

Knife

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Knife

This is a tale of a series of events that merely got out of hand. It's a warning for when the violence of youth meets with the cruelty that kids have for each other. I first met Knife at school during first period. My name's Kevin and I've just turned seventeen. I'm tall and not built like some of the muscle-bound freaks on the football or wrestling teams. I'm average. I hate that word. Average.

At the time I hadn't a care in the world, except Amanda, my girl and getting laid. Not much more than that. Certainly not school

First period. Commercial Art. Lovely class. Mrs. Almock came in and announced that we were getting new student who just transferred. Ohh! Real thrilling. I didn't really give a flying fuck. Unless the newbie was feminine, of course.

The guy that came into the class surveyed the area with cold indifference. He wore a rat trap black leather jacket over a shirt of some dark gray color. Lighter gray pants tucked into beaten up combat boots completed the ensemble. His long jet black hair seemed to absorb all light. He was weird and ghostly – like a goth. And of course, he gets to sit beside me.

The thing I noticed the most though was that he had the coldest eyes I'd ever seen on a human being. They held no life in them, like a jaguar that is indifferent about his prey...

"Everyone," Mrs. Almock announced, in her annoyingly squeaking voice. She must have sucked too much helium as a child. "This is John Alcott. I'm sure you'll all want to welcome him to our school and class."

Oh, sure we would. The freak was entirely too pretentious with his ‘black cloud that hung over his head.’ Didn’t anyone tell him the Goth look was out? The Crow was so 90s.

The Man in Black looked seriously bored and uncomfortable. Since I had to put up with him the rest of the year I thought I might as well say hello.

“Hey, I’m Kevin.” I held out my hand. “Welcome to JFK High.”

He eyed me with peculiar distaste. “Cut the crap.” He shook my hand anyway, so I guess he wasn’t a complete asshole. “The best experience you can have at any school is getting fucked in the band room or the stairwell.”

“Right!” I smiled. “I like you philosophy. There’s not enough sex in the classroom.”

Mrs. Almockj babbled on and on about two and three point perspectives, whatever the hell they were. I graduated next year, but couldn’t deal with the pressure everyone was putting on me to ‘choose what I was going to do with my life.’ Fuck that. All I wanted was to splodge in Amanda’s sweet, sweet mouth.

“You got wheels, John?” I asked, trying to take my mind off the boner I got from thinking about Amanda’s firm ass. Thank god her parents were going away this weekend.

“Don’t call me John.”

“Then what do I call you?”

“Knife. All my friends do, though they are few in number.” His eyes were focused outside as Alexis Nottingham walked by on the path down towards the main office. “I ride an old Katana.”

“Black?”

Knife snorted. “Of course.”

Something in common with the Goth freak. “I ride a red Interceptor.” Mom hated that I rode, but the freedom was unparalleled. I paused a moment, debating on whether I should ask the inevitable question. “Why do they call you Knife?”

His eyes remained on Alexis as she disappeared into through the double doors into the office. “Don’t ask. Maybe I’ll tell you someday.”

My, weren’t we cocky?

“Whatever.”

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I met Amanda for lunch in the cafeteria, the fair-haired beautiful lady whom I loved. Just seeing her made me want to grab her and push her down on her knees to suck my cock. She sucked cock extremely well. I tried not to think about how she came to be such a great cocksucker.

“Hey sweetness,” I muttered into her ear as I grabbed her around the waist and lifted her up. We kissed deep, her active tongue swirling inside my mouth, wrestling with mine.

“What’s up?” she asked.

“Met a new kid today. Real peculiar.”

“Peculiar?”

“Spooky. His nickname is Knife.”

“Ah, I’m sure he has a good reason for it. A knife-like dick.”

“Or he secretly knifes people in his spare time.” I grabbed her and mimicked stabbing her chest, but really it was just a simple and pathetic reason to cop a feel. Her tits were smallish, but damn, her suction more than made up for her chest deficiencies. If you could even call them that.

She laughed, pushing my hands away as she scanned the cafeteria.

