baby Tim" Joe shot back as he pointed one of three kitchen knives at him. The tension in the car reached the extreme with everyone clutching their knives.

"Hey, you idiots better stop playing, I'm not in the best of moods right now and you are starting to piss me off" I raised my voice at them at the same time I pulled out a black revolver I had taken out from my dad's room. Joe was looking down the barrel of the gun and the fear of it must have fixed whatever overconfidence he had gained from carrying a couple of knives.

"I'm sorry boss," he said with fear still plastered all over his face guess this is the first time looking down the barrel of a gun.

Humans are weird creatures that have been shackled by fear since the start of time. For example, Joe here lost all his confidence as soon as he saw that a gun was pointing at him. He didn't even consider the fact that I need him to complete the mission and wouldn't even think of shooting him yet. The reason we fear guns is because of all the potential harm they can cause which scares us. That's why you get some people who can't even bring themselves to lift a gun without immediately starting to shake.

Glancing at the other guys for a second, I notice that none of them dared to make any sudden movements. It was like the mere presence of a gun had petrified them. Almost like that one story of a girl with the weird snake hair that turns you to stone when you make eye contact. what's it called again? hmm I can't remember it is not important anyways. Looking at the four of them, all had cold sweat running down them. Guess my minute of self-musing must have scared them shitless.

"Well don't let it happen again," I told him as I took the revolver back. His breathing became slower, but he didn't dare to make any more noise or sudden movement after my gentle warning. Turning my attention out of the window again I heard the lot of them gulp hard in an attempt to stabilise their breathing again.

"I think that's him and he's got company," Tim said as he pointed towards a warehouse where a bunch of guys were gathering seemingly waiting for something. That should have set off alarm bells in my head but as soon as I spotted Ian among them, I ripped open the door.

My guys wasted no time following me even after the little trauma I caused them. There is a reason fear is one of the most effective ways to rule over someone. Once you fear someone you give them a certain amount of power over you that they can utilise to manipulate you.

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"Look what the cat dragged in" Ian sneered at me with a disdain-laced tone. The five guys around him chuckled too as they pulled out their knives ready for anything. Not to be outdone we all drew our knives as well.

"I was just on a walk and stumbled upon you," I told him with a slight smile on my lips not showing any weakness. That seemed to enrage him further as he roughly clenched his free before pointing at me.

"Must be some walk if a snake like you slithered so far from home?" He bellowed as his face turned red from anger. It looks like he's close to the boiling point and judging by how he is slowly inching forward it seems to be true.

"Well, you could say I was hunting a weasel," I said with a sneer as I goateed him by throwing up my middle finger. That did the trick as he and all his goons started charging us.

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[General Pov]

It is a quiet serene night in the skies of Cuba. The stars are bright on this particular night dancing around the bright full moon. The busy streets are deserted on this serene night almost as if all the souls are nowhere to be seen. It's as if the inhabitants of the country are paying respect to this peaceful atmosphere by staying indoors in an attempt not to disturb it.

In stark contrast to the peaceful scene that had spread all over the country, a sight that can only be described as chaos was playing out in a parking lot. Two groups of young men were colliding with each other in an attempt to just each other. It is almost as if they didn't get the memo and decided to stir the waters of this calm night.

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[Fin Pov]

Ian enraged by my boasting swung his blade in a cleaving motion at my chest. I manage to react fast enough to sidestep the swing Ian but the guy next to me was not so lucky as he got slashed on his torso. Taking advantage of Ina's missed swing I sent a powerful hook to his face sending him crashing to the ground.

Just as I was about to capitalise on this chance to cause a world of pain to him, I was tackled to the ground by someone. I almost forgot that there were more people here, I mused as my body hit the concert. The boy got on top of me and assumed a sloppy mount position as he sent a barrage of punches at fins face. The punches did the trick of snapping me out of my dazed after being taken down.

A sense of calm washed over me as I made eye contact with him between one of his punches. His eyes were afraid written all over him almost like he was the one being beaten up. 'Such a weak mindset, let

me help you end it for you' I thought to myself as I deflected one of his punches. Taking this chance, I used my knife that was lying next to me and lodged it into his throat.

The guy's look of disbelief as he touched his neck which was flowing with blood baffled me. What did he expect to happen this is not a game if you are not ready to kill why are you even here? Oh well let us hope he will be a bit smarter in his next life, but his blood sure is disgusting though tastes a little salty. Pushing him off me I picked up his knives as his hands were clutching on mine as if that would stop him from leaving this world.

Looking at the chaotic scene in front of me a smile slowly came to my face. Joe was fighting against two guys at the same time duel wielding two knives but for some reason, I do not really want to know he had his third knife in his mouth. That guy is not right in the head the drugs he took before this must have pushed him over the edge. He looks like a rabid dog that has been let loose, I might have to put him down after this.

Running my blood-covered hand through my hair I look around for my next target. Noticing a guy with his back to me I approach him from behind making sure to stay in his blind spot. I waited for him to stab at one of my guys before making my move. His knife was deep in my guy's heart causing his hand to tremble as the reality of taking a life finally settled in.

'So weak' I thought to myself as I yanked his hair back and slashed my knife across his neck causing more blood to spurt on me. Maybe I am the abnormal one all I feel is calmness when I take a life. This must be how Picasso felt when painting, chaos truly does paint the perfect picture.