

Content Warning: Profanity & Violence
(There is a brief fight scene)

[Author's Note: In this universe, Humans and (Some) species of Anthropomorphic Animals live within society together. Think of the movie "The Bad Guys".]

AVCCS S01E???: "The Deviant Renegades" Part I

It was an early morning within a commercial region of South Coronet Heights, a poverty-ridden neighborhood in Burlington City would come into view. The district was a seedy one at that, with trash littering the sidewalks and street, graffiti almost everywhere, and dilapidated buildings. South Coronet Heights was definitely one place you wouldn't want to find yourself in at night.

A plaza in the neighborhood consisted of establishments such as a Chevron gas station, a Dollar Tree, a Little Caesar's, a Rite Aid drug store, a Jamba Juice, a Supercuts Hair Salon, and a Walmart Neighborhood Market.

Parked in front of the Rite Aid stood an unusual vehicle. It was a 1992 Chevrolet Caprice LTZ, a Full-Size Sedan that donned a Metallic, Jet Black coat of paint that glistened under the moonlight. The appearance of the car was quite distinctive, with black tinted windows that obscured its occupant or occupants. Along with this, there were two spotlights mounted near the rearview mirrors, three large antennas on the trunk lid, and even a push bar on its front bumper.

It was a rather mysterious unmarked vehicle, and possibly associated with law enforcement, although the allegiance and origins of this mysterious sedan were unclear.

The interior of the Chevrolet Caprice consisted of one man, who was of Asian descent, in his Mid-20s. He had short, straight, black hair and was of a slim build. The man wore a polished, Jet Black peaked cap, similar to what military officers wore, and seemed to have a more official presence about him. This authority was further complemented by his full black attire, which consisted of a black uniform with a gold badge, and a red shield emblem with gold edges, and held the letters "BDC" in bold, gold letters.

The rest of the man's uniform consisted of a black armored vest with pockets that held what looked like ammunition magazines. On his hip was a pistol in its protruding holster, with two pairs of handcuffs attached to his black belt, complete with a walkie-talkie and attached magazines. To complete his appearance, he even wore a pair of black combat boots.

He was well-equipped, and even though his outfit came off as somewhat intimidating, he seemed quite relaxed and focused on the task at hand.

So, who was this mysterious individual sitting in this Black Caprice?

It was none other than Christopher, working the graveyard shift for his job, the Blackwell Defense Corporation. He let out a bored yawn, with a vacant expression on his face, along with bags under his eyes, which were signs that he felt quite exhausted. However, despite this, the security guard who worked for the BDC kept a watchful eye on the perimeter of South Coronet Heights, eyes like a hawk surveying for any suspicious individuals or activity. The job could be a bit mundane, and the man was quite bored at

the moment, but it was his responsibility to keep the plaza safe.

Chris would reach into his pocket, and take out his phone, checking the time. As he pressed the device's power button, he saw his home wallpaper, a photo of a German, Panzerkampfwagen Tiger I Heavy Tank. The time read 2:59 AM. After a few seconds, the time was now 3:00 AM.

"Scheiße, es sieht so aus, als wäre gerade die verrückte Stunde passiert, von der meine Freunde mir erzählt haben..." Christopher spoke to himself in German.

[Translation: "Shit, it looks like the crazy hour my friends were telling me about just happened..."]

Christopher would take a gander across the street, where another shopping plaza was, similar to the one he was parked in. He was focused on one of the establishments, a 7-Eleven with a gas station, and standing outside the building was a crack addict. He was a slender, African-American man in his 20s, with tangled black hair, wearing a ragged, stained, gray hoodie, dirty blue jeans, and wore sandals.

He was absolutely tripping balls, dancing around, shouting nonsense. It was 3 AM, the time when all the crackheads migrated to 7-Elevens or gas stations.

Christopher couldn't help but chuckle a bit, remembering how his friends would spam him with memes that involved crackheads outside of 7-Elevens, and those memes were true, based on what he was witnessing. He shook his head in disapproval at the drug addict, taking note of his presence. As long as he wasn't disrupting the peace, or doing anything illegal or suspicious, there was no cause for intervention. He was used to seeing junkies like this, and it wasn't really surprising to him. Christopher would then raise his phone, open his camera app, and begin recording the crackhead across the street.

"Maybe I can show my friends this..." Christopher said to himself.

After recording about a minute-long video of the crackhead tweaking, he sighed, ending the recording, and setting his phone down. His vision would return to the plaza he was in, his eyes occasionally watching the occasional pedestrian or car.

Then, something would catch Christopher's eyes. Riding down one side of the street, was a group of teenage boys, who were all African-American, pedaling on their bikes. Riding on another side of the same street, were a group of Hispanic teenage boys, riding on their bikes. There were about twelve to fourteen of them in total, and they would all ride into the plaza, setting their bikes down, and standing on opposite sides of each other, giving each other dirty looks, getting up into each other's faces, and sizing up one another.

The two groups of young men seemed evenly matched, and their body language implied they were going to get into a fight. It seemed like this was going to get ugly. Two of the teenagers, one African-American and one Hispanic, stood up from their respective sides and appeared to be their leaders. The African-American leader was a 6'0, stocky boy with a fade haircut, who was wearing a Chicago Bulls hoodie, blue jeans, and red, white, and black Air Jordan shoes. The Hispanic leader, who had curly black hair, was also 6'0 and was wearing nothing but a black tank top and blue jeans, with white and black Adidas shoes.

Christopher noticed the two groups of teenagers that had shown up to the plaza. At first, he didn't pay much attention to them. But then when he realized that they were getting confrontational with each other, Christopher sat up in his seat a bit to get a better look, squinting his eyes, and looking out the window with a curious expression.

"You all better not be flaking or going to pussy out, hear me?" The African-American leader said in a harsh tone to the Hispanic boy.

"Hell nah, man. We ain't leaving until we kick all y'all's sorry asses." The Hispanic boy replied. "You ain't shit," he added.

All hell *BROKE LOOSE* in the plaza, caused by the actions from one of the sides. The Hispanic leader hawked and spat in the face of the African-American boy in front of him, and that's when an absolute *BRAWL* started, and a powder keg detonated. Yelling, screaming fists, and kicks being thrown, and teens getting shoved against buildings. To put it lightly, a World War had broken out in the middle of the hood at 3 in the morning by these teenagers.

If this whole scene was a cartoon, there would be nothing but a giant cloud of dust with fists and kicks being thrown. Not even a minute into the fight, or even thirty seconds in, Christopher would swing open the door of his unmarked Caprice cruiser and draw his Luger.

At the top of his lungs, and in the tone of a Drill Sergeant that echoed across South Coronet Heights, Christopher yelled,

"ALRIGHT, BREAK IT UP! BREAK IT UP!" As he pointed his Pistol at the teens, his expression serious.