My eyes followed hers, seeing who had gotten her attention. It was Knife, striding calmly and with utter confidence across the floor. “Hey, there he is,” I told her, running my hand up her thigh. Strangely, as she watched him approach, she spread her legs slightly. I frowned, but allowed my hand to slip under her skirt in towards the source of her treasure.

Knife, John, whatever, sat down at an empty table next to ours. “Sup, Knife?” I yelled over at him. He looked over and gave me the sign of the devil. Index and pinky finger extended.

I chuckled at the display. “Real nice guy.”

Amanda smiled. “Seems like it.” I didn’t like how she kept staring her, especially after feeling how wet she was.

* * *

After dismissal at the end of the day, Amanda and I walked to the student's parking lot to get my cycle. I sat down and gave the spare helmet to Amanda.

"Hop on madam." She did so and I started her up. I walked her out of the spot, and started to pull away as Knife pulled up beside us, wearing nothing on his head but black impenetrable Ray Bans.

"Nice bike," he told me.

"Same." I replied. "Say, after I drop Amanda off at work, you wanna go back to my place and crash?"

"Why not?" He looked to Amanda, a smirk on his face.

"Oh, yeah, introductions. Amanda, Knife. Knife, Amanda. Let's go." I really didn't like the way he smiled at Amanda behind his sunglasses.

We roared off.

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"Well this is my room. Isn't much to look at, but its home," I said as we entered my domicile upstairs. "Excuse the mess."

"Looks lived in." Knife scanned the room, settling on the dartboard that Grandma gave me for last Christmas. It was a retro style with real cork. It wasn't electronic or any of the new auto scorekeeping that I had seen in the catalogs. I rarely used it, as I couldn't hit the broad side of a barn. "Ah ha! Dart board!"

"Huh?"

Knife whipped out a knife from the inside pocket of his jacket and threw it at the dartboard on my wall. At first I feared for my poster of naked Brooke Burke next to it. God forbid if he should have damaged sweet sexy Brooke. I wanked off to her several times a week, I'm unashamed to say. I have a high sex drive, I need sex.

The thrown knife stuck in the exact center of the dartboard. Knife whipped out three more in quick succession and placed them next to each other in a circular pattern.

“Holy shit!” I yelled.

Knife shucked off his leather jacket, tossing it onto my disheveled bed. “What’s the problem?”

”Fuck! Don’t do that! You gave me a damn heart attack!” I tossed my helmet onto my desk, crashing and knocking over an empty glass.

“Sorry.” He walked over to the board and slowly pulled out the daggers.

“So where’d you come from?” I asked as he threw his knives at the board again.

“North.”

“Oh that’s helpful.” I didn’t know why he was being so evasive. He had deflected several of my earlier questions before we had arrived. Why wouldn’t he let his guard down, even if just a little bit? “Let me see one of those.”

He tossed one up in the air, caught it by the blade and then palmed it to me. The steel was extremely light, about eight inches long. The blade itself was six inches and the miniscule hilt another two. Clearly it only designed to weight the blade for throwing.

“Had ‘em specially made,” he told me. I spun it around in my hand, watching how it spun on the center of its length. Perfectly balanced. I handed it back to him, hilt first. “I love knives.”

“Quite obvious. Very nice.” I thought it was weird that he kept blades in his jacket and then it hit me that he had had them the entire school day. In clear violation of the rules. Hell, he’d be kicked out of school and he’d just started there.

“Thanks.” The blades disappeared into his jacket.

We got to talking and finally he opened up a bit. He transferred from New York City. He had lived there all his life until he came here, to Sussex, New Jersey. Never told me why he had transferred, I assumed he had moved with his parents.

He had never had many friends, never a girlfriend for any length of time. Loved girls but they never seemed to like him. Fell in love with knives instead and became a loner. A lone wolf.

As darkness fell, he stood up to leave. “I have to get going. Don’t want the old man and lady mad at me.”

