

Football 80

Chapter 80 Celebration

"What's in this?" She asked me, curiosity brimming in her eyes, as she started shaking the small box close to her ear as if she could discern its contents by sound alone. Giving her a bemused look, I couldn't help but chuckle before playfully flicking her head. The flick snapped her out of her curious trance, and she shot me a playful glare in return.

"Just open it, dear," Dad interjected, diffusing any potential tension. His words worked like magic, redirecting her attention to the task at hand. With renewed focus, she eagerly proceeded to open the box. As she peered inside, her eyes widened in delight at the sight of a silver bracelet with intricate decorations, with a beautiful dolphin hanging from it as the centrepiece.

"Aww I love it, thank you," She excitedly exclaimed as she immediately put it on. The tiny accessories hanging from the bracelet really did suit her. She seemed to also like them as her smile beamed even more.

"Aw, I love it! Thank you," she exclaimed, her voice brimming with excitement as she swiftly fastened the bracelet around her wrist. The delicate accessories adorning the bracelet suited her perfectly, accentuating her natural charm. Her smile beamed even brighter, as she raised her wrist to get a better look at it.

"You're welcome," Dad replied, a satisfied smile gracing his face, before he turned his attention to helping Mom pack the remaining belongings. For some reason, they have a full suitcase worth of things to bring with them to every competition.

"You really did well today," I remarked, genuine warmth lacing my voice as I looked at her with an appreciative smile. A surprised look instantly appeared on her face as she heard what I said seemingly not expecting it.

"Thanks," she replied, her voice tinged with a hint of bashfulness, swiftly brushing off her flustered expression. "Come, I'll introduce you to some of my team members," she offered, her enthusiasm returning as she beckoned me to follow her towards a group of girls proudly posing with their hard-earned trophy.

I was quickly introduced to them and maybe it was due to my charm, but I managed to quickly integrate with them. I was however delighted to the camera guy for all the photos they wanted to take, so I'm not sure if I got the better end of this deal. By the time it was time to leave, I hated the sight of phones, because who knew that girls love taking pictures? Well, I found out the hard way by being made to take them for twenty minutes straight.

I did get to be in quite a few of them but that is beside's the point after all I'm I do have the looks that a camera would love. The point is this whole photo shoot oddly reminded me of the Nike camp one. I would rather go through a ruling training session with Lebron than go through that trauma again. Wait then again maybe going through a system training session is safer for my young body.

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"Let's give it up for my little angel she is going to nationals," Dad said loudly after getting the attention of the restaurant. His words were met with enthusiasm from the guests who were dressed in casual clothes that just by looking at you could tell it was expensive.

"Dad, we need to win regional before that," Emma meekly said to him a little flustered from all the attention she was receiving now. Hearing her words Dad wasn't embarrassed a single bit as he continued to laugh.

"You can do it I have no doubt," Is all he said as he contently took a sip of his wine as confidence just emanated off of him. Emma was left speechless hearing his words and could only focus on eating her food.

Currently, we are at Ventura country club which is close to where we stay. Apparently, Mum's uncle had been a member here ever since he moved to the States, so it was only natural for them to join. According to Dad, it's hard to get in if you don't have an invite from a member but lucky for them, they didn't have that problem.

The restaurant is quite high-end as you can imagine but surprisingly the atmosphere is quite relaxed. I was expecting a lot more judgment after having watched 90210 with Emma for the past few weeks. I can't complain though as the friendly atmosphere coupled with the scenery makes me want to come here often.

The gentle breeze brushed against our faces as we sat at one of the tables outside, overlooking the lake. Its tranquil waters shimmered, reflecting the warm hues of the setting sun. The serene atmosphere of the Ventura country club provided a welcome respite from the hustle and bustle of the busy day.

Simply being in this moment I savoured it with all my being not wanting to forget it. It's one of those special feelings you get when you are genuinely happy to just be in the moment and just enjoy every second of it. Lost in the beauty of the moment, I found myself gazing out at the lake once more. Its calm waters mirrored the peacefulness I felt deep within. This idyllic setting, coupled with the familial love among us, made me yearn for more moments like these.

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[Flash back end]

'It's finally the day when it all begins,' I couldn't help myself from thinking as I eagerly awaited the final bell to ring. Today is September 19th for some it might be just another but for me, it's the day when my legend is born.

