

Football 292

Chapter 292 Kyle Hunter

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The Brazen Head buzzed with energy, the kind that only followed an Old Firm game. Celtic supporters spilled beer over tabletops, their cheers rising with every retelling of Rakim's dazzling run. Not just that they discussed various moments of the match they enjoyed as they watched the post-match analysis on, the screens.

However not everyone in the pub shared in the joy as those who had bad mouthed Rakim were now receiving dirty looks. Near the back, where the wooden walls were darker from years of tobacco smoke and spilled ale, Scott and Jacob sat hunched over their pints. The two had been quiet since the final whistle, their sour expressions set in contrast to the raucous crowd.

Scott's face flushed red as he glared at the TV screen, watching the replays of Rakim's goal over and over. The smile on Rakim's face at the end of the match seemed to rile him even more.

"Fucking prancing around like he's the king of the park," Scott muttered under his breath, taking a long swig from his pint.

Jacob, whose rat-like features sharpened in the low light, sneered. "Should've been knocked on his arse the second he got the ball. I don't know what the hell their defence was doing, letting him get past them like that."

The two men exchanged bitter looks before Scott leaned back, shaking his head. "Fucking joke, mate. But that's what you get when they let that lot play. Fucking disgrace."

Kyle Hunter leaned against the bar, his arms crossed as he watched Scott and Jacob stew in their bitterness. He'd been having a good night with his mates and their dates, but their celebratory mood had been dampened by the bile coming from the table at the back.

Scott's voice was loud enough that Kyle had caught every slur, every profanity, especially when he talked about Rakim. Normally he wouldn't have cared as every team's fan base has their share of bad apples. However, it was different when he talked about Rakim as he had met the lad in person.

His little brother is a Celtic academy player, and he had been a fan of the club since the moment he could walk. He didn't have enough passion for the sport to play it himself, but he supported his brother. It was on a day when his university lecture ran late that he met Rakim.

Arriving an hour late he expected to find his 7 year old brother crying but he was surprised by what met him. There was his brother Ben going through cone drills and dribble routes working up a sweat as he tried to follow a taller figure. He stood at the side for ten minutes watching the two train with Rakim occasionally giving him advice.

He later learned from his brother that the 15 year old phenom had let him join his training after seeing him sulk at the side of the field. That was how he first met the winger, but he only gained respect for him after finding out what he had overcome to get too Celtic. It was because of this that he didn't appreciate anyone badmouthing him especially from people who are supposed to be fans of the team.

Kyle's jaw tightened as Scott and Jacob continued muttering. He looked over at his mates, their dates laughing and chatting at a nearby table, oblivious to the tension brewing behind them. Kyle glanced at his phone and leaned in toward his closest friend, Craig.

"Oi, you hearing this?" Kyle whispered, his voice low but sharp.

Craig, a stocky lad with close-cropped hair, nodded subtly. "Aye, I caught it. Fucking scum, the pair of them."

Kyle's eyes flicked back to Scott and Jacob, their sneers growing more venomous with each passing minute. "I'm not letting this slide," he said, before chugging the pint of dark fruit he had been nursing.

Kyle placed the empty glass down on the bar with a deliberate thud, his fingers curling into fists as he locked eyes with Craig. His heart drummed a little faster in his chest, the buzz of alcohol blending with the rage boiling beneath the surface.

Craig shot him a knowing look, his face darkening with the same intent. "You serious?" he asked, his voice low but firm.

Kyle nodded, jerking his chin toward Scott and Jacob. "It's not just the talk, Craig. They've been running their mouths all night, and I've had enough. We can't let them keep chatting that way about Rakim, heck we have fought away fans for way less,"

Craig turned his head slightly, scanning the pub as if weighing the situation. "Aye, alright. But we'll be smart about it, yeah? Last thing we need is the barman tossing us out before we can teach these arseholes a lesson."

The two exchanged a glance, unspoken understanding passing between them. Kyle looked over his shoulder at the rest of his mates, Johnny and Dean, who had overheard the conversation and were already rising from their chairs. Johnny adjusted his jacket, a grin creeping across his face as he cracked his knuckles.

"What's the plan, then?" Dean asked, his blue eyes narrowing as he followed Kyle's gaze toward Scott and Jacob, who were now on their feet and heading toward the back exit.

Kyle's lip curled into a smirk. "We'll follow them. Wait 'til they're outside, away from the pub. No point in making a scene here."

The group moved quietly, slipping away from their dates with quick excuses, leaving the pub through the side door. The cool Glasgow air hit them as they stepped into the dimly lit street. The distant murmur of the celebrating crowd was still audible, but it was fading now, replaced by the soft hum of traffic in the distance.

Kyle and his mates trailed behind Scott and Jacob at a distance, the pair oblivious in their drunken state. Anyone that walked past them made sure to keep their distance not willing to interact with the two. That didn't stop them from shouting profanities at the few that walked past them or the ones who looked at them the wrong way.

It was in this manner that they decided to head into a nearby ally to take a leak when one of them felt nature's call. Scott was fumbling with his zipper, already half-turned toward the wall, while Jacob, still muttering something under his breath, joined him. Kyle and gang decided to give them a few moments not willing to risk accidentally getting pissed on.

They waited a minute or so until the sound of liquid spilling in the ground disappeared. Only then they acted as Scott and Jacob fumbled in the alley, oblivious to the world around them, Kyle nodded toward

his mates. Craig, Johnny, and Dean moved silently, spreading out to close off the narrow passage. The dim streetlight cast long shadows across the brick walls, flickering slightly in the distance, but it was enough to conceal the group's movements.

Jacob zipped up first, his rat-like features contorting into a smirk as he turned toward Scott. "Pissed so much I could create a river," he muttered, laughing to himself but his happy mood quickly vanished as he saw the figures approaching at the end of the ally.

Scott didn't notice his change in expression and merely finished his business as he responded. "Fuck this day has been a waste of time, can't believe those fucks couldn't pull off a win despite Rangers being down to 10 men." he exclaimed in anger before proceeding to tucking away his sausage and zipping up his pants.

Jacob's smirk vanished, replaced by a flash of nervousness as he caught sight of Kyle and his mates blocking the alleyway. He nudged Scott with his elbow, his voice low and tense. "Oi, mate... we've got company."

Scott grunted, still fiddling with his zipper. "What are you on about?"

He turned just as Kyle and his friends stepped forward, closing in. The air in the alley felt colder suddenly, the shadows creeping longer as the streetlight flickered above. Scott's eyes narrowed, and his posture stiffened when he realized they weren't just passersby.

Kyle took the lead, his expression cool, but there was a fire in his eyes. "Thought I asked you guys to apologise?" he asked, his voice low but with an edge sharp enough to cut through the tension. "That chat back in the pub about Rakim... let's hear it again."