

Football 158

Chapter 158 Beer Pong & Tension (2)

She didn't drink the cup in her hands but instead handed me the cup prompting my eyes to widen in shock. "C'mon don't chicken out now," she said with a teasing smile seemingly testing whether I would actually go through with it.

Subconsciously accepting the cup, I gulped lightly as I stared at the red liquid content in the cup. Bringing it close to my mouth a sweet yet enticing scent wafted up my nose, it reminded me of cranberry or something similar giving me a dizzying sensation. I could feel everything within me telling me not to drink this but all the eager gazes around me spurred me on.

Meeting the worried gazes of my friends I hesitated slightly but upon seeing Rakim's disappointed expression anger arose within me. I am not even sure why I'm so mad at him especially since we are quite good friends. Putting that aside I gulped down the entire content of the cup in one go mimicking Brad's movements.

"Cough cough, this stuff burns a lot, cough," I exclaimed as a harsh burning sensation rushed up my throat causing me to cough for air. laughter rang out from Stacy and her friends as they made some comments, but I was too occupied with a burning sensation to care.

"Stop being a baby it's your turn," Is all Stacy said as she handed me the ping pong ball motioning for me to take my turn. Gritting my teeth I threw the ball towards the group of cups on the other side of the table.

The ball slowly spun in the air as the crowd suddenly grew silent eagerly watching the ball descend towards the cups. Lady luck didn't seem to smile on me though as the ball hit the edge of a cup quickly bouncing up into the air. It quickly flew up again, but it yet again missed the centre of a cup bouncing off the edge and falling to the ground.

"Dang that's some tough luck drink up little girl," Brad spoke up in a condescending tone after I missed my throw as a hand holding a cup appeared in front of me. Not sure whose hand it was I just gulped down the contents of the cup in one go wanting to get this over with.

The same hot and bitter taste flowed through my body yet again as I struggled to keep down the contents in my stomach. Luckily, I managed to keep it down stopping myself from throwing up the dinner I had just eaten. Emma and the girls walked to my side sending me worry-filled glances, but I managed to reassure them. Looking up I noticed that Rakim and the boys had already left at some point.

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(Rakim's Pov)

"Don't even dare drink a single sip of alcohol," I told my friends and teammates who were around me causing a slight shock to appear in their faces. Not minding them I led them to a group of logs around one of the three burn fires.

Henric, Ole, Finn, Damian and Tom W and both Ben W & Ben M joined the 3 of us when we followed the group out. The rest of the boys had split into two distinct groups fighting our equivalent of a cold war. Mike, Blake, and Lucas like rabid dogs were angry with us pushing blame our way for the loss. Considering that we are part of the main starting squad which contributed to our wins this season.

Logan and Ryan were like Switzerland staying out of the conflict and living in their own world. This is not surprising since the two of them are practically joined at the hip no matter what they are doing. It's so

bad that they have to consult with each other before making a decision. Their only redeeming quality is the fact they tend to avoid trouble hardly ever getting involved in anything troublesome.

The guys were shocked at my vehement objection to them trying alcohol probably shaking it up to my argument with May. When in reality I just didn't want to deal with more drunk kids than I have to. Another reason is the fact that they are supposed to be athletes and their being no older than 9 doesn't help. Quickly forgetting the topic of alcohol, we started talking about our earlier game.

"(Sigh) We came so close, now we have a loss on our record," Ben W commented in a dejected tone from the side as he happily roasted a sausage on a stick over the campfire. His somber words that brought down the mood only served to annoy the rest of the boys as they watched his happy actions.

"Why do you look so happy then," Finn retorted from the side carefully rubbing his knee that he had scuffed after all the hard tackles he performed during the game. With his all-or-nothing-like play style, he often suffers scratches and grass burns. This is largely due to his love for performing slide tackles which he has immense talent for.

"Don't mind him, he just loves to go camping," Tom commented from the side after noticing the weird looks we were giving Ben. The latter was oblivious to our gazes simply content to roast his sausage at the end of his stick.

"Wish we could go camping," Ole stated with an equally longing look similar to Ben's seemingly remembering a fond memory.

"Why don't we?" I subconsciously asked the group not understanding why we couldn't go camping since it's not like you have to pass some test or anything. Personally, I'm looking forward to going camping with friends since I've never done that before.

"Huh, he's right why don't we?" Damian exclaims in a half-questioning tone seemingly asking if we were allowed to. His exclamation set off an eager discussion on where we could go camping.

"We could play paintball in the woods," Liam suggested with a bright smile looking a little too eager.

None of us have ever been paintballing but were open to the idea after finding out what it entails. I for one felt like it's a lot like the wars I've participated in as a child soldier in my past life. Weird that I would think of this now since I have increasingly been forgetting more about my past life, especially when it comes to painful memories. It is almost as if something is subtly integrating my good and useful memories from my past life with this one.

Not like I'm complaining though since most of those memories are just a shadow of a life I'd rather forget. As long as I don't end up forgetting who I am in the end living in the here and now is the best thing for me. Before I could continue to contemplate the subtle changes happening within me Liam started telling us tales of his Dad.

We soon found out that because his Dad used to serve in the army, he has a love for the game of paintball. The man has quite the collection of customised paintball guns for a league he participates in. So, with Liam already in love with combat sports, he naturally progressed to the next best thing war games. He's like a mini version of Tom Cruise in Mission Impossible but hopefully, he will grow taller than the guy.

In a matter of moments, we had set up a plan on what we would eat and how we could catch fish in the river and survive from the land. It felt more like we were talking about a Rambo movie than actually planning a camping trip. This was further reinforced when we decided to play capture the flag when we went camping.

It was only after ten minutes of discussion that we realised that we hadn't actually decided when and where we would go camping. Stupefied for a couple of seconds we were interrupted by the loud exclamations of those around the beer pong table. Most of the guys chose to ignore it since they had been loud this entire time, but something told me to look over. The moment I glanced over my blood instantly boiled over upon seeing what was happening especially when I made eye contact with her.

May now fully drunk from what I assume to be from the stack of empty cups in front of her was barely able to stay upright. Wobbling left and right the middle school kids around her didn't even bother helping her. They were busy setting up another game of beer pong whilst some of them were even taking videos. What infuriated me though was the fact that Stacy instead of helping May held her hands like a marionette from behind.

Her antics seemed to amuse her friends who held back Emma, Jenna and Liv preventing them from helping their friend. "You good bro," Max asked me after noticing that I had stopped participating in the conversation.