Summary

Jennifer Ford has been working for Liverpool FC since she was 18 years old, now she is 24 and the head of physiotherapy. It's been a tough season since Klopp became manager, but as the months fly by perhaps that league title is just within the teams grasp. Follow, Jen and the lads throughout their race for the trophy, or any trophy for that matter.
A/N: Hello all! Welcome to this fic! It is a multi-chapter fic revolving around the greatest football team ever, Liverpool FC. Follow the lads and Klopp on the pitch and off the pitch with my OC Jennifer Ford. There will be plenty of laughs and perhaps even a few tears? Well for some of the characters there will be anyway (hehehe). Anyway thanks for clicking on the fic I really hope you like it. Oh and one final point this is an OC/Mignolet fic so just wanted to make sure you definitely know that before reading as I know some people have very strong opinions against our keeper. It’ll be a slow burner though so you will have plenty of laughs with the other team members instead of just solely focusing on Mignolet. Anyway, enjoy!

New Perspectives...

It was the last training session before the team left to spend the holidays with their families. They’d lost yesterday to West Ham and the lads definitely took the loss hard, especially with their ex-teammate’s skilful goal which lead the opposition to victory.

It was nearing 5pm and the sky was already a deep navy; Klopp looked up and breathed in the fresh, cold, mid-winter air. As expected, it had been a rather bitter training session today, he heard a few of the younger boys grumbling about their cold fingers since they forgot to bring their gloves. The German couldn’t help but smirk at his team, they could moan like it was going out of fashion, but despite their complaints, they’d worked extremely hard today.

Things had been far from smooth since Jürgen became manager. Just as he was finding the perfect formations for the team and the tactics they needed to win, they’d been hit with lots of injuries; injuries which might have just cost them the chance to get into the top four or even win the title. The players were only just settling down before the starting eleven had to be completely changed due to key players being out for long periods. So not only were the tactics of play changing, the teams were as well. Now Klopp has been in this game for a while now and he knows what it takes to be a good team, it takes hard work, discipline and focus, but it also takes trust and knowledge. The knowledge of where your team mate will be next, who will be backing you up, who will assist you in stopping or scoring a goal without even needing to communicate. A real team needs to be glued together, always playing so they can build that relationship. Unfortunately, things just haven’t worked out that way.
But all Klopp can do is look past the negatives and forward to the future. He’s always believed that where there was bad fortune, a bit of luck was waiting just around the corner. He was reminded of this fact when he heard two of his hard working, injured players laughing heartily along with the head physio. Sturridge and Lovren were chuckling away at something the young woman had said and it brought a smile to the man’s face. True that wasn’t exactly a challenge, he smiled a lot but still, it was nice to see his team not losing their will to train despite their obvious disadvantage.

Glancing down at his watch, Klopp saw that the time was up and the team was due their five day break. He caught everyone’s attention and they all gathered around him obediently “Great work today, guys. I know yesterday was a hard loss to take, but we must continue to go forward and make up the lost goals in future games. But enough about football, the next few days are about the time you spend with your loved ones, I trust you will all enjoy your Christmases, so Merry Christmas to you all.” The gaffer was met with a cheery grouped reply before the LFC men filed back into the changing rooms to shower and go home.

Whilst the player’s left, the head of physiotherapy stayed behind to talk to her boss about their injured players. Klopp had a deep respect for the woman who tried her best to keep his players injury free. Jennifer Ford had been promoted once the previous job owner, Chris Morgan had decided to retire in order to spend time with his steadily growing family, about six weeks ago. Losing Chris had been hard on everyone on the team, including Ford herself. He was her mentor and close friend who’d she’d worked under ever since coming to Liverpool. But despite the large shoes she had to fill, Ford had fit right into her new job. The lads loved her which was always helpful, considering the amount of time they have to spend together. And the backroom team respected her despite her age and gender.

Unfortunately, where injuries were concerned, Klopp wasn’t the only one who came under fire from the press. The press and fans alike have been throwing blame to the new physio chief as well. Stating that she will never be like Chris and that she couldn’t prevent an injury to save her life. None of those things were true, the recent events had just been a large helping of really bad fucking luck. Despite all the bad press, like Klopp, the woman stuck to her job and didn’t let the headlines bring her down. The German admired that about her.

The young woman greeted him with a polite ‘sir’ before shooting off on a long explanation about the team and the injuries they were battling. “-and Sturridge is doing his part but I’m afraid I don’t see him coming back until sometime near February. His, Ings’ and Skrtel’s injuries are the ones that have hit us the hardest. We’ll just have to play it by ear and string together a team with whatever players we have left. Sorry, Klopp. I know that’s not what you wanted to hear.” The manager smiled at her apology “That’s alright, Jen. No need to apologise. These things just can’t be helped sometimes. We’ll do what we can.” Jurgen reassured her. “Yeah sounds good, boss.”

NEW PERSPECTIVES…
Back in the steaming changing rooms, the players were in good spirits as they all discussed their plans for their short break. Henderson was talking about the big surprise he and his wife had bought their daughters; whilst Sturridge was boasting about wooing his girl this festive season. They all shared their plans before the team’s attention fell onto their goalkeeper. “So, Simon, you gonna pull a Studge and sweep Charlotte of her feet?” Ibe asked from his place next to the Belgian, who just chuckled at his question. But before he could reply, Lucas cut in.

