

## Football 102

### Chapter 102 Enough Is Enough

[Coach Garret Pov]

"Wtf are these brats doing?" I said to myself as I watched yet another one of my players attempt a rabona during the shooting drill.

Shit just nothing is going right today first that B\*\*ch dumped me after finding out that I didn't get a job offer and now these brats are messing around. I know they are just kids but that's no excuse to mess about during training. Do they not understand how lucky they are to be able to play this game? Yet these brats have been messing about since the start of training.

"You good Garret?" Oliver asked me with a concerned look on his face after having seemingly overheard my words. Dammit, I hate it when people try to act nice when they don't really want to hear your problems.

"I'm good just annoyed," Is all I said to him quickly walking away from him before he could ask me another stupid question. (sigh) I need to calm down before I end up punching somebody.

'Just breathe Garret breath, You didn't go through all those anger management classes for nothing,' I mumble inwardly in an attempt to calm myself holding onto the last tether of my sanity. I don't know how I managed to make it through the day but I've made it this far.

"F\*\*k," I cursed under my breath after watching arguably my best player send the ball flying sky-high past the bar as he attempted a shout with his out-step. Watching someone with so much raw talent for the game mess about during training is making me even more angry.

I know I was like that when I was young too but never messed about during training just because I won a measly two games. Damnit If I had just stayed home instead of going out with that sl\*t I wouldn't have gotten injured in the first place. I could have been living the dream but I let my lust convince me to go to that party.

What a fool I am getting into a fight over that b\*\*ch only to get injured and end my dreams. What was all that hard work for? Why did I even bother fighting for that woman if she is just going to dump me when it gets hard? (sigh) Let's just get this session over with so I can go and get a drink. I'm still gonna give those brats a piece of my mind to vent some of my anger.

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"what do you want?" I angrily asked the person on the other end of the phone. That b\*\*ch dares to call me after the shit she pulled in the morning as if I'm going to just stand here and listen to her gloat.

However, I received no answer to my question as the other end of the phone had some light static as if the phone was being moved quickly. Already annoyed at the fact that she called in the first place I was ready to just hang up. That's when I heard a familiar voice ring out through the phone. It wasn't hers since I could clearly tell that it was male.

"So did you finally break up with that useless boy toy of yours," I heard the male voice say sounding quite husky as if he was trying to seduce Whom I assume is Molly.

"Yeah baby, I had to let him go just isn't fun playing with a useless toy," Sure enough I heard Molly's voice respond to the man's sounding just as seductive as he is.

The rage within my body practically spiked up at this moment as the pent-up frustration was threatening to burst any moment. Holding onto the last strands of sanity and composure I continued to listen wanting to find out just how much of a B\*\*ch my ex is.

Not knowing why I wanted to listen in the first place but something within me was keeping the phone glued to my ear. The me right now would probably chalk it up to a fool's curiosity. However, future me will probably blame that same curiosity for breaking something precious within me, my ability to trust.

"Is that so? Guess we won't have to sneak around anymore," I heard the man say in a cheeky tone as he seemingly planted a kiss on Molly judging by the sounds.

"(ohh) your right Mark, but those past four months sure have been exciting," Molly's pleasure-filled voice rang again in my ear as she clearly admitted to cheering on me for the past few months. Subconsciously clenching my hand that was holding onto the phone my eyes were fully bloodshot now.

Quite surprisingly the phone didn't break but then again Nokia is known for its sturdy phones. Ignoring my emotion continued to listen to the happenings on the other side of the phone. Rugged breathing started to resound through the speakers as Molly's moans sang like a melody.

The melody was not sweet though, actually, it was rather cruel as it continued to stab daggers into my heart. Hearing someone who was mine just a few hours ago exclaim with ecstasy and lust for another man twisted up my already messy emotion. Just thinking about how she has been laying bare her lewd expressions for him to gaze upon throughout the past four months only made it worse.

"(Smack) Tell me how does mine compare to that trash," I heard him exclaim loudly as he slapped what I assume is her ass. At this moment I was ready to hang up not wanting to listen to them humiliate me any further.

"Your's baby it's so much bigger," However before I could bring myself to remove the phone from my ear, her lust-crazed voice reverberated. Shortly after a wet swoosh sound could be heard as a constant clapping sound resounded.

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Snapping out of my momentary daze I angrily threw my phone to the ground. Seeing that the grass absorbed the impact I started stomping my right foot on top of it. The spikes of my cleats promptly pierced into the machine but that didn't satisfy me as I continued for a while.

Still not satisfied by the time phone was in shambles I spotted the kids in the park finishing off training. Deciding to vent some of my frustration to them I called them to gather in front of me. Since everyone feels like they can just shit on me today Im gonna do the same to these brats. Better for them to learn early what this world is really like.

