

Football 97

Chapter 97 Family Discussion

"What are we deciding," dad's questioning voice sounded in the room drawing our attention to the living room. Turning around I saw his smiling face as he took off his suit jacket placing it on the couch.

"Oh, hi honey, go wash up and join us for dinner," Mom was the first to answer him shoos him to the bathroom downstairs, not bothering to answer his question. He didn't argue with her as he promptly made his way to the bathroom to clean up.

"The food smells great," He commented as he took the seat next to Mom giving her a kiss on her cheek, to which she blushed slightly. Dad's grin widened upon seeing her reaction as he started filling his own plate with food. Mom proceeds to just stare at him which Dad met with his own gaze creating an ambiguous mood.

"Y'know I'm still here," I told them from the side as they were seemingly lost in their own world. Hearing my words Mom's flushed look intensified lightly whereas Dad didn't seem to mind it one bit.

His level of self-confidence is enviable, I don't think I've ever seen him panic even if he doesn't know how to do something. Heck, I've seen him waffle through a conversation with a contractor over a building project. Only when the guy asked what projects he worked on in the past did he realise that Dad had never worked in the industry.

The guy wasn't angry though as Dad was recruiting him for a project on a new store. What surprised him though was the fact that he had enough knowledge to vet him to make sure he is the right man for the job. Overall, Dad is the type of person who could hold a conversation with anyone regardless of the topic.

"Anyways what are we deciding," Dad suddenly asked snapping me out of my thoughts focusing back to the present. He has a serious look on his face completely washing away his playfulness from moments ago.

"There was a PSG academy scout at my game today and I think he wants me to join their academy," I told him with a smile not minding the fact that he decided to change the subject.

Mom went ahead and explained the conversation she had with Mike Pierce. She told us about the guy's sales pitch of the facilities and training they offer to kids aspiring to be footballers. According to Mike, the team is looking to heavily invest in their youth divisions in an effort to emulate Barca.

This change was caused due the main team's lack of success on the international stage. Mike did mention that the club is currently undergoing talks of new ownership, and the upgrade of the youth division is one of the conditions set by the future owner. Listening to her talk about what the scout had told her left me flabbergasted as to how the guy could go around sharing such sensitive information.

When I asked Mom about it, she said that he used it to entice me to join their camp as they have state-of-the-art equipment for my training. Throughout her whole explanation Dads, serious scowl did not change a bit as he was seemingly lost in thought. I didn't mind this though as I continued to enjoy my dinner relishing in the taste.

"I've heard some of my friends at Nike talk about some of their teams having an academy here, but I just never bothered with it," Dad suddenly drew my attention as he implied that there was more than one team's academy. Interested in what he was saying I started paying more attention.

Including PSG there are a plethora of teams that have one of their branch's academies set up in Miami. Including PSG there is Barcelona, Juventus, Lion, and Sevilla FC. There are a few smaller clubs as well, but they aren't as well known and probably wouldn't be a desirable choice for training either.

Honestly, I was quite surprised to know that some of Europe's biggest clubs have set up bases here. After all, America isn't particularly known for its strength when it comes to producing football talents. Dad was quick to clear it up though saying that some teams can't accommodate the vast number of kids trying to join their academy, so they set up branches in the US. Don't get me wrong they do tend to invite talented players to their main academy once they turn the right age of course.

"I don't mind joining an academy as long as the training helps me, but we don't know anything about them," I put my two cents into the conversation letting my parents know of my desire for a more challenging environment. I would like to continue to play with the school team, but the training might not be the best for me in the long run.

"I'll ask my friends for more details, and we can make a decision next week, we can even do some visits first if you want," Dad suggested sounding open to the Idea of not at all bothered by the extra work I put on his plate. Mom seemed to be more at ease with Dad taking control of the situation, happy that he took the burden off her shoulders.

"You are not leaving school for it though," Mom commented out of nowhere startling me at how quickly her mood switched. I could tell by the glare on her face that she meant every word.

"I wasn't planning on leaving school, I actually enjoy it especially when I get to sleep," I told her with a smile making sure to mumble the later part of that sentence, not wanting to risk a scolding. It's not like I sleep a lot either just usually on Fridays before a game or sometimes during homeroom.

"What was that?" she asked me as her glare intensified daring me to repeat what I said. Ignoring the chill that I felt slowly creeping down my spine I composed myself knowing my next words could land me in trouble.

"Nothing, Dad where is Zeus anyways?" I Changed the subject to the only thing I could think of. That seemed to be the right decision as her glare quickly disappeared as she sent a questioning look to Dad.

"Oh, he's sleeping on his bed in the gym, he's been quite busy today," he told me with a knowing look helping me dodge the storm that is my mother.

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"That felt great I defiantly needed that," I told Mom as I got up from my Yoga mat. We had just gone through our morning Yoga session after my run. It is weird doing it without Emma since she decided to stay at Jenna's, but I defiantly needed this to loosen up my muscles from yesterday.

Today is kind of a big day for me, well for my hair it is. I'm getting my dread locs twisted today, so I can finally say goodbye to this untameable Afro. Mom was quite unsure about it at first since she didn't know anything about it but luckily Liv's Mom reassured her. Heck, I wouldn't know where to get my hair done if it wasn't for her since you can't just pull up to an African barber and ask them to give you dreadlocks.

"I'm surprised you are even up for working out today," she told as she handed a bottle of mineral water.

"Guess I'm just excited about getting my hair done," I answered her which is partly right the other being the green slime potion I took yesterday. I didn't really notice it yesterday, but my body feels more relaxed than I initially realised.

Even though yesterday's game was quite tiring obviously not because it was a hard game but scoring goals is hard too. Today was different though it felt like I had a clean sheet, and my body was just ready to get to work. I still decided not to push it too far during training and just kept it light.

"Alright go and clean up, we have to leave early to get your hair done," she commented as she proceeded to ruffle through my hair. Honestly, sometimes I get the feeling that she likes my hair more than I do with how much she reminds me to take care of it every day. I think she just likes how soft it is and uses it as a stress ball.