“No! Mignolet is a hopeless romantic kind of guy.” The Brazilian turned to the subject of conversation “instead of going out to some fancy restaurant, you are going to give her a wonderful evening in and cook her a romantic dinner, no?” This time, Mignolet broke out into a full blown laugh, along with the other men in the room.

“Actually, you aren’t wrong. Am I that obvious?” he asked them all with an embarrassed grin as he rubbed the back of his neck.

“Nah, you're just a nice guy.” Lallana replied as he dried off his hair with a towel.

“I’ll take that. Although the only way I’m making this a surprise is because I told Charlotte that we were all going out tonight and I wouldn’t get back until late. I’m hoping she’ll be happy when I show up-“

“With a bouquet of flowers! Because Migs doesn’t do anything half arsed.” Henderson called out, filling the room with more rumbling laughter

“Yes, yes.”

“So how are things with you two. Its been a couple of years now. Thinking about popping the question?” The captain continued. Mignolet just sighed before replying

“I have been thinking about it. I just want to make sure it’s what she wants.” Seeing the keeper’s dilemma, James Milner decided to help his friend out. He did his best to reach up and place a supportive hand on the towering Belgian’s shoulder.

“Simon, Just talk to her. Trust me, we’ve all been there and women never drop hints we can pick up on. But if you ask her then she’ll give you a straight answer. Once you know how she feels about it, then you can make a decision about whether or not she’s the one.” Milner advised his team mate. Always the wise voice amongst the young players.

“The Millie love advice centre is open and ready for business!” Sturridge shouted out.

As he laughed, Mignolet thought over what Milner said. He could see the sense in the man’s words. Unfortunately, it went against one of Simon’s biggest traits. The Belgian over thought everything, on and off the pitch. Especially with something as big as a proposal, he wanted to make it unique and special but he didn’t even know where Charlotte was when it came to their relationship. Perhaps he should stop overthinking it all and just ask her straight up if she wanted to marry him. That way he would have an answer and then he could work on making the actual proposal a memorable night for them both.

“That’s not a bad idea. I think I might try talking to her tonight about it.” Mignolet replied

“Atta boy! To be honest, I still can’t believe that out of all of us, you are one of the ones that isn’t married.” The captain of the team added. A few more laughs came out at that comment, it was a rather common joke between them. They would always tease Mignolet on how he’s getting old and needs to get hitched before he’s living alone in Belgium with 20 cats.
NEW PERSPECTIVES…

Just as the laughs were dying down, someone called into the changing rooms from outside. “Guys! You better be decent because I’m coming in.” it was of course Jennifer Ford. After a few shouts of ‘yeah it’s clear’ and ‘We’re ready for you baby’, the woman rolled her eyes and entered the changing rooms.

“Damn, and people say women take a long time to get ready.” Jen said with a smirk as she looked at Henderson and Can doing their hair with their infamous gel in hand. She then looked back at the rest of the group. “So, what’s got you lot laughing so hard?” she questioned

“Simon’s overthinking everything again. We just gave him the push to talk to Charlotte about becoming Mrs Mignolet.” Lallana answered with an innocent smile as he shut his metal locker and shouldered his training bag.

“Seriously? That’s fantastic, Mignolet. I’m really happy for you!” the young physio exclaimed before hugging the goalkeeper. With a small smile, he returned the gesture.

“Thanks, but don’t get too excited. I haven’t even asked her yet and you lot are already planning my wedding.”

“Aw come on Simon, you’re a catch, there's no way she’ll turn you down.” Jen replied

“Yeah mate, she has a point. I mean if you weren’t taken, I think I’d have married you myself.” Clyne added with a suggestive look and waggling eyebrows to which even Jen couldn’t contain her laughter at.

“Right… Well I think I’d better go before this gets even weirder. Merry Christmas to you all.” Simon told his team mates before leaving the changing room. With a smile, Benteke wished the group the same thing before jogging to catch up with his fellow Belgian.

Eventually, the rest of the team managed to get ready and tame the hair they all took so much pride in. Well, except Martin of course.

Quickly, Lallana ran one last hand through his dark locks before looking back at the young physio. “Jen, you ready to go?”

“Yep. Thanks again for the lift, Ads.” She replied

“Not a problem. Right lads, we’re off. Merry Christmas.” Lallana called to his friends who all replied with the standard festive message.

“Have fun boys. But remember we have the match on boxing day so no getting too pissed, alright?” Jen told the men with a motherly tone.

“Yes Mum. We’ll remember!” Ibe shouted back. Shaking her head with a smile, Jen followed Adam out to his car.
NEW PERSPECTIVES…

For Jen and Adam, the walk out to the car was a bitter one because somehow the temperature had dropped a few more degrees, in the past half hour, to below freezing. The cold air turned every breath into a cloud of smoke in front of their faces and the tips of their ears felt like they were freezing over. Thankfully, the pair quickly made it to the parking space, reserved for the player who adorned the number 20 on their back, and clambered into the car which awaited them.

