

Football 162

Chapter 162 Face The Music

"Do we have to go through these Yoga sessions every time I'm already sore as it is," Jake complained slumping down on the 4G grass in an effort to catch his breath. He wasn't the only one on the ground as most of the kids were doing their best to catch their breath.

"Stop complaining the Ice tubs are ready," Rakim stated springing up from the ground and heading to the prepared tubs.

None of them loved the tubs but they understood the importance of it and even if they didn't, they had to get in anyway. The first few kids jumped into tubs instantly shivering from the cold. Steam rose from some of their bodies whose body heat was still high from their exercises.

Stepping into the ice bucket Rakim quickly dipped into the water keeping his head above water. Seeing this Jake reluctantly pushed himself off the ground, his sore muscles protesting every movement. Grumbling, he joined the line forming near the ice tubs. The mere thought of the chilling water sent a shiver down his spine, but he knew it was necessary for his recovery.

Rakim, already immersed up to his neck, looked unfazed by the icy plunge. His eyes met Jake's, sending a teasing grin his way as he gestured for him to get in. Jake sighed, mentally preparing himself, and took a deep breath before submerging into the freezing ice water. The shock was immediate, and he couldn't hold back a gasp.

Around him, the other kids were enduring their own battles with the cold. Some winced, others bit their lips, but they all shared a collective understanding of the benefits this discomfort would bring.

As the minutes passed, Jake's body adjusted, and the initial discomfort gave way to a numbing sensation. He glanced over at Rakim, who seemed to be in his element, calmly soaking in the frigid water. The steam continued to rise from the tubs, creating an eerie yet oddly serene atmosphere.

Once the recommended time had passed, the coaches signalled for everyone to start getting out. The collective groans of relief echoed through the training ground as they slowly emerged, their bodies now feeling strangely invigorated despite the initial discomfort. They didn't linger though quickly heading for the showers to bask in the warm water of the showers.

"Ah nice and warm," Jake exclaimed in the stall next to Rakim happy at finally being able to escape the cold. Unlike his friend who seems to love torturing his body for the sake of training, he prefers the finer things in life.

"Why do you always complain only to go along with it in the end," Rakim inquired with a mocking expression that the latter failed to see due to the stall walls.

"I'm not sure either, mum says that our people love to complain only to accept the inevitable in the end." He responded sounding a little too serious catching not only Rakim off-guard but also Sam who was listening in from the side. Having a quiet nature joining a conversation without a prompt is not something he would do.

"Yeah, my Dad also said that Jaguars fans are weird," Sam said from the other stall next to Jake catching the other two of the guards. However, before Jake could even respond Rakim and some of the boys who overheard burst out in laughter.

"What NO! Not because we are Jaguars fans but because we are Irish," Jake quickly clarified with his face turning red in anger and indignation as he stared at the wall to his right.

His death glare couldn't penetrate the wall though thus didn't do much to affect Sam's mood. He simply continued to shampoo his hair without a care in the world leaving Jake to grumble.

"Being a Jaguar fan on its own is just wrong bro," One of the boys teased bursting out into laughter ignoring Jake's clarification. No matter how he tried to explain none of the boys believed his explanation.

Like that the boys continued to banter as they got themselves cleaned up. Most of the boys are from the lower Florida area with most of them either being Tampa or Dolphins fans thus creating this sense of unity. Somehow Jake become the common enemy of everyone not knowing where he went wrong.

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"So, you're telling me you all just let her play beer pong with the older kids," Mum finally said after sitting in silence for 15 minutes without saying a word. The moment I entered her car she didn't bother driving and told me to speak without giving context.

Already knowing what she wanted to know I didn't bother trying to hide it any longer. I had tried my best to cover for May, but now whether she would end up getting into trouble is her problem. I ended up telling her everything except for what the kids did to her when she was tipsy. Since I had the only proof May can decide how she wants to handle this when she sobers up.

If I were her, I'd just let the entire world burn after all the school has a zero alcohol and drugs policy. I'm not sure how Stacy and her friends managed to get alcohol, all I know is that it's not sanctioned by the school. Anyway, Mum's face had been going through a myriad of different expressions as I told her what happened.

"First of all, I'm not her keeper, and I tried to stop her only for her to argue with me," I retorted with a little anger not willing to take the blame for her stupid actions. Not entirely sure why I'm so triggered by her words but for some reason I felt some type of way.

Seeing my extreme reaction to her question Mum's stern expression softened, and she sighed. "Son, I understand you're not her keeper, but you're all friends. You need to look out for each other, especially in situations like these." Hearing her words my agitated emotion quickly calmed down as I took in her words.

I simply nodded acknowledging her point, not wanting to continue this conversation further. "I get it, Mum I won't let her drink next time," I told her to which she nodded in response, her gaze shifting ahead as we started moving.

The atmosphere in the car remained somewhat tense, and I couldn't help but think about what to do to ease this situation. I've never experienced having a parent figure disappointed in me and I'm not quite sure what to do. Especially now that she didn't even voice her disappointment and let the silence simmer.

As we neared home, Mum finally spoke again, breaking through the awkward atmosphere. "How was training? Tell me if anything hurts." Her sudden queries caught me off guard since I assumed that she was still mad at me.

"Yeah, it was tough we focussed on passing today, but I'm managing. The guys make it fun though," I replied, happy at the lightened mood as I started rambling about today's training.

No matter what it is we do I never get bored of it as long as I have a ball at my feet. Even the pure physical training aimed at building stamina, agility, and speed I enjoy doing since it'll make me a better player.

Mum chuckled after a while, "I'm glad you had fun, I love how dedicated you are, but you're still grounded for lying to me." Hearing the first part of her response I was happy, but the second part brought me back to reality. Her stern look left little room for argument so I didn't bother protesting content that she stopped giving me the silent treatment.

"That's fair, guess this is a bad time to bring up the trip to Brazil then?" Was my only response as we pulled into our driveway driving straight into the garage.