

Football 112

Chapter 112 Family Time

"I knew you couldn't sleep in," Emma's voice sounded from the entrance of the gym capturing my attention. Slumping down on the floor from the handstand that I had been doing for the past minute I made eye contact with her.

"Yeah, I tried my best I really did sis," I told her with an apologetic smile before being tackled by Zeus. He didn't seem to mind the fact that we were having a conversation and started to lick my face with enthusiasm.

"Are you done? I was thinking we could make breakfast for Mom and Dad," she asked me, but I could tell that I really had no choice but to help her. I don't mind it though since I'm already done with my morning yoga routine.

"Yeah, I will just get a quick shower and you can start preparing in the meantime," I told her as made my way over to her side. Happy at hearing my affirmative answer she quickly shooed me to my room so I could get a shower whilst also dragging Zeus to the kitchen.

Then again, I don't think he minded much as soon as Emma mentioned his favourite treats. Not minding the two of them I made my way up the stairs only to be met with Mom's sleepy face exiting her room. She must have just woken up judging by the fact she's still wearing her blue PJs. That's not even to mention the fact that her bed hair was acting up a little bit.

"Morning sweetie couldn't sleep huh?" She asked me in a slightly tired voice doing her best to stay awake. Looks like she hasn't been getting much sleep throughout the week. Which is probably true by how much effort she puts into taking care of us and taking care of her clients at the gym.

"Yeah, but I only did my stretch routine don't worry," I answered her before she could complain about me not listening to her instructions.

"I should have expected it don't know why I didn't," she said sounding slightly annoyed at herself. Usually, she would have been up long ago but coupled with all the extra stress this week must have caught up to her.

"You should go back to sleep Emma, and I will make breakfast, so you are not allowed to go downstairs until we are done." I quickly told her stepping in front of her before she could walk past me. She didn't seem to put much trust in my words as we heard what sounded like pots falling to the ground.

"Maybe I should just check to see she is okay," She tried to interject but I had none of it as I manoeuvred her back into her room. I received a confused look from Dad who was sitting up on the bed looking through his laptop. He had a couple of important-looking documents scattered on the bed with a bunch of coloured tags.

"She needs to relax don't let her leave the bed until Emma and I come back," I told him with a serious expression on my face and immediately exited the room. Not giving him a chance to question my actions I scrambled to mine and Emma's bathroom hopping into the shower.

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"You're finally here," Emma called out to me once I made my way into the kitchen only to be met with quite the peculiar sight. Looking at what looks like a battlefield instead of a kitchen I knew we were in trouble.

Bits of flower could be seen everywhere with eggshells strung all over, and one full egg was splattered on the floor. Zeus was snaking on what I believe to be cold chicken slices that were supposed to go in our salad. Emma was mixing what looks like pancake mix but I'm not so sure. She was also covered with bits of flour and some pancake mix was stuck in her hair.

"Sis I was only gone for 10 minutes what happened?" I asked her in exasperation as I dusted off some flour on her forehead. She probably hadn't realised how much of a mess she created in Mom's beloved kitchen.

"Huh I'm just mixing up some waffle mix," She answered me in an innocent tone letting me know that she couldn't see the mess around her. Only being able to smile at her innocent response I decided to bring her back to reality.

"I don't know how to tell you this, but we are in big trouble if we don't clean this up," Seemingly realising the implication of my words she started scanning the area around her. In quite the comical manner her eyes widened as she seemed to realise just how much of a mess she had caused.

"Oh no Mom is going to be so mad if she sees this," She exclaimed as she frantically started to clean up her surrounding area. Deciding to help her I started wiping the countertop using some of the spray.

In no time the kitchen was back to looking okay, not as clean as it usually does but not bad enough for mom to get mad at us. We didn't stop there though as Emma quickly set up the waffle maker plugging it into the socket. Using her distraction, I tasted the waffle mix she had prepared and surprisingly it tasted nice.

Maybe it's one of those things I've seen in that TV series where although the kitchen is a mess the final product tastes amazing. Spreading a little bit of butter on the waffle maker so the mix wouldn't stick we

finally poured in two portions of the mix. Seeing that Emma had a handle on things here I decided to make a smoothie by cutting up bananas and some fresh strawberries that were bought yesterday.

Dropping the fruits into the mixer I added some honey and poured in some vanilla milk. I felt Emma's burning stare at me throughout my set of actions making me quite nervous. Although I'm not the best in the kitchen, I've watched Mom prepare smoothies for us and helped a little so I should be fine.

"Do we need to make anything else besides waffles?" I asked myself out loud trying to think of what else we could make. Hearing my words Emma snapped out of her trance but did not answer me right away as she put the finished waffles on a plate. Without hesitation, she put two more servings in the waffle maker before finally turning to answer me.

"How about I make tea and you can make a fruit platter," She instructed me sounding slightly unsure. She was probably thinking of making bacon and sausages, but Mom had explicitly banned us from touching the stove.

If it wasn't for the fact that the waffle machine was basically a one-stop process of adding the mixture and waiting, we wouldn't be allowed to use it either. Since we couldn't do much, I followed her instruction cutting up fruits as if I was playing fruit ninja. Well, not precisely like the game since I have to keep things neat and tidy not wanting to be the second coming of Emma.

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[Lisas Pov]

"You think I should go check on them?" I asked my husband who doesn't seem to share my anxiety about the kids messing about in the kitchen. My beautiful kitchen, I just hope you remain in one piece or at least salvageable.

"I think I should go check on them," I spoke up again before Ben could answer me, jumping off the bed and onto my feet. It has been around forty minutes since I was banished to my room by my one kid, and I have run out of patience.

Funny to think about how I'm the adult and yet I was still sent to my room by my kids. Here I thought that would be my role once I have children of my own, guess some things just don't change. Ben doesn't seem to mind this entire situation in the slightest in fact he seems to be enjoying it.

"Hon I'm sure they are doing just fine and even if anything is broken, we can just replace it," Ben's comforting voice drifted into my ear bringing my movements to a halt. Although I know he is right, it is still annoying how nonchalant he is about this whole situation.

(Knock, Knock, Knock)

"Mom, Dad you can come out now," Just as I was about to chastise him about his nonchalant behaviour to let loose some steam the voice of Emma sounded. Quickly forgetting about my husband, I slipped on my rabbit slippers and made my way to the door.

Ben also followed me seemingly not as relaxed as he has been letting on. Opening the door, I was not greeted by my daughter as I had expected. Instead, the hallway was empty, and a tantalizing fragrance wafted towards me. Quickly walking towards the railing overlooking the living room I was met with a beautiful sight.