Now, Adam Lallana wasn’t one of the flashiest guys out there. He never wore brands just to get attention or to one up his team mates, or even his rivals. He just bought stuff for the quality and look and considered the name afterwards. He was always careful with money, despite his job, since he’d just been brought up that way. So he wasn’t much of a show off. However, when it came to cars, well the man had good taste. With Adam’s steadily growing family he and the wife had decided to fork out on a SUV and purchased a Mercedes Benz AMG GL, in white. The leather interior was high end, the 21” aluminium wheels were monstrous, and the tech inside of the car was top of the range. All in all, the car was beautiful and Jen was sure to tell her friend every time she set foot in the vehicle.

When they both were settled in they watched as Mignolet and Benteke’s cars pulled out of the Melwood car park and off onto the road. Just as Lallana turned the key, Jen faced him. “Onwards my trusty chauffeur, to the mystical land of car repairs and stale coffee!” the woman cheered in a posh accent which earned her a strange look and a laugh from her longtime friend.

“As you command, fair maiden!” Adam played along with a stupid grin on his face whilst he eased his car out of the parking spot. Soon they were past the few fans that hung around Melwood during training hours and were on the road. The bitter weather outside forced the pair to have the car’s heating turned up almost to it’s full strength. The roaring from the warming fans drowned out the sound of the road disappearing beneath them and the pair settled into a comfortable silence. Literally, a comfortable silence, Jen was pretty sure she could fall asleep in the passenger seat with the way it was hugging the warmth to her body.

“Hey Jen, I think it might be time for a car upgrade.” Adam said breaking the silence. A little randomly if she was being honest.

“Trust me, I know. That bloody thing’s been in and out of the garage too much lately.” She sighed at the thought of her rust bucket of a car.

“Well, you definitely can afford it. Why don’t you go get that mustang you’ve been drooling over for the past couple years? Treat yourself to a Christmas present you know you’ll love.” He replied. He definitely wasn’t wrong. She’d seen this mustang in a Ford show room once and feel in love with the thing in a matter of seconds. She’d always been a car nut but she hadn’t really looked at cars since she’s always had her old Camaro from her granddad. But when she said old, she really meant old. There was a fine line between vintage and just too old to function and unfortunately, Jen’s car had crossed the line into un-driveable.
It was a sad realisation. Growing up, that car had been her life. She’d done the thing up with her dad as a kid and when she was finally old enough her old man chucked her the keys and she’d driven it ever since.

“If I’m being honest, I just don’t know if I have it in me to spend God knows how much on a flashy car.” Jen sighed whilst looking out onto the road

“You sure you’re not just being stubborn and trying to hold onto the old thing? Come on Jen, you need something that actually drives but that doesn’t mean you have to sell the Camaro. I love that thing about as much as you do. Keep it in the garage for a rainy day or something. You can even use it as a lawn ornament but I think it’s time for some change, don’t you?” Adam replied, trying to advise his friend.

“Yeah, yeah I guess you’re right.” She relented. Thinking it over, Lallana wasn’t wrong, she needed to move on from her crappy motor.

“Aren’t I always?” he questioned with a smirk which resulted in the woman rolling her eyes but mirroring his smirk. “Hey do you remember years ago, back when I was at Southampton u21’s, the time you came to pick me up from training on my birthday and we went for that drive near the river?” the player asked as he returned his attention to the road.

It took her a while but the memory suddenly clicked and the physio turned to her friend. “Oh yeah! It’d just stopped raining and you insisted that we put the roof down.”

“Yeah and then that lorry came speeding down the road and straight through a giant puddle. We got soaked right down to the bone.” Adam chuckled at the memory.

“I didn’t get the smell of that water out of my hair for days.” Jen added before joining in with the laughter.

Smiling Jen thought back on those times and on the older boy with floppy brown hair and a goofy smile who never left her side as a kid. Jen and Adam went to the same Catholic schools growing up and became inseparable despite the three years age gap. Well that was up until he finally followed his dream of going into football. Even now, Jen couldn’t believe how far that boy had come. A little kid from Bournemouth with nothing but his determination, skills and dreams; somehow, he managed to become one of the best players in one of the premier league’s top teams. And despite being separated for so many years, the two friends eventually found each other at Liverpool and half the time Jen couldn’t believe her luck.

NEW PERSPECTIVES...

Eventually, the Physio and footballer reached the garage where Jen bid farewell to her friend and was finally able to make her own way home.

When the woman pulled into the driveway she was rather glad, it’d been a long six weeks of her
being head physio and she was going to savour her few days off. After unlocking the oak front door, Jen pulled her black Liverpool windcheater from her shoulders and tossed her keys onto the sideboard, to her right in the hallway. Jen’s house wasn’t the largest in her neighbourhood but it definitely wasn’t box standard. It was full of modern décor, a brand new designer kitchen and three bedrooms with full ensuites. Given the nature of her job, Jen made quite a bit of money, obviously not as much as the players at Liverpool, but just enough to keep her comfortable. However, the only way to afford the house she lived in was to split the bills and have a housemate. That’s where her friend Persephone came in.

The pair had met at University, though both interested in very different career paths, they became quick friends and Jen couldn’t be more grateful for that. Sephy worked as a highly paid Forensic Psychologist. If Jen was being honest, she still didn’t understand a word of what the woman said to her about her job but she nodded along whenever her friend needed to share.