“Yeah, see you tomorrow.” I escorted him to the door and watched him roar out of sight. I went to bed hours later and had very violent dreams

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Jimmy's head snapped back like a whip, striking the lockers behind him. Teeth flew as well as blood. Jimmy slid down the metal doors and stared up at Knife, clearly stunned and the fight taken out of him. He tried to pull himself up and was kicked in the gut with a worn black boot.

"Get up, you shit!" Knife yelled down at Jimmy.

Jimmy moaned and curled up into a ball, slumping into unconsciousness.

"Fucker." Knife muttered as he walked calmly over across the hallway to me as I stared in complete utter shock. "Little shit tried to sucker punch me. No one calls me Fonzie and gets away with it."

I picked my jaw up off the floor. "Fonzie?"

"Christ, where's your culture? Fonzie from Happy Days."

"Happy Daze? Is that some old Cheech and Chong flick?"

Knife rolled his eyes and checked out the boot he had struck Jimmy with.

Jimmy moaned and rolled over. The hallway remained empty. I was cutting class to go... well, I was going to meet Amanda behind band for a quick suck. Maybe a fuck, but she's kind of loud when we get into it. I came across Knife as he and Jimmy were getting into it. For once, I was an innocent bystander.

"You took him out with a punch and a kick!"

"Yeah, but I shouldn't have kicked him. Might have caused permanent damage. These are metatarsals."

"What?"

"They have a metal plate in them that wraps around the toes." Knife looked pretty disgusted. "I really shouldn't have done that. Damn, hope I didn't bust a kidney."

"Where' you learn to fight like that?"

"Where do you think? The streets of New York."

After he finished dressing, he walked out. "Weak get killed off and the strong survive. Mostly anyway." I followed.

Eventually, I heard that Jimmy had gotten back up and collected his teeth. Luckily for him, he was out of school when it all went down. Funny thing was that the faculty never found out about the fight. Somebody always squeals, usually the victim. Maybe they didn't want to get involved. Knife was pretty damn scary sometimes.

* * *

That night, Knife came over to my house and again demonstrated his skill at throwing his daggers at my dart board. At least Grandma would be happy that I got some use out of it.

“What do you know about a girl named Alexis Nottingham?” Knife asked as another dagger tossed stuck itself into the corkboard.

Alexis Nottingham. The name invoked images of sweet, sweet honey. “She’s the Supreme Goddess of JFK High. Currently available due to finding her man between the legs of Maria Sanchez at a party last week. They’ll be back together soon, as she is rumored to forgive his flings due to the amount of money he’s due to inherit. She a serious snob, rich and wouldn’t have anything to do with either of us.”

“Really?” he replied sarcastically. I could see it in his eyes that he thought that statement was a challenge.

I tried to dissuade him. “Really.”

“We’ll see about that.”

And we would.

* * *

Friday. The beginning of the end.

Not much happened until after school. Amanda sat behind me on my cycle, with her hands down my pants, wrapped around my hard cock like a joystick, I pulled away from school, noticing that Knife had a passenger on his cycle.

You guessed it. It was Alexis Nottingham.

“That sly little devil,” I said to myself. “How’d he do it?”

“What’d ya say?” Amanda yelled over the roar of the cycle, her hand squeezing tighter as I rounded the corner and onto the main thoroughfare. “Oh look, there’s Knife with that little bitch!”

“I know, I know,” I yelled back. I really should invest in a pair of two way radio headsets.

That evening, I took Amanda out to see *The Harper’s Round*, the chick flick of the month. She’s really amazing what she can do with her tongue. And she can see the bright side of an earthquake. That is why I love her. Her parents weren’t home for the weekend, so we went back to her house and fucked like rabbits all night long. I swear, Kid Rock said it best. “*His dick was metal, her pussy was a magnet.*”

God, I love fucking all night long.

* * *

“Damn, Knife, you work fast,” I told him. “I mean you’ve been here all of four days and you’re already going out with the Supreme Goddess.”

“Yeah, well, if you got it, flaunt it.” He smiled and threw another knife at the dartboard, which, by the way, was looking pretty ragged.

