

Kill Will: Volume Two

By : Think Pink

All right, so here it is! Kill Will: Volume Two! This is absolutely for fun and in no way will change the outcome of Foreign Affairs. Please enjoy William Alexander's last few minutes on earth :)



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Thank you all so much for your ideas about how to kill Will! I have chosen a combination of PrettyPolkaDots suggestions and gone with a 'Looney Tunes' style of death. This is meant to be funny, at least the second part, so please don't take any of it seriously :) Much Love, Pink

Freedom. Will hadn't tasted freedom in 9 years. But he had grown used to his life in prison, the structured routine. He had been out for two weeks now and was still waking up every morning at 5:00 am, still going to bed right at 7:30 each evening. Will knew that would change with time. He just needed a new routine.

His parole officer had set him up with a job at a grocery store. He spent 6 and a half hours a day bagging groceries and carrying them out to people's car. It was a small, family run store and the owner never allowed for any overtime so even if Will had wanted to work extra hours just to pass the time, it wouldn't have been an option. But he liked the owner and the owner's wife. They didn't ask questions, they didn't try to tell him how to do his job. Of course, he was more than aware that he was too good for this job. He had been the Editor of the Yale Daily News, after all, but that clearly didn't matter anymore.

Since today was his first day off, Will was taking the opportunity to revisit his old stomping ground. He doubted anyone would remember him, or even recognize his face if he walked through campus. At first he was convinced that he was going to stay away from Yale University, not wanting to bring back any of those memories he had worked so hard to move past. He had spent hours in therapy, admitted his fault and done his time. He didn't want to hurt anyone, he just wanted to rebuild his life.

Of course, he wasn't always so willing to be compliant. His original sentence was only five years and he had only been expected to serve three of those due to overcrowding and good behavior. But good behavior turned out to only be plausible in theory. His first week there, he had been sent to solitary confinement. He hadn't meant to punch the guard in the face, it just sort of happened after the asshole had asked Will if he still had any roofies he could sell him.

Things only got worse after that. Will found himself with a reputation after returning from confinement, so between avoiding the larger men in the showers and shankings from his roommate, each and every guard seemed to be after him as well. His pride interfered with his better sense and even though he knew he should just live with the abuse and let it roll off his back, he would snap without notice and find himself adding more and more time to his sentence with each and every guard or inmate that he injured.

But after his seventh year behind bars, he finally wised up, tired of the fight, and kept to himself. He had been surprised how short of a time it took for the guards and inmates to find someone else to pick on. Before six months had passed, he was practically a ghost in the prison, and had started his rehabilitation process, as his therapist called it.

Now he was back at Yale and wondering through the familiar paths that circled the old buildings. It felt good to be back. The summer air was warm on his face and the campus was almost empty, only a few summer students milling about. He took a seat just outside the museum, content to people watch for the rest of the afternoon, when a thin blonde woman caught his eye. She was short, but dressed to kill in a pencil skirt and light blue blouse. Her hair was waving down her back, blowing in the breeze as she walked toward the parking lot. He knew it was her, his Laila, and even though he had spent 9 years trying to forget about her, all of the feelings suddenly rushed back as if they had never been apart.

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Standing up quickly, he rounded the museum, practically running to try and catch up with her. He didn't want to talk to her, didn't want to touch her. He only wanted to see her. Laila was talking on her phone, her lilting laugh bouncing off the stone buildings when she suddenly turned a corner and Will had to cut across the lawn just to keep up with her.

Jumping over some yellow tape, Will kept his eyes on her as she glided down the paved path through campus. Without warning, as if she had been startled, she turned around and looked up toward the sky, her hand shielding her eyes from the sun. And then it happened. With a confused look on her face, she turned her head and looked directly at him. Their eyes met for the briefest of seconds before she pointed and screamed something to him.

“Laila!” He screamed back, a smile coming to his face. That was when he felt his skull crack and his body being crushed by an unbelievably strong force.

Alistair stared at his accomplishment with a content look on his face. His students had been working all summer on this project and it had finally culminated into what he could only describe as the coolest thing in the world. His sister-in-law, Laila, the junior curator of the Yale Museum, had been working incredibly hard on an ancient warfare exhibition. So, in collaboration with her research, he had been granted the rights by the University to build a full scale replica of a Roman catapult.

Alistair, along with 7 of the brightest engineering undergraduate students, had spent the entire summer creating blue prints and models, testing their designs in abandoned fields and warehouses. And now they were finally ready. Their show was to be the grand finale of the exhibition and had already gathered a huge amount of press. Most of it was criticism, but Alistair didn't mind. He trusted his numbers and trusted his apparatus. They had constructed it on top of one of the dorms and calculated the launch from there. The boulder would land right in the middle of the lawn, where the art students would proceed to chisel and sand it into a statue of some sort. That part didn't really interest Alistair but they had needed funding from somewhere and the art school had seemed like a decent place to start.