Walking further into her home, Jen made her way to the kitchen to grab some food from one of her cupboards. However, the woman stopped in her tracks when she noticed a piece of paper on the black kitchentop. Jen changed direction and went for the letter; she couldn’t help the smile that came to her face as she read the rushed note ‘Jen, won’t be around tonight, Tom asked me if I wanted to go to that party thing with him finally! So I said yeah (well does a disbelieved mhm count?) idk. Anyway, I’d say don’t wait up but I know you’ll be hogging the tv all night anyway. See you whenever – Sephy’ Shaking her head at her friend, who was too lazy to change, went ahead with her plan to grab a load of food and sit by the tv and watch a load of sappy Christmas movies until she fell asleep or Sephy came home. Perfect evening in if she said so herself.

Just as Jennifer was dosing, her buzzing phone made her jump. Grabbing the offending device, she checked the lockscreen to find that a message had come through on the LFC group chat. Yes, yes they have a group chat, as sad as it is, the whole team were a unit and it was a great way to keep in touch over breaks and to take the piss out of each other.

Adam Lallana

- Hey lads! Check out what Arthur drew today. I think it’s gonna make all your stone cold hearts melt.

After the introductory message, a picture came through of a slightly crumpled piece of A4 paper. On it, was a drawing which mainly consisted of red pencil. It was of course the LFC team, in stickman form. They all stood in a line with their brightly coloured red shirts, except for Mignolet who was given a black shirt, which held each of their numbers on the front and a few misspelled last names. And on the very top of the piece of paper were two shakily written words, my heroes.

Jordan Henderson

- Damn Ads. You got a prodigy there
Jordon Ibe

- I bet Skrts and Mama are sitting there right now with tears in their eyes

Martin Skrtel

- it’s true. It’s just too much

Lucas Leiva

- I can’t believe it. It only took a couple of stick men to break him!? I could’ve done that years ago!!! XD

Nathaniel Clyne

- Hey! Why aren’t I on it?!

Daniel Sturridge

- WAYYYYYYYYYY!! Clyney wasn’t important enough to go on the kiddy drawing! XD

Jennifer Ford

- Damn right the kid remembered me! Got a problem with it Nathaniel?!? :-)

Nathaniel Clyne

- Ugh, it creeps me out when you use my first name o_O

Adam Lallana

- Aw cut the kid some slack Clyney, he’s four XD I don’t think it was his master plan to offend you
Dejan Lovren

- As cute as it is, i’m pretty sure I’m not number 7 XD

James Milner

-I’m now called Loferene

Adam Lallana

- You’re idiots the lot of you :-D. And Clyne, Arty says sorry! He’s adding you to it now ;-)

Nathaniel Clyne

- Tell him he can make it up to me by making me taller than everyone else :-(

This was them, the real people behind the members of Liverpool. Off the pitch, far from work, away from the prying eyes of the press. The side of themselves only a choice few ever got to see since people always seemed to forget that football players were people. To many they are just objects to be sold, bought and loaned to clubs. Machines that were supposed to be perfect and win every game. Unfortunately, that was a view that just wouldn’t change. But times like these made it much easier for the players because as long as they remember that they’re just normal people then it helps them keep their heads that little bit higher during interviews, makes them run that little bit harder during a game. Jen knew this and she couldn’t be happier to be a part of their lives, both on and off that pitch.

With that thought in mind, Jen locked her phone and returned to watching what had just come on the television set. Slowly, she began to dose off to the sounds of Peter Griffin and his family going about their usual antics.

A/N: Thanks for reading! Hope it was alright. Sorry for all the random information that doesn’t really relate to the team, but I’ve used this chapter to give you some background info on my OC. The next few chapters will be mainly Mignolet and Jen but once we get back into the season then things will be very club heavy. Hope you enjoyed this chapter :-)
Confessional of Lies

New Perspectives chapter 2

Chapter title: Confessional of Lies

A/N: Wow okay so last chapter was pretty well received. I’m pretty happy about that so I decided to deliver another chapter to you because I’m feeling generous ;-) So here it is, chapter 2. This one will be mainly Jen and Mignolet and you’ll see why soon enough. Let’s begin

NEW PERSPECTIVES...

The TV flashed various colours across the pristine white walls of the living room. Jen was sound asleep on the sofa with a blanket covering the lower half of her Liverpool work tracksuit. Rain crashed down onto the windows but it did nothing to stir the softly snoring woman who was curled in on herself, hugging a pillow.

However, a loud banging on the door had the woman sitting upright in a second, breathing heavily as if she’d just been startled by something. The knocking continued so Jen jumped off her couch with a yawn, grabbed her glasses off the coffee table and jogged unsteadily over to her front door.

Realising that she was all alone, it was the middle of the night and someone was randomly banging on her door, Jen made sure to check through the peephole to see who was waiting outside.

Surprised was definitely the best word to describe Jen’s feelings at that time. She really wasn’t expecting that person to be standing there.

Sliding the lock across the door, the physio grabbed the door handle and pulled it open to reveal who was hiding behind the entrance. Simon Mignolet. His hair was slicked down to his head due to the rain, his shoulders were shivering slightly and his teeth were chattering. That’s when Jen noticed that there were two sports bags hanging off his shoulders.

