

Football 157

Chapter 157 Beer Pong & Tension

As the awkward tension lingered among the group, Max couldn't help but chuckle under his breath at the unexpected turn of events. He realized that his simple comment had caused such a commotion. Amused at getting back at one of his many enemies, he exchanged a knowing glance with Rakim and Liam who helped to fan the flames.

Brad, the quarterback, clenched his fists, his face flushed with embarrassment and frustration. He glared at Max, who shrugged in response, feigning innocence but Brad would be a fool if he believed it. Despite his attempt to clarify his orientation, the damage had been done, and the rumour mill among the red oak students was already churning. Although not as strong as the one in high school it is still quite powerful what kids can come up with.

"Ahem, anyone up for beer pong," Stacy suddenly spoke up averting the tense atmosphere that started to build. However, once the younger children processed her words shocked expressions appeared on their faces.

"With real beer?" Rakim asked from the side voicing what most of his friends and teammates were thinking.

"Of course, with real beer what else would we use," The fourteen-year-old girl stated with a matter of course flipping the locks of her brown hair. Her friends lightly giggled at our surprised reactions as they headed to a nearby table.

All of Stacy and Brad's friends are middle school kids at the ages of 13 and fourteen heading into high school next year so alcohol might be normal for them. However, most of Rakim's friends are barely 9 years old and still in elementary. For them, the thought of drinking alcohol is something they have never thought of.

The girl has a lot of pull among her middle school peers seemingly the queen bee of the girls. Whatever she says goes among her friends she might as well be law able to decide the social status of someone with a single word. She has successfully created an ecosystem with everyone's attention revolving around her every whim.

So having an elementary school kid question her was something she hadn't expected and didn't like one bit. Rakim however didn't care about her displeasure as he didn't know her and if he was being honest couldn't care one bit. Ignoring her displeasure he started talking with Liam about how preparation for his boxing meet was going.

The other kids were not as calm as he was seemingly torn about whether to follow the lead of the seniors. Of course, Brad and his group didn't seem to have that problem as they helped set up the game with practised ease. What Rakim failed to notice is that some of his friends were seriously debating whether to join in on the fun. They mainly didn't want to get on the senior's bad side since they would be going into middle school next year.

The amount of time, their parents have warned them off of drinking was the only thing holding them back. The promise of serious punishments, if they were ever caught, sent shivers down their spines. This was especially the case for those who remembered times they got into trouble. Heck Max's brothers told him that a single bottle of alcohol instantly makes you a worse athlete. Which in a sense is not wrong since long-term consumption is bad for you but they for sure got the math wrong.

"Told they were too childish to hang out with us," One of Stacy's friends chimed in from behind her in a condescending tone trying to goad us. She must be stupid if she thinks this is going to work in getting us to play their little game. My train of thought stopped there as I watched May step forward walking over there.

"What are you doing?" Lexi asked her quickly grabbing her arm to stop her only to be dragged along with her. the two of them started conversing with each other in hushed whispers making it hard for us to hear.

"Don't worry I'll be fine, it is just a little beer, not like it will kill me," May confidently said She suddenly exclaimed earning curious glances from us. I on the other hand was wondering what she was thinking in accepting this stupid game. Maybe she sensed my gaze as she looked in my direction prompting her to send a confident smirk my way.

"Stupid" I murmured after seeing how easily she was goaded into playing this stupid game. She seemed to be able to read my lips or maybe I had spoken too loudly which caused her confident smile to morph into displeasure.

"What did you say?" She exclaimed as she stormed in my direction displeasure easily discernible from both her tone and expression. Surprised at her sudden outburst since she had never been angry at me before.

"You heard me," I retorted half questioning how good her hearing was to be able to hear me mumble from such a distance. My words only served to further infuriate her seemingly taking it as an insult.

"Say it to my face then," She bit back having no intention of letting go of the matter as most of the people started to focus on us. I could only meet her glare with confusion not knowing whether I wanted to fight this fight.

"Guys stop," Emma said as she separated us dragging May away who still glared in my direction. For whatever reason, her anger towards me didn't let up in the slightest even when she reached the table where they would play.

"You good bro?" both Max and Liam simultaneously asked from my side in perfect sync as if they had practised. Nodding at their question I failed to notice the both of them glaring at one another.

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(May Pov)

The earlier Friction between Rakim and I had vanished from my mind the moment the first game before. Sam and Laura one of Stacy's friends were the first to play against two other boys allowing me to see how the game was played. Surprisingly, the game looks rather easy and quite fun with how much everyone is cheering.

This intoxicating atmosphere is something I've only seen in movies which always seem fake, but this here is the real thing. I wanted to experience it for myself so bad, good thing I didn't have to wait long as the game before us ended quickly. Somehow, I ended up teaming up with Stacy, not like I'm complaining since I want to be her friend.

I first met her during cheer a couple of years back when I was the only one of my friends who wanted to join the cheer squad. She was already part of the middle school squad and one of the team leaders. She was so confident when performing her moves, especially in the air she was by far the most graceful.

"Well go first," Stacy said with a confident smirk picking up the ping-pong ball bouncing it on the table aiming for the cups on the other side. The ball took a sharp hop across the table bouncing twice before landing in one of the 9 cups.

"YES!" Stacy exclaimed with a bright smile happy at her successful shot, motioning for Brad and his friend to drink up. He just nonchalantly picked up the red cup gulping down the entire contents in one go.

After he finished the contents of the cup a bitter expression appeared on his face. "This vodka not beer," He exclaimed with a scowl as he rubbed his throat trying to ease the burn he was feeling. Not knowing the difference between beer and vodka I didn't react much upon hearing his words but the older kids around me did.

"Of course, it's vodka, how else are we going to have fun," Stacy stated from the side in a matter-of-fact tone motioning for them to continue the game. Brad didn't hesitate further launching the ball across the table accurately landing in one of our cups.

"Yes sir, drink up baby," He shouted with a smile motioning for one of us to take our drink performing an exaggerated handshake with his friend. Slightly flustered when it came to actually having to drink, I hesitated for a second not sure what to do. However, before I could have a chance to make up my mind Stacy picked up the cup.