Then, both sides of the teenagers stood there, shocked, their expressions akin to someone who had just seen a ghost, and all went pale like a deer in headlights as they saw a grown man wielding a pistol at them... It was as if a scene from a movie had just been paused when Christopher made his authoritative presence known.

But then, Christopher would notice that clutched in the hand of one of the Hispanic boys was a pocket knife.

"IT'S THE FIVE-OH, WE GOTTA GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!" Screamed one of the African-American boys, as he and his accomplices picked up their bikes and pedaled as fast as they could.

"SEGURIDAD, ¡CORRE!" Cried out one of the Hispanic teenagers, signaling his side to run toward their bikes and leave.

[Translation: "SECURITY, RUN!"]

Teenagers were scattering on their bikes like cockroaches left and right... But one of them hadn't left...

Standing alone in the parking lot of the plaza, and a bicycle lying a few feet away from him, was the Hispanic teenager armed with a knife, wearing a dark gray hoodie and blue jeans. He had an utter look of fear on his face and was trembling. Christopher could tell that, the kid wanted to run like hell, but couldn't do it. He looked like he was about to cry, piss, and/or defecate his pants.

"HEY, DROP THE KNIFE! DROP THE KNIFE NOW!!!" Christopher bellowed to the Hispanic boy while pointing his pistol at the boy, carefully advancing toward the boy.

"I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU, BUT I WILL IF YOU DON'T PUT DOWN THE KNIFE!!" Christopher commanded.

The teenager with the knife would tremble, slowly raising his hands away from each other, and releasing his right hand's grip on the knife, causing it to fall onto the asphalt of the parking lot. He would slowly put his hands in the air and get on his knees, seemingly resigned to his fate.

Upon seeing the boy be compliant with his orders to drop his weapon, Christopher's expression softened from an angry look to a softer, but stern manner, and lowered his pistol, cautiously walking toward him.

"Thank you for listening to me," Christopher said, in a softer tone that suggested he meant it.

Once he got close enough to the boy, he kneeled, picked up the dropped knife, and put it into his pocket.

"Now, I want you to listen to me very carefully," Christopher says, looking at the boy in the eyes with a serious expression.

The boy feebly and quickly nodded his head.

"You're gonna put your hands behind your back and I'm gonna cuff you up," Christopher said, his voice not full of hatred or malice, but in a calm, neutral manner.

"Do you understand?" The security guard added.

"Y-Yes sir..." The boy said, his voice breaking a bit, nodding as he put his hands behind his back.

Christopher then grabbed a pair of handcuffs from his tactical vest and put the boy's wrists in the cuffs. His grip was strong and firm, but he did not go overboard and be overly aggressive, helping the cuffed boy stand back up and walking him over to the back of the Caprice.

"Get into the car, kid. You're gonna be hanging out in there for a little bit." Christopher says in a calm, neutral tone.

He would open the back door of the sedan and motioned for the boy to hop in, which, the boy does and sits in the back. Christopher would gently close the door of his Caprice and take out his walkie-talkie.

"Dispatch? This is Christopher, I've apprehended an adolescent boy who was armed with a pocket knife in a plaza during a fight, South Coronet Heights. He's currently cuffed in the back of my Caprice, and I'm requesting orders on how to proceed." Christopher radioed, hearing static on the other end.

Then, Christopher would hear the voice of a gruff man on the other end of his walkie-talkie.

"Alright, Christopher. As long as you have the situation under control, wait for backup to arrive before you move the suspect anywhere else. Let us know if anything changes, or if the boy tries anything. We'll send a vehicle to your location to take the juvenile to the nearest station for booking." Dispatch said.

"Roger that, sir," Christopher responded, following orders and putting the walkie-talkie back onto his belt.

Christopher would wait outside, standing next to his unmarked cruiser as he had his head on a swivel, surveying the plaza for any other suspicious activity while waiting for a police car to come. He would take out his phone, and check the time. 3:04 AM.

As Christopher stood outside of his car and waited for the police to come to take the boy in the back seat of his unmarked cruiser to the station, he would close his eyes and take a deep breath. After he exhaled, he would open his eyes, and walk to the rear right door of his car and open it.

There sat the Hispanic teenage boy he had apprehended, handcuffs around his wrists, with a petrified expression on his face, looking down at the floor of the back seat of the vehicle. Chris wondered how the boy got himself into the situation, and why those two groups of teenagers fought in a dark, empty plaza at 3 in the morning. As long as this boy didn't try anything, then he should be all good.

He would look at the boy, with a calm, neutral expression, and speak.

"Calm down, kid. Everything's alright. The police are on the way to take you to the station, and you should go home afterward. But you'll be staying in the back of my car."

"Okay?"

Christopher spoke in a voice that did not have any malice or hatred toward the adolescent. Even though he had a pocket knife, the security guard had been able to confiscate it from the boy after he had surrendered it, so he wouldn't be a danger to himself or others.

Still, with an expression of fear on his face, the boy would nod quickly, understanding the words spoken to him by the man.

The next thing the man would do was gently close the door and keep his head on a swivel. He still had a security job to do, to make sure there was no suspicious activity happening, and to wait for that police cruiser to arrive.

3:10 AM,

About six minutes later, Christopher witnessed a police car pull into the plaza. It was the typical, Black-and-White 4-Door Police Cruiser, and it happened to be the same model car that Christopher was assigned with: A 1992 Chevrolet Caprice, the only difference was, that it was a Marked vehicle.

The police vehicle would stop in front of Christopher's car, and a pair of officers dressed in Black caps and uniforms would step out. One of them was a mustached Caucasian Man in his Late-40s/Early-50s, and the other was a Hispanic man in his Late-20s/Early-30s.

"Good evening, you're the security guard who apprehended a teenager with a pocket knife, who was involved in a fight, correct?" The older officer asked Christopher in a formal tone.

"That's correct, sir," Christopher replied in a polite and respectful tone.

"Alright, was he compliant or did he resist arrest?" The Caucasian officer asked, still in a formal and professional tone.

"The boy was very cooperative to my orders, sir," Christopher responded.

"He dropped his weapon the moment I said so, and he got into the back seat of the car without any trouble," Chris added.

"I've just been waiting for the backup to arrive and take him to the station for booking." Continued Christopher.

"Did he assault anyone with the weapon?" Questioned the older officer.

"No, sir. He didn't assault anyone from what I saw." Christopher answered.

"Do you think it would be safe to move the boy now, sir?"

"I'll handle this. May I have the weapon?" Asked the older officer.

"Here you go, sir. You can take it." Christopher gently handed over the pocket knife the teen boy had dropped.

"As for the boy, I think it should be safe for us to move him now, sir. He was very compliant."

"Thank you." The officer said to Christopher as he took the knife.

The next action the Caucasian officer would perform was, would walk over to the rear left door of Christopher's cruiser, and open the door.

"Alright son, we're taking you to the station." He spoke in a calm tone.

