

Football 62

Chapter 62 Future

"I'm not going to be offering Rakim a spot at BVB" he said with a serious tone which caused the atmosphere to turn awkward in an instant. Mom's surprised look reflected my thoughts exactly to a tea. Here I thought this meeting was going well, after all the guy was praising my talent and potential but now, he is saying that I am getting no offer.

"Don't get me wrong I believe in the potential talent of your son, but I was only here to follow up on a player that the team has been in contact with" He spoke up before the atmosphere could become anymore awkward. "Your son has just turned six this year, so he still has three years before he becomes eligible for recruitment so I would suggest he continue to hone his skills till then" he continued, explain his reasoning behind not offering me a spot. Although his words make a lot of sense, but I feel like he is enjoying our emotional rollercoaster a little too much.

"So, if you are not going to offer him a spot at Dortmund's academy why did you schedule the meeting in the first place?" Dad asked him sounding a little annoyed, probably thinking about how much time we wasted here. Not going to lie I was feeling the same way, after all it huts to be told that a scout appreciates your talent but will not be offering you anything.

"I just wanted to meet your son in person, he has given me quite the pleasant surprise this week." He calmly answered dad trying to calm his annoyance and it seemed to work as he waited for him to continue speaking. Here I thought I would be able to see one of those tv drama arguments be enacted In front of me. "I will be leaving the club at the end of the month to take a job as a youth director so I would not be able to give you a guarantee if I invited you to the club, but I would like to follow your son's progress, as I intend to build a strong youth program at my next club," He continued his sentence finally clearing up the misunderstanding that had begun to form between us. The way he sounded sure that I would be interested in joining his program gave me a sense of anticipation.

"I understand, may I ask why you are leaving the club?" Mom asked sounding curious as to why he would give up a job he was obviously talented at. They do say you should stick to what your good at and

this, guy is obviously good at spotting talent if he is talking to me. (ahem) My ego is getting a little out of control let's just hope I do not start proclaiming myself king in the future.

"The reason I got into football was to shape the future of young talents and being a scout was always supposed to be a means to earn experience. I am ready to take it to the next step now as a youth director, but the team does not value my abilities, so I have been in contact with other teams," Mike calmly explained his reason for leaving a giant like Dortmund that would probably be a dream job for most scouts. I can understand his reasoning since from what I garnered successful full-time scouts are hardly ever home. Since they are good at their jobs, they basically get sent to chase the slightest whisper of a talented player all around the world.

"I am sorry to hear that I wish you the best of luck in the future, but we won't be able to give you a commitment about our son future based on this," Dad said sounding firm in his decision as if he was guarding me from being led astray by the man. My lips twitch at his words but it gave me a sense of comfort knowing that he was looking out for me. It also made sense as he wasn't willing to disclose which squad he will be joining, so a commitment would only be stupid.

"Haha, I wouldn't expect you to but since Rakim won't be eligible until he is 9 years old that will give me plenty of time to show you that my program will be a viable option for him," The old man simply laughed him off and calmly defused the situation as he handed us his business card so we could remain in touch.

We continued to chat about other things related to youth football trying to get as much information as possible. Dad was mainly asking questions on the business side of things, what to watch out for in terms of contracts and whether it was smart to let me sign brand deals when I join an academy in the future. Mom on the other hand grilled him on everything possible when it comes to players health and risk factors to watch out for. They started talking about food at some point causing me to shiver remembering something so I quickly defused the conversation before it could escalate.

With that out of the way the meeting quickly ended, and we could finally leave. We still had a meeting with an agent, but the guy had to leave early due to some emergency and got dad's information to

reschedule for another day. Not bothering with this matter any longer we promptly made our way to the car before we could get held up any longer. It did not take long for us to hit the road as we headed back home.

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"So, are you interested in any of the teams we met today?" Mom asked me turning around from the front seat to look at me. I was quite surprised at the sudden question, but it did make me think about the teams I meet today.

"I didn't really like most of them especially that one guy one guy who kept on insisting that the club's kitchen makes amazing meals," I answered her a little exasperated remembering the guy who bragged about how nutritious and tasty the food was. That would have been ok if he did not go into the ins and outs of how they hired a new chef to make sure the players. Apparently, he likes the food that much he goes there just to eat whenever he is hungry. So yes, I wasted twenty minutes of my life listening to someone rant about all the food they enjoy.

