

Football 331

Chapter 331 Grandchildren Plan's

"May will you be my prom?" Those 7 simple words stared at her, but it felt like her entire world stood on its axis just waiting for her verdict. She could practically feel the eyes filled with curiosity around her just waiting for her answer. However, it was those always confident green eyes that now held an unusual sense of vulnerability that mattered to her.

May's breath hitched as she looked at the words on the poster, taking in their meaning. The air around her seemed to hold its breath, and the chatter of the students faded into a quiet hum. Her heart thudded in her chest, beating louder than the applause and cheers surrounding her.

For a moment, she forgot where she was. She forgot about the crowd, the cameras, and all the curious eyes watching her. It was just her and Rakim, standing in their own world, created by the emotions he'd poured out in his confession.

She felt a lump form in her throat, her hand lifting to cover her mouth as a wide smile spread across her face. She took a shaky breath, her mind racing with everything she wanted to say but couldn't put into words. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, she whispered, "Yes."

The single word slipped past her lips, so soft only he could hear it. But Rakim's face lit up, his grin growing as he jumped from the trailer and immediately pulled her into a tight hug. Overcome by happiness, he spun her around, taking in her flowery scent that reminded him of lilies as his heart felt free. His confession, despite being cheesy, had been a success and something he felt he had to go all out for to make it mean something.

He's never had a girlfriend in both of his lives and May had been his best friend for years so if they were to take the next step he wanted to do it right. Rakim set her down gently, still holding her close as the crowd around them burst into cheers, clapping and whooping as though they'd just witnessed the grand

finale of a concert. The two of them however didn't pay attention towards them as they started holding a conversation with each other.

"You know I was on my to confront you about our situation," May told him with a light pout but her happiness didn't let her keep up the act as a bright smile quickly appeared on her face. "haha, good thing I did it just in time otherwise the months I spent preparing the song would have been wasted," Rakim replied with a light smile as he proceeded to lead her towards the side of the car where Emma was.

Despite not minding the students who watched his promposal he felt like they had seen enough and should now gracefully excuse themselves. It was like those partygoers who couldn't take a hint and would stay until the host started to pack things up. They might think they are polite for helping but in all honesty, the people hosting only started cleaning up to make you leave. If they had left with everyone else, they probably would have waited the next day to do the cleaning.

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"Did she say Yes, I know she would, how could she not my son is the Cutest?" Lisa queried the moment she watched her son enter the house already knowing that he planned on confessing today. She had been waiting for the day that one of her babies would get a boyfriend and girlfriend and experience come colourful high school romance.

She had it all planned out, from chaperoning dates at the movies to secretly following them when they went on dinner dates. However, to this date, none of her children had even breathed a hint of romance. Many times, she had tried to encourage her daughter only to be met with a blank stare as the girl had the gall to say 'I need to study to keep my grades up.'

Her son was a completely different story as she could easily see that he held feelings for May but never seemed to do anything about them. His excuse was that 'girls will only slow down the speed of my improvement,' although this made sense for someone aiming to become a professional athlete. Her son was already the best in his age group and even some of those above it, not to mention the fact that his direct opponents on the pitch weren't his match.

Because despite having seen a plethora of wunderkinds who played against her son in different tournaments none of them faced him directly. Football unlike boxing, golf, tennis and athletics was a sport where a team's overall strength has more impact than an individual's strength. So, she did not believe that there existed a right or left back around her son's age group that could stop him.

Despite believing this, she could only bite her tongue over the years as her son seemed to avoid romantic encounters like a man trying to save his money. They both enjoyed the attention they got but would never let it interfere with what was important to them. Rakim saw his mother going through various emotional stages as she seemed to be deeply thinking about something.

"Mum, are you listening?" He asked her waving his hand in front of her dreamy gaze trying to get her attention. He had been telling her about his promposal only to realise that his mother wasn't computing his words.

"Ah yes, when did you say you're giving me grandkids?" Rakim's face immediately flushed a deep red at his mother's unexpected question. "Mum!" he protested, the embarrassment making his voice crack slightly. He tried to play it off with a grin, but his mother's expectant smile only intensified as she saw her chance to fluster her usually cool-headed son.

"What? I'm just saying, you and May would make cute grandkids for me one day," she stated with a mischievous glint in her eye, her arms crossed as she leaned back against the kitchen counter. "I've been waiting long enough, you know. Plus, with Emma probably leaving for England and you about to fully start your professional career in Europe the house will get lonely."

Rakim rolled his eyes hearing her words barely holding back the urge to palm his head in disbelief. Was his mother really asking him to give her a baby so she would have something to do at home while he and his sister were gone? Ignoring whether that made even the slightest bit of sense he had just asked May on their first official date, and she was already asking for a grandchild.

"Mum, you'll scare her off if you start talking about babies when we haven't even officially become girlfriend and boyfriend." Rakim retorted taking the seat in front of her. "Besides, aren't you supposed to ask me to stay safe and use protection and all that parental stuff,"

"Son," she said with a serious expression on her face looking as if she was about to speak the gospel. "Life is too short to be careful, do what you want if it feels right. Obviously don't go breaking any laws or I will personally send you to Jesus," she said with a bright smile on her face, looking as if she was simply talking about something cheerful. However, Rakim suddenly felt a cold sweat running down his back as he could clearly sense the threat in the latter half of her sentence.

"Sigh, just help me pick out one of my tuxes please, May says her dress will be Champagne coloured," He retorted unwilling to indulge his mother any longer fearing where she would take the conversation. "No Tux, we'll get you an elegant Suit Italian or French, but what colour should we pair with Champagne," She responded with an excited smile as if she had been waiting for this request and had been holding back all this time.

"Mum, I think the dress code is Tux,"

"Dress codes can be changed,"

"Okay"

Chapter 332 Prom (1)

[Friday, 19th/July/2019, Rex Household 16:00]

Rakim adjusted the lapel of his light grey suit, his reflection crisp and refined against the tall mirror in his walk-in closet. The suit was a custom-made product by the Italian designer Giovanni, who worked for the French boutique Sainclare as part of their yet-to-be-released fall line. Anyone who loved suits would agree with the notion that it was too nice for a high school prom.

The designer had perfectly blended the right proportion of cashmere and silk, creating a masterpiece that even Barney Stinson would drool over. What one might find surprising was the fact that Rakim had gotten the deal for free as the Sainclare boutique jumped at the chance to finally get him in one of their suits. They had made an endorsement deal offer for him all the way back when he was making his first start for Celtic.

However, at that point, both Rakim and his mother had decided to focus on the TitanFit deal, but Lisa, his mother, continued the negotiations with the brand. It was a stop-and-go type of negotiation as both sides seemed to continuously reevaluate what they wanted out of the deal. Only when Lisa was looking for a suit for her son did she remember the brand, and they managed to reach a preliminary deal.

Rakim would try the suit for this event, getting it for free and serving as an advertisement for the brand. After getting a feel for it, he would decide whether to commit to wearing only their suits for formal events for the next two years for a price of 2 million. To anyone else, that would seem like an easy choice, but Rakim had to make sure that the company wasn't doing anything shady that would come back to bite him.

He had no plans to follow in the footsteps of a certain reality queen who was caught off-guard by the fashion brand she endorsed suddenly deciding to showcase kids with BDSM plushies. In fact, part of the delay was due to his father doing thorough research on the company's practices. Anyway, Rakim was just glad to be wearing the perfect suit for the occasion and getting it for free was just a bonus.

As he fastened the buttons on his suit jacket, Rakim took a step back, giving the mirror a long, appreciative glance. The light grey of the suit matched his skin tone perfectly, elevating the sophistication of the look while still feeling like it had that edge that was all his own. He smiled at his phone, where the Instagram Live was still running, ready to interact with his fans again.

The comments were pouring in, hearts and fire emojis lighting up the screen. "Yo, this suit though!" he laughed, giving his followers a little twirl to show off the fit. "Shoutout to Giovanni for letting me wear his Sainclare suit."

Comments flew in:

"Happy Birthday, Rakim!"