Christopher and the other officer looked toward the back seat to see what would happen next. The former would hope that the boy would continue his compliance and not try to do anything foolish with a security guard and two members of law enforcement around. The teenager would gulp, and anxiously step out of the car.

"Looks like the boy's cooperating, sir," Christopher stated to the older officer.

The Hispanic officer would walk toward his colleague, and he and the senior officer would sternly but gently place their hands on the boys' shoulders and escort him to the back of their police cruiser, opening the door for him and having him sit in the back. The teenager was silent and cooperative and watched as the two officers walked back to Christopher.

"So... What happened out here?" The younger officer asked Christopher.

"So, a bunch of teenagers on bikes rode into the plaza, and a fight broke out between two groups, one was full of African-American boys, the other, Hispanics," Christopher explained to the Hispanic officer.

"The Hispanic boy I apprehended was armed with a pocket knife, and when I made my presence known, everyone fled the plaza, I ordered the boy to drop his weapon, without any hassle or resistance, and then I radioed for backup." Christopher continued.

"Alright man, thanks for the info, we'll be on our way, and good evening." The Hispanic officer politely said to Christopher, nodding his head before entering the police cruiser with his partner and the teenager.

"Good evening, officers," Christopher responded respectfully, watching the police cruiser exit the plaza and into the night.

He sighed a breath of relief, thankful that no one had been seriously injured in the altercation. He pondered on why those teenagers fought, and how the boy would act now. Perhaps was it pure pressure? Maybe one of the groups got on the bad side of the other? There were endless theories.

Christopher sat back down in the driver seat of the Caprice and waited for time to pass. He checked his phone to see that, it was 3:15 AM. He had almost four hours until his shift ended at 7 AM when he would be able to leave, go home, sleep, and spend the rest of his day playing World of Tanks on his PC.

He hoped that nothing intense would happen.

"I hope I don't have to deal with a bunch of teenagers with knives or grown men with guns for the rest of my shift..." Christopher said to himself.

Of course, Murphy's Law always seemed to strike whenever one would make such a statement...

The night air hung heavy over the city as Christopher waited, one of the only sounds being the occasional distant siren, a common sound within South Coronet Heights. Meanwhile...

Across town, a Chevrolet Camaro sliced through the quiet streets. Its sleek frame was painted in the moonlight, with four African-American teenagers inside, their laughter blending with the bass-heavy beats of rap music that echoed through the night.

The car's Supercharged, 6.2-Liter (376.0 Cubic-Inch) V-8 roared through the night. The exact model of the vehicle was a blazing, Red Hot 2023 Chevrolet Camaro ZL1 1LE, a swift and aggressive Mid-Size Fastback with a 2-Door Muscle Car body style.

Its modifications were impossible to ignore: A menacing Carbon Fiber Hood boasting a Performance Scoop, a commanding Carbon Fiber Spoiler perched on the trunk, and eye-catching golden "Donk" rims that glistened under the moon and street lights. Its black license plate, adorned with a gold license plate holder, boldly displayed the distinctive characters: "\$EEZY8\$".

Commanding the driver's seat with confidence, a teenage boy sported a stylish 360 Wave haircut, glasses, a sleek Black Nike hoodie, and khaki pants.

Seated in the front passenger seat was a teenage girl, her hair adorned with stylish dreadlocks, wearing a graphic T-Shirt, and Torn, Blue, denim jeans.

One of the two occupants seated in the backseats of the Camaro, was another teenage girl, with medium-length, black hair. She wore a Band T-shirt under a black Leather Jacket, and similar to the teenage girl who sat in the front passenger seat, she also wore torn, blue, denim jeans.

Perched in the backseats of the Camaro, another teenage girl flaunted her medium-length black hair. She rocked a Band T-shirt beneath a sleek Black Leather Jacket, and Torn, Blue denim jeans completed her rebellious ensemble.

Seated in the backseat of the car alongside the girl donning the Black Leather Jacket was a final teenager, an overweight boy sporting a Duke hairstyle. His glasses framed a face adorned with acne, and wore a dark gray shirt featuring a Nintendo Entertainment System Controller, paired with white sweatpants.

"Yo, you guys feeling the vibe tonight?" The Driver asked his passengers.

"Yes, sir... This playlist is fire!" the Girl with dreadlocks answered.

"Hell yeah, these old school Tupac bangers never finna get old." The Girl donning the Leather Jacket commented, nodding her head.

"Seriously, I think this playlist has a direct line to my soul." The overweight boy said with a smirk.

"Glad y'all are diggin' it, what's our move for tonight?" The Driver replied with a short chuckle.

"Hmmm... Maybe hit up that new coffee spot that's open late?" the Girl with dreadlocks suggested.

"Coffee sounds good, but can we get something with a mountain of whipped cream on top?" Asked the larger boy in the backseat.

"Only if it's big enough to be seen from space." The leather-jacketed girl said with a smirk.

"Alright, coffee adventure it is. But first, let's see if we can break the sound barrier with this bad boy." The Driver said.

The laughter and banter continued as the Camaro cruised through the night, the city lights flickering like stars against the dark sky.

"What are you finna do, Dion?" the leather-jacketed girl asked the driver.

"I'm gonna kick up some smoke with my Camaro, just need to find a big open space, though..." said Dion, the driver of the car.

"Hey, I want to post this on TikTok. Can you hold my phone and record, Karina?" Dion requested, extending his phone from his pocket toward the girl in the front seat.

"Sure thing, Dion! I got you," Karina replied with an enthusiastic grin, reaching out to take the phone.

Dion looked through the window of his car, trying to scour an open space like a parking lot, and his eyes lit up and a smile came across his face when he saw an empty plaza, with little to no cars parked within it.

The plaza he spotted consisted of businesses such as a Chevron gas station, a Dollar Tree, a Little Caesar's, a Rite Aid, a Jamba Juice, a Supercuts, and a Walmart Neighborhood Market.

Dion scanned the surroundings through his car window, searching for an open space like a parking lot. His eyes lit up, and a smile crept across his face when he spotted an empty plaza, devoid of many parked cars. The plaza he had his sights on housed businesses like a Chevron gas station, a Dollar Tree, a Little Caesar's, a Rite Aid, a Jamba Juice, a Supercuts, and a Walmart Neighborhood Market.

"Is that... Is that an undercover?" questioned the girl in the leather jacket from the backseat, a hint of unease in her voice.

Parked outside the Rite Aid was a 1992 Chevrolet Caprice LTZ, a Full-Size Sedan boasting a metallic, jet-black coat of paint that shimmered under the moonlight. The car's appearance was undeniably distinct, featuring black tinted windows concealing its occupants. Additionally, two spotlights were mounted near the rearview mirror, three large antennas adorned the trunk lid, and a push bar graced its front bumper.

