

Football 161

Chapter 161 Training

Like a magic trick, the girls doused May with some light water, trickled her with some of Mum's perfume and put a breath mint in her mouth. The girl in question had just woken due to the commotion when a strong minty flavour exploded in her mouth. Subconsciously she wanted to spit it out, but Emma ruthlessly held her mouth shut.

The strong subtle distinct smell of alcohol quickly vanished replaced by the smell of blossoms. Surprisingly, the girls also dozed some perfume on themselves to mask the smell better. It was almost as if they were already adept at covering for each other.

"Wht huc is huc oing huc on," May barely managed to ask between hiccups whilst trying her best to orient herself. All of us could easily tell that she probably didn't know what was going on.

"Sush just go back to sleep," Emma quickly shushed her and just like that off she went to dreamland. Seeing this I sighed in relief that we wouldn't have to deal with her drunken talk when we went home.

"What is going on here?" Mum asked with her arms crossed as she sent a stern gaze our way. Liam could only guiltily look away from our accusatory not daring to meet our eyes.

"Ahem, May fell asleep and were just looking after her," I told her breaking the moment of silence that lingered in the room. I could practically tell that at any moment one of them would break under her questioning gaze.

Hearing my response, she looked around the room gazing at all the girls just waiting for them to break. Luckily, all of them stood their ground despite shaking slightly even if it was just barely.

"Aww if she was tired you should have told me," she responded in a much gentler tone that didn't send a chill down my spine. She quickly walked over to check on May but quickly pinched her nose.

"Why did you guys spray so much perfume," She queried with a look of accusation as gazing at the girls who also smelled like her perfume.

"We just wanted to try it and some of it got on her," Emma responded as she quickly went to Mum's side and started praising her sense of taste. The other girls quickly joined in buttering her up with compliments that quickly took her attention.

"Alright let's head home then, you all staying at our house," Mum said turning to the rest of the group who simply nodded to her question. The moment we decided to head home we quickly sprang into action getting ready to leave. I somehow ended up carrying May to the car even though Dad and Mum have perfectly developed arms.

~~~

Last night was chaotic, to say the least especially when May woke up in the middle of the night to vomit. The fact she was so loud and somehow didn't wake up our parents is a miracle. Well, not quite as Mum practically gave me the death stare when she drove me to the Ace Academy complex.

She didn't voice it but I'm a hundred per cent sure she knows and a thousand per cent sure she is mad at me. The silent treatment she was giving me throughout the journey spoke volumes. Safe to say I am in

big trouble the moment I get home since I don't trust the guys to keep their mouths shut. Liam might keep his mouth shut but the rest of the girls will crumble easily under her scrutiny.

"So, are you going to the Winter camp in Rio?" Akari suddenly asked me catching me off guard for a second. Most of the kids around the lunch table started subconsciously paying attention to our conversation.

"Not sure I haven't asked my parents yet," I responded to her not sure if I even wanted to travel to Brazil in the first place. If it makes me a better player, I would definitely go, there but I can play football anywhere.

"Huh, why not? The spots fill up quick you know," She responded with confusion visible on her face not understanding why I was hesitating. If I was being honest, I'm not sure why I have been hesitant to ask them. Now that I might be in trouble it might not be such a clever idea to bring this topic up.

"Stop nagging, I'll ask them when I get the chance, I might be in trouble right now," I finally told her after listening to her talk about how great Brazil is. With her being the football fanatic that she is there is hardly anything she does not know about the sport.

Like sometimes she talks about the most random players who had a unique play style in the 70s. I on the other hand can barely pay attention to the greats in the 90s never mind other players. She and I are not the same for sure but our love for the game is genuine.

"Fine don't go complaining to me when you don't get a spot," She snarkily responded with a humph as she got up directly leaving the cafeteria.

Seeing that it was time for the afternoon session I followed suit ready to play some football. These days the moments that I don't have a ball at my feet gives me a restless feeling. Almost as if I'm missing a limb or something similar, come to think of it I might have an addiction.

~~~

At one of the training grounds in the Ace Academy training complex, a group of kids could be seen going through passing drills. The drills were aimed at working on their observation skills and accuracy. Various-sized gates were set up on both sides of the field mirroring each other.

This allowed for two players to partake in the drill at the same time. At this moment Rakim sprinted to the middle of the left drill. Before he could even stop one of the trainers launched a ball his way forcing him to quickly react. One of the coaches on his side of the field shouted green to which he guided the approaching ball to his left.

With his second touch, he sent a weighted pass towards a small gate composed of two green cones. He didn't watch if he succeeded choosing instead to look at the trainers ready for the next ball. That proved to be smart as the moment he turned a lifted ball flew in his direction.

Deftly trapping the ball with his chest, he calmly trapped it with his right bringing it under his control. Following the coach's shout, he sent the ball in the direction indicated by the coach. This drill continued for two more gates as Rakim managed to get 4/5 hitting a cone on his last pass.

On his second try, he managed to get a perfect score but quickly went downhill from there. Maybe due to tiredness, he had a few lapses in his judgement resulting in a few stray or weak passes. Luckily for him, he wasn't the only one making mistakes due to tiredness.

"When you are tired it's the best time to build muscle memory, so stay focused and show some spirit." Coach Carlos exclaimed prompting his players to give it their all for another two rounds. Only after the last person went through the drill did he call for the players to go through the cool-down routine.