“How the hell did you pull this off?”

“Just drove up beside her and asked her if she needed a ride. One thing led to another.” He grinned widely.

“Did you fuck?”

His grin widened even more. “*Tighter than the conditions of us black folk.*”

I laughed out loud as he quoted Obie Trice. “Goddamn!” I shouted as Knife flung another dagger at the wall. It struck dead on.

Dead on.

* * *

Monday. I hadn’t seen Knife all day. Hell, I don’t think he even showed up for school. Was none of my business.

I lay on my bed, staring up at Brook Burke, my hands down my pants, wanking off. The door to my room flung open and Knife stormed in. Luckily, my dick wasn't out. Usually it was and lubed up. Luckily again, I wasn't close to splooging. That would have been awkward.

I had no idea how he got into the house since no one but me was home and I had locked the door behind me. Mysterious ways...

"That fucking whore!" he shouted at me. "That fucking little slut! I swear I'll kill her!"

"What the fuck?" I shouted as I sat up, pulling my hand out of my pants.

"That slitch set me up. Used me. You know! Used me to get her old boyfriend jealous. I'll kill her!"

It had been a long time since I had heard the contraction of slut and bitch into 'slitch'. Elementary School.

"Slow down, what happened?" My head was a blur as I tried to hide my hard on for luscious Brooke. Why was he pissed off?

"Ok. I'll explain in small words so you'll understand. She used me. Understand? We went out Sunday night and during the flick she started going down on me. But then Julie shows up, whispers into her ear and then walked out with her. Said they were going to get popcorn. Never fucking came back. I sat through thirty hellish minutes of *The Harper's Round* before I had enough and left. I didn't know why at the time, but Julie was waiting outside the theatre to fill me in.

"It seems that her old boyfriend was watching from up in the projector booth. Seems he watched her as she sucked me off. Got nice and jealous. Julie told me that I had been played and to enjoy the notoriety, but if I mentioned anything about Alexis's indiscretions, there would be consequences. So Alexis's got her old boyfriend back and he knows that she can fuck around just like he did. But he wants her back. Enough that he'll forget that I fucked her silly. Scheming little slitch!"

He whipped out his knives with lightning speed. Thwack! They embedded themselves about three inches into my wall at the exact center of my dart board.

"Hey! Watch it! That's my wall!"

“Sorry,” he grumbled as he pried each knife out carefully. “I swear I’ll kill the wench. Then fuck her ass. She dared to threaten me! Me! Consequences my ass! I swear, I’ll kill her!”

Obviously, Miss Perfect Alexis Nottingham did not know that to cross Knife was a serious mistake. And incredibly dangerous. Damn, when Knife came in ranting and raving, I thought that I was dead.

He seemed quite out of his mind.

On the ragged edge.

* * *

The next day I thought was going to be the worst of my entire life. I actually believed that Knife was going to kill Alexis the next time he saw her. But he didn’t. He chilled out – got some perspective on the situation. Even though she screwed him over, he rolled with it. As I kept reminding him, he did get to taste the sweetest pussy in JFK.

* * *

Tuesday. Knife finally gave up sitting alone and sat with Amanda and me at lunch. Amanda and Knife were finally beginning to get used to each other.

“So Knife, why’d ya move down here anyway?” Amanda asked.

Knife took a bite of his sandwich. “Ah, my parents got tired of the city life.”

“Figures. Mine are tired of the country life.”

“Anyone want anything while I’m up?” I asked as I stood up. I needed another one of those tasty cheese steaks that just dripped with saturated fat.

“I’d like a Porsche, sweetie,” Amanda grinned as she batted those baby blues at me.

“I’ll take Jenna Jameson, please,” Knife replied with a British drawl. “Naked, not clothed.”

“Funny.”

The line wasn’t long, but it was long enough. When returned to the table, I saw something I never wanted to see. Alexis and all her cronies were crowded around Knife,

smiling and gloating. All of them. Alexis, Julie, Steve, Frank, Scott and Rick. Shit. This was bad.