"He ain't gonna do shit, Dion. Cops in our city don't do shit." The larger boy in the back remarked with a condescending tone.

"Exactly! Just a little harmless fun for TikTok, Armani!" Karina said to the leather jacket-wearing girl in an encouraging tone.

"Yeah, because they're too busy with donut runs and pullin' over people for no reason to care 'bout us," replied Armani in a sarcastic tone.

The narrative would shift back to Christopher's perspective, who remained seated in the front seat of his unmarked Caprice.

"Oh god, please be joking..." Christopher muttered under his breath.

He couldn't believe his eyes and ears as the modified, attention-grabbing Camaro rolled into the complex. Its V-8 engine rumbled and bass-boosted rap music reverberated through the surroundings.

Christopher's body tensed, and his expression shifted to one of disdain and annoyance, shaking his head disapprovingly. As Christopher scowled at the flashy Camaro, his disapproval lingering in the air, the teens inside the sleek vehicle reveled in their own world of excitement. Unbeknownst to Christopher, their night was just beginning, and the next chapter of their misadventures was about to unfold.

Karina held up Dion's phone as she began to record him.

"What's up, y'all? It's your boy D10nEazyEight and we here in the ghetto finna kick up some smoke and make some noise, let's go!" Dion shouted loudly and proudly.

Dion forcefully planted his left foot on the brake, followed by a swift stomp on the gas pedal, hands gripping the steering wheel with determination. The V-8 engine unleashed a thunderous roar, and the tires screeched in response.

After a few seconds of burning rubber in a fierce display, Dion yanked the steering wheel, initiating a seamless transition into a donut. The sounds of exhilarated laughter echoed from the Red Camaro, and wide grins adorned all four teenagers' faces. Christopher became aware of the sounds of exuberant laughter as the Camaro unleashed burnouts and donuts in the parking lot.

Striving to be fair, Christopher acknowledged that the teens were merely seeking enjoyment, but their disruptive display of loud music and revving engines was undeniably Disturbing the Peace. Despite dwindling patience, he took a deep breath, hoping the teens might wrap up their antics without him needing to issue a warning.

"You ain't gonna do shit, you're authority don't mean shit, and yo car is complete shit!" Karina taunted Christopher's car, causing her friends to laugh.

"Nigga you a pussy! All you're fatass does is sit around, damn fool!" Dion insulted.

"Man, look at this loser, couldn't even make it as a mall cop, huh?" Armani said loudly.

"Yo, how's it feel wastin' you're life and nights sittin' in a parking lot and not gettin' paid jackshit, huh?" The fat teenage boy in the back yelled.

The four teenagers laughed as Dion continued to perform donuts.

Christopher was beginning to get FED UP. But he couldn't do anything as, it wasn't a crime to insult a security guard. His patience for these teenagers was running dryer than the Sahara Desert.

"This is not making my job any easier." Chris sighed in annoyance. He was just doing his job.

Then, a bit of a devious smirk came across Christopher's face, as he had a trump card up his sleeve. He would then turn on his car's lights and sirens, the interior's red and blue lights flashing and siren wailing through the parking lot.

Christopher would then go on the radio of his car and say:

"Alright you little bastards, go do donuts somewhere else, I'm not having your shit tonight."

The thunderous engine and screeching tires of the Camaro abruptly ceased, and the blaring rap music was dialed down. The four teenagers fixed their gaze on the Black Caprice, their previous bravado tempered by the unexpected authority Christopher now wielded.

"Looks like they're starting to get the hint." Chris silently hoped, with a smug grin on his face.

A hush fell over the four teens, their faces contorting into expressions of confusion and frustration. The abrupt interruption had left their egos bruised, their good vibes shattered, and their scowls now directed at the authoritative figure before them.

There was a brief moment of silence, and the car had stopped burning rubber, and its rap music had been toned down. But...

"Boy, who the FUCK do you think you are?!" Karina would yell sassily.

"Man, this dude really thinks he's the boss," Dion muttered to his friends.

"We ain't scared of your little lights and sirens!" Dion shouted with attitude.

"Yeah, go find some real criminals, rent-a-cop! We're just enjoying our night!" The heavy-set boy in the back retorted.

Ever since they had entered the parking lot of the plaza, Karina had been recording the entire altercation on Dion's phone, from the burn-outs to the Black Unmarked Cruiser flashing its lights and sirens, and the voice of the security guard telling them to beat it. Christopher's patience was running thin like a rope about to snap.

"So be it, punks," Christopher said under his breath.

But then, another devious, smug grin came across his face, as he had another trump card up his sleeve.

"All units, this is Christopher. I have four little bitch-ass punks causing a disturbance, in a red and black, Chevrolet Camaro, modified, with a black license plate that reads '\$EEZY8\$'." He said sternly and officially into his megaphone.

"I'm requesting backup, I repeat, requesting backup." He continued to say. His voice sounded stern and authoritative as it boomed through the parking lot. Christopher didn't actually radio any other colleagues, he had only said it through his megaphone to try and scare them off.

Then, the faces of the four teenagers all went pale, as if they had seen a ghost, pissed their pants, and shit their pants on top of that. Their eyes widened, as their egos were crushed. Christopher could see their expressions from his car across the parking lot. Because of his car's tinted windows, they couldn't see him with a smug smirk on his face, but he could see them.

"DRIVE, DRIVE, DRIVE!" The chubby teenager in the back yelled at Dion.

"I can't go to jail! My mama will kill me if she finds out!" Armani cried out fearfully.

Dion would listen, nodding, before flooring the Camaro.

He would zoom past Christopher's cruiser, in an attempt to escape the parking lot. Christopher was sitting in his cruiser, laughing his ass off at the display these teenagers put on. At first, they were all snarky and rude, but when Christopher pretended that other units would be on their way, the four teens all had cold feet and were trying to book it.

But the teenagers wanted to make sure they had the last laugh, especially Karina. Karina, would hold Dion's phone in her left hand, still recording, and grab a Starbucks coffee cup that had been sitting in the cupholder. Gripping the side of the cup, she would yeet it out of the window, toward Christopher's cruiser.

"BITCH!" Karina shouted.

Christopher's laughter was cut short when he saw a coffee cup collide with his windshield and explode, splattering brown fluid everywhere like a frag grenade scattering shrapnel. "WAS ZUM TEUFEL?!" Christopher explained in shock, not expecting his car to get assaulted with a cup of coffee.

[Translation: "WHAT THE HELL?!"]

Christopher sat there stunned, as he watched the Red Camaro speed off down the street, nearly colliding with a motorist in a Purple Minivan (A Deep Amethyst 1997 Plymouth Grand Voyager SE 5-Door Minivan to be exact), and sped off.

With a determined expression on his face, Christopher started the engine of his Caprice, and threw it into drive, flooring it out of the parking lot after the punks.

"Shit! Step on it! We gotta lose this guy!" Panicked Karina.