"Lookin' sharp, my guy!"

"Prom AND birthday? Big day, big day!"

"Yeah, yeah, I see you all. Thanks for the love!" Rakim said, feeling that thrill he always got connecting with his followers. "Big day for sure. Prom with my girl, and birthday, honestly feeling blessed." He could hear his mom with the rest of the moms in the girls' room, getting them ready for what had been half the day.

"@JohnnyBoy101 Your challenge has been accepted. By the end of the night, I will have challenged the principal to a dance battle. You'll get to decide a smoothie for me if I don't succeed, but if I do, you gotta

show us your moves — and none of that Macarena robot nonsense." Rakim exclaimed toward his chat after taking a second to read the chat that was going wild, discussing their own proms.

Since most of his fans were around his age or younger, most of them were going through similar experiences. It was in this thread that he caught quite a few of them challenging him to different things, some of them outright deviant and others a tad bit illegal, depending on who you asked. For example, one of them asked him to TP a police car. Now, he doesn't mind a good prank, but this was still America he was living in; no need to tempt fate more than he had to.

"All right guys, I have to go; can't be late on my first date, now, can I?" he told the chat before ending the livestream with a content smile as he once again untied his crooked tie. He had worn a lot of times over the years and knew how to work them, but for some reason, he couldn't get this one right.

"How you getting on, bud? Need help with the tie?" Ben's voice sounded from the door leading into the walk-in closet. Rakim glanced toward the doorway, a grin spreading across his face as he saw his dad, Ben, leaning casually against the frame. He was dressed casually in his usual laid-back style whenever he was out of the office.

"Yes, please, just can't get the knot right," Rakim responded before handing the golden tie with flowery patterns to his father, who was now standing in front of him. The man simply nodded before proceeding to tie it around his own neck, then placed it on his son. Straightening up his collar, he gave his son a once-over, nodding in contentment.

"You're looking quite dapper, son. I still remember my Abiball in Munich — my suit was by far the best, but Ben bought off the best-dressed award. The committee was rigged, I tell you... but for the love of God, I couldn't tell you the name of my date even if I tried. However, I do remember that she spilt some of her drink on my suit sleeve," he told his son as he looked him over, before quickly retelling his own war stories.

"Words of advice: don't drink the punch, and if your date wants to dance, then you do too. That's what I've learned from the many functions I dragged your mother to," he stated with a smile before walking over to a table that was stacked with birthday presents. Since it was also his birthday, the family had decided to celebrate over the weekend, allowing him to fully focus on the dance.

Picking up a shoebox-sized present that seemed to be from him, Ben handed it to his son. "I know we said presents tomorrow, but this one really suits the occasion," he said with an eager smile, motioning for Rakim to open the box, eager to see his reaction.

Not one to argue, Rakim's hands moved on their own, quickly tearing the present wrapping to reveal a wooden box. It was exquisitely carved with what seemed like Roman leaf crowns, similar to the ones Nero is depicted wearing in fiction. However, what caught his eye was the see-through glass in the middle, where he spotted a lone watch resting inside.

It wasn't hard to guess that it was a watch case, and Rakim didn't waste much time opening it as he picked up the only watch in the 20 slots available. "Every man needs a watch, whether they be a businessman or a street sweeper, so I got you your first one," Ben said with a smile before he proceeded to take the watch out of his son's hand and strapped it around his wrist.

"It looks good on you; it's an Air King. My grandfather gave me it, and now I'm giving it to you to start your own collection. It's not much, but you know how much I value time," he continued with a more serious smile, only to be interrupted by the tight hug he received from his son. Caught off guard, Ben could only sling his arm around his son, taking in the moment before they promptly separated.

"Ahem, we should go down if you're ready; your mum will want pictures once she steps away from the girls," Ben said with a warm smile as he proceeded to head toward the door, prompting Rakim to pick up his phone and follow after him.

Chapter 333 Prom (2)



[Friday, 19th July 2019, Rex Household, 17:47]

"Yes, sir, I'll keep her safe," Rakim's familiar voice echoed in the garden as he paced on the deck just outside the glass doors leading back into the house. Glancing at his reflection in the infinity pool, he quickly focused back on the FaceTime call with May's dad.

"No, sir, there won't be any drinking—Dad's already warned me to stay away from the punch," he replied respectfully, aware that May's father was simply doing his fatherly duty. Though the man had approved of him taking May to prom, he still wanted to make sure she'd be safe.

"I think the moms have pooled together for a limo and chauffeur for the night, so there won't be any drunk driving. We'll check the driver, just in case, sir," Rakim continued in a polite tone. Despite having a decent relationship with the man, they didn't know each other all that well. He only knew that Mr. Parker worked as an investment banker, or something similar, which kept him travelling frequently.

Because of this, Mr. Parker's relationship with his children seemed strained. Rakim hadn't delved much deeper into the man's background; he figured it wasn't his business. As far as he was concerned, Mr. Parker was an absentee father who loved his daughter in his own way—until proven otherwise.

"No, I haven't signed with a team yet. Mom's still in discussions with a few clubs, and I believe we're down to the top four. I'll be playing in the Under-17 World Cup in Brazil for sure, though—the national team will release its final call-up list at the end of the month," he explained, going into detail about his hopes for the tournament.

"Thank you, sir, it was good talking to you, but I'm being summoned to help move some furniture for pictures," he said with a calm smile, responding to Mr. Parker's final words. "I'll let her know, though I'm sure she already knows." He handed the phone to Mrs Parker, who was in the kitchen with Olivia's mom, both sipping champagne.

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[Friday, 19th July 2019, Rex Household, 18:10]

The boys sat on the sofas in the living room, absentmindedly watching ESPN. No one really cared which GM was making moves in the NBA since both the Heat and the Magic had been in a slump, making basketball less interesting for Florida natives.

"Think they're almost ready?" Reece asked, trying to play it cool as his foot tapped with restless energy. Dressed in a neat black suit tailored to fit his frame, he exuded a mature vibe. Despite his composed appearance, he was impatient, eager to get to the school where some of his friends were already starting the party.

Bennett dressed in a navy LV suit giving him a neat look despite it not being tailored to him. However, the designers knew exactly what they were doing as the young man looked very handsome in a celebrity-type way. Checking his silver Patek Philippe with an elegant flick of his wrist. "I don't know why they're taking so long—they've been up there since noon," he complained, instantly drawing the attention of the other two.

"Bro you sure you want to wear that to a high school prom, I only got my first watch from Dad today but even I can tell that thing is worth a house or two?" Rakim asked him not sure why his friend had splashed so much money on the ball. Sure, they were all from wealthy families, but that didn't mean they were careless with money or that they were allowed to spend that much money, well at least he and Emma didn't. From what he knew neither did the Parker's and Bennett also didn't have this much spending money from what he remembered.

"Bro don't worry I finally got access to my trust fund," he retorted with a bright smile before quickly changing the conversation to showing off his fit that came straight out of his favourite rapper's music video.

The conversation continued like this as the boys continued to discuss different things they were looking forward to. Spencer Liv's date also occasionally participated in the discussion that had spiralled down to how much each of them could bench. The fellow was of the silent nature tho so he only participated when he had something to say or felt the need to defend his ego.

Finally, their chatter died down as a burst of laughter and the distinct click of heels against hardwood signalled the girls' arrival. Rakim looked up from his phone just as the girls appeared at the top of the staircase, radiant in their dresses, practically glowing under the house lights.

Reece's eyes lit up when he saw Lexi in her deep red gown, the colour making her look like something straight out of a classic movie. He stood up, unable to hide his grin. Bennett nudged him with a smirk, clearly feeling a little bit of the same excitement, though he was careful not to scuff his polished shoes on the rug.

Next came Maddison, draped in a dark purple mermaid dress with long ruffles that went over her right shoulder and a crystal-encrusted belt. Bennett beamed, clearly pleased with his date as she gracefully made her way down the stairs. The girls seemed to be putting on a show as each of them gave each other time to show off in front of the boys.