You might think that I've gone crazy, but I promise I have not. Well then again it would depend on if you consider a slightly unhealthy obsession with football unhealthy. But can you blame me? At the very least I'm positively channelling my energy.

Let's get back on track though, for the better part of two weeks we have been going through a gruelling training just to get ready for today. Coach Garret who is the coach for team A has been working with us to quickly integrate us into a team. He is defiantly stricter than head coach Baker, Mom says it's because he's got more to prove which I think is right.

Anyways today is the day We play against our cross-town rivals the Orlando Beavers, so we have to start the season off right. If we don't, we will never hear the end of it from everyone at school. For some reason, this rivalry has been turned into a tradition of pride and mockery for those that win and lose.

[You don't have to worry so much You have been working hard and you have started utilising the system store, so you have taken some major strides,] Eva said in an attempt to calm me down. We have gotten a lot closer over the past two weeks of training since she actually seemed enthusiastic about my use of the system.

'I know but this is it, it's what I've been working for since I regressed that fateful day,' I told her lamenting over how far I've come and grown over the past few months. Old life's me would see this as a fairytale, heck he would have just been happy being able to live life without having to worry about dying every day.

[I know you have; I've been beside you every step of the way and I'm not going anywhere so stride with confidence and embrace your future,] She said in a warm tone that made my eyes watery but also gave me a sense of security that I have grown to rely on. Honestly, she being in my head is better than any life insurance as she can actually help if I face a problem.

'Thanks, Eva,' Is all I said to her as I quickly whipped my teary eyes before anyone could notice I was after all still in class. However, my actions were still too late judging by the worried look Lexi was giving me from across the table.

"You okay," She whispered in a hushed tone making sure not to draw the attention of the teacher.

"Yeah, I'm good, it's just so sad that Harry Potter isn't as good-looking as me, I bet that's half the reason people constantly want to kill him," I told her with a straight face as I rubbed my chin as if I was seriously contemplating this. Her baffled reaction is priceless especially when it looks like she is seriously considering if I'm right.

It's a good diversion since we are reading the first book during reading class, so it is not that farfetched to be thinking about it. However, if I'm being honest, I just can't relate to the story whatsoever but that might just be due to my personal preference. I prefer reading books like Hercules or Moby Dick because they are either realistic or just fully mythical and are not just in between.

Sigh kids these days are so gullible it's no wonder she keeps falling for my easy pranks. "Hey, stop lying to Lexi we all know he got bullied because he drew a thunderbolt over his eye," Her friend who was seemingly listening in on our conversation chimed in full of confidence as if she was telling me the sky is blue.

She didn't seem to have our tact and didn't bother to whisper as if she was trying to draw attention to herself. Looking at her for a second, I proceeded to ignore her as me and her aren't exactly friends but that's a story for another day.

"June, would you like to say something to the entire class," The teacher calmly asked her with an annoyed smile written all over his face. He was an old fella who resembles a typical bookworm or a library clerk. He is quite easy to get along with as long as you don't interrupt him in class.

"Emm, no sir sorry," is all she could say clearly embarrassed by the attention she had created for herself. She glared at me for a second seemingly trying to pin her current shame on me, but I woke up this morning and chose violence so decided to tease her a little.

"Weren't you saying something about drawing lightning bolts," I whispered to her whilst making the same reassured smile she made moments ago.

"Shut up," she quickly said to me sounding quite venomous as her glare intensified but she seemed to have forgotten that the teacher was still focused on her.

"What was that?" he asked from the front of the class having seemingly not heard what she said. However, I could tell that he was slowly losing patience with the whole situation.

"Sir she was just talking about vivid your narration of Harry's battle with the basilisk is," I quickly said to him after raising my hand not wanting to get her into actual trouble since she might implicate me. Knowing my teacher, he is the type to just punish everyone just in case even if it might be false.

"Hmm, ok make sure to pay attention in the future it sounds even better when you are listening," he said with a satisfied smile at the slight ego boost as he resumed reading from where he left off. However, before he could start the long-a-awaited bell that signalled our freedom rung.

Not even waiting for a second after the bell rang, we immediately started packing up our stuff to leave. However, before anyone could leave the room we watched as our teacher quickly dashed out with his bag as if he was escaping a mob.