The Unexpected

written by

Writerofallthings

Provided to you by

циально AllTheTests.com

You can read also this RPG/Fan Fiction online by clicking here.
Introduction

A series of horrible murders has been going on in the little town of Robertsville. Who is behind all of it? Is it one of their own?
Chapter 1

No one knew who he was and they will never know he is. The only thing that they will know about him, his victims and how they were murdered. No one would expect him, no. Not even his own mother. This was his deep dark secret that he kept under lock and key. The secret that could send him to prison and to the asylum. He didn't even know himself, either. He can be so nice and show sympathy, but at the same time, enjoy the pain that they are experiencing. He just loves pain.

"Now, how will I get my victim? Should I do it when they least expect it or should I do it when they might expect? How will I torture them? Should I do it when they are awake or when they are asleep and then they wake up to pain and just scream?"
He looked out from his hiding spot as he saw a car drive by. Yes, he thought, this is the perfect victim. But as he looked closer in the car he saw that there was more than one person in the car.

"This is the perfect moment." he said as he ran towards a shortcut in the woods to reach the car before it left. As soon as he saw the car in sight, the fun began. At least to him, it was fun.

"Mommy, why is it so dark? You know that I don't like the dark." a little boy asked.
"Johnny, you know that I don't have the power to control darkness." His mother answered.
"Son, there's nothing to be afraid of. It's just dark that's it. Besides we've been down this road hundreds of time and nothing has happened before." His father put in.
"Honey! Look out!" His wife screamed as he slammed on brakes.
"What is it?" He asked as he saw a young man wobble towards them.
"What is it daddy?" The young boy asked in fear as the man came towards them and tapped the glass on the driver’s side.
"Hello, how may I help you." The dad asked as he rolled down his windows.
"Yes, um... my car broke down a little ways down and was wondering if you could give me a ride?"
"Sure, but I've never seen you before. You want to tell us who you are?"
"Tony, and I'm visiting my cousin who lives here. His name is Pete."
"Oh, Pete. Yeah, we know him. Hop in."
"Thanks."

That was easier than he thought. Soon, he would knock them out and take their car and drive away, and no one would know what happened until he showed the people the bodies. He looked at the young boy beside him and smirked at his fear. The boy had more sense than his parents did. He doesn't even know Pete, he just heard someone mention his name. Ha. As they drove in silence for a few minutes, he thought, now is the time.

He leaned closer to the driver’s side and used the piece of pipe that he found and hid in his pocket. He slammed the pipe in the guys' head and then did the same to the woman. Then he turned around and faced the kid as he screamed, then he punched him in the face in the knock out point. He used cloth to cover the wound on the parents' head, so there wouldn't be blood. He put on gloves as he opened the door and walked out of the car. He went to the driver’s side and pushed the man out of the way. He smiled as he drove away, thinking about all the pain that they will be going through.
Chapter 2

One week later

"Come on people!" the chief of police cried out. "It's been one week since the Smiths' have disappeared and we have nothing."
"Uhm, Chief, we might have something." a young officer said as he looked uncertain.
"I don't need 'might' I need 'we do', James!" the chief screamed.
"Sir, we do have something." James said with more confidence.
"Well, what is it!"
"We, found a car at the end of the woods, and it looks their car and it might have their bodies."
"Don't just stand here, go and do something!"
"Sir, yes, sir." James said as he ran out of the station.

"So, what do you find?" James asked the officer who was checking the the scene and the car.
"We found a body, sir." he answered. "And it is very gruesome, and we don't know where the other bodies are at or if they are alive."
"Let me see the body." James said as he pushed his way through, and what he saw was horrible. It was the young boy, Johnny. His body was cut in several places and his arms were missing. When James saw his face, he had to turn away, because his teeth were ripped out.
"We tried to warn you, sir." the officer said as he came up from behind. "What happened to him was horrible and we think this happened when he was alive."
James just looked away, knowing that if he didn't then he would cry and vomit. His first thought was, 'Who could do this to a poor innocent kid. And where are his parents?'

"Please, don't do this." Mr. Smith cried out as he saw his wife being taken away.
"I do as I please." he answered. "Besides, she will be treated far better that your son."
"Please, take me instead."
"Now, why would I do that? I love to see people in pain, and you, are in so much pain, that I am over joyed by it."
"You are a sick, sick man!" Mrs. Smith cried out, still thinking about Johnny. "Why did you have to kill Johnny? He was just a kid."

"I know, and it caused you pain, and as I said before, I love to see pain." he smiled real creepily as he laid her down on on a dentist chair.

"Noooo!" Mr. Smith cried out as he began to weep and shake as he saw what was being done to his wife. Hearing her scream in pain and seeing his smile and hearing him laugh.
"Sir, we found something else, that is very disturbing." one of the autopsy doctors told the Chief Morgan.

"Well, what is it. Don't just say ya'll found something and not tell me what it is." Chief Morgan said as he came towards the young doctor.