Liv wore an elegant orange one-shoulder gown with a high slit on her right thigh. Her neatly braided hair complemented the look, adorned with a delicate gold accessory. Spencer greeted her at the bottom of the stairs, showering her with compliments before her parents whisked them away for pictures.

None of this mattered to Rakim though as he watched the last two girls walk down the stairs together causing him to gulp lightly. Both girls looked beautiful, but his gaze was mainly on May, who looked like an angel come to life in her champagne-gold satin gown and rose-gold high heels. Her peach-blond hair fell in effortless waves, mesmerizing him.

Yet, despite his awe for his girl May, he didn't overlook his sister, Emma who once again reminded him of an angel just like the day he first laid eyes on her. Dressed in a light blue gown with delicate white floral ruffles, she looked almost fairy-like, her light blond hair completing the ethereal effect. Stretching out his hands as the girls reached the bottom step, he greeted them with a warm smile.

"You both look beautiful," he told them, making them giggle in delight. They each planted a quick kiss on his cheeks in thanks.

"You clean up well, too," May responded with a smile, giving him an appreciative once-over.

"Can you two wait until I'm gone before you start flirting?" Emma scoffed, rolling her eyes, sensing what was about to happen.

Chapter 334 Time to Boggie

"Your hand, my fair lady," I said, flashing a grin, feeling like some old-school movie star as I offered my hand to May. She took it with a shy smile, her fingers delicate and cold in mine as she stepped gracefully out of the limousine. She looked incredible a total knockout in her shimmering dress, which sparkled under the soft lights decorated to line the entrance to the prom venue.

"My very own knight in shining armour," she said with a bright smile as one of her hands snaked around my left arm. Not minding her actions, I held my other hand out to Emma as I had decided to act as her Sudo date for the night, not wanting her to feel left out.

She was the only one who didn't bother getting a date and while that was perfectly acceptable, she was bound to feel left out during the night. Since I am partly responsible that she couldn't go solo with one of her friend's It's my brotherly duty to make sure she had fun.

I glanced over at Emma, who rolled her eyes but took my hand with a reluctant grin. "You don't have to be so dramatic, you know," She muttered, though the small smile on her lips told me she appreciated the thought.

Looking forward the soft glow of fairy lights intertwined with icy blue and white decorations gave the entire school entrance a surreal, magical feel, as if someone had dropped a snow globe right in the middle of Florida's summer heat. It was a weird, almost hilarious contrast, but they'd really nailed the winter wonderland vibe.

I let out a low whistle, unable to help the grin tugging at the corners of my mouth as I took in the scene before us. "They really went all out, huh?"

Reece, stepping out with Lexi on his arm, gave a mock shiver. "Feels like I need a jacket, man. Winter Wonderland in the middle of a Florida July—only our school would think that's a genius idea."

Lexi rolled her eyes, nudging him playfully. "It's called magic, Reece. Just go with it. Besides, it's better than the New York theme we had for homecoming."

I led the way through the entrance, where the faux snow glittered under the twinkling lights, creating a whimsical backdrop that felt worlds away from the sticky summer air outside. A couple of students milled about, snapping photos and laughing. I spotted a familiar face: Jordan, our class's self-proclaimed clown, dressed in a ridiculous elf costume/suit, complete with jingle bells as Cufflinks.

He was the exception as most of the students chose to dress to impress rather than aim to be comedic relief. Entering the school after showing our tickets to the guard dressed in a professional blue suit, we walked along the hallway that led to the actual venue. Along the way, we spotted different Christmas decorations such as snowmen and even Jack Frost.

What surprised the seniors in the group though was when they caught pictures of themselves and students in their class on some of the decorations. "Bruce Myles, third place in the Florida state 2018/19 championships." one of the posters read displaying a picture of Bruce wrestling in his red singlet as something similar to a news article about his achievement was written underneath.

"Liv this one is about you," Bennett exclaimed after spotting another poster that showcased Oliva in the midst of a swing on a tennis court. "Wow, they are calling you Red Oak Prep's very own Serina Williams," He continued before the rest of the group joined him to read what was written about their friend.

We spent more time than anticipated just in that corridor as all the girls and Spencer had a poster dedicated to them. May was honoured for her achievements with the cheerleading team, Taekwondo club and finally her efforts with the school's Life Foundation helping to raise \$200K, in her 2 years as a member. Emma on the other hand was honoured for her achievement with her dance troupe despite it not being a school club.

Not only that her achievement of reaching the top 10 in the United States of America Mathematical Olympiad (USAMO) with the school's team. She got another small mention about her achievements with the school's Life Foundation, but she never took a prominent leading role like May had. I guess Spencer also managed to get a mention for his achievements with the Red Oak Eagles and the D1/D2 offers he received.

I felt a swell of pride for my friends as we admired the posters showcasing each of their accomplishments. It wasn't hard to see how proud the school was of their student's achievements as

they had turned this winter wonderland into a gallery of their school lives. Even though they charge a high tuition the quality of the education can be considered worth it, especially when you factor in all the connections and opportunities the students get access to.

As we rounded the corner, the echo of laughter and music grew louder, pulling us deeper into the heart of the venue. The main hall opened up before us like something out of a fairytale, the dance floor alive with swirling lights and a sea of glittering decorations. I couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement as we stepped into the magical ambience that enveloped the room.

"It's so Beautiful" Lexi exclaimed her eyes wide with wonder as she directly pulled Reece into the venue. Despite his tall stature, he could only let himself be dragged by his date as she took him towards the photo section a few yards from the entrance.

"She is not wrong this place is surreal" I agreed, taking in the sights and sounds. "It's like walking into a snow globe, something straight out of a Christmas carol."

"Naw bro it's more like Santa decided to party and ended up vomiting here," Bennett stated from the side causing my lips to twitch and Spencer to let out a chuckle. That proved to be the wrong choice though, as all the girls as if syncing on the same wavelength sent them a threatening glare. And for some reason, May was also sending me an inquiring glare seemingly just waiting for me to slip up.

"(Ahem), Let's go take some pictures," I redirect before pulling her along not willing to let her see that I agreed with Bennett's conjecture. It's like you don't see what's wrong with something no matter how bad it is until someone points it out and your blinders disappear. Now no matter how I looked at the overly Christmas-themed venue in the middle of Florida all I could think of was St Nicholas throwing up in this place.

Walking over to the snow globe-themed photo booth nestled against a wall draped in shimmering silver fabric. Reece and Lexi were already in the midst of getting their pictures taken by the photographer hired by the prom committee. It was surrounded by playful decorations like faux snowflakes gently drifting down from the ceiling and a dazzling backdrop of twinkling lights.

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20 minutes later as we stepped away from the photo booth, the music thumping through the hall seemed to pull everyone closer to the dance floor. We settled our things on one of the tables at the side of the hall that we had decided to commandeer as our own. I didn't even get a chance to sit before the girls decided to drag us all to the dance floor as DJ Tux played the song 'DANCE MONKEY'.

The high-pitched beat of "Dance Monkey" filled the hall, making it impossible to resist moving. I caught sight of Bennett already attempting some ridiculous moves, his lanky frame flailing about. Madison his partner rolled her eyes but couldn't help an amused laugh from escaping her lip, but in the end, she decided to match his energy.

"Ben that's not how you do it, move your legs more," she said before breaking off into the DJ Khaleed Salsa despite it not matching the song. Ignoring the two I simply matched the vibe of Emma and May which resulted in me using the famous 2 step and shoulder shuffle.

"Welcome to the winter wonderland class of 2019," DJ Tux exclaimed through his mice as his voice instantly travelled throughout the room. "Now let's get this party started, Teach me how to dougie (aye!)" The speakers bellowed out the next song as they were turned up a notch instantly igniting the students prompting them to dance along to the song.

Chapter 335 Bonnie & Clyde

[Friday,19th/July/2019, Red Oak Prep, 20:27]



A few hours later the dance was in full swing by now as students could be seen partaking in all the events prepared for them. Most were on the dance floor getting their groove on as DJ Tux continued to do his best to entertain. Whilst others were partaking in the complimentary food and drinks though most sensible students stayed away from communal drinking bowls like the punch.