“Simon?” she asked stupidly whilst yawning

“Hey.” He replied simply, his words coming out shaky due to the cold “Can I come in?”

“Oh, yeah sure, sure.” Jen held the door open for the Belgian who trudged in with his large bags. “Just drop them by the door.” She instructed with a small smile. “I think I better put the kettle on, huh?”

Quickly, the physio made her way back into her open plan kitchen and shook the kettle to see if there was any water left in it. After deciding that there was just enough, she clicked it on and grabbed two mugs out of the cupboard, whilst asking the damp goalkeeper standing in her kitchen, what drink he wanted.

Once, the drinks were made, the woman grabbed the mugs and motioned her head over to the sofa
for Simon to follow. Once seated, the physio folded one leg under herself and grasped her boiling
cup in both hands, trying to use the warmth to wake herself up a bit more. “So, what brings you
here at two in the morning? Everything alright?” At her question, the goalkeeper ran a hand over
his face and sighed. Raindrops slowly sliding down his head and onto his neck.

“I just broke up with Charlotte and I didn’t know where else to go.” Simon admitted with a tired
voice. A voice no one would expect from the loud goalkeeper many saw on the pitch.

“What?! But I thought things were going really well. I thought you were gonna propose at some
point.” Jen replied with a shocked expression.

“They were- I was… I-” he tried but the words just weren’t ready to come out yet. Not ready to
make it all real, Mignolet just looked down into his mug, as if it held all the answers to the
questions they were both asking themselves. He sighed again.

Jen just observed the Belgian. The look of hurt, anger and heartbreak clear all over his face.
Charlotte and Simon had met when he was still in Belgium. Back when he was juggling studying
for a degree and training to become a goalkeeper. Back when the media barely knew his name and
he was still playing for Sint-Truiden and Belgium’s U21’s.

Suddenly, the goalkeeper coughed and turned his head away from his physio. It was a short, manly
cough that many men used to hide their true emotions. Like the subtle amount of water filling his
eyes. Jen placed her hand across the top of Mignolet’s cup and pulled it from his grasp before
placing it on the coffee table along with her own beverage. “Hey,” she started “it’s okay. You
don’t have to talk about it just yet.” It seemed that he didn’t quite trust himself to talk so he just
nodded as a thank you. He still didn’t meet her eyes. “Come here.” Jen told him before moving to
wrap her arms around his neck, trying the best she could to offer her friend some form of comfort.
The physio was surprised when Mignolet didn’t even try to push her away but returned her gesture
by moving his arms across her middle and placing his forehead on her shoulder. As if doing so
might hide him from the world and everything that was going on.

Whilst she held the Belgian close to her, Jen thought about why he chose to come to her. Sure they
were pretty close friends, but so was everyone on the team. Perhaps he didn’t want to disturb
anyone with a family, so that already left him with a small choice. Then he had to rule out those
who didn’t speak the same languages as him. So that left him with even less options. Maybe it was
because she was a girl? She could offer him some real comfort instead of playing it off all cool like
a bloke would? She didn’t know but she didn’t mind either. Jen loved the lads and that was pretty
obvious, she’d do anything for any of them. So if that meant consoling one of them through a hard
break up then she’d be there with the junk food and a load of crappy films.

“Maybe I should’ve grabbed the alcohol instead of the tea.” Jen stated. This got a laugh out of
Mignolet and made him break away from the embrace.

“Maybe, but I’m not in the mood for getting drunk right now. I have a feeling that’s going to
happen tomorrow.”

“Wow, even in heartbreak you’re planning everything.” Jen teased which resulted in the Belgian
pushing her shoulder in a friendly manner.

“Don’t you start as well.” He chuckled, but it quickly quietened back to that lost look he had when
he first turned up. A few moments of silence passed where it looked as though the goalkeeper was
trying to find his words. Patiently, Jen waited next to him. She wouldn’t rush him. It was a delicate
situation and she knew that because Simon’s love for his long-time girlfriend was beyond obvious.
He would glow every time someone brought her up or he’d smile with pride when telling the lads
about something she’d achieved. They’d been together so long that they might as well have been married. All Jen could keep thinking was that there must be a way to fix it. They probably just had an argument or something. A big one by the sounds of it but maybe it could be resolved.

Suddenly, Mignolet gave a dry chuckle and ran his hand over his face again. “You know, it still hasn’t quite registered with me yet.” He told the woman sitting next to him.

“What hasn’t? The break up?” she questioned

“No I get that, as much as it hurts. I mean the reason we broke up. I just never even thought of it being a possibility. I trusted her so much.” Simon admitted.

“What exactly happened? If you don’t mind me asking?”

“No, it’s okay. I guess I should probably talk about it. What’s that saying you use on the lads when something is bothering them?” the goalkeeper asked with a questioning glance

“A problem shared, is a problem halved.” Jen recited with a chuckle. It’s something her grandma used to say to her all the time as a kid.

“And you think this is true?” Mignolet seemed genuinely curious

“I live my life by it.” She replied without missing a beat. “Why don’t you start at the beginning? What happened when you got home?” That seemed to do the trick. Once the Belgian started talking, the rest just came pouring out.

