

A Strange Turn of Events

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When Nny brings home two oddly familiar boys a strange turns of events occurs that leaves Johnny C. horrified....Short and crack filled.

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1 - A Strange Turn of Events

Hi there! Ru-Shin here and I'm back with another crack story of utter doom. This was a very random story that suddenly came to me out of nowhere, so I wrote it down. I hope you all enjoy, and if you don't well then flame away cause I don't really care.

DISCLAIMER! I do not own any of the characters in this story, sadly. They belong to that marvelous man with the ill stomach, Jhonen Vasques. I just like to screw around with them.

WARNINGS! Slight boy-lovin', but not really even enough to bother with this warning. Also, there is a mention of a tragic loss. Do not read if you are easily saddened.

Now onto the fic! If you want to call it that. :/

A Strange Turn of Events

A tall, scrawny teenager walked down the grungy hallway. His head of dark hair lowered and his hands behind his back. His clothes were dark, and covered with splatters of blood. A white emblem, Z?, contrasted nicely against the black of the boy's shirt. The young man's name was Johnny C. All of his friends called him Nny or at least, they *would* if he had any. You see, Johnny was a homicidal maniac.

Nny scowled as he stopped before one of the many torture chambers that were below his house. The occupants in the room had been rather loud over the past few hours. He had been able to hear their screams perfectly in the upper levels.

In the beginning, there was only one voice to the screams. They were confused shouts for help, the pitch high and panicky. Slowly the tone began to morph into despair, and the voice grew quiet. Oh how he loved the moment his victims became hopeless! In the quiet it gave them a chance to dwell on *why* they were there in the first place. But this time was different, it hadn't remained quiet for any longer than twenty minutes before the shouts began again. Two vocals could be heard this time, and the tone had drastically changed from despair to anger.

That in itself was not too odd. Many times his prisoners would scream harsh and demeaning things, and it never made their ultimate fate any easier when the time came. In fact, it only fueled his determination.

It merely gave him another reason as to why the world would be much better without them.

This time was different, however. Sure the anger was there. The *spite* could be clearly heard, though the actual words were muffled. Yet&this time it wasn't directed towards him. The hate filled yells were aimed towards the other occupant in the room. They were arguing.

The thought had amused him at first, how stupid were they to fight when they could be working together to find a way out? (Not that there *was* a way out, mind you, but you get gist of what is being expressed.) His humor had quickly dissolved however when the house suddenly became quiet a few hours later. The yelling hadn't died off slowly as it should have. It was sudden, and more than just a little disturbing.

That brings us to why he had gotten off his comfortable couch, cutting his conversation with his dead pet bunny short, and came all the way down into the lower levels. It wouldn't do to have them kill each other. What was the sport in that? So, there he stood before the eerily quiet room, and on the doorknob.

The hinges creaked loudly as the door opened, illuminating the dark compartment. Nny stood still in the frame, allowing his eyes to adjust to the lack of light. There, in the middle of the room sprawled out on the floor, he found what he had been looking for. Two boys, around the same age of himself, were engaged in a heated wrestling match.

He had to admit, his first thoughts upon seeing the pair before knocking them out and bringing them here were 1) that they were very strange and 2) they were REALLY loud. He had been watching them interestedly on the sidewalk, wondering about the shorter of the two's odd green skin. Then they had begun chasing each other angrily -- knocking Nny out of the way and spilling his freezie all over the concrete.

He narrowed his eyes at the memory. He had paid good money for that freezie! He stood watching the two wrestle for a moment. They didn't seem to be causing much damage, in fact it looked more like they were&..His eyes widened as he realized what exactly was going on before him. He let out a startled and disgusted yelp as he sprang forward, tearing them away from each other. He quickly sprinted up the stairs, only interested in getting the two out of his home. He chunked them none-to-gently out the front door and onto the sidewalk muttering something about having to thoroughly sanitize the room they were just in.

As they heard the door to house slam shut, they looked back at each other. Their faces were still flushed and their clothes were in a ruffled state, but the green skinned boy smiled brightly and said "If I would of known that sticking my tongue into your *filthy* mouth would get us out of there I would of done it sooner, Dib-stink." The boy identified as Dib merely scowled darkly at the other, then snickered a little under his breath. They stood up and walked away from the house, that could have been their doom, dissolving into an insane bout of laughter.

The End.

Tah-dah! XD I told you it was crack. *nods* *sighs sadly* The poor freezie&.it was so young! D: *sobs at this horrible loss*