However, most didn't mind whether someone spiked the punch or not as they simply wanted to enjoy the night. Most of them had worked hard throughout their school careers and were only now getting a chance to unwind. Since their futures were already determined in their minds, they saw no need to be careful anymore.

Jason was one such fellow, as he had spent his last 4 years in the school living the American dream. He was the student-athlete, the King of jocks because despite baseball and basketball being popular in America only football truly mattered, the American version. Gladiators battling it out on the gridiron just to carry the pigskin across a hundred yards and enter the touchdown area.

With that simple fact, he lived his 4 years like a king dating whatever girl caught his eyes, barely keeping up a C grade average and dominating on Friday nights. For Jason Showtime Taylor, this dance was the end of an era before he would concur his next kingdom. Keeping this in mind he didn't hesitate to indulge in the punch and the usual party treats as chilled with his buddies.

Jason leaned back against the wall, his drink in hand as he surveyed the dance floor, the bass of DJ Tux's beats pulsing through the gym. His eyes roved over the crowd, his usual cocky grin plastered on his face. One of his buddies John whom he had dubbed as Minion One was telling him a story about something funny, he had seen online but Jason honestly couldn't give a flying f\*\*ck.

As his eyes continued to roam the venue, he spotted the figure of Rakim and May dancing with each other, their bodies so close they were practically melding together. He didn't linger on them as his gaze shifted over to his table where his date Becky sat with some other cheerleaders. Despite the girls being

pretty and just the right amount of desirable to grate his ego he found himself staring at the golden figure of May.

Just as his gaze once again travelled over the figure of May the song Hotline Bling started playing instantly causing all the girls to go crazy. Almost as if it was a concert, they all started singing along as they continued to vibe to the music. "Yo J street, Greg's got some party favours you want some?" Greg one of his buddies asked him and due to the sudden yelling of everyone that brought him back to his senses he actually heard him this time.

"Yeah sure, but none of his weird Dream powder he uses for games that stuff is wild," he responded not feeling the need to take something that allowed him to run through a wall without feeling pain. That stuff is no joke as the one time he took it for a game was when he had injured his shoulder.

It wasn't his throwing one, but the pain still impacted his range of motion, and he would have had to sit out. But two lines of that Dream and he laid out a linebacker and through a 60-yard touchdown pass. He was lucky that none of the officials were present and found it suspicious and that they just thought the linebacker didn't have oats for breakfast or lost his footing.

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As Rakim and May strolled down the dimly lit hallway, the muffled bass from DJ Tux's music pulsed through the walls, adding a subtle rhythm to their footsteps. They had both slipped away from the bustling gym, as May had gestured for him to follow her on a walk. Now as they walked through the empty hallways they felt like the only people in the world, other than the occasional drunk students loitering in the halls they were the only ones.

Coming to a stop in front of the auditorium entrance May's eyes sparkled with excitement as she pulled him inside. "You gotta be joking," He tried to protest but his date was having none of that and in no

time, they were standing on stage. The set of Bonnie & Clyde that the theatre club had performed was still up adding to the ambience.

Rakim chuckled, a little self-conscious as they stepped onto the wide, dark stage of the empty auditorium. Rows of seats stretched out before them, dimly lit by the stage lights casting a soft glow around them. He turned to May, unable to help the smile tugging at his lips as he watched her excitement unfold.

"Alright, Miss Parker," he teased, "what's the plan now that you've dragged me up here?"

May grinned mischievously, her eyes sparkling with a playful glint. "The plan? Simple," she said, stepping back as if preparing for a performance. "We're going to act out some scenes from Bonnie & Clyde. And you," she pointed at Rakim, "are going to be my Clyde."

Rakim raised an eyebrow, glancing around the dimly lit auditorium. He couldn't help but laugh. "You serious? You're making me the guy who gets shot at the end, and here I thought you liked me?"

"Well, what's a girl got to do," She off-handedly scoffed flicking her hand as if to dismiss a misunderstanding. "Whoever told you that relationships were easy my dear Mr Rex, our will be especially tough if we're going to be ride or die,"

Rakim laughed, shaking his head as he tried to keep up with May's antics. "Alright, Miss Parker, I'm game. But you better be ready for a wild ride, because if you think Klaus can get bad it gets worse."

May's grin widened, her playful energy contagious as she positioned herself in the centre of the stage. She mimicked a dramatic pose, her hand on her hip as if she were already channelling her inner Bonnie.

"Well, we've gotta start somewhere," she said, adopting an exaggerated Southern drawl, "Y'all ready for this?"

Rakim raised an eyebrow, his lips curling into an amused smile. He slid his hands into the pockets of his jacket, making a show of looking her over as though weighing his options. "I reckon I am," he drawled back, matching her accent and playful tone, though it wasn't as polished as hers. "But first, you've got the look down, but can you handle the real thing?"

May raised her chin, eyes flashing with mock defiance. "Oh, darling," she purred, "You ain't seen nothing' yet."

With that, she swept into the first line from the musical, her voice rising in an impromptu serenade as if the stage were suddenly her own. "'I know what it's like, boy, to feel the rush of the ride!'" She gave a twirl, her dress swishing with the motion, and with a little shimmy, she moved toward him with exaggerated swagger.

Rakim's grin turned mischievous, and he couldn't resist playing along. He raised his hand to his forehead, feigning a salute, then took a few slow steps toward her, mimicking the motions of a gunslinger. "'You think you know me, sugar, but I've been around the block. I've seen the bad, the good, the ugly,'" he said, his tone dripping with mock bravado, pulling off a hammy Clint Eastwood-style squint.

May laughed, her eyes sparkling with amusement, as she twirled once more. "'Well, you ain't seen anything yet, mister.'" They fell into a rhythm, each line coming with a wink and a gesture so over-the-top it could only be understood as a parody. As May's Bonnie took centre stage, Rakim's Clyde played along, feeding off her energy. There was no audience, but in their minds, they were stealing the show.

"I can't promise you a thing, but together we'll make history," Rakim continued, adopting a more dramatic tone, his hand mimicking the pull of a gun as he pointed it at her as if challenging her every move.

May gasped in mock horror, throwing her hands up, spinning dramatically. "You want history, Clyde? Well, I've got the perfect plan, but first, we're gonna need a car, a whole lotta money, and the trust of the ones we've hurt along the way!"

Rakim's mock seriousness faltered as he saw her spinning around in delight. He couldn't help but laugh, feeling more at ease than he had in a while. The atmosphere, the dim lights, and the shared humour made everything feel like it was just the two of them in their own world.

May moved closer, her voice dropping into a low, sultry tone. "Clyde, you know what happens next," she whispered, her fingers brushing against his chest like she was preparing to bring their playful scene to a more intimate moment. Rakim lowered his voice to match her intensity, stepping toward her with slow, deliberate steps.

"I know. And no matter how this ends, baby, I'm in it with you. Every single second." The air between them seemed to thicken as they leaned in, caught in the aura of their little act, as their faces inched ever so closer together.

Chapter 336 336 Awards

[Friday, 19th/July/2019, Red Oak Prep, 22:27]

"Good evening students. Tonight is a night to celebrate just how far you've come this year. A dance to congratulate all of you for having taken care of the things you needed to in order to continue progressing, both as a student as well as a person." He paused for a moment looking at the dressed-up faces of his students who still looked as youthful as they had when they first came to his school.

"The next dance you will attend will most likely be as college students or a work function. So, for tonight, make sure you create memories, that are worthy of the effort I know you put in throughout your time here. That does not mean you do something stupid, Pace yourself class of 2019 for life is and will always be a marathon. Thank you," finishing his speech Ex-Dean Oak was showered by loud applause from the students in attendance as he exited the stage.

This was his last class as a dean and he wanted to see them off in style earnestly wishing them all the best in the future. Oak loved this part of the year when a class he had seen nurtured by his school got a chance to unwind as they got ready for the next chapter in their lives. Entering the real world would be a shock for most of them but they would learn to swim nonetheless and claim their place in the world.