"Did you guys have fun today?" I asked them with a slight smirk after they gathered around me. Most of the little runts even had the audacity to exclaim in agreement, making my desire to ruin their parade even further.

Just keep laughing it will be all the better once I wipe that smirk off your face. After all, am just doing a good coach's job at keeping my players humble so no one can really fault me. In the end, it doesn't

matter I'm the boss here and they will take a scolding if I want them to receive one. The power is with me and all they can do is obey my words whether they like it or not. I'm the one in control and no one is going to take that away from me no matter what!

"I must admit that you have been in great form for the first two games of the season, I myself am impressed by how fast you are improving each day," I told them again as my malicious smirk continued to intensify as I praised the further. Setting them up on a pedal stool before kicking them off of it will be quite fun. Just looking at some of these kids who are puffing up their chests as if they actually have talent is amusing.

"However, I'm really disappointed in what I've seen today, you are too busy celebrating winning two meaningless matches instead of taking your training seriously." I quickly told them in a condescending tone matching the one from Molly earlier as I watched their bliss-filled expression morph in a matter of instances.

"Coach we were just having fun and still give the same amount of effort as usual," Just as I was about to continue to further bash their self-esteem, a little brat had the audacity to interrupt me.

Not even bothering with what he said I made my mind up that I wasn't going to play him for a good long while. After all, there has to be a price to be paid for interrupting otherwise where would all my authority go? The fact that some of the other little brats were agreeing with him only served to enrage me further.

"Good, Good, since you are brave enough to interrupt me then you can sit on the bench for a while," I told him as I narrowed my eyes on the kid daring him to test me and say another word. Just like I expected he chickened out and took a step backwards in fright.

Delighted at his reaction I relished in the stunned silence around me as the brats stared at me with disbelief and horror in their eyes. Finally feeling like I was receiving the respect I deserve I decided to continue with my efforts to educate them. However just As I was about to do that a boy I know all too well steppe in front of the kid I had just reprimanded and spoke up.

Not sure what exactly he said to me but just seeing him and remembering that he was one of the front runners who were fooling around I snapped. Thinking about the fact that he actually has talent and was spending all of the training fooling around enraged me even further.

Before I knew it I picked up one of the balls with my hand and launched it at his face. He was just turned to the boy from earlier making it a perfect hit to the cheek. hearing the crip impact of the ball on his face made joy paper within me but the very next second despair gripped me.

'What the hell did I just do? To a primary school kid no less,' Multiple ways of how the school would punish me for this blunder started to flash in my mind. Just thinking about how I might lose my job, I felt the last sliver of my sanity slowly slip. Before I could even think of what to do I felt the other two coaches grappling me from my side finally pushing me over the edge.

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[Mc Pov]

"Son, are you okay? Your mom told me what happened," Dad asked as soon as he entered the house a worried look grazing his facial expression. I could only send him a wry smile as I had just gotten done calming down Mom's anger.

We had made it back to the house a while back after the whole coach fiasco escalated. Mom had rushed to the pitch after she noticed the crowd gathering there. She was quite worried about the escalating troubles but promptly became furious when Emma filled her in.

The whole time when Emma was recounting the happenings I could only silently admonish her for pouring oil onto the flames. When she found out that the coach launched a ball against my face she was at first worried that I was hurt. However, after reassuring her she promptly channelled her anger to the coach joining the other angry parents.

Coach Garret seemed to have lost it completely though as he shouted back at the angry parents giving back just as much as he got. If not for the fact that he was being held back by the other two trainers he might have started brawling with them. It wasn't until ten minutes later that the school's security team came and took him away giving us a bit of peace.

The Dean himself came to the grounds upon hearing of the matter which only served to further complicate the matter. Although the happenings were pretty clear we were still interviewed by the old man as he apologised to us. Honestly, I felt quite sorry for the man as he was going to be the one to catch the heat for the coach going crazy.

The sad thing is the fact that the man loves the game of football if am to believe what my uncle said. So it must be pretty hard to have to deal with someone in his very own school program. I bet the fact that there seemingly wasn't a reasonable enough trigger, to begin with, must anger him even further.

"Im fine dad, the whole thing was just so random," I answered him whilst I threw my phone to the other end of the couch. All my teammates were talking about the same thing in the group chat and I was getting fed up talking about it.

Dad accepted my response probably realising that Mom had made enough of a fuss for the both of them. I was honestly grateful since them trying to check on me feels more like I'm the one consoling them. It's not that I don't appreciate the love and care they show me god only knows how much I love this feeling. But watching them get all worked up for something that in hindsight wasn't such a big deal makes me feel a little awkward.