Alexis had her rich boy toy back.

Surprisingly Knife looked calm and serene.

I sat back down beside Amanda and tried to eat the cheese steak, but I had suddenly lost my appetite. I tried to ignore them. Didn't work. Never does.

"Hey, Knifey," Frank said. "How does it feel to be dumped by the hottest bitch in school?"

Knife turned to face the one who had spoken. All of them were grinning like fools. Signing their death warrants.

"She sucks cock like a champ. She loved the pearl necklace I gave her."

The look on Alexis's face was classic. Horrified.

Frank looked to Steve, questioningly, who was beginning to turn red, but received no direct orders, so he moved on. "Heard about what you did to Jimmy. Betcha sucker punched him, didn't ya? Didn't ya?" Frank grinned manically. "Ya lame fuck."

"Yeah, she was a lame lay," Knife stared directly at Steve, ignoring the man who was in his face. "I've had better."

Alexis gasped. Steve's coloring went into shades of red I had never seen before.

"Oh," Knife said to Alexis. "Are the consequences bothering you?" Her face glowered as her eyes narrowed.

"Fucker, I'm talking to you!" Frank chirped.

Knife faced Frank specifically, his eyes blackening in clear anger.

"You talk the talk, bitch. Do you walk the walk?"

Frank's smile never dissipated. "Sure buddy boy. Right here, right now."

"Fine."

Knife slowly stood up, his eyes never leaving Frank's. As they stood up, several guys from the surrounding tables rose and walked to the superintendents that watched over the cafeteria. They pointed to the outside and led them outside. My jaw dropped. I couldn't believe it! Either they were that gullible or they wanted to teach an outsider a lesson. I stood up but Amanda grabbed my arm.

"Knife..." I started to say while Amanda tried to pull me back down.

“No! This bitch is mine.” I wasn’t about to argue with him, but I backed off, pulling Amanda up and away from the table. Amanda looked nervous, realizing the implications of what was about to go down. I couldn’t blame her, I was nervous myself. Scared was more like it. I knew what Knife could do to them. They had no idea what kind of monster they were about to unleash.

Frank and Knife immediately went into fighting stances and began circling in a counter clockwise fashion. A circle of students began to form around them, clearing the tables out of the way, making an impromptu arena. The sound of the tables grating along the surface of the tile echoed through the suddenly quiet cafeteria.

Everyone knew Frank was best fighter in the school. He wrestled and was well known in the surrounding areas for pummeling his opponents into submission. Knife was new and virtually untested. Jimmy was no match for Frank – Jimmy was fodder for Frank’s enormous ego.

Frank struck out first, his right fist lashed out, a short jab to feel Knife out more than a committed strike. Knife took a step back, wary. They circled some more, sizing each other up.

Knife sprang forward, and his fist flashed out like lightning, through Frank’s defenses, crushing his nose. Blood flew as Frank’s head snapped back. Frank grunted as he threw his right fist at Knife. Knife suddenly appeared behind Frank, pulling his right arm behind him and upwards, threatening to break it if Frank made any sudden moves. Unconsciously, a smile crept across my face. Knife was going to show Frank exactly what it felt like to be humiliated, to eat the dirt off the floor.

I thought the fight was over. But Frank, using some jujitsu move that he learned in wrestling, flipped Knife over his back and literally threw him across the room. Knife slammed onto the ground, but rolled with the movement and was on his feet in an instant. He trotted back to Frank, smiling and shaking his head as if to clear it.

Frank was easily fifty pounds more than Knife and pure muscle. No brains at all though. And he fell for the most stupid trick in the book.

“Hey! Look at that!” Knife yelled, pointing behind Frank.

Did Frank fall for it? Of course Frank fell for it.

Knife didn't sucker punch him as he was accused of. It wasn't until he turned back around to face Knife that he met a very fast moving, very hard fist. Frank staggered and fell down onto the linoleum hard.

Everyone just gasped out loud. Frank was down. No one ever took Frank down. Frank was a walking tree trunk.

