

## Football 159

### Chapter 159 Tension (2)

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.

"Hey Henric come with me for a sec" Is all I said as I jumped up from the log heading in the direction of the crown. My sudden action left the rest of the guys stupefied but the silent Henric simply followed after me. He is not one for many words like his peers being rather mild-tempered.

Henric like his Norwegian ancestors is physically blessed standing at an astonishing height of 5'2 at only 9 years old. This makes him just as tall as the majority of middle school kids who have yet to go through their growth spurt. He and I became quite close when he was injured and had to go through his rehab.

Mum being a personal coach, became one of his primary physicians for his recovery. I would join in on his training as a form of cool down from my extra training and a way to strengthen my ligaments. Although he hardly talks, he is quite competitive, always competing with me when we did his training menu.

One thing I found out about him during the time we spent together Is the fact he abhors violence. Which is weird when considering his height and his Viking ancestry, I mean the blood of Ragna might run through his veins. Anyways although he hates violence, he practices taekwondo as a form of self-defence and balance training. At least that's what his Dad told him when he signed him up for it.

Anyway, if I'm gonna stir shit up like I'm thinking of now having this big friendly giant with me is the only smart move. In a matter of moments of approaching the group, I spotted all the five kids who were videoing the incident. "Hey, help snatch all the phones that are videoing," I lightly told him as I pushed away the first person in the crowd.

"Hey, watch it," A yellow-haired girl wearing a Gucci jacket exclaimed in anger, but I didn't care much for her complaint. Nimble stretching out my hand I snatched her phone which she had pointed towards May who was now slipping in and out of consciousness.

Moving forward I grabbed another person's phone who wasn't paying attention to what was going on around him. Henric followed suit grabbing the rest of the three people's phones with a stern face not bothering to say anything. The rest of the guys followed us upon seeing my weird actions and the direction I was headed.

"What the give me back my phone!" The first girl exclaimed but her words stopped in the next moment as I launched her phone into the campfire. Before she could even speak, I launched the second one hitting the centre of the fire we were just sitting at.

My abrupt action dumbfounded the crowd causing them to stop in their movements and stare at me. Henric wasn't bothered by the atmosphere in the slightest throwing one of the three phones in his hand into the campfire. "You got a death wish or something," The boy whose phone I had thrown after the yellow-haired girl suddenly exclaimed seemingly realising that his phone was getting barbecued.

"Yo mamas got a death wish, matter of fact even your sisters got a death wish, don't even get me started on your Dad," Max who was first to join us jumped in front of the boy snatching one of the phones in Henric's hands.

"Hate to tell you but he is not your Dad, what don't believe me? just look at how ugly you are, it's no wonder you don't have a girlfriend," He continued berating the boy like a machine gun with no signs of stopping. Half the things he was saying were made up, but he said it with so much conviction that even the boy became flustered.

"Don't know why you're laughing your uglier than he is, goblin-looking ass boy, barely 12 yet your hairline receding," he exclaimed with mockery pointing at an unsuspecting boy who laughed at him berating the earlier boy. Seemingly wanting all the smoke, he let his talent of attracting aggro loose smoking anyone who even looked at him funny.

"What did you say pipsqueak?" One of the angered boys shouted with a bright red twisted expression looking ready to burst. He had enough of constantly being insulted by the kid a head shorter than him. Max didn't care though as he sent a mocking smile at the boy as he finally remembered the phone he was holding.

He was looking to throw it after seeing us do it, but the crowd quickly stood in his way. Seeing this he angrily threw the phone on the ground smashing the blackberry upon impact with the ground. Having realised why I was so mad he stomped on the phone for good measure making sure it was unusable. Not having vented his anger enough or simply loving the feeling of destroying them he snatched the last one out of Henric's hands.

At this point, the crowd had lost it, especially those whose phones had been smashed and surprisingly Brad whose phone was about to be smashed. That's not to mention those who had been physically and mentally shamed by Max. He is lowkey a menace for society always finding new ways to piss someone off. Just as they were about to charge us though the rest of our friends quickly formed a human barrier in front of us.

With the three of Ole, Henric and Damian taking the lead to face the group I wasn't too worried. Maybe it is because they play defensive roles, but they are all physically gifted with stocky builds. Or maybe it's their stocky build that makes them such talented defenders which now served to intimidate the group.

"Let her go," I icily told Stacy who was now looking at us with a flustered expression after seeing actions. Although we hadn't planned our movements we acted with choreographed synchrony.

My boys had my back the moment I acted without bothering to ask any question adopting a punch-first ask questions later attitude. Which I'm thankful for since I know that these guys are good kids who rarely got into trouble well except Liam and Max. Those two are outliers though plus every family has their respective black sheep's.

"What If I don't?" she tried to retort but by this time I had reached in front of her and wasn't in a mood to debate with her.

Forcefully karate chopping one of the hands holding onto the drunk May she was forced to let go. Ignoring her exclamation of pain as she held onto wounded her wrist, I caught the unsteady May preventing her from falling. "Idiot," I muttered into her ears not sure if she was conscious enough to know what was happening.

"You're gonna Pay no one defies me," Stacy yelled in indignation reminding me of Medusa from the animated movie I watched a while back. Not caring for her ranting, I forcefully stomped on her foot before stretching my foot behind her as she jumped back in pain. What didn't get me wrong I don't go out of my way to hit women but if she's asking for it, I'm a staunch supporter of equality.

"Shut up will you, your voice sounds like a dying cat," I told her annoyance easily discernible in my voice as he landed on the ground after I tripped her up. My utter lack of respect or fear for her threats seemed to finally shut her up. Or maybe it was the fact she realised that I didn't mind hitting her if I was pushed to it.