"My mama's gonna kill me if we end up in jail!" Cried Armani.

"This guy ain't no pushover!" Their chubby friend in the back remarked.

The four teenagers were gripped with fear, their adrenaline surging through their veins.

"All units, this is Christopher. I am in pursuit of a Red and Black, modified Chevrolet Camaro with the license plate \$EEZY8\$. All units in the South Coronet Heights area are encouraged to assist." Christopher said through his radio.

The unmarked Caprice piloted by Christopher was in hot pursuit, its sirens blaring and lights flashing presented an intimidating spectacle, enhanced by its tinted windows and a robust push bar designed for potential vehicular contact.

"Oh, hell no, he better not scratch up my ride!" Dion exclaimed, his eyes widening with concern as he noticed the imposing push bar mounted on the unmarked '92 Caprice, hot on the heels of him and his friends in the rearview mirror.

Parked outside of a Shell gas station in South Coronet Heights, a Black-and-White 2000 Ford Excursion, boldly labeled with "Burlington City Police Department," stood firm. Its white doors showcased the emblem in stark, black letters. Adorned with a robust bullbar, a striking Red-and-Blue light bar, and three towering antennas on the roof, the vehicle emanated authority.

Seated in the driver's position was a commanding African-American man, his Late-30s or Early-40s apparent in his large, muscular frame, topped with a shaved head, neatly framed under a black police cap.

"Christopher, this is Lieutenant Johnson, 10-4," echoed through the radio, the voice emanating from the heavy-duty SUV stationed outside the Shell gas station.

After starting the large vehicle, the 6.8-Liter (415.1 Cubic-Inch) Triton V-10 engine aggressively roared to life, a powerful declaration as the officer initiated the vehicle's departure from the gas station, sirens flashing in preparation for pursuit.

"Thanks, officer." Lieutenant Johnson heard the voice of Christopher on the other end.

Through the dimly lit streets of South Coronet Heights, the modified Chevrolet Camaro, its roaring engine echoing through the night, darted recklessly, swerving between lanes, leaving trails of burnt rubber in its wake. The unmarked '92 Caprice pursued with determination, its sirens wailing, and lights casting flashes of red and blue upon the surrounding buildings. The chase was a chaotic dance, with the Camaro blazing through intersections, disregarding red lights, and narrowly avoiding collisions with other vehicles.

Tires screeched, engines roared, and the city streets became the battleground for this high-stakes pursuit. Dion skillfully maneuvered the Camaro, taking tight turns, racing through narrow alleys, and pushing the limits of the muscle car's performance. The Caprice, driven by Christopher, expertly followed, its powerful engine growling as it maintained the pursuit. As they sped through the urban landscape, the chase became a heart-pounding spectacle.

Pedestrians scattered, bystanders stared in disbelief, and the city's heartbeat quickened with the adrenaline of the pursuit. The cacophony of sirens, engines, and the occasional honking horn filled the air, creating a symphony of chaos. The chase continued a dance of speed and skill, each turn and intersection intensifying the adrenaline-fueled pursuit through the darkened streets of South Coronet Heights.

"Not on my watch, you don't..." Christopher coldly said under his breath, directed at the fleeing teens.

"With every move you make, I'm right behind you," Christopher added, a determined glint in his eyes as he maintained the pursuit.

Though there was no way the '92 Chevrolet Caprice Christopher piloted would be able to endure a prolonged pursuit, it still put up a good fight in attempting to stop a modern Muscle Car, with its 5.7-Liter (350 Cubic-Inch) V-8 squeezing out all of its 205 Horses, doing it's best, a David against the Goliath of the streets.

"He's gainin' on us! He's gainin' on us!" Armani panicked.

"You'll never take Dion Eazy Eight aliiiiive!" Dion shouted defiantly over the revving engine and blaring sirens.

Then, Dion's confidence was shattered as his smile was wiped clean off of his face like a Clorox wet wipe, when he saw a large, hulking, 2000 Ford Excursion painted in a BCPD livery and sirens flashing and blaring come out from around the corner, like a jump scare from a horror movie. Lieutenant Johnson maneuvered the vehicle in a manner to block the road. His friends' faces also matched his horror when he realized there was no easy escape.

Lieutenant Johnson swung open the driver-side door of his Ford, and stepped out, raising his pistol toward the Camaro. His full stature was revealed. He stood at over 6 feet tall and was a giant, towering hulk of man, ready to hail his authority at the rowdy teens. Lieutenant Johnson embodied the essence of "someone you wouldn't want to run into at night," yet reassuringly, he stood on the side of the law.

Dion slammed on the brakes, not wishing to slam his precious, polished Camaro into the side of a massive police vehicle.

"ALRIGHT KIDS, CUT THE ENGINE AND PUT YOUR KEYS ON THE ROOF!"

Lieutenant Johnson's voice thundered through the neighborhood, his gun aimed at Dion. Dion contemplated reversing, planting his hand onto the shift stick, but any escape plan was thwarted when Christopher executed a small drift from behind then, closing off the road behind Dion and boxing him and his friends. For the four teenagers, it was like getting Busted by the cops in Grand Theft Auto, only in real life.

Christopher would gallantly spring out of his car, and pull out the Luger P08 Semi-Automatic Pistol from his holster and point it at the Camaro. With an eccentric, somewhat goofy smile that broke the serious manner of all security guards, he shouted:

"Ich bin gekommen, um zu helfen!"

[Translation: I came to help!"]

The sudden change in Christopher's demeanor, coupled with his enthusiastic shout in German, caught everyone off guard. The teenagers stared at him, bewildered, their expressions oscillating between confusion and fear. Lieutenant Johnson, who had been approaching with authority, paused for a moment, exchanging a perplexed glance with Christopher.

The four teenagers inside the Camaro had confused looks on their faces, not understanding a lick of German.

"Is he for real?" Dion muttered to his friends.

"I... I have no idea..." Armani responded in an uncertain tone with wide eyes.

Then, the serious expressions of authority returned to both Christopher and Lieutenant Johnson's faces.

"Don't try anything stupid, kids. Out the car, keys on the roof, and hands in the air." Lieutenant Johnson said sternly.

"You heard the man." Christopher reinforced in an authoritative tone.

Both the men had their guns drawn on the teenagers. Of course, they didn't want to have to shoot anyone, but if the teens decided to do anything stupid or dangerous, it would only take one squeeze of a trigger to injure or eliminate one of them. The four teenagers in the car would look at each other quickly, hoping at least one of them had an idea. But, with defeated expressions, they would reluctantly step out of the car and follow the orders of the police officer.

Dion placed his car keys on the roof of his Camaro, and raised his hands in the air, his friends following his actions.

"Alright, I need each of your names for the record." Lieutenant Johnson ordered sternly from the teenagers, before taking out his pen and notepad.

