

Football 22

Chapter 22 The Snake And The Weasel 2

'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.

The sensation I felt when I slit his neck is slightly addictive, I could get used to it. Watching his blood spray out of his body is a fascinating sight. The tearing sound as the skin on his neck separated to open the floodgates of blood is simply mesmerising. Almost as good as opening a fine thirty-year-old wine. Well maybe not the same thing as drinking wine makes me feel bored, but this is far more exciting.

"argh" looking to my left I saw one of the little shits stick a blade in my side taking me out of my trance. Angry at being interrupted I held onto his hand with my left stopping him from pulling out the knife. Not wasting a second, I stabbed at his heart using the space between his ribs to gain better access. Just as I was about to kick him away, I notice another knife stuck in my side tearing open my flesh. Looking down I noticed that the guy I had stabbed had another knife which he used to try and finish me.

Looking back at the guy, I noticed a smirk plastered on his face as if he were some kind of martyr. The smile soon disappeared though as blood rushed out of his mouth, guess his heart decided it had enough and quit its job. His horrified look was a sight to be held as his body started spasming slowly shutting down as he fell to the floor.

Not paying him any more mind I stepped over his still lightly spasming body to get a clear look at the fight. What came to my sight was the body of Joe dropping to the ground as blood sprayed out of his body. Looking at his wound I could see a distinct x-shaped gash that seemed to be letting his blood exit his body as it pleased. His three knives fell out of his grasp as he crashed onto the ground. Guess I won't waste to kill him after this, oh well I'll just kill whoever ruined my newfound pleasure.

The guy that had done this to him stood over his body as he wiped the blood off his machete in an attempt to not lose any sharpness. Guess I can understand that I wouldn't want to use something that had a weak person's blood on it. Looking around I could see that other than the machete guy and me the only people still standing were Ian and Tim. They seemed to be in the middle of trying to tear each other apart.

Not wanting to interrupt their fun I made my way towards machete man as I threw the blade in my hand to the ground. He seemed to notice my approach but was slightly surprised at the fact I threw my blade away. He started smirking as he slowly approached me while he had his sword over his shoulder in a relaxed manner not seeing me as a threat. That was a fatal mistake, and I was gonna make him pay for trying to look down on me, especially me.

"Haha Here to beg for mercy little snake" He condescendingly chuckled as he stopped a foot in front of me. Looking up at him as he was a head taller than me all I could think of is how to wipe that fall's sense of superiority on his face. That's when the answer presented itself as I felt a painful sting to my sides where the knives from earlier were still lodged.

"No, I'm just here to congratulate you," I said to him as my right hand reached for my side but looking at his face he was utterly confused by my words. Once my hand grasped the hilt of the knives pulled it out in one motion swift as I closed the short distance between us with an instep I learned from boxing. Ignoring the pain that pulling out the knife caused me I capitalise on his moment of surprise jabbing the knife into the armpit of the hand that was holding the machete.

Before he could even scream, I used the momentum of my charge to take him down as we tumbled to the floor. The shock and pain from my sudden actions must have disoriented him for a second causing him to stumble while trying to get up. Not giving him a chance to get back u I pulled out the other knife in my body and stabbed his side as I got on top of him.

"Congratulate you on surviving long enough form to kill you," I said to him as I started punching relishing in the ecstasy it brought me. Causing someone's pain and suffering is a feeling ill never get used to. Looking at his battered face brought a sense of satisfaction knowing I'm the one that caused it. Want

ting to ned things I pulled the knife that was still in his armpit causing blood to flow from one of his torn arteries.

"Goodbye," I smirked as I brought the knife down towards his through, which is starting to become my favourite spot to poke holes in. However, the pain of something penetrating my back threw me off course slashing his face. Reaching for the knife in my back I realise that this guy had taken a page out of my own book and used the knife in his body to surprise me.

Realizing my sloppiness only seemed to only enrage me further. I used my fine knee to hold down his fine arm not wanting a repeat of before. "Let us try this again shall we," I said as a huge sadistic grin formed on my lips. I wasted no more time in bringing down the knife to his throat causing his blood to spurt all over me soaking me. I wasn't done yet though as continued to stab his body for what felt like a minute straight before my anger finally subsided.

'At least you were a little strong' I muttered as I got up from his dismantled body. His upper body looked as if a surgeon was messing about and decided to poke a few thousand holes for fun. Wiping the blood from my face I licked it, and he tasted a bit sweet, which must be because he's a little strong. Pullin out the knife from his body I looked towards Ian and Tim to a sight that surprised me.

An arm-length blade was skewering his stomach poking out of his back. Blood was flowing out of his body as he fell forward towards Ian. The latter wasted no time holding onto his body and kicked his body away and removed his blade. This caused his innards to flood out of the hole he created.

Inan was drenched in blood looking like a dog that had managed to survive the pound. He seemed to be limping, but his eyes looked like that of someone possessed. His half-dead eyes were trained on me as he ignored the wounds all over his body. 'Looks like we are more alike than I had thought.' I mused to myself as I touched my wound which was still lacking blood.

"And then there were two" Ian spoke up getting my attention and making me snap out of my musing. Oh well, let us end this my head is starting to get a little light-headed maybe it's probably because I haven't killed enough. That ecstasy seemed to bring me a sense of clarity let's try and get that feeling back.

"No there can only be one my old friend" I calmly said as I reached for the back of my pants and pulled out the revolver, I had brought with me. It seems I wasn't the only one who had the Idea to bring something with a bang. The moment my revolver pointed at him; he also had a gun pointed at me as we stared at each other.

"Hahahaha Now this is truly funny," Ian said as he started laughing hysterically. Looking at this odd situation it really is funny. We are both so different from each other, yet we are so alike in our thinking. We could've used our guns right from the start but deep down we didn't want to share the loot, so we let the chaos ensue.

"Hahaha Your right it's quite comical but let's end this I'm getting bored," I said after a minute of laughing before I pulled the trigger and jumped to the right. (bang) It seems he had the same idea as he immediately started shooting back.

(Bang) (Bang) (Bang)

Bullets started flying all over the place as I tried my best to dodge his shots. The recoil of the first shot was stronger than I expected, and my hand twisted back roughly. Lucky for me he didn't seem to expect the recoil either as his first shot just grazed my cheek. Having learned my lesson, I held the revolver with more power as I shot towards his chest. That seemed to do the trick as it impacted almost immediately with his chest.

The shot must've sent him flying backwards as his body seems to be getting further and further away from me. I crashed on my back hitting the ground hard and slid for a little distance. Trying to sit up I felt all the power leave my body only to be replaced by a burning sensation on my chest. Bringing my hand to my chest I felt a small hole that wasn't there a second ago.

Looking over at Ian he seemed to be down for the count as well. Looking up at the night sky that had kept its serene atmosphere all throughout the chaos. I started feeling a little melancholy thinking about how all the beautiful art I painted tonight had zero effect on the world.

"How did it all go so wrong?" I muttered as my eyes started feeling heavy slowly closing. My breathing was heavy and a little rugged it was painful just trying to take in oxygen in. 'I guess I'm weak too for just dying like that' I mused as darkness descended on me.