Simon talked about what happened when he got in, how he put all the fancy shopping he did away and how he couldn’t see anyone but there were two half-filled wine glasses on the downstairs table. That’s the moment when it started to click for Jen. The hurt and anger on his face when he turned up, the whole trust thing with Charlotte, him leaving the house instead of her. If her hunch was correct, then of course he had to get out of there. Despite all the signs pointing to the obvious answer, Jen was still praying that her guess was wrong. That Mignolet didn’t have to suffer the low blow of his partner cheating on him.

“-so I went upstairs and… and the door was slightly open.” He took a deep breath, as if he was trying to control his anger. Although, with the way his fists were clenched to the point at which his nails must’ve carved little half-moons into his palms, it didn’t seem to be working too well.

“Hey, it’s alright. Take your time.” Jen’s comforts were ignored this time when Mignolet got up from his seat and started pacing the length of the living room. His hands roughly scraping through his partly dry hair.

“She was sleeping with some guy from her work, Jen. In our house! In our bed! The same damn bed we sleep in together! She told me it wasn’t even the first time it’s happened! That asshole has been sleeping with her for months and I didn’t have a damn clue!” he exploded, his hands moving about rapidly, at his sides, as though to emphasis his points. The physio just looked down at the ground with a sad acceptance that her theory was right. Poor bloke.

“And you know what the worst part is. Ever since she’s been having an affair, she’s seemed so much happier around me. Like some massive weight had been lifted from her shoulders.” He admitted tiredly. All that fight and anger he had a minute ago was replaced with self-loathing and pain. After a few moments of silence, he continued. “After I got rid of that bastard, we had some massive argument and she told me that I wasn’t there enough for her. That she couldn’t handle me
being away all the time and all the bad press I was getting was just too much for her. So while I was away earning a living, trying to live up to everyone’s expectations and getting beaten down in the process, the one person I thought I could trust and con… Con- What’s that word where you can tell someone secrets?” he asked quickly, in the middle of his explanation.

“Confide in” Jen answered.

“Thanks. The one person I thought I could confide in and she was stabbing me in the back the entire time.” Once he finally finished, he sat himself back onto the sofa next to her and dropped his head onto the back of the seat with his eyes closed.

NEW PERSPECTIVES...

The pair talked for another hour before deciding that they needed a break from all the heart break. So Jen did what she and Sephy did for each other in times like these. She grabbed her favourite movies, a huge stack of food they probably shouldn’t eat and a bottle of vodka, just in case.

When she sat back down, Simon looked at the food and then back to her. “Perfect remedy for a heart break. Movies and food. What more could you want?” the physio told him. “Simon, I know how shit this must be for you, so I want you to know that you can stay here for as long as you need.”

“No, no I don’t want to impose.” He replied instantly

“Impose? Migs I’m *telling* you that my spare room is yours for however long it has to be. Mi casa es su casa.” The man just shook his head with a small, fond smile.

“You’ve been spending too much time with Alberto. But, if you are sure, then thank you. I appreciate it.” Said the goalkeeper who was slowly reaching for some Pringles. “So what film should we start with, doctor?” he asked Jen, using one of the many, many nicknames the lads had given her over the years.

Jen’s eyes scanned the dvd collection before picking up an old looking case. She flipped the movie over in her hand once before presenting it to Mignolet. “Boondock Saints? No love story and plenty of action.”

“Sounds good to me.” He said whilst munching his way through the crisps.

“The saints it is then.” Quickly, Jen hopped up and fiddled with her dvd player until she found the eject button. Soon, the pair were sitting on her sofa drinking an odd concoction of tea and vodka whilst laughing at Norman Reedus’s attempt at an Irish accent.

Just as a fight scene ended, Jen felt Mignolet’s eyes on her. “You could take a picture. It’d last longer.” The physio told her friend jokingly. He just chuckled.

“Sorry. I just forget that you wear glasses.”

“That’s probably because I wear contacts every time you see me.” She replied with a smirk. After debating just how blind the physio was, the pair went back to watching the movie in a comfortable silence. Not soon after, the tiredness of being up at an ungodly hour caught up to them and they nodded off on the sofa.
NEW PERSPECTIVES...

The TV flashed various colours across the pristine white walls of the living room. Jen was sound asleep on the sofa with a blanket covering the lower half of her Liverpool work tracksuit. Rain crashed down onto the windows but it did nothing to stir the softly snoring woman who was curled in on herself, hugging a pillow.

However, the slamming of her front door had her sitting upright in a flash. But the noise hadn’t startled just her. Sitting up, like a Meerkat, next to her was Mignolet, whom she’d completely forgotten had stayed the night. He looked all cute and scruffy with his stubble, tried eyes and fluffed up hair.

Just as her brain was waking up, someone called out to Jen from the front of the house “Jen!! You up?” a female voice echoed down the hall

“Well if I wasn’t then I am now!” the physio called back at the woman who finally made her way into the Livingroom. “You know Seph, you could be a little more graceful when you come in.”

“I’m aware” the blonde woman replied with a smirk as she chucked her clutch bag onto the counter. When she finally turned to face her house mate, she was met with the face of a certain Belgian. “Oh crap, sorry I didn’t know you had a visitor, Jen.” Persephone said quickly, she then directed her attention at the footballer on the sofa. “Sorry, Mignolet. If it means anything, I wouldn’t have slammed the door if I knew you were here.” She apologised with an awkward smile. Sephy was well acquainted with most of the Liverpool squad given that she had to deal with her best friend inviting them around every so often.