As Ex-Dean Oak exited the stage, the students' applause filled the room, echoing off the decorated walls and into the night. The music softened, and the spotlight shifted to Chloe, the student president, standing confidently at the podium with a beaming smile.

She took a breath, letting the excitement settle before speaking. "Thank you, forever our principal Dr Dean Oak, for your inspiring words and support over our time here." Chloe waited as the applause for Dr Oak died down, her bright eyes scanning the crowd. "Alright, Red Oak Prep, let's get to the part you've all been waiting for!"

"Whoooo, I nominate Carl for most likely to become a father tonight," An excited shout was heard after her words instantly causing a bout of chuckling from the students. "I second it," Another boy shouted with enthusiasm raising his plastic cup. "I Third it," Another boy shouted eliciting another bout of laughter while Carl the boy in question subtly released the girl in his arms seemingly scared that his contact with her would make him a father.

"Motion denied, whether Carl will become a Dild tonight is none of our business, but if it's a girl Chloe is the perfect name," Chloe retorted with a composed smile already used to deal with her fellow classmates. She let the laughter subside before raising her hand to signal for attention. "Alright, alright,

settle down, everyone! We're here to honour the class of 2019 with some well-earned titles and some predictions from your fellow classmates."

The room quieted down, and Chloe looked down at her cue cards with a smirk, ready to announce the first award. "Let's start with a classic: Class Clown! The person who never fails to make us laugh, Give it up for Jordan 'Jester' Taylor!" A cheer erupted from the crowd, and Jordan standing at the back in his elf costume/suit waved his hand before taking a dramatic bow.

"Next up, we have Most Likely to Succeed. As chosen by your fellow students and classmates who recognise you're work ethic and determination, this award goes to Emily Carson!" Emily flushed red as her friends nudged her forward, and she waved shyly at the crowd, her eyes shining with pride.

"Now for a crowd favourite," Chloe announced with a grin. "The title of Most Likely to Be Famous. This is for that one person who, one way or another, is going to end up on your TV screen someday... and the winner is... Olivia Brianna Davis our very own Red Oak's very own Serena Williams."

Liv threw her arms like she had won the Oscar for best actress, blowing Kisses to her 'adoring fans' as her friends clapped in support before directly enveloping her in a hug. They were acting as if she had actually won an award causing quite the commotion for a while.

Chloe chuckled at Olivia's over-the-top reaction, waiting for the crowd to settle again. "Alright, settle down, people!" she called with a grin, clearly enjoying the energy in the room. "Now, the next award might be a little... controversial." She raised an eyebrow playfully. "It's the 'Most Likely to Fail' award." There was a ripple of laughter as a few students shouted the names of their friends, poking fun at each other.

She paused, pretending to look at her card with seriousness. "The title as chosen by you goes to... 'huh' May Parker," Chloe read out sounding genuinely surprised not at all expecting the name of one of the

most popular girls in their year. After all no matter what the girl did, she found some way to attract the attention of those around her.

Even when she stopped taking part in some of the cheer squad's extra activities which was basically propaganda for them to gain popularity. The girl's popularity did not drop in the slightest and in fact, seemed to increase since she became much more approachable when she joined the charity foundation. "Thank, I will humbly try to meet your expectations," May announced taking a step forward leaving Rakim's embrace as she proceeded to take an elegant bow taking the title in style.

Chloe laughed, clapping for May before speaking into the mic again. "Alright, May, we'll be watching your future 'failures' with interest!" She winked, drawing a round of laughter and applause from the crowd. She adjusted her cards, grinning. "Now, moving on to an award that comes with slightly less pressure. The title of Most Likely to Rule the World!" The crowd perked up with amused anticipation, and Chloe held up her hands dramatically.

"This goes to our very own genius who can convince us all to follow them into anything—good or bad. And from what I hear she even turned down MIT," A hush fell over the crowd, and Chloe looked around before announcing, "The one, the only... Emma Rex!" The crowd erupted in cheers clapping enthusiastically as Emma the girl in question took a graceful bow.

A spare mic was passed towards her as they seemingly wanted her to say a few words. "Thank you, thank you," she said, her voice laced with humour. "Though, I'd like to clarify—I'm not turning down MIT for world domination. I've just got other plans... big ones," she added with a mischievous glint in her eye. The crowd roared with laughter and cheers, and she gave a final flourish of her hand before returning to her seat, her cheeks flushed but proud.

Chloe adjusted her glasses, her voice cutting through the laughter. "Alright, alright, calm down! We've still got a few more titles to go!" She shuffled her cue cards, taking a moment to glance around the room. Her eyes landed on a group of students at the far end of the room, and she couldn't help but smile.

She called out a few more awards keeping the crowd entertained, trying her best to keep things light-hearted despite some of the questionable titles. "Now for the moment you have all been waiting for," she spoke up again once again capturing the attention of the students in front of her. "It is time to announce the class of 2019, Prom King and Queen.

"Voting has officially closed and has been counted so if you missed your chance forever hold your tongue for, I will hear nothing of it," She announced as in the background students who were part of the prom committee set up two thrones with crowns and a captor.

"Now class of 2019 your prom King by majority vote by a margin of 3 votes," She began after opening up the golden envelope that had the winner's name written on it. "He is known for his moves on the field, you know him, and you love him give it up for Mr ShowTime himself Jason Taylor!"

Chapter 337 King & Queen

[Friday,19th/July/2019, Red Oak Prep, 22:47]

As Chloe announced Jason's name, a roar of cheers echoed through the gym, mingling with excited clapping from the crowd. Jason swaggered toward the stage with that practised, self-assured grin, his confidence heightened by the chaotic cocktail of substances coursing through him. His eyes were a little too bright, his smirk a little too wide, and for those who knew him best, there was a wild edge to his movements tonight, but they chopped it up to him being excited.

He took the gold-plated metal sceptre handed to him by Chloe, giving an exaggerated, mocking bow to the crowd. "Thank you, thank you, my subjects" Jason's voice boomed, laced with the kind of arrogance that had always made him both popular and infuriating to many at Red Oak Prep. "I knew you'd make the right choice." A few of his football buddies whistled and cheered, but even among them, there were a few exchanged glances.

Jason straightened, lifting his head high, and tapped the sceptre against his shoulder with a smug smirk. "It's been a long road, Red Oak. A lot of sweat, a lot of hard work..." He paused, dragging out the moment as if savouring every second of attention. "A lot of sacrifices...mostly mine, let's be real. Not everyone has what it takes to get to this level, but thankfully, I do." A ripple of laughter mixed with murmurs went through the crowd, his arrogance was simply accepted as a character quark.

After all, in everyone's mind, most great men in history had a certain deficit that would hold them back in life. Van Gogh suffered from mood disorder, personality disorder and a plethora of other things added to the fact he was underappreciated in his time. It's almost a prerequisite for great minds to be crazy something about the brain being too good in one area that it neglects other areas. Just look at Pablo Picasso the man who struggled with mental illness and depression throughout his life, but his paintings were a work of pure genius.

Jason was no Picasso or Gogh, but he is plagued with the most deadly sin of them all, the sin of pride. One that can most certainly make great men fall from their mountain top in a moment's notice. Because once a man considers himself untouchable life finds a way to grant him some perspective in the form of a major reality check.

"First off," he continued, gripping the microphone with one hand, "let me thank my coaches. Coach Andrews, and Coach Paulson—legends, both of you. You believed in me and pushed me to be the best, well let's be honest god placing a football in my hand before I could even walk also helped. He joked causing both the coaches and his friends to chuckle and some of the other students who were simply being polite.

Jason chuckled, pleased with himself as the laughter rippled through the crowd. He twirled the sceptre with a flourish, lifting it above his head as though crowning himself. "And let's not forget my teachers," he continued, voice dripping with smugness. "All those hours spent guiding me toward greatness" He winked at Mrs. Duvall, who rolled her eyes but managed a polite smile. "Honestly, I wouldn't be here if it weren't for your unwavering patience," he added, his words soaked in a tone that barely masked his own disdain.