"Yeah, that guy was a little peculiar lets just say that," Mom responded trying her best not to bad mouth the guy, but I could see her mouth twitch slightly when I mentioned him.

"I quite liked Mike at the end he was calm and the only one who actually talked to me" I told her not wanting to continue talking about food guy. That seemed to work as her expression eased of a little returning back to normal.

"Yeah, he did not seem like he had a chip on his shoulder like the other ones, they all tried too hard to impress us," Dad chimed into the conversation but did not turn around probably not wanting to risk a crash.

"Will you have to move abroad if you join any of the teams?" Emma asked me grabbing my attention, she looked a little upset at that possibility.

"Yeah, probably but that won't be for a few years," I told her as I tried to pat her head only for her to swipe my hand away. Judging by the pout on her face, it seems like she isn't too fond at the idea.

"Anyways what do you think about joining Emma's school, I've already checked they have a great sports program especially one for football where they take part in overseas tournaments," Dad asked me wanting to hear my opinion about my future. Although it sounded like a sales pitch, but I could tell he just wanted to make sure I was comfortable with the idea of it all.

"I do not mind as long as the football program is good and does not end up hindering my growth as a player," I reassured him looking forward to being able to go to a school like a normal child should. Don't get me wrong I love being home schooled especially when I can go for a swim between classes but it's a little suffocating when you hardly ever leave the house. The only time I really leave the house is for my jogs, heck I jump at the chance to go grocery shopping with mom just to get out of the house.

"That's good not like you would get away with not going to school though, it's just that there are other football options, so you do not have to necessarily join the school's team," Mom was the one to chime in probably feeling a little guilty at the fact that she insisted on me getting a full education instead of going to a specialised institute. There is nothing wrong with those places they just don't necessarily prioritize their players education as much as developing their talents.

"It's alright I like the idea of going to school, don't get me wrong I like that you are my teacher but it's just weird that you're my mother too," I told her as I beamed her a smile not wanting her to worry about this anymore.

"Aww, you called me mom, that's so cute" She abruptly exclaimed startling me a little as she completely my other words. Looking at her bright smile I knew she would not let this so quickly go after all I hardly call her mom. Looking to Emma for help she totally ignored me probably still angry at me.

"If you're going to react like that I'll stop," I said to her as I decided to meet her gaze wanting to bluff her. She looked shocked after hearing my words as if I just told her that the government installs cameras into pigeons or something.

"No, you can't do that I won't help you train anymore" she quickly said as she pouted in an attempt to bring across her point. Looking at her pouting face that resembled a chipmunk I could not help myself from patting her head.

"All right you win but you will have to tell me who this star player is that you're training this summer." I told her listing my demand not wanting to make it seem like I just lost this duel. Patting her head seemed to be the wrong move as she pinched my cheeks hard as if she were rubbing a precious's gem.

"I'll only tell you that he is the King," she said as she finally let go of my poor cheek which now felt as if someone had slapped. Rubbing it didn't seem to help any better so I started think about who she could possibly be talking about.

Ignoring the smile on her face, I started thinking about who it could be. Seeing that I was deeply contemplating her words she just shrugged it off and started talking to everyone else. Dad started talking about how he would have to go for a business meeting in New York for a couple of days. Apparently, he is meeting with a new designer to create a line of workout clothes for his business. He seemed excited about the prospect of working with the guy saying that it could be a game changer for the company.

"Hey Princess, are you ready for your competition next week," I vaguely heard dad ask her in an attempt to bring her out of her mood. Which seemed to work as she actually answered him sound excited about it.

"I have been practising really hard and we have a good chance of winning, most of the dancers are quite good so much better than my last squad." She said as she started explaining how much better her new team was. She really admired her dance captain not sparing any compliments as she talked about how amazing her aerial moves are.

"I'm so happy for you, just remember to have fun," Mom chimed into the conversation sounding happy for her daughter. The conversation continued from there only appearing in the background as my thoughts continued to race. That is when it finally hit me, a big-time basketball player who is joining the heats and has the nick name king.

"LEBRON!!!" I loudly exclaimed staring at my mom with glowing eyes just waiting for her to confirm my conjecture.