Frank touched his jaw, gingerly as Steve squatted down in front of Frank, acting concerned over his fallen friend. All the attention was on Knife, but I saw Steve hand the fallen man a glint of steel. A cold shadow fell over me. This was going to get infinitely worse.

"Knife!" I shouted. "Do what you do best!"

His brow furrowed as he deciphered what I had clued him into. His hands fell into his jacket pockets.

Steve jumped the left as Frank jumped up and lunged. Knife, hands still in his pockets, dodged the flashing steel. The blade cut nothing but air. Everyone, including Knife, saw what it was. It was a five inch lockblade. Laughing maniacally, Knife pulled out a pair of razor thin stilettos, clearly twice as long as Frank's. They glinted in the fluorescent lights of the cafeteria. The sight of them wiped the smile off Frank's face.

"Do you really want to go on with this?" Knife asked, as if pleading for Frank's life on his behalf. Frank's reply was lunge followed by a body block. Knife stabbed down, plunging his left blade into Frank's upper leg, releasing it to concentrate on holding back Frank's indomitable force. Together, their free hands grabbed their enemy's wrists, as they struggled into a pushing match, both intent on stabbing the other. Knife, who was smaller of the two, slowly gave way. Frank's leg ran black, leaving bloody footprints as he forced Knife back. I saw Knife's eyes close. Then came the movement.

Knife released Frank's blade and grabbed his shirt, pulling him towards him. Knife moved into Frank's grasp, close enough that the big man was unable to bring the blade to bear before Knife turned his movement into a roll, forcing Frank to follow him. Squatting, Knife allowed Frank to flow around and over him, pushing the man down onto the floor. Hard. His skull bounced off the linoleum.

Frank moaned and twitched - his arm crushed at an odd angle underneath his bulk. Steve ran to his fallen friend and strained to roll him over onto his back. The blade that

Steve had given him was imbedded at an odd angle just under his ribcage. The steel aimed high and deep, Frank's hand still gripping the hilt. Frank thrashed suddenly, pulling the steel out as he howled in pain. Blood gushed from the wound, making an ever increasing puddle on the floor. Girls started screaming all around me. Amanda buried her face in my chest, feeling her sob against me as I pulled her close. Frank's eyes were open and he stared up at Steve as blood pulsed out in a steady stream. Bright vicious red. Arterial. He'd be dead in seconds.

Frank gasped once, his hand released the bloodied knife in his hand. The steel made a sickening sound as it splashed in the vast pool. The flow had stopped like someone had turned off the faucet. Dead.

Steve knelt over his friend, whispering to him. Alexis sobbed uncontrollably and backed away from the scene. The rest of Steve's crew surrounded Frank, dumbfounded and shocked. Shit like this didn't happen at JFK. Columbine, sure, but not here.

"I didn't do it. It was an accident," Knife said quietly. "I didn't do it. He fell on his own blade."

The full realization of what had happened finally hit Julie. She started to scream. The sound woke Knife up. His head flashed her direction, eyes blazing.

"Shut up!" Knife screamed at her, but she didn't stop. Couldn't stop. Her eyes were focused on one thing – Frank's corpse.

"Shut!" His stiletto flashed out and Julie's throat opened in an explosion of blood. "Up!" I remember her blinking twice, her hands coming up to try to stem the flow, but it was hopeless. Silence. She fell to her knees, then falling awkwardly onto her back, eyes blank and empty.

I couldn't believe what Knife had just done. Julie's ending scream seemed to echo throughout the school.

Amanda, fainted and I caught her as she fell, laying her down on the floor next to a table. When I looked up, the room had exploded in pandemonium.

"Murderer!" Steve hollered with fury, bursting out from the group huddled around Frank. Then the other two went berserk, following Steve as he rushed towards Knife, their hands filled with once hidden steel. I saw the Steve held was red with Frank's blood. They lunged for Knife in unison and he leapt back, avoiding their staggered

slashes. Knife spun and danced on his feet, carefully avoiding the slipperiness of the bloodstained floor as his hands dug into the inner pockets of his leather coat.