The teenagers collectively groaned in dismay, while in contrast, Christopher wore a satisfied smile. It seemed that the consequences of their actions were finally catching up with them.

"Dion Eazly."

"Karina Harris."

"Armani Evans."

"Anthony Coleman."

The four teenagers answered unenthusiastically and reluctantly, some even rolling their eyes as they provided their names.

"How old are you?" Asked the Officer.

"We're all 17." Anthony, the fat teenage boy, answered.

"So, which one of you geniuses were behind the wheel?" Asked Johnson.

"I was sir," Dion spoke up.

"Are you the owner of this vehicle?" Asked Lieutenant Johnson.

"Well, technically, it's my car, but my mom pays for it," answered Dion.

Lieutenant Johnson continued his questioning of all four teenagers but had a stern gaze fixed on Dion.

"Young man, do you understand the gravity of your reckless driving? You not only endangered yourselves but also posed a serious threat to others on the road."

"It was just some fun, Officer. We didn't mean no harm." Dion said, trying to play it off as if reckless driving was just an everyday thing.

"Fun that could have ended in tragedy. You're lucky it didn't."

"Now, I need your license, registration, and your parents' phone number. And don't even think about lying to me, boy," Lieutenant Johnson said sternly.

"Sir, that young lady also threw a cup of coffee at my vehicle," Christopher interjected as he pointed at Karina.

Karina, displaying her arrogance, clicked her tongue and shot Christopher a dirty look. "Oh my god, bruh..." Karina muttered in annoyance.

"You threw a cup of coffee at this security guard's car?" Johnson asked, raising an eyebrow at Karina.

"Yeah, it was just a coffee cup," Karina replied dismissively.

Lieutenant Johnson, with a stern expression, addressed Karina,

"Young lady, your little coffee stunt qualifies as vandalism. You'll be receiving a fine of \$250 for that."

The four teenagers, Dion, Karina, Armani, and Anthony, exchanged wide-eyed glances, realizing that their arrogant actions were met with real consequences.

"But that is nothing compared to Dion's offenses."

"Dion, you are charged with Disturbing the Peace, Reckless Driving, Disobeying Traffic Laws, and Evading Law Enforcement. Combined, that's about a \$2,500 fine."

Dion's eyes would bulge out of his sockets and his jaw dropped. His friends would look equally as shocked.

"2,500?! Are you serious, officer?!" He asked, flabbergasted.

"Serious as a heart attack, young man. Maybe next time, think twice before turning the streets into a racetrack," Lieutenant Johnson replied, his demeanor still serious and stern.

"Now, what about you two? What were you up to in the backseat?" Lieutenant Johnson questioned Anthony and Armani, his gaze shifting to the two remaining teenagers.

"They didn't do nothin', they were just chillin' in the back," Karina said, defending her two friends.

"Yeah, they were just taggin' along." Dion also said.

Dion and Karina were telling the truth. The only thing Anthony and Armani did was shout insults, which wasn't a crime.

Lieutenant Johnson nodded, acknowledging their statements.

"Alright then, you two just stay out of trouble. Now, the rest of you, follow me. We're going to wait for backup to arrive and sort this mess out."

Dion sighed in frustration, Karina expressed irritation with a roll of her eyes, while Anthony and Armani breathed sighs of relief, seemingly glad to have escaped further trouble, and gotten off with just a mere warning.

"Thanks, Lieutenant Johnson, Good evening, and I'll be on my merry way, now," Christopher said with a smile.

"Alright Chris, you have a good rest of your shift, I'll take care of the paperwork." Lieutenant Johnson replied, reciprocating a smile.

Christopher would get back in his cruiser, and return to the Rite Aid he had been stationed at. He would check his phone, and see it was 4:20 AM.

Christopher's mood lifted, satisfaction lingering from the consequences dealt to the rowdy teens for their arrogance and disobedience. His remaining shift until 7:00 AM seemed more bearable now. The anticipation of heading home for some much-needed rest, followed by the prospect of diving into his favorite online game, World of Tanks, brought a sense of solace.

About an hour later...

It was an early Saturday morning in a residential area within the neighborhood of South Coronet Heights in Burlington City. The sun was barely rising over the horizon, and the streets were still filled with empty cars and silent houses. No one was blasting music over boomboxes, doing burnouts in their cars, or even firing guns. South Coronet was surprisingly tranquil and peaceful.

One home, a Two-Story House with a Three-Car driveway was located on Shaggington Avenue, a street within the hood. The home's address was 6911, Shaggington Avenue. The Two-Story house had three cars parked in its driveway: A Red 1984 Chevrolet Camaro Z28 3-Door Liftback Muscle Car, A Bright Red 1984 Chevrolet Corvette Z51 3-Door Sports Hatchback GT Coupe, and a Bright Red 1984 Chevrolet Monte Carlo SS 2-Door GT Notchback Muscle Car.

The Three Red Chevrolets were not in the best condition, as their paint jobs were faded and rusted, and it didn't help that their body panels and windshields were peppered with bullet holes. Each car possessed license plates that could be considered vulgar and inappropriate. The license plate of the '84 Camaro Z28 read "CYABTCH" (See Ya Bitch), The plate of the '84 Vette Z51 read "GOTWATZ" (Got Twatz), and the plate of the '84 Monte Carlo SS read "ILUVXXX" (I Love XXX).

Crudely spray-painted on the garage door of the home was the phrase: "NO SIMPS, FURRIES, OR CUCKS ALLØW3D" which possibly signified that the resident of the home was a jokester, or had an aversion to all/most groups listed, or both. Spray-painted below the blacklist of certain people who weren't welcome on the property, was also another crudely-spray painted phrase that consisted of two words: "CHICKZ ALLOWED :D".

Installed on the garage door was a blue, octagonal sign similar in shape to a stop sign. The sign had a message presented in large, bold, white letters: "WARNING PROTECTED BY 2ND AMENDMENT SECURITY", with an illustration of a pistol.

Proudly displayed on the sides of the garage were two flags: A flag of the United States of America, and a flag of the Republic of Ireland, which slightly waved with each short breeze of wind that blew by. Painted under the Irish flag was a spray-painted, 4-Leafed Clover, which compared to the crude and mildly offensive blacklist and words that signified women were allowed on the property, the 4-Leafed Clover appeared to have taken time and effort.

On the front lawn of the home was a barbecue grill, a few metal folding chairs, and some empty beer bottles lying on the grass.

The living room of the house was filled with mostly old, dated, and worn-out furniture. A few notable pieces were its brown leather couch, the wooden TV table placed in front of it, along with a wooden TV stand. In contrast to the older, more antiquated furniture, two more modern electronics were placed on top of the TV stand. A colossal, 85-Inch flatscreen flatscreen TV, and the latest PlayStation 5 console.