“It’s fine, really.” He assured the woman in front of him as he rubbed the sleep out of his face and attempted to flatten down his bed hair. His failed attempts managed to bring the first laugh of the day out of Jennifer.

“So what brings you back here this early? I thought you and Tom would’ve hit it off” Jen asked her friend

“Oh we did. But when I woke up this morning I remembered that I have a friend at home who needs feeding and she can’t even make a decent breakfast without burning the house down.” The physio produced a hurt expression at her friend’s accusation

“That is… a fair point.” Jen relented as she realised that her friend was one hundred percent right with that one. “So what we having?”

“Well considering that we were both too lazy to actually do some shopping, all we have is croissants and every spreadable thing known to man. That okay with you, Mignolet?” the psychologist asked. She was met with a polite reply of confirmation before proceeding to grab everything out the cupboards.

The trio managed to create a decent breakfast from what they had lying around. They all sat down at the breakfast bar in the kitchen and tucked in.

Whilst Simon took a bite out of his pastry, Jen observed him from the corner of her eye. He was putting on a brave face in front of Sephy, but really she could still see that pain and anger just wanting to take over. Today was going to be hard for the Belgian, especially since he would have to face Charlotte at some point to sort everything out once and for all. Not only that, but Jen’s
phone had just flashed up a reminder about her and a few of the lads going to one of the hospitals in the neighbourhood to greet some of the patients for the holidays. And Mignolet was one of the players who volunteered for the gig.

Yup today was going to be a long one for the goalkeeper.

But what sucked the most was that Jen couldn’t help him any further. She could offer her comfort and advice all day long, but the emotional side of things was something Mignolet would have to deal with on his own.

It will take time, but he’ll be okay in the end.

A/N: And that’s a wrap with chapter 2. Very OC heavy but I promise the lads and Kloppo will be featured in the next chapter! I’ll try my hardest to get that written up soon. Thanks for reading! Hope you enjoyed it :-}
A/N: Okay, since people are being so nice I’m just gonna keep updating this because I’m liking where it’s going. Oh and I’d like to quickly thank Skrtelshead (tumblr. Check her out if you haven’t already. One of the best LFC blogs out there!) and one of my best mates (scarlelevisionperfection on tumblr. Check her out too for all things marvel!) for spurring me on. Anyways, let’s get onto the chapter.

NEW PERSPECTIVES…

It was three days away before Christmas and most of the Liverpool team were on their way to do the rounds at the local Alder Hey kid’s hospital to say hi to the children staying there for the holidays. They all met at Melwood so they could all make the trip together on the team bus. Jen couldn’t help but chuckle when she saw all of them loading onto the bus. It looked like a kid’s school trip with the way all their training gear matched, well aside from her and Klopp’s t-shirts whose colour scheme was the reverse of the player’s. And then there was just the mascot Mighty Red who stood out the most for obvious reasons. Jen was oddly satisfied watching the large Liver bird trying to fit his head through the bus doors.

Everyone was talking loudly as they went to grab their seats. Despite having to use the bus constantly, none of the players had a seat they thought to be theirs. Every trip would find the lads seated with a different teammate, so long as they spoke the same language that is. The noisiest of the team automatically went for the back of the vehicle like a bunch of teenagers, which resulted in Klopp shaking his head at his players with a fond smile as he climbed in last.

Since Jen was the only other member of the back room team joining the ritual, she took her seat by the window, next to where Jürgen would sit. Behind her was Jordan Henderson and Adam Lallana who were busy talking across the aisle to Milner and Allen. Once everyone had settled down, Klopp stood at the front of the bus and gave a speech about how he was so pleased that this many of the lads had turned up to do this. After the gaffer finished, he grabbed a bag from his overhead compartment and began handing out the Liverpool branded Santa hats which got a few more laughs out the players.

Just before the bus engine started, Sakho asked Jen at the front of the bus if she would take a picture for his snapchat. She accepted the iPhone which was passed up to her and instructed the lads to smile just before she captured the surprisingly nice picture of them all. Then, being the loveable idiots they all were, they decided to take a stupid picture as well which they all knew would be on social media within the hour. Finally, the driver started the bus and they pulled out onto the road.

A few rows back, the head physio could see Benteke seated with his fellow Belgian, Mignolet. The goalkeeper was noticeably distracted but she knew that Christian wouldn’t push the man, instead he would do his best to cheer him up. Which seemed to be working if the way Simon’s mouth
lifted at the corners whilst Benteke spoke in their native tongue was anything to go by. Glad that he was ok, Jen returned to her boss next to her and started up a friendly conversation.

“So did you do this over in Germany, Kloppo?” Jen asked the man next to her. She would’ve used a more formal title like sir but after she used it on him once, he insisted that she treat him like she would anyone else. It seemed to be part of his integrated into the team dynamic thing he had going.

“Yup, with Dortmund a few times.” The manager informed her. “Is this your first time doing this?” he asked

“Actually yeah, apparently they said a few of the kids wanted to meet me? Crazy right?” she chuckled

“Not really. You’re a very inspiring person, Jenna. You worked your way from the bottom to the top, now you are the only female physio in the PL. Those Liverpool fans must really look up to you.”