"But let's not forget the Real MVP tonight..." Jason paused, giving a theatrical glance around the room, "...is yours truly." He placed a hand over his heart and gave a mock solemn nod. Almost as if on cue his minions of the football team cheered him on along with the rest of the students. None of them liked him as a person but they were infatuated by him in the same way a regular person is with a celebrity.

"(Ahem) That was a rousing speech from our King," Chloe exclaimed taking the mike from the boy who seemed like he would continue in his self-praise if not stopped. Ignoring the angry glare and the scent of alcohol he sent her she continued speaking. "Now that we have a King it's time for what we have really been waiting for, after all behind every great king there is an even greater Queen,"

As Chloe's words rang through the crowd, the energy in the gym shifted, a palpable wave of anticipation filling the air. The students, still somewhat under the spell of Jason's larger-than-life performance, turned their focus back to the stage, waiting to see who would be crowned Queen.

Jason leaned back with a lazy smirk, folding his arms as he took a seat on his throne already expecting the inevitable. He felt more alert than usual as the world around him felt vibrant already feeling the effects of the snow powder Gerg had given him. The feeling of electricity that coursed through him caused his mind to go into overdrive as he seemed to be thinking 3 different thoughts as Chloe's voice faded into the background.

His eyes eventually settled on May who just naturally drew his attention with the champagne dress that looked like gold in his eyes. Just like a moth drawn to the flame, he could only focus on her as thoughts of what he'd like to do to her flashed in his mind. "And this year's Prom Queen is..." Chloe's raised voice pierced his thoughts causing him to blink for the first time in 90 seconds as he turned his attention towards the girl. "May Parker!"

The crowd erupted into applause, and both Emma and Liv squealed with excitement pulling her into a hug. May, glowing in her champagne dress, looked momentarily stunned, as unlike Stefanie she had not

campaigned to win the prom queen race. Pulling her into a quick hug Rakim whispered into her ears causing her smile to brighten in delight, "Congrats my little Bonnie,"

May squeezed Rakim's hand, still riding the wave of excitement, and as she pulled back, her eyes sparkled with joy. Her friends cheered, hugging her again before nudging her forward toward the stage. Clearly caught off guard by the win May didn't even realise how she made it up the stage as she simply kept a warm smile.

The crowd's applause grew louder, as May, promptly took her seat on the throne next to Jason. Chloe didn't hesitate in placing a tiara on her head followed by another round of applause as she handed her the mic so she could say some words. May held the microphone, her fingers brushing nervously against its metal casing. She glanced out over the crowd, her face flushing a soft pink, clearly unprepared for the spotlight.

"Thank you... wow, I really wasn't expecting this," she started, her voice gentle and sincere, in stark contrast to Jason's earlier bravado. A few "awws" drifted from the crowd, as if the whole room softened for her. "Honestly, I don't even know what to say. I'm just grateful for all the friendships I've made here and for all the support."

She paused, giving a shy smile that somehow managed to reach the back row. Jason rolled his eyes slightly, but the smirk was quickly wiped away when May turned toward him, her expression kind yet pointed. "And Jason," she added, her voice steady, "thank you for sharing the throne. I'm sure it must be hard for you, sharing the spotlight for once."

A ripple of laughter burst through the crowd, even from those on the football team who couldn't resist the dig. Jason's expression stiffened for just a moment, but he quickly smoothed it over, leaning back with a forced grin. He looked down at May, an edge in his gaze, but she held his stare confidently, her eyes glittering under the gym lights.

May returned the microphone to Chloe, who grinned approvingly, clearly pleased with May's quiet yet powerful response. "Thank you, May!" Chloe said, reclaiming the centre stage. "And now—let's get back to what we're all really here for dancing!"

Chapter 338 338 Art's an Explosion

[Friday,19th/July/2019, Stefanies Villa, 23:30]

"Yo J, Greg's got some fireworks we can set off," A handsome lad in a blue suit said to Jason who was still wearing his crown. The dance had ended 20 minutes ago and most of the students were now finding a ride to the after-party or the nearest motels to engage in decades-old tradition.

"Huh, why would we do that?" He asked the boy guy in the blue suit, who everyone knew as Ryan, shrugged, smirking as he loosened his tie. "Because it'd be hilarious to start off the after-party with a bang. Besides, don't you want to send off Mr superstar in style?"

Following his gaze, he spotted Rakim's group saying goodbye to Liv and Spencer along with some of his buddies. Reece, Bennett and their respective dates had already made their way into the house but from the looks of it May, Emma & Rakim weren't planning on staying. Jason's lips curled into a smirk as he watched Rakim, and the two girls re-entered the limo as they said their last goodbyes.

Jason's eyes glinted as he leaned against the trunk of their car, which was parked on Stacy's driveway. "Alright, what you got?" He asked Ryan who proceeded to make him move and pop the trunk only to reveal a boatload of fireworks. "Greg went a little overboard but it's safe to say they have enough ammunition to fight for independence."

"Happening my amigos, I see you found my armoury," Greg shouted in excitement as he joined their group. "Try this one for size I call it the Killa Bee," he said with a smile as he opened a box only to reveal what could only be described as a weapon of mass destruction.

In his hand, he held a black rocket launchpad shaped in the form of a drum with 30 rockets already loaded within. This handheld launchpad was definitely illegal but none of the boys cared as they were too excited and were more interested in taking in its majesty. It was as if their manly American genes were shining through stoking the love for weapons of destruction.

Jason chuckled, eyes scanning the rocket launcher in Greg's hands. He could already picture the explosion of chaos. "haha this will be legendary my friend," he told him as he took hold of the launchpad aiming down the sights on top in the direction of Rakim's group. "You know me I love a good explosion," Greg responded as he combed his long blond hair back with an excited smile already envisioning what was about to happen.

Greg's sole purpose in life was to party and entertain those around him. Keeping the party going became something almost ritualistic to him as he found ways to get his friends to have fun. Whether it was through getting drinks, drugs, girls or anything else Greg was the man to ask. "You better hurry tho 'cause they are about to leave and I'm not sure what this things range is." He told Jason as a wild smile appeared on his face, as he motioned towards the limo whose engine started rumbling as Liv's group started walking towards the house.

Jason grinned, his crown shifting slightly as he took in the scene. The limo with Rakim's group was already easing away from the driveway, the engine humming softly as it prepared to leave. Jason's eyes gleamed as he raised the rocket launcher, fingers wrapped around the trigger, his pulse quickening with the thrill of the moment.

"Hold on tight, gentlemen," he muttered to his friends. "We are about to make history, make sure to remember this moment when we became legends,"

Jason steadied the rocket launcher, his fingers brushing against the cold metal trigger. The group around him was amped, ready for the spectacle. Greg was bouncing on his heels, his grin stretching from ear to ear, while Ryan and a few others watched eagerly from the side, each waiting for the chaos to unfold.

A few of them even eagerly pulled out their phones as they lived this generation's creed of 'if it isn't on camera it didn't happen.' "Hasta la vista, baby," Jason stated channelling his inner Schwarzenegger as he pressed the trigger. However, to his bafflement, nothing happened as the 30 rockets remained holstered with nothing happening ruining the cool moment he had expected.

"This shit's broke," he exclaimed ready to hand it off to Greg only to pause his movements when an audible sizzling sound coming from the launchers Chassie entered his ears. The next second the rockets in their designated slot started rotating and the sizzling sound intensified as all rockets were lit in sequences. Quickly resailing what was about to happen he once again aimed it at the slick black limo that was now slowly starting to move.

The sizzle grew louder, and Jason's smirk twisted into something almost feral as he braced himself, aiming directly at the limo. His friends around him burst into laughter and excitement, eyes glued to the unfolding scene. As the limo rolled forward, the first rocket fired, shooting through the night sky with a loud whistle.

It veered off slightly to the right, bursting into a shower of red and gold sparks that exploded over the yard, just a meter away from the limo, casting a glow over the surprised group outside Stacy's house. The sight reminded the onlookers of a mini Fourth of July display but none of them had expected this in the slightest.