Finally he dove in and threw with lightning speed one of his special throwing knives. It embedded itself horizontally in Rick's neck. He gagged and clutched at it, crimson spilling from between his fingers. He moaned and dropped to his knees, out of the fight before it really began. I knew that if he took it out, he'd be dead from blood loss as quick as Frank and Julie. If nothing else, Knife was efficient.

Steve rushed in and blocked Knife's arm as he threw his second Knife at Scott. "No!" Steve roared as the spinning knife left Knife's hand. Steve's interference caused the knife to go erratic and off course. The end result was not pretty or clean. It entered through the eye, the soft matter accepting it like a lover. He screamed and clutched at the hilt as he thrashed, falling to the ground in a spasmodic shake. I looked away, focusing on Amanda's unconscious face. An island of peace and beauty in an ocean of red.

Looking back, I saw Knife grab Steve's wrist and flip him onto the floor with a spinning flourish. Steve landed on his back, and his breath whooshed out of his lungs.

For some reason, I yelled out for Knife to stop this madness.

"Knife! Don't kill him! Enough is enough!" Knife flashed me a hateful glare and I thought I was going to be the next victim. He snarled, kicking Steve's knife from his hand and across the cafeteria. Squatting down over him, he slashed quickly left and right with the stiletto, leaving deep cuts just below Steve's eyes. He would be scarred for the rest of his life, Indigo Montoya style.

That scarring wasn't enough pain for Knife. Spinning around, he cut Steve's abdomen open. Not deep. Not enough to kill him. Just enough to keep him from retaliating.

Knife stood up, scanning the room for his prey. His eyes locked on Alexis who trembled against the wall. White as a sheet, she looked like an angel in her designer clothing. She stood alone – everyone else has fled. She stared down at Steve, her rich boyfriend moaning as he clutched his bloodied abdomen.

I suddenly wasn't feeling well. The carnage got to my stomach. It twisted within me. Things had gone entirely too far.

Knife zeroed in on Alexis and walked calmly up to her, a satanic grin on his face. The look told that he knew there was no going back. Alexis pressed herself against the wall of the lunchroom, fear completely possessing her. I'm not sure why she didn't run.

"Stay away," she mumbled in protest. Knife smiled, reaching out with his free hand, stroking her cheek. He moved into what I expected to be an embrace, but he drove the stiletto up under her ribcage, up through the soft flesh of her belly and into her heart. She merely grunted and fell against him, her eyes wide in confusion and wonder. He caught her, held her there as she looked up into his fiery eyes.

"You were quite the fuck," he said simply, pressing his lips against her, kissing her hard and deep, his free arm drawing her close in an embrace of lovers. Blood dribbled from between their lips as she slumped against him. After a long moment, he released her, the corpse falling like deadweight to the floor. Her eyes remained open and unseeing.

The sight of her staring at me shocked me into movement. I scurried to my feet, tripping over Amanda's unconscious form. I fell back, landed on my ass, staring up at Knife who suddenly stood over me, Alexis's blood running down his chin and neck. I thought I was next.

"Don't shit yourself, bud," he chuckled. He sounded rational but his eyes told me he had clearly gone over the edge. He drew out one of his custom knives and tossed it to me. It thudded against my chest, a weighty reminder of what could have been if he had wanted to kill me.

"Yeah," I choked out. "See you Knife,"

He walked out of the cafeteria and disappeared. Sirens wailed off in the distance, far too late to save those victims of a psychopath.

By the time they arrived, his cycle was gone. The interesting thing was that it was discovered during the investigation that his school records were falsified. He had no parents. He had no home address. Everything about him was a lie. And he had disappeared off the face of the earth. I always wonder if someday he'll show up in my home like he did that fateful night after he discovered Alexis's betrayal. The thought of it wakes me up some nights.

Things went out of control. That's the simplified way of looking at it. One thing led to another. These are the consequences when schemes of revenge, jealousy and slights explode into death, murder and violence.

Things merely got out of hand.

Far too simple and far too easy.