"Well, you know how serial killers all have a card or something that will define them." "Yeah, go on."

"He left one in the kids body, sir. He left a sign on a piece of paper and stuck it in the kids' ear and he wrote the symbol with the kids blood."

"What does it look like?" The chief asked as he came towards the body to take a closer look at it.

"It looks like a weird pitch fork."
"Can you show it to me?" Chief Morgan asked, even though he really didn't have to.
"Sure, come this way. I was about to send it to the forensic office but you can see it now." he said as he went towards the table on the other side of his lab.
All it took was a look at the sign and the chief felt sick immediately. He felt sick, just knowing how it was done. He asked himself what type of person can do this to an innocent kid and where are his parents?

"Where are you taking her?" Mr. Smith asked as the killer grabbed her. "Why are you doing this to us? What have we done to you?"
"Nothing. I don't even know you. I just wanted to feel and experience pain again. It's been two years since I've last had this much fun and joy." he said as he bent his head back to laugh. He really was having fun.
"But, why?" Mr. Smith asked hoping to divert his attention away from his wife, even if it was going to be for a few minutes.
"You know, I really don't know. But I guess that's for you all to find out. Right?"
"You are a messed up and sick man." he accused.
"I know," and with that he smiled and picked up Mrs. Smith and laid her across his shoulder as he went in his private room and just laughed all over again, as he thought what he was going to do to her. First, he'll allow her to wake up and cry all over again as she thought about her little boy. Then he'll take his chain saw and cut her legs and arms off as she cries in physical pain and emotional pain. Take his knife and cut her throat and if she's alive after that, then he'll bury her outside of the hospital.
Two days later

"Sir, we have found a body outside of the hospital." a young officer told James.
"Well, let me go tell the chief and I'll be on my way." James said as he walked over towards the chiefs' office. "Chief, we have something."
"What is it?" he asked.
"We have found a dead body over at the hospital."
"Go and tell me what you found. And take your time, examine the scene and the body and check the ear, it might have something in it."
"Sir, yes, sir!" James said he walked out of the room and grabbed his keys to his car.

When James entered the crime scene he saw that the news was already there. The nurses and doctors came out to check it out, along with some patients and their family. James walked over towards the body and looked at it, examining the body and how she died.
"We think that she was still alive when she was buried." one of the officers told James.
"So, can you tell the medical examiners to check her ears for something." he told the officer.
"Yes sir." and with that he left.
James walked over the body and examined the hole that they dug up. Then he went back towards the body and saw her neck, it was cut all around.
"Yeah, it looked like as if the killer wanted her found, because he didn't dig the hole big enough or low enough." the young officer told James.
"Well, did you tell the medical examiners to check her ears?"
"Yes sir, I did and they are doing it right now."
"Thanks. Let me go get the photos from the photographers and print them so I can show them to my boss." James said as he walked away. He went straight towards the bright lights that were flashing.
"Can I borrow one of the cameras?" he asked as one of them kept on clicking.
"Sure, but why?" the youngest of the bunch asked.
"So, that way I can have them printed and show them to the boss." he explained.
The young gave him his. James took it from him and said thank you as he walked towards his car and drove to the station to have them printed.
Two hours later

Chief Morgan heard a knock on the door as was about to walk out. It didn't take long for the door to open and for James to walk in.
"What do you have for me?" he asked as James walked towards the chair across his desk.
"I have the pictures from the crime scene, and I want you to look at them."
"So, don't just sit there, show them to me." the chief said when he reached across the desk to grab the photos. He looked at each one for two minutes and gave them to James so that way they can keep track. "Did you find anything in her ears?"
"Yes sir, we did. I got the call thirty minutes after I left."
"What was it? Was it a weird pitchfork thing symbol on it, written in blood?"
"Yes sir, so, I take it that we are dealing with the same person." James said with confidence and with pride.
"Yep, because this the kids' mother."
"Oh. Do you think that this is the worst case that you have ever handled?" James asked innocently.
"How long have you been in Law and Enforcement?"
"Two years, sir. And you?"
"Thirty years, son, thirty years. And you lived here all your life, me I just came here three weeks ago and this is the first major case that I get." the Chief chuckled as he realized, that this is his biggest case that he handled. "But, doesn't matter how hard it is, you have to solve it and sadly some cases are unsolvable."
"I know, sir. But I really want this one to be a solvable one."
"It will be son." the Chief said as he reached across the table to pat his shoulder.

"What do you all day, when you're not torturing people?" Mr. Smith asked, trying to figure him out so that way he can escape.
"I have to act like a normal person, right? So, I go to work and the people there love me" then he laughed. "Little do they know that one of them could be my next victim and that makes it more fun. Don't you agree?"
"No! What are you going to do to me now?" he asked.
"I save the best for last. You know, your family was just my luck. I mean, I was just going to murder one person but, BOOM, you and your family just popped out of nowhere. So, I took the chance and now here we are. Having a civil conversation." then he laughed again as he went towards Mr. Smith and covered his head with a bag full of ice.