The unexpected flash caught everyone's attention. Reece and Lexi, who were just about to step inside Stacy's house, turned around, eyes wide with shock. Bennett and Madison were equally stunned, frozen on the doorstep as they watched the sky light up in bursts of red and gold. Spencer held Olivia protectively, instinctively stepping in front of her as another rocket shot into the sky with a loud bang.

Inside the limo, Rakim and the girls had felt the rumble of the first rocket explosion. Emma gasped, leaning forward to peer out the back window. "What the hell is going on?" she whispered, her eyes

darting around as a rocket impacted the rear window of the limo before exploding in beautiful yellow and red colours.

Rakim wanted to answer her but quickly held on for dear life as the driver swerved his car after being startled by the suddenness of the situation. Normally he would get out of the car and do the American thing which is to complain and try to milk the situation to get as much money as possible. That goes especially since he realised that every one of these kids, were rich kids, whose families had money to burn for days.

However, one look in the review mirror and he threw that thought out of the window as he pressed down on the accelerator. The reason for this reaction was due to the fact he spotted what seemed like dozens of rockets exiting a massive gun all aimed at his limo. He had never been this scared in his life as he was at that moment, in his mind it felt like someone was shooting real rockets towards him.

Jason's friends erupted in laughter, whooping and cheering as the fireworks display continued, oblivious to the sheer shock of Rakim's group and the terror they caused to their driver. The limo's tires screeched on the ground burning leather as it sped forward causing Rakim and gang to fly backwards on the leather seats. Before they even had the chance to complain though they heard yet another rocket impacting the rear end of the limo exploding in beautiful colours.

One of them even managed to crack the rear window of the limo but thanks to the driver's quick reaction they managed to get out of the direct path of the incoming rocket's. "That's sick bro," Rayan exclaimed as he watched the black limo swerving slightly as it tried to escape echoing the words of some of their friends. "hahaha You scared the shit out of them," Grege followed suit clearly amused at the chaos that was unfolding before him however his expression froze in the next moment.

In the direct path of the almost 25+ rockets stood a gleaming red sports car with the iconic golden horse known throughout the world. This was no regular Ferrari though as low and poised, a striking work of art in crimson red, its body crafted from carbon fibre that gave it an unmistakable sheen. The nose was sharp, dipping down with an aggressive front splitter and a pair of headlights that stretched sleekly back toward the cockpit, narrowing like a predator's eyes.

Its signature scissor doors were folded hiding the beauty that this exotic could unleash with a lick of a button. Every line on the Enzo's body was sculpted with purpose, from the deep side vents that channelled air toward the rear-mounted V12 engine, to the massive rear diffuser that anchored it to the asphalt at top speed. The back featured quad exhaust pipes, nestled within a broad rear end that spoke of raw power and unrestrained velocity, with a subtle yet effective spoiler sitting above.

(Fweeeeeet, thud, bang, bang, thud Bang....Bang,)

Chapter 339 A Coup D'etat

[Friday,19th/July/2019, Stefanies Villa, 23:40]

(Fweeeeeet, thud, bang, bang, thud Bang....Bang,)

The rockets launched from Greg's "Killa Bee" in Jason's hands spun wildly like a Gatling gun as one after the other, rockets whistled and shrieked through the night air. The first rocket struck the Enzo's hood, exploding with a deafening bang. Red and orange lights sparkled as 5 more rockets impacted the car creating similar sparks.

Jason who was holding the Killa Bee still held his wild smile from earlier, but his mind was in a fog not quite believing what he was seeing. Maybe it was the effects of the party favours mixed with dream powder showing its effects but in reality, it was the stupidity of the whole situation. That was the reason he as a 5-star athlete was slow to stop aiming the "Killa Bee" at the car as all his friends watched with wide open mouths.

"yo I think you should stop," Ryan muttered but it was too late as the last of the 30 rockets left the holster and what followed next was something none of them expected. Flames erupted from the

beautiful chassis of the Enzo Ferrari as more rockets impacted the car fuelling the flames. Jason's jaw dropped, eyes wide with disbelief as he stared at the ensuing scene as he came to a realisation as to what he had just done.

Jason's heart raced as the flames began to engulf the once-glorious Ferrari. Almost like the world wanted to rub salt to injury the small flames grew intense in a matter of moments engulfing the once-glorious Ferrari. The heat from the fire was intense, even from where he stood, but it was the sight of the car, a masterpiece of Italian engineering, being reduced to a burning wreck that finally hit him. Yet despite the emotions he was feeling a stray thought popped into his head, 'How beautiful,' yet he quickly suppressed that as panic settled in.

"Yo, man, what the hell?!" Ryan's voice cracked through the haze of disbelief. He was still standing there, frozen, staring at the inferno with wide eyes. "You just... you just torched a Ferrari, dude! An Enzo Ferrari!"

Jason's grip on the "Killa Bee" loosened as his hands began to shake, the metallic casing of the weapon suddenly feeling heavier than it ever had before. The party favours, the loud music it all seemed so distant now, all that euphoria was now instantly replaced by a thick, suffocating dread that closed in on him like the smoke rising from the burning wreckage. "Fuck," was the only word he managed to mutter as he knew he wouldn't get away with this, especially with all the witnesses present.

The world had become quieter at that moment, the loudest thing now being the crackling of flames and the rising hiss of the Ferrari's tyres popping in the heat. He did not even hear the gathering crowd of students who stopped making out or drinking for a second to watch this unforgettable scene.

Jason couldn't tear his eyes away from the carnage he had caused. His mind raced, trying to process the weight of what he had just done. A Ferrari. A goddamn Ferrari. He could practically hear his life flashing before his eyes. He had always been the golden boy, the one who could do no wrong, but this... this was different.

Ryan stepped forward, slowly, his eyes flicking between the car and Jason, his voice barely a whisper. "Bro, what the hell were you thinking?"

Jason couldn't answer. He just stared at the flames as they consumed the car, a growing pit of regret in his stomach. "I don't know, man. I... I don't know." His words felt hollow.

"Man, you're crazy," Ryan muttered, looking over his shoulder at the others, who were still frozen in place, wide-eyed. "This is bad. This is really bad."

A voice broke through the tension, deep and booming, "What the hell's going on here?!" It was Stefanie strutting out of the house after changing into a skimpy pink dress. Yet no one paid attention to her as the explanation was pretty self-explanatory, it's not every day you get to see a supercar burn live.

Her voice was the jolt Greg needed to jump out of his stupor, He had been the one to provide the "Killa Bee," the one who had pushed Jason to join in. But now, Greg knew he couldn't possibly go down for his friend's stupidity, Yeah, he loved to entertain but even he knew not to go too far.

"What the hell did you do?!" Greg yelled, practically in Jason's face. His fists were clenched, his jaw tight, but there was something else in his eyes—fear, and maybe a little bit of panic. "That car was worth millions, Jason! What the hell were you thinking?"

"I didn't mean—" Jason started, but Greg cut him off.

"Didn't mean to? Didn't mean to?!" Greg's voice rose, barely containing his fury. "Do you even know what you've done? That's not just some car, Jason. It was a collector's item. A goddamn Enzo Ferrari! You can't just blow that up and walk away like it's nothing! This is bad, man. This is really bad."

Jason opened his mouth to protest, but no words came out. There was nothing he could say to fix it, nothing he could do to undo the damage. His mind was still reeling from the shock. Everything was spiralling out of control, and all he could do was watch.

Ryan was pacing now, muttering to himself. "We're screwed. We're totally screwed. Someone's going to find out, man. This... this isn't just vandalism; this is arson."

Jason's stomach twisted at the word. He glanced at the others, all of them silent, eyes locked on the fire. Everyone was starting to realize the gravity of the situation, and the consequences that were about to come crashing down on them. The car wasn't just a car—it was an investment, a piece of history. Jason knew deep down that no amount of money could fix this, no apology could bring the car back.

"Look," Greg said, his tone softer now but still filled with disbelief. "We need to get out of here. Now."

Jason nodded numbly, unable to meet his friend's eyes. His legs felt weak, his head spinning, but somehow, he managed to take a few unsteady steps backwards, away from the scene. However, his footsteps stopped the next moment after hearing one of his friends speak up causing him to struggle to process for a second.