“Yeah, Fiesta. What the gaffer said!” Henderson called out from behind her. Using the nickname that played on her surname. That one was a fan favourite among the team.

“Quit eavesdropping, Jordie!” she replied as she poked her head over the backseat along with the manager next to her.

“Ooh low blow, Jen. Low blow.” The captain said whilst pouting about the nickname he hated. It was a sure fire way to hit Hendo back if he was winding her up. Worked every time. With a triumphant smile and a shared wink with Adam she sank back down into her seat and resumed her conversation with her boss.

NEW PERSPECTIVES...

Finally, they arrived at the hospital and waiting for them in the reception was a group of hospital staff holding up a banner welcoming the football team. Everyone shook hands with everyone before they were lead into the first wing of the hospital.

They were all split into groups to make moving around the wings a lot smoother. Jen was put with Henderson, Can, Klopp, Lovren and Mignolet. While the others waited around to be given a group, the first team set off to do their meet and greets.

Jen had never been to Alder Hey before and no amount of self-preparation could’ve helped her that day. It was a very overwhelming experience, the way families were brought together in clean hospital rooms, the way the tiniest of babies were being kept safe and warm within these walls. She wasn’t ashamed to say it brought a tear to her eye. But never the less, she kept a brave face. Although she had a bit of support next to her.

Mignolet had always been an observant guy, so it wasn’t a surprise when Jen found his arm around her shoulder in the form of a walking hug as they moved onto the next wing. He noticed the slight sheen in her eye after meeting the first couple of families and decided to offer some comfort. After doing this for the past couple of years, Simon knew the kind of effect it could have on you. If anything, he was impressed with how she was handling it. Many of the lads over the years let a few tears slip after they left the miracle building.

The pair were at the back of the group. Upfront were Klopp and Henderson talking, it was rather comical to watch due to the way the Christmas hats kept flopping about on their heads. Behind the
leaders were Emre and Dejan shoving each other and laughing quietly as they made a couple jokes to lighten the mood.

At the very end of the group was Mignolet and Jen, the height difference apparent by the way the goalkeeper had to lean down slightly to keep his arm around the woman’s shoulders. At 5’9 Jen was far from short, but she definitely couldn’t compete with the Belgian’s 6’4. Eventually, the slouching keeper gave the physio’s shoulder a friendly squeeze “You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m good. Just a lot to take in you know. On the bus earlier, Klopp said I’m an inspiration.” Jen scoffed at the thought “well I’m nothing compared to these kids. They’re my heroes if anything.” Mignolet just hummed in agreement. “Anyway, how are you holding up? With the whole Charlotte thing” Jennifer asked the man next to her.

“Oh, okay I guess. I’m just dreading going back there tonight. Maybe she would have already got her tickets back to Belgium?” he theorised

“Nah, nice try, Si. But I don’t think she’s going to let you get away that easily.” The physio replied

“She should. It’d make it easier on the both of us.” He said with a dry chuckle

“You’re really not gonna take her back, huh?” she asked

“No. I… I just can’t. I don’t trust her anymore and with me being away all the time, I can’t sit in a hotel room before a game thinking about whether or not she’s with someone else.” He told the woman. Then he sighed and looked over to her “Do you think I should give her another chance?”

“God no. Migs, you know I’ve been there before.” Jen replied straight away “I couldn’t imagine taking Matt back after what he did to me. Had him begging on his knees and everything. And you know what, a Little part of me wanted to forgive him. To just carry on and pray that it was a one off and that he really did still love me. But then I realised, if he loved me then he wouldn’t have done what he did. But if you still think there’s a chance for you to be happy, then you do what you have to, Si.” She told the Belgian who listened intently to her every word.

“No. You’re right, if she loved me like I loved her, then she wouldn’t have done it. She would’ve stayed faithful like I did all these years.” he told her

“Well there you go. There’s your answer.”

“Yeah, I guess so.” They’d just walked up to the next wing, so Mignolet dropped his arm from the physio’s shoulder and gave her a nod of thanks before they entered the room.

This time it was a private room. A little girl, her family and two nurses occupied the large space. The girl’s smooth, ginger hair fell delicately around her face as she sucked on her thumb. She couldn’t have been any older than 7. Her face shone as the group entered the room. Klopp walked in first with a teddy of Mighty Red in hand and managed to make the girl giggle as he pulled silly faces in front of her. The rest of the group shook hands with the adults in the room before Can came in with the LFC bag which held a couple of gifts for the little girl.

Now, Jen still can’t remember how it came about, but before she knew it, she was surrounded by singing LFC players who were trying and failing to play instruments and sing in tune. Henderson was sat on a sofa next to the two nurses and the little girl, strumming away on a neon pink ukulele and singing his heart out to jingle bells. For some reason someone thought it’d be a good idea to give Klopp some tiny bongos whilst he tried his best to sing the English Christmas song. Lovren had an arm around Henderson and joined in with the heartfelt singing. Emre stood there a little
confused and tried to sort of sing along but he still hadn’t learnt all the lyrics yet. Then there was Mignolet, looking as awkward as ever standing behind his singing manager. But despite not being the greatest singer, he joined in with the gaffer and bobbed his head along with the rest of the people in the room. Jen was next to