Mounted on the wall behind the couch, was a maple wood bottle cap holder, in the shape of the United States of America, with beer and soda bottle caps from different brands neatly placed in each slot, and positioned above the bottle cap holder, was a large, red, San Francisco 49ERS banner, held onto the wall with thumbtacks.

Lying on top of the wooden table in front of the couch were a few empty glass bottles of beer. However, among those beers, were a pair of deadly weapons right alongside them. The weapons were an Italian-made, Beretta DT11 Double Barrel Shotgun, and a Colt M1911A1 Semi-Automatic Pistol chambered for .45 ACP Ammunition, with a 5.03-Inch Barrel, and an Extended, 16-Round magazine. Also placed on the table near the firearms were a collection of thirteen cartridges, six of them being 12-Gauge Shotgun Shells, and seven being .45 ACP rounds.

It seemed as if these dangerous weapons were just casually sitting out in the open.

Sleeping on the brown couch, was a blonde-haired Caucasian man in his Mid-20s.

The man was none other than Chase, sleeping with his mouth hung wide open, snoring loudly while muttering in his slumber. He wore a white tank top over an armored, bulletproof vest, a pair of blue jeans, and Red Nike shoes. Cradled in his arms, was a third firearm in the living room: A Sawed-Off, Winchester Model 1897 12-Gauge, Pump-Action Shotgun.

"Goddamn Bri'ish..." Chase muttered in a slurred voice while still asleep.

"Tryna take all our land and rights..."

"No taxation without representation..." The sleeping drunk murmured.

"We threw all you're shitty tea into the damn ocean in Boston..."

"We kicked all of ye sorry asses at 'ol Lexington and Concord..."

While off in dreamland, Chase found himself in the past, imagining himself as one of the American Colonial Soldiers during the Revolutionary War. In his possession was his trusty 1728 Flintlock Infantry Musket, and he was surrounded by his fellow Colonial soldiers. Together they were all taking on the British red coats, who were armed with their weapons, to fight them off. It was quite a dream, but an exciting and interesting one for Chase nonetheless.

Chase's dream took him to a first-person view. Where he and his fellow Americans found themselves in the thick of the battle against the British soldiers in the fields of Lexington, Massachusetts. After reloading his trusty musket, he spotted a red coat crystal clear in his vision, who had his musket pointed at him. Chase aimed and prepared to fire, but his vision began to blur and become fuzzy.

The battlefield in Lexington, Massachusetts would begin to fade away and turn into the living room of his house.

His dream of being an American patriot during the Revolutionary War had ended, and he noticed the morning sun slowly peaking through the blinds of his window. The man would set aside his Sawed-Off Shotgun, placing it on top of the table next to his Beretta DT11 and M1911A1. He would then pat himself down, releasing a sigh of relief as he was glad to know he hadn't been murdered in his sleep, thanking the bulletproof vest he wore to sleep.

"Phew, I didn't get shot..." He said to himself in a slurred voice.

Chase would stretch his arms yawn, and sat up from his couch. He was still feeling a little buzzed from all of the beer he had drank last night, noticing the bottles of empty beer on his table.

"Heh, at least I didn't wake up with a hangover this ti-" but before Chase could finish his sentence, he felt his cheeks swell up, and his eyes and expression could be translated to "Oh shit."

Chase quickly stood up, and ran to the nearest bathroom in his home, swinging open and slamming the door, before letting it out all into the porcelain throne, before flushing the toilet. Afterward, he would walk upstairs to one of the other bathrooms of his home, brush his teeth, and gargle some mouthwash.

Chase would then look at this reflection in the mirror. He would place his right index finger and thumb on his chin, and his eyes would go cross-eyed in a comical manner. Using his free left hand, he would reach into his pants and scratch his ass while he pondered.

"What should I do today?" He rhetorically asked his reflection.

Chase would walk outside the bathroom and into his bedroom, and open the blinds of the window that faced his front yard. He would take in the view of his front yard, driveway, and neighborhood.

Chase looked upon his driveway and saw the three, 1980s Chevrolets parked before him. Their rusty and faded, red exteriors made them look like they'd been through war and all kinds of weather, but despite their rough conditions, Chase couldn't help but feel a sense of pride. To him, his beloved Red Chevrolets were like children, even if they were worn-out, inanimate objects, they were still his own.

Seeing these cars made the man feel at home, and the fond smile he wore on his face was one that you'd see a father have while admiring his children as they played outside.

Chase would whip out his phone from his pocket and check the time. It was 5:39 AM. "Hmmm... What can I do at 5 in the morning?" He asked himself, his eyes going cross-eyed once again in a goofy manner, and placing his right index finger and thumb on his chin.

As the man pondered his options, the distant bass-boosted beats of rap music and the unmistakable growl of a powerful V-8 engine reached his ears, emanating from the direction of Shaggington Avenue.

"Who could that be?" Chase mused, a curious expression crossing his face as he looked out of his bedroom window.

Barreling down Shaggington Avenue, a distinctive figure made its presence known: A vibrant, Red Hot 2023 Chevrolet Camaro ZL1 1LE, radiating an audacious charm. This sleek machine boasted modifications, including a Carbon Fiber Hood with a Performance Scoop, a Carbon Fiber Spoiler adorning its trunk, and eye-catching, oversized "Donk" rims in gleaming gold. The vehicle proudly showcased a black license plate with golden letters, residing in an equally flashy golden plate holder. The characters "\$EEZY8\$" adorned the license plate, leaving an indelible mark on the neighborhood's morning calm.

Riding in the Camaro, were Dion, Karina, Armani, and Anthony. They had gotten off easy, just after paying a few fines.

"You know, that dumbass thought he could put us in our place, thinkin' he got the last laugh. NOPE, we STILL rollin'." Karina boasted with sass.

"Yeah, it's just like I told you, the cops in Burlington don't do shit," Anthony remarked.

"Hey Armani, you got my phone right? We're going to go egg some poor fool's crib." Dion asked Armani.

"Yeah, just tell me when to record," Armani said as she held Dion's phone from the backseat.

Lying on Karina's lap were three, twelve-pack cartons of eggs.

The four teenagers couldn't help but laugh and snicker, eager to vandalize some poor homeowner's residence.

"Which house?" Karina asked, turning to face Dion.

"That one." Dion said with a devious grin, pointing to a two-story house with the number "6911" on it, and three red, beater, Chevrolet cars parked in the driveway.

Chase would notice the Red Camaro drive down the road. An excited smile would come across his face.

"Is that? No way, it's a ZL1!" He excitedly said to himself.

If it wasn't obvious based on the Three red Chevrolets parked in his driveway, he was a diehard Chevy fan. The carbon fiber hood and spoiler, its red coat of paint, the sound of its V-8... But Chase's smile would fade into a disgusted scowl as he saw the rim choice of the vehicle, which were golden "donk" rims.

"What sick bastard would put donk rims on a frickin' Camaro?" Chase muttered, shaking his head in disapproval.

