

## Football 297

### Chapter 297 Demand

[Ben Rex POV,]

[Location: Rex Fashion & Sport Miami Headquarters]

[Time: 12:30]

The quiet hum of the air conditioner filled the spacious office as Ben Rex leaned back in his chair, balancing a forkful of salad in one hand and scanning through a report on his tablet with the other. His corner office on the top floor of Rex Fashion & Sport Miami Headquarters offered a sweeping view of the coastline, the kind of view people worked their entire lives to have. But Ben barely noticed it anymore, since whenever he entered the building, he was solely focussed on work.

He glanced at his watch. 12:30. The new Titan-Fit launch had gone live that morning. Felix's pet project. The man had spent the last year pitching it as if it were the next revolution in sportswear. Despite knowing that their current company model was working just fine he knew that Felix's suggestion was the natural next step, and he agreed with it.

In fact, he had also dreamed of having his company create their own products, especially since they already have a robust logistic network set up. However, he still had to let the Titan-Fit project go through the proper vetting and planning process. Ben took a bite, the crisp lettuce doing little to ground his scattered thoughts.

He was about halfway through lunch when the soft ping of his intercom interrupted him. "Mr. Rex?" Jenny's voice came through from the front desk. "Felix and his team are here. They're asking if you have a moment for a quick meeting."

Ben set his fork down, resting his elbows on the desk. "A quick meeting?"

"They mentioned it's regarding the launch this morning." Ben raised an eyebrow. Not even a full day into the new line, and they already wanted face time. "Send them in."

He straightened his tie out of habit, though it wasn't strictly necessary—he rarely dressed down, even for lunch. The door opened, and Felix was the first to enter. Late forties, balding but trying to hide it, the man walked with the pride expected from a man who was managing his own multi-million dollar project. Most would feel nervous having to undertake this responsibility that was practically a make or break moment in their career.

If you succeeded, you're the visionary who led the company to glory earning it a lot of money and prestige firmly securing your legacy. However, should you fail you won even have the time to apologise before being devoured by your competitors. Thus, Ben could only smile at the man who was supposed to be facing all this pressure walk into his office dressed casually in a Titan-Fit Hoodie. There wasn't a dress code in his company but usually the management team would dress in office attire wearing it like armour for the responsibility placed on them.

Ben watched as Felix strolled in, unbothered by the stakes. The Titan-Fit hoodie he wore might as well have been a victory banner or a casual disregard for the pressure that weighed on him. Ben's smile widened, though it didn't quite reach his eyes, he loved working with people who are confident in their vision. It was an admirable quality he looked for whenever one of his people pitched an idea, they wanted him to invest in.

Behind Felix, Briana entered the room, she wore a sharp black blazer over a simple blouse, her expression all business. Ben appreciated that about her since having grounded people work with dreamers always made sure that the final product remains feasible. He still remembers when at an expo ball someone asked him to invest in their motor vehicle start up.

'The man's was, (hmm), yes Jackson was it,' the guy had the audacity to raise funds to build flying cars without having the needed technology. In the guys word's 'When there is a vision there is a way,' he had almost wacked the guy over the head right then and there but luckily his assistant Jenny was there to take over the conversation.

Snapping back to the present he watched as Jack trailed behind her, carrying a tablet and notepad, his eyes darting between the two senior members like a nervous intern despite his years as Briana's assistant. Motioning for them to sit before they started their discussion the two senior members followed suit taking a sit on the two seats Infront of his desk.

Jack reminds standing despite there being a third seat in the room causing Ben to nod in in appreciation. He only had one rule for those entering his office earn the right to sit, meaning if you're going to take up his time you better have the needed achievements. He let the people decided for themselves whether they met those standards and was always intrigued to see how they saw themselves in his eyes. Somewhere confidant in what they had accomplished whilst others where more reserved despite having the needed capital to be confidant.

This let him know the mindset of theos who came to meet him like in this case, Felix had wen t to take a seat before he had even motioned for him to do so. Displaying his self-assurance, while Briana had remind standing before gaining approval probably due her strict adherence to protocol. Plus, she wasn't one to show her cards unless something was amiss.

"So," Ben began, clasping his hands on the desk in front of him. "You couldn't wait until after lunch to discuss the launch?"

Felix chuckled, leaning back in his chair, unbothered by the pointed tone. "Well, let's just say the response to Titan-Fit has been... interesting. We've been monitoring the data all morning, and let's just say we have a golden goose," His eyes gleamed with satisfaction, like a general reporting an early victory.

Ben raised an eyebrow, leaning forward slightly. "A golden goose, you say?" He could feel Felix's confidence radiating from across the desk, but experience had taught him to never trust optimism so early on. Thus, he looked towards Briana wanting a more professional report which didn't look like he would be receiving from the happy Felix.

Seeing his look she cleared her throat. "The initial sales numbers are solid, as a matter of fact-"

"We're running out of stock!" Felix exclaimed with a shit eating grin that was practically asking him to give him his flowers. "(Ahem) Sorry I'm just too excited, you know it's not every day when you get to see your brain child for many years blossom so majestically," He quickly explained instantly composing himself not wanting his boss to think of him as a lunatic.

"Understandable, we have been working on this idea for a decade and in your case half of that when Titan-Fit entered the initial planning phase," Ben replied with a smile understanding just how much work the man had put into this project. From having to convince the board to accept the project to developing the material to be used for the products.

Ben had heard that the man and his team had gone through over a thousand different fabrics before finally forcing the research team to develop one that suited his ideas. They had ended up with 5 different fabrics depending on the different articles of clothing. It was mainly between lounge wear and workout wear, with the former having a softer material but being easy to keep clean.

The sweat resistant and stylish designs of all the products had come into being after the man had the audacity to poach talents from a certain fashion brand who dressed up teddy bears in BDSM apparel and had children model them. It didn't cause him too much trouble though as the company was too busy trying to douse the wildfire they had ignited in their own backyard in the name of fashion.

Just as he had finished his thoughts and was ready to motion for the 3 to continue their report his assistant Jenny burst into the room. Usually, he would be annoyed at being interrupted, especially given the importance of the meeting but he knew Jenny wouldn't waste his time. "Boss, our factories in India, Ohio, and here in Orlando are requesting to increase production, as they have officially sold out the preprepared stock,"