"You's might need to get out of here but what does this got to do with me," One of them dressed in a neat black suit stated with fear written on his face. "He's right the launcher ain't in my hands why should I get into trouble for this," Another intoned realising that he was just a background character to his teammate's crimes.

"Yeah, I still have my future ahead of me, I'm not going down for your stupidity," another intoned before directly walking towards the crowd of students coming out of the villa. "He's right You guys brought the fireworks and shot them so deal with the consequences alone don't drag us in." Another stated before they all promptly left Ryan, Greg, and Jason standing there stupefied at the revolt they were experiencing.

The air around Jason grew thick with tension as his friends scattered, their footsteps echoing in the distance, leaving him, Greg, and Ryan alone at the scene. Jason's stomach churned as the realization hit him harder than ever. His once-close friends, no minions the once he thought he had under his thumb had turned their backs on him.

Ryan, still pacing nervously, let out a frustrated exhale. "This is bad, man... really bad," he muttered again, his voice trembling with a mix of anger and fear. His eyes flickered back to the car, now nothing more than a charred skeleton. "The owner's gonna find out. Hell, someone already probably has. We're not getting away with this."

Jason's legs felt like lead, his body rooted to the spot as if the earth itself was punishing him for his stupidity. He turned toward Greg, who was now standing silently, his jaw clenched so tightly that his teeth might've cracked under the pressure. Greg, for all his loudmouth bravado, was now the one most visibly shaken by what had transpired.

"Greg..." Jason started, his voice barely above a whisper, "What do we do?"

Greg didn't immediately answer. He looked out at the burning wreckage for what felt like a lifetime before turning back to Jason, his expression a mixture of disbelief and anger. "We need to get out of here, man. I don't care how, but we're not sticking around to get caught. We've gotta go—now."

Jason's heart pounded. He could already hear the sirens in his head, could already see the flashing lights in the distance as if the whole world was closing in on him. He wanted to run, but his legs felt frozen as if the weight of his actions had shackled him to the spot.

"Get in the car," Greg said sharply, snapping Jason out of his trance. "I'll drive. We'll figure this out, just get in the damn car!"

Chapter 340 340 Drip Too Hard

[Saturday, 20th/July/2019, Rex Home, 07:00]

Rakim and the gang had no idea what happened after their narrow escape from rocket fire as after spending a few moments complaining they calmed down. The rest of the Journey went rather smoothly except for the occasional sharp turn by the driver who seemed to be experiencing PTSD. However, they were happy to arrive home in one piece and after giving the driver a hearty tip he drove off with a content smile.

May spent the night in Emma's room as they decided to have a slumber party to which he was not invited. That was not what was on his mind though as the boy in question was now struggling to breathe as something heavy rested on his chest. Opening his eyes he was met with a furry snout as a pair of yellow eyes locked onto his own.

"Good morning, buddy, you missed me?" He questioned as one of his hands sneaked to Zeus's head with practised movements stroking his fur. The 9-year-old German Shepheard, which they had raised from a puppy was now fully grown and just as intelligent as any of his counterparts.

As a matter of fact, he is trained more than an average family dog should be as Ben, Rakim's father had insisted they take him through police training. And, due to the fact his kids were the ones who asked for the dog, they were tasked with its training as he wanted them to take responsibility. Despite all this Zeus still spent most of his time with their mother and listened to her above everyone else.

That just goes to show how smart he is to have figured out who has the final say in the family and ingratiated himself with her from a young age. (Woof, woof) He barked before proceeding to lick Rakim's face causing the latter to burst out laughing in delight. "haha I get it I missed you too boy," he responded prompting Zeus to intensify his licking seeing his laughter as a cue.

Rakim gently pushed Zeus off his chest, trying to catch his breath between fits of laughter. The dog was insistent, his thick, warm tongue leaving streaks of slobber on Rakim's face. "Alright, alright, enough," Rakim chuckled, wiping his face with the back of his hand. Zeus let out a soft huff, as if in protest, but eventually relented, curling up beside Rakim's legs.

The weight of his friend's furry body was comforting in its own way, and Rakim took a moment to just breathe, letting the calming presence of the dog soothe him. "You will have to come with me when I move so I won't be lonely," Rakim muttered as he wrapped his arms around his four-legged friend taking a moment to take in his scent. (woof) Zeus simply barked in acceptance to his words probably only understanding the words come with from his training.

"Oh, you stink, when is the last time you had a wash," Rakim exclaimed in the next second after taking a moment to fully absorb his scent. "Let's go we will both get a wash to start the day right,"

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[7:30]

Rakim stood in front of the mirror in his walk-in closet, the early morning light filtering through the tall windows and casting a soft glow across the room. He studied his reflection with an air of satisfaction.

Dressed in stylish black Titan-Fit joggers that fit him just right, a crisp white vest that highlighted his adonis-like physique, and the signature GLD diamond-encrusted chain draped around his neck, he felt ready to take on the day.

The chain featured a sleek white tiger pendant, its icy diamonds catching the light with every subtle shift. The pendant gleamed with an almost predatory elegance, fitting his brand and the tone he wanted to set for the day. He was gifted the chain by a fan who wrote him a fan letter saying he loved what he stood for and thought he had earned the GLD.

Normally he wouldn't accept such a precious gift, and his mother would make him send it back but after contacting the guy he decided to keep it. Turns out Rodrick Moore, Jr didn't really lack the money considering he was making bank from his first single Die Young. It turns out that the guy became a fan of football after stumbling on one of his match highlights, which was edited into his song.

Zeus stood at his feet, his thick fur sleek and well-groomed after their morning wash. Despite not knowing what its master was doing Zeus still waited patiently as he eyed some of the shoes on the high shelves, only he knowing what he was thinking. Ignoring Zeus Rakim picked out a pair of Travis Scott x Air Jordan1s to finish off his look. "Alright, let's get downstairs," he stated after sliding on his watch that his dad had just gifted him yesterday. Taking one last glance just to make sure he was still handsome he headed out of the closet with a content smile.

The two of them made their way down the grand staircase, the house unusually quiet. Normally, there was some kind of chatter or movement, even this early in the morning as everyone in his family are early bird, especially his parents. However, today there was nothing, not even the sound of the radio that would usually be running in the morning. Rakim's steps echoed as he descended the stairs, glancing around at the empty hallway. He called out, "Mom? Dad? Emma? May?" No response.

He walked through the house, checking every room, his footsteps growing more confused with each empty space. Zeus following him seemed to share the confusion despite being easily able to find them using his world-class nose if he wanted to. However, neither the pet nor the owner seemed to remember this easy solution at the moment.



The living room, the kitchen, the gym, the sauna, the garden—nothing. "Where is everyone?" he muttered to himself. Maybe they'd gone out early, he thought. But something felt off, they were supposed to celebrate his birthday today so they shouldn't have left without giving him a word. Only having one room left he decided to check the garage after his gaze caught the door that was open by a tiny slit.

He couldn't remember whether it was open when he walked downstairs but he had nothing to lose by checking it. As he reached the door, Zeus sniffed the air, tail wagging cautiously as he followed. Rakim pushed open the door to the garage fully the slightly cooler air hitting his face as he stepped inside. It was a six-car garage but only half of it was being used with each of his family members having one car.

Walking past his mother's Range Rover Evoque that she had swapped in this year he looked at the rest of the room. His footsteps light on the cool pink and white Marble floor as he took in the sight before him. He noticed something that didn't immediately make sense—a car covered with a red tarp, parked neatly in the centre of the room.

It was odd, especially since none of the cars in the garage were ever hidden like that. He paused for a moment, his curiosity piqued, as he seemed to put two and two together excitement bubbling up within him. Zeus, sensing his shift in emotions stopped as well, his ears perking up ready for action.

He slowly walked towards the car only to jump back in fright as the loud voices of his family and May entered his ears as they jumped up from behind the car. A chorus of "Surprise!" rang through the garage as they began singing the Happy Birthday song.