

Football 293

Chapter 293 293 Iron Fist Kyle

Scott's eyes darkened as he straightened up, his burly frame blocking part of the alley. His lips curled into a sneer, the alcohol clearly fuelling his bravado. "Who the fuck do you think you are?" he barked, stepping forward. "You don't tell me what to say in my pub. Especially not about a—"

Kyle cut him off with a quick, sharp shove to the chest. The force made Scott stumble back a step, knocking him off balance. He didn't fall though as he managed to steady himself despite his drunken state.

"Don't," Kyle said, his voice dangerously low, "don't even think about finishing that sentence."

Craig, Johnny, and Dean flanked Kyle, their presence sending a clear message that this wasn't going to be a friendly chat. Scott looked ready to explode, but Jacob, always the skinnier, quicker one to assess danger, glanced nervously between them.

Jacob's eyes darted from side to side, his rat-like features twitching with panic. "Oi, listen, lads, we don't want no trouble, yeah? We were just—"

His words were cut off when Craig grabbed him by the collar and slammed him against the cold, damp brick wall. Jacob's head cracked against the stone with a dull thud, and he let out a sharp yelp.

"Shut it," Craig growled, pressing his forearm into Jacob's throat, the thin man's feet nearly lifting off the ground as he squirmed.

Scott, meanwhile, wasn't the type to back down. With a guttural roar, he lunged at Kyle, swinging wildly. His first punch missed by a mile, Kyle easily stepping aside. But the second hit home, catching Kyle on the side of the jaw with enough force to make his head snap back.

Pain flared in Kyle's skull, but it only fuelled the anger that had been simmering inside him all night. He barely took a step back before countering with a savage right hook. His knuckles slammed into Scott's jaw with a sickening crack, sending a spray of blood and spit flying into the air.

Scott stumbled backward, clutching his face. "You fuckin'—" He didn't get the chance to finish before Kyle followed up with a knee to his gut, driving the air out of his lungs with a wheeze.

Johnny and Dean weren't standing idle either. Johnny's grin widened as he closed in on Scott, seizing the opportunity. His foot shot out in a vicious kick to Scott's ribs, the dull thud of bone meeting boot echoing down the alley. Scott howled in pain, doubling over as he gasped for breath.

Dean, meanwhile, had set his sights on Jacob. "Fucking rats like you deserve this," he snarled, driving his fist into Jacob's side. The scrawny man crumpled under the force, his breath coming out in ragged gasps as he slumped against the wall, pinned by Craig's grip.

Kyle didn't let up on Scott, his blood pounding in his ears. He grabbed a fistful of Scott's hair, yanking his head back. Their eyes met, Kyle's face twisted in rage. "You think you can talk shit about Rakim and get away with it? How am I supposed to explain this to my brother without feeling shame?"

Scott spat blood on the ground, grinning through broken teeth. "Fuck you and fuck him."

That was the last straw. Kyle slammed Scott's face into the wall, the impact sending a deep crack through the brick. Scott's nose exploded in a fountain of blood, splattering the grimy alley floor as he let out a muffled scream, his hands flailing uselessly.

Johnny laughed, his boot connecting with Scott's knee in a brutal stomp. "Aye, mate, let's see you run your mouth now."

Scott collapsed to the ground, writhing in pain, his hands clutching at his shattered nose. Kyle stood over him, his fists trembling, the knuckles raw and bloody.

Craig finally let Jacob drop to the ground, the skinny man coughing and wheezing, his hands scrabbling at his throat where Craig's arm had been moments before. He barely had time to catch his breath before Dean kicked him square in the stomach, sending him sprawling on the cold concrete.

Jacob whimpered, curling into a ball, his rat-like features now twisted in pain. "P-please, no more," he begged, his voice trembling. "We'll keep our mouths shut, I swear."

Kyle looked down at Scott, blood pouring from his broken nose, eyes swollen shut, wheezing for breath, and felt an odd sense of satisfaction. This is what happens when you cross a line. He crouched down next to him, grabbing a fistful of Scott's hair and pulling his head up so their eyes met again.

"Your friend says to stop but I've yet to hear an apology, do I look like I've been joking with you guys? Maybe my fist has gotten lost in translation," he said with a wide grin that sent shivers down Scott's spine who was face to face with him.

"I don't think they take you serious, must be your upbeat personality," Dean Joked not at all minding the situation their victims were in. After all they had been in many of fights today it was them doing the jumping but tomorrow, they could be the ones on the receiving end.

Hearing his friends words Kyles gaze steeled as he proceeded to yank his head back even further, his grip tightening in the man's hair. Scott's face was a grotesque mess—blood streaming from his nose and lips, his eyes glazed over in a mix of fear and pain. Every breath he took came out as a wheeze, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

"Say it," Kyle hissed, his voice venomous. "Apologize, or I'll paint this alley with your teeth."

Scott groaned, trying to suck in enough air to speak, but the pain in his nose and ribs was overwhelming. His bloodshot eyes flickered between Kyle and his mates, who stood looming over him, ready to strike again.

"F-fuck... you," he sputtered, his defiance flickering weakly even as blood dripped from his mouth.

Kyle's jaw clenched. Without hesitation, he let go of his head before proceeding to swing his fist into the guys guts. Scott's breath left him in a rush, a deep, guttural gasp as Kyle's fist connected with his gut. The impact was bone-jarring, and Scott doubled over, his hands instinctively wrapping around his midsection as if trying to shield himself from the relentless assault.

"Maybe a few more hits will knock some sense into you," Kyle growled, stepping back to gauge his opponent. He watched Scott stumble, the burly man's face seething in agony, teeth clenched, blood trailing from his lips onto the grimy pavement.

Dean, still revelling in the chaos, threw in a brutal kick aimed at Scott's ribs, the sound of bone colliding with flesh echoing in the narrow alley. Scott crumpled further, his body curling instinctively as he groaned, the pain surging through him like fire.

"Pathetic," Craig spat, eyeing Jacob, who was still on the ground, gasping for breath. "Ratman you should have picked better friends as he is the only reason you're receiving a beating right now." He stated before bringing a boot to Jacobs gut.

Jacob's body jerked violently as Craig's boot slammed into his gut. The air whooshed out of him in a harsh gasp, and he curled into a tighter ball, his rat-like features pale and pinched in pain. "I-I didn't mean it!" he pleaded, desperation lacing his voice. "We were just—"

"Shut up!" Craig snapped, stepping back and readying himself for another kick. in the next five minutes what followed where screams of agony followed by dull thuds as if a chef was beating his meat.

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Kyle stepped back, satisfied. "See? That wasn't so hard, was it" he said to no one in particular as he watched the gruesome scene Infront of them. The figures of Scott and Jacob lay sprawled on the ground barley conscious as they mumbled 'I'm Sorry,' non-stop.

As Kyle and his friends turned to leave, he glanced back at Scott and Jacob, both of them left on the ground, broken and battered. "Next time, think twice before you open your mouths," he warned, his voice echoing ominously as they slipped back into the night, the sounds of their footsteps fading away into the distance.