

Football 278

Chapter 278 Family Breakfast

[Rose Isle, Orlando FL, Sun, 24/03/2019, 9:55]

The sun beamed over the neatly manicured lawns and gleaming villas of Rose Isle, casting a golden hue on the quiet, high-end district. The air was warm and slightly crisp, a perfect Florida morning. A postal truck hummed softly as it made its rounds, the postman stepping out every few moments to deliver envelopes and packages to the polished front doors of the villas.

He was a man in his late forties having been a Poast man for 2 decades and loved the job he did understanding its importance. He still remembered his younger days where his mother would have to wait months on end to receive mail via the post. So, he took the job serious loving the occasional interactions he had with some of the people he delivered parcels to. The Rex, Parker, and Davis households were no exception to this tranquillity as they all sat around their respective dining room table. Life moved at its usual Sunday pace, with families gathered for breakfast.

Ben Rex sat at the kitchen island, a broad smile on his face. The scent of fresh coffee and pancakes filled the air as he placed his laptop on the counter, ready for their weekly ritual. Emma, his 17-year-old daughter, sat beside him, her hair still slightly damp from her morning shower, dressed casually in a light blue hoodie. She scrolled absentmindedly through her phone as they waited for the screen to connect.

"Connecting..." the laptop chimed, and moments later, the familiar faces of Lisa and Rakim appeared on the screen. They were in a well-lit kitchen in Glasgow, plates of lunch before them. "Good morning, sleepyheads!" Lisa teased, her voice warm and cheerful, though there was a slight delay from the overseas connection.

"Hey, Dad! Emma!" Rakim waved, his green eyes sparkling despite the early hour in Florida. For them it was already 3pm and thus they were having a late lunch. "You guys got breakfast ready?" Ben laughed,

running a hand through his black hair. "Yeah, we're all set over here! Pancakes, eggs, the works. How's Glasgow treating you two?"

Lisa leaned into the camera, giving a playful smirk. "Well, it's not sunny Florida, but it's not bad. We have been staying busy with the Titan-Fit launch and all the training that Rakim's been doing, sometimes I wonder if he would have been better off playing Basketball or Football, instead of Soccer." her comments caused her husband across the screen to burst out laughing whilst her son sent her a scowl.

"Hey, I have to work hard now that you made me the Face of the Family business," Rakim retorted as he took a bite out of his chicken pasta. Emma looked up from her phone, smiling. "I don't know, I think you enjoy training more than anyone should after all you always have a satisfied smile on your face even after a 2-hour workout," Her blunt words caused Rakim to stop in his tracks for a second debating whether her words held any truth to them.

"Some people hate the grind, most quit midway, Whilst the rare few like me are built differently, We thrive under pressure and live for those clutch moments, Sis Winning ain't for Everyone," Hearing Rakim's confident responses that even sounded a bit inspirational Emma was left at loss wondering where her younger brother always managed to find these quotes.

Even when they were younger, he always found ways to sound so mature that made her forget that she was in fact the older siblings. The fact that for the first year they lived together he insisted he was the older sibling only made this much more believable. However, she quickly realised that he only tended to act older when he was at loss or trying to change the subject in a subtle way. It seemed to also work in this case as her dad's voice sounded as if on cue.

"Who is we son?" he amusedly asked after seeing his daughter stumped for a response. "Never mind that isn't that just the Quote for Titan-Fit Advertisement Video?" Before Rakim had the chance to waffle himself out of his father's question his mother doubled down on the question. Rakim paused mid-bite, realizing he'd been caught. A sheepish grin spread across his face as he looked at the screen.

"Okay, okay, you got me," he admitted, holding up his hands in mock surrender. "It might be part of the script, but it's still true! You know it, Mom." Ben chuckled, shaking his head. "You've always had a way with words, son makes me wonder why you didn't stick with the theatre club. But hey, if it gets the brand off the ground, I'll take it."

"Don't mention that cant belie they made play a cat in the show, it was worth it though as I gained the needed acting chops, I'm no Neymar Jr but I'm his first disciple for sure," Rakim quickly retorted as he seemed to remember a hard time where he was forced to prank around a stage in a black and white cat costume. "Aww don't give me that you looked cute, Emma too in her mouse costume," Lisa chimed in with a bright smile as she proceeded to rub his hair, her happiness leaving no room discussion.

Lisa leaned into the camera again, smiling proudly. "He has been putting in the hours, and it's showing on the training ground. Plus, Emma's right. He always comes out of training with that weird, satisfied look on his face after meeting daily goals."

Rakim rolled his eyes but couldn't suppress a small smile. "Well, when you love what you do..." Emma interjected, smirking. "Or when you're a show-off." The family shared a laugh, the connection between the two halves of the world feeling as close as ever. Even with the distance between them, these Sunday calls brought a sense of normalcy to their busy lives. Ben took a sip of his coffee, watching his two kids bicker light-heartedly on the screen.

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[Parker Houshold]

Somewhere down the street at the Parker household the sun-drenched kitchen was bustling with energy. Reece sat at the kitchen table, talking animatedly about his summer plans, while his mother, Evelyn, listened with a mixture of amusement and pride.

"I've been looking into a few football camps, Mom. There's one in California, but there's also one right here in Florida that's supposed to be amazing," Reece said, his eyes bright with excitement. "The coaches there are next-level, and some college scouts are going to be there."

Evelyn leaned against the counter, her arms crossed, listening intently. "That sounds incredible, Reece. But which one are you leaning toward?"

"I'm not sure yet. California sounds great but staying local means I'll be in better shape for school practice when the season starts. Plus, I won't be missing out on any other opportunities here."

Evelyn nodded thoughtfully. "That makes sense. Either way, you're not going to get this amazing training if your final grades aren't up to snuff." Reece groaned, rolling his eyes. "Mom, I know," he said, leaning back in his chair. "I'm doing fine in school. Besides, football camps are during the summer—I'll have plenty of time to finish strong before then."

Evelyn raised an eyebrow, her motherly scepticisms evident. "I just don't want you to put all your eggs in one basket. Football is great, but you need to keep your grades in check too. College scouts will care about both." Reece gave her a small smile, knowing she had a point, even if he didn't want to admit it out loud. "I get it, I get it. Don't worry, I'll make it work."

Sitting quietly at the table, May poked at her scrambled eggs with her fork, her attention elsewhere. She'd been noticeably quiet during Reece's enthusiastic talk about football camps, her thoughts far from any future plans involving sports or anything else for that matter.

"May, honey, what about you? Have you given any more thought to what you want to do after graduation? I know your dad wants you to go to college, but I'm not sure if you have given it anymore thought's," Evelyn asked, turning her attention to her the young woman who had become a real daughter to hear she raised her.

May glanced up, startled, clearly not expecting to be brought into the conversation. She shifted in her seat, pushing a strand of peach-blond hair behind her ear. "Uh... my plan is still the same whether I get into college or not," she muttered, her voice trailing off. Evelyn narrowed her eyes slightly, sensing the hesitation in May's voice. "Making videos on the internet is not a plan young lady." she prompted gently, taking a seat at the table next to her.

May shrugged, already having heard this multiple times over the past few months when she tried telling her parents of her dream. A fantasy, That's what they called it as their leeway for her after the shooting diminished and they once again assumed the role of her parents. However just she was once again about to recite her response that had started to sound scripted the sound of mail being dropped through the letterbox.