“I still can't believe they let you, of all people, do this,” Sterling said, standing next to his twin as he beamed with pride.

“Just because I'm brilliant, little brother, doesn't mean you have to spoil my fun. I have the full support of your wife so I don't see why I can't have yours as well.”

Sterling laughed. “Forgive me if I want to keep my alma mater in one piece and my twin brother out of the hospital.”

Alistair laughed as well. “No one is going to get hurt. Besides, if they do, the amazing Dr. Pierce is here to save them,” he teased.

Sterling rolled his eyes. “I don't think there is anything I can do to save someone who is crushed by a one ton boulder.”

“Again, no one is going to get hurt. There's caution tape around the perimeter and police stationed everywhere. This is absolutely safe.”

Sterling was about to disagree with him again when his phone rang. He smiled as Laila's name showed on the screen. “Hey, Beautiful.”

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“Hey, Sterling. Are you guys all ready?”

“Alistair is. I’m still opposed to this entire idea.”

Laila laughed from the other end of the line and Sterling smiled. “Well, I’m on my way. Can you see me?”

Sterling peered over the ledge of the building and saw Laila walking through the deserted campus. “I can see you. You look sexy as hell in that skirt, have I told you that?” He raised his head and looked behind him, a strange groaning noise coming from the catapult. Alistair must have heard it as well but shook his head, dismissing it as normal.

“Stop!” Laila laughed. “I’m going to get the boys and we’ll be back for the show.”

“I’ll see you in a few hours,” Sterling smiled and watched as she walked around the building.

“Oh, shit!” He heard Alistair swear behind him and Sterling turned around to see one of the ropes splitting and splintering away.

“Alistair, what the fuck?”

“I can’t stop it!”

Sterling’s thoughts instantly went to Laila as his eyes followed the projected flight pattern and landed on figure standing in the middle of the lawn. What was he doing there? Didn’t he see the perimeter signs?

“Hey!” Sterling screamed down at him. “Hey! Get out of the way!” But the man didn’t appear to hear him. He was staring straight at Laila who had turned around to see what all the screaming was about. That’s when he heard the rope snap and the catapult groan, the boulder whizzing through the air. Alistair was instantly by his side, both brothers watching as months of research and building went off about two hours too soon.

Sterling saw Laila scream something to the man standing in lawn, her hand pointing up at the giant rock flying toward him. Sterling could hear other people screaming as well, the few police officers who were already in place warning the man to get off the grass.

“Laila!”

Sterling recognized the voice instantly and his brow creased in confusion as Will’s body was crushed under the boulder. Only his legs were sticking out from under the rock and blood was already soaking the grass, having splattered from his skull and torso.

“Fuck. Shit. I’m going to jail,” Alistair was in shock next to him, muttering nonsense to himself. “I’m going to hate jail. Damn-it! I need a fucking lawyer. Why the fuck didn’t you go to law school? No, my twin brother had to be a doctor instead of something useful like a lawyer. Wait! Go save his life!”

Sterling stood up straight and shook his head. “It’s too late.”

“It’s not! Go fucking save his life! That’s why you’re here!”

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“Al, it’s too late.”

“What the fuck was he doing there? Jesus! I’ve killed someone, Sterling. I’ve fucking killed someone! Medieval style! Full on murdered someone with a fucking catapult. What the fuck?”

Sterling shook his head. “Didn’t you recognize him?”

“What? No! Why the fuck would I? How can you recognize anyone from up here?”

“It was Will. William Alexander.” Sterling watched as the understanding set into his brother’s face, a sense of calm settling over the rooftop. “He was following Laila.”

Alistair blinked, his head swimming with confusion at the irony of it all. “Is it fucked up that I don’t feel so bad anymore?”

The brothers stared at each other for a few seconds before returning their attention to the man flattened under the giant rock. A crowd had gathered around the body, an ambulance could be heard in the distance. Laila was talking to a police officer and refusing to get close to all the blood.

Alistair elbowed his brother lightly. “Good guys: one. Bad guys: zero.”

“I’m so not bailing you out of jail,” Sterling warned.

“You don’t really think I’ll go to jail, do you?”

“No. I don’t at all,” Sterling admitted.

“Piper would be so pissed at me.”

“Jail might be good for you, Al. You could build another catapult and shoot yourself over the fence.”

Alistair cracked a smile. “You are such an asshole.”

THE END

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