

## Football 279

### Chapter 279 Family Discussion

The Davis house was unusually quiet that Sunday morning. Viola Grace Davis sat at the dining room table, her arms crossed tightly, watching her daughter, Olivia, across the room. Olivia, or Liv as everyone called her, was sitting on the couch with her legs tucked under her, scrolling through her phone. The tension in the air was palpable.

"Olivia," Viola started, her tone sharp, "have you given any more thought to the training schedule for the summer? I already spoke to Coach Sanders, and he said there's a spot for you at the Pro Tennis Academy."

Liv's eyes flickered up from her phone, her expression neutral but clearly weary of where the conversation was heading. "Mom, I've told you—I don't want to spend my entire summer training again. I need a break."

Viola's expression hardened. "A break? Olivia, you're seventeen! Do you know how many girls your age is trying to go pro? You have a real chance here I've got sponsors ready to watch you perform and finance your career."

Liv sighed, setting her phone down on the cushion beside her. "Mom, I know you've been doing everything for me, but I just... I want more than tennis. Lately I've realised how much I've missed out on chasing this dream, School dances, Shows, even dropping out of the cheerleading team." Her voice wavered slightly, a mixture of frustration and vulnerability.

Viola leaned forward, her fingers gripping the edge of the table. "More than tennis? Olivia, this isn't just a hobby. This is your future. You have a gift, a gift that most people can only dream about. And you want to throw that away because you're tired?" Her voice raised slightly, a hint of disbelief seeping through.

"What do you think happens when you take a break? Other girls are working harder, getting faster, stronger, and then what? You lose your edge, you lose your spot, and it's over."

Liv stood up, the tension inside her building to the point of bursting. "I'm not saying I'm giving up! I love tennis, but I also want to find out who I am without it, meet new people, try new things. Going to college allows me to do both, what if I don't want to be a professional athlete for the rest of my life? there has to be more out there for me,"

Viola's expression softened for just a moment, but the determined gleam in her eyes didn't waver. "You think there's more out there for you than this? Then the career we've been building since you were a child?" She shook her head, her voice lowering to a sharp whisper. "This isn't a game, Olivia. You're so close. All of this it's for you. Everything I've done. I've sacrificed so much to get you here. And now, when we're finally at the finish line, you want to slow down?"

Liv's chest tightened. She knew her mother wasn't wrong—Viola had sacrificed a lot. But all Liv wanted was a choice, a chance to figure out what she wanted before it was too late. "Exactly its always what we need to do to get me to perfect my topspin, what we need to do to improve my image for scouts and brands never what I want,"

Viola's lips pressed into a thin line, her eyes narrowing as she tried to find the right words. "Olivia, everything we've done—every sacrifice I've made—has been to give you the life you deserve. You're on the verge of greatness. You can't just throw it away because you're... confused."

Liv threw her hands up in frustration, her voice rising. "I'm not confused, Mom! I just want to know what else is out there. I don't want to wake up ten years from now and wonder if I missed out on something because I never got the chance to choose for myself." Their argument continued to get heated as neither of the woman seemed ready to back down. Their argument forced Darnell Davis who is the head of the Davis household to put down his morning paper and deal with his girls.

The rustling of his paper instantly caught both girls' attention as his calm presence was quite odd in this situation. "Vi, let her speak." he calmly told his wife genuinely curious as to what had brought this change in his daughter. After all, from the moment he could remember she had always followed his wife's plan to turn her into a tennis prodigy.

Viola turned sharply toward him, her eyes flashing with irritation. "Darnell, you know what's at stake here. Olivia is one of the top prospects in the country. If she slows down now, she might never get this chance again. Going pro now is her best chance,"

Darnell nodded slowly, but his gaze shifted toward his daughter, who was standing with her arms crossed defensively. "I get that but let's hear her out first she is already 18 and we need to start treating her like an adult. Now young lady you better have a plan because I won't accept a mere whim of you wanting to become a me-tuber like that friend of yours."

Liv took a deep breath, feeling the weight of her father's words. She knew her mother had invested a lot in her tennis career whilst her father despite more focused on his job still supported them on every turn. In fact, it was him who bought her first racket and trained her in her early years before he got too busy with work forcing her mother to take a hands-on role. She had always supported her dream but ever since being mainly responsible for her career she started planning it surgical detail.

Liv swallowed hard, glancing between her parents. Her father, Darnell, had always been her rock, the steady presence who quietly cheered her on at the tiniest victory. But she also knew he wasn't one to take things lightly, especially when it came to making life decisions. "I do have a plan, Dad," Liv said, her voice firm but slightly shaky. "I'm not throwing everything away. I wasn't to go to college a lot of scouts have offer me scholarships over the years. Whilst I mostly didn't consider them, but I want to have a chance to figure out who I am as a person before I go pro,"

Darnell leaned back in his chair, his brow furrowing in thought. His eyes were fixed on Olivia, searching for any sign that this was just a fleeting rebellion. But the determination in her voice was clear, even if it was shaky. He sighed, folding his hands in front of him. "College, huh? have you gotten any written

offers as verbal offers are like a businessman's promise, you can only trust them as far as you can throw them."

Liv shifted uncomfortably, biting her lip. "I don't have any official written offers as they only started sending them mid last week, but I wasn't to do a 2-year course training with the team and hone my skill as I figure out who I am without you two guiding me,"

Darnell sat quietly for a moment, his eyes narrowing in thought. He could see Liv's resolve, but his mind was racing. He was a man of practicality, and the idea of delaying a professional career didn't sit easily with him. But Liv was right about one thing—she had worked hard her whole life, and she deserved a say in her own future.

Viola, on the other hand, was less patient. She shook her head, her frustration still simmering just beneath the surface. "Two years? Olivia, do you realize how much can change in two years? Scouts won't wait forever, and once you're off their radar—"

"Mom," Liv interrupted, her voice firmer now. "I know. But if I go to college, I'll still be playing. I'll still be training and improving, just in a different environment." There was a short silence after her outburst that had been much louder than before surprising her parents who hadn't expected this from her.

"Olivia Brianna Davis watch your tone when you speak to your mother," Her father's stern tone reverberated in the room instantly dousing Liv's enthusiasm a small pout making its way on her face. There was a short silence between them but before the family of 3 could continue their discussion the sound of mail being dropped in their mailbox caught their attention.