Little did the man know, he was in for a surprise.

"Armani, you got the camera, ready?" Asked Dion.

"Yes sir..." Armani replied, trying to hold in her laughter.

Then, Karina would open up one of the egg cartons, and hold out an egg in her palm.

"Karina, you ready?" Dion asked with an eager smile.

"Hell yeah, I am..." She said, with the same eager smile as Dion.

Dion would release his foot from the gas and would stop the car right in front of House number 6911.

Before Chase walked away from his window, he was confused, raising his eyebrow when he saw that Red, modified '23 Camaro ZL1 stop in front of his house.

"Bombs away!" Karina cheered, hurling an egg at Chase's property.

Laughter erupted from the group as the egg splattered against the garage door. Its yolk and whites slowly trickled down, leaving a sticky mess with bits of shell clinging to the surface.

"HEY, WHAT THE FUCK?!?" Chase boomed, in total shock.

Upon hearing Chase's surprised reaction, the four teens would laugh harder, and the best part for them was that they were recording it all.

"YEET!" Karina yelled with sass, tossing a second egg which happened to splatter against the 2nd Amendment sign placed on the garage door of Chase's residence.

Chase's initial shock would turn into anger.

"ALRIGHT YOU LITTLE SHITS!"

Once again, hearing his reaction caused the teens to erupt into laughter again.

"Oh, he mad, he mad!" Armani said from the back seat of the Camaro, still recording it all on Dion's phone.

"YEET!" Karina shouted, tossing a third egg, which splattered against the windshield of one of Chase's cars, the '84 Monte Carlo SS.

Chase would walk away from the window, quickly storming downstairs to go retrieve something that would get these punk teens to go away.

"Here goes number four!" Karina cheered, tossing a fourth egg from Dion's Camaro.

The fourth egg Karina threw shattered against one of the windows of Chase's home.

"Come on, faster Karina, faster!" Anthony encouraged.

Karina would quickly throw two more eggs, one hitting the driveway, and one hitting Chase's '84 Corvette Z51.

As soon as Karina would grab a seventh egg, and look back up at the house...

The laughter of the four would then turn into gasps of horror, their smiles wiped off their faces and eyes widening, when they saw the man come back and stand at his window again.

"YOU WANNA FUCK WITH ME?!?" Chase barked in a commanding tone, his voice echoing through the neighborhood.

This time, Chase was now armed with his Beretta DT11 Double Barrel Shotgun, aimed at Karina's head.

"DION, GET US THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!!" Armani shrieked.

"OH, HELL NO, THIS NIGGA'S STRAPPED!" Dion cried out, stomping on the gas pedal.

The Camaro's tires screeched, and the engine roared as Dion and his friends fled from the scene, trying to avoid the consequences.

Karina would throw the egg in her hand at Chase's home once again, which smacked against the man's mailbox.

"You don't get away that easy, you little shits..." Chase said in a cold voice.

He would slam his window shut, causing a resonating thud, and march downstairs, shotgun in hand.

"Those fuckin' twats..." He muttered, walking to his living room and picking up the Colt M1911A1 Semi-Automatic Pistol that lay on top of his living room table, and shoving it in the holster of his bulletproof vest.

Fueled by anger, he would snatch the keys for one of his cars off of the key rack that hung by the front door, unlock the front door, march outside, and aggressively slam it. He would get into his beater, Red 1984 Chevrolet Camaro Z28 3-Door Liftback Muscle Car, the only vehicle that hadn't been vandalized.

Chase would tuck his shotgun under the glove box, start his car, and fling it into drive. The 5.0-Liter (305.2 Cubic-Inch), Small-Block V-8 rumbled to life after Chase had inserted his key and twisted it within the ignition. He had a cold expression on his face, one that suggested he didn't care about eliminating one, or all four of the punks who vandalized his property with a shotgun blast.

He accelerated his car out of the driveway, executing a controlled drift that made his tires squeal under the swift maneuver, racing after the Red Camaro. Chase and Dion shared the same car model, both driving Red, Chevrolet Camaros. The only distinction was the generation: Chase's was a vintage Third Generation model from 1984, while Dion's was a modern Sixth Generation version from 2023.

Even though the Camaro Z28 was about four decades older than Dion's Camaro ZL1, Chase was confident that he could sustain a prolonged pursuit, as the 190 Horses in his car's Small-Block could propel it to a top speed of 142 Miles Per Hour.

"He's on our tail! He's on our tail!" Armani cried out.

"He ain't gon' get us, his car's a pile of shit!" Dion tried to reassure his friend, Armani. Dion drove recklessly down Shaggington Avenue, running over curbs and nearly crashing into cars parked on the side of the road.

Chase, took note of the driving skills of the driver of the modern Camaro, and decided to voice his opinion.

"YOU DRIVE LIKE A BITCH!" Chase insulted.

Dion, with his ego bruised, with angry eyes framed in his glasses, turned his head to face Chase and yelled out:

"Fuck you, man!", and giving Chase the middle finger before turning his attention back to the road.

"Karina, keep throwing eggs at him, maybe it'll get him to fuck off!" Dion suggested.

Karina looked hesitant. It was fun throwing eggs at the man's house a moment ago, but after learning this man had a shotgun and was willing to hunt them down with his car, it wasn't so much fun anymore.

The two Camaros were heading towards an intersection, and their light had turned red. Making its way across the adjacent road of the intersection was a bus.

The bus in question was a 40-Foot-Long, 1967 GM TDH 5303 "New Look" Transit Bus. It featured a Tri-Color White, Blue, and Silver paint scheme, with "Burlington City Intercity Bus Lines" lettered in black on its sides. The numberboard displayed "33 Downtown Via Freeway," and bold black letters on its roof indicated the number "2525."

[Author's Note: This bus is a reference to something, but I'm not too sure if people will get it ;)]

At the helm of Bus 2525 sat an Anthropomorphic Doberman aged in his Mid-40s, skillfully navigating the vehicle through the bustling city streets. Clad in a light blue bus driver uniform that complemented his stocky build, the tired Doberman wore a grumpy expression, complete with noticeable bags under his eyes. Eager to wrap up his shift and head home, he maneuvered the bus with a sense of seasoned expertise.

"Come on man, I don't wanna be killed by a white man with a shotgun, step on it!" Anthony panicked.

Much like the previous encounter with a certain security guard and an intimidating police officer just an hour ago, a surge of adrenaline and fear pulsed through the bodies of the four teenagers, now desperate to evade someone unwilling to be a mere victim of their shenanigans.

Witnessing the two speeding red Camaros, the Doberman bus driver of Bus 2525 would suddenly jolt up, his eyes widening with concern and a worried expression etching onto his face as they rapidly approached the intersection.

Karina's eyes widened as she looked to the left, spotting the oncoming Bus 2525.

"DION, LOOK OUT!" she cried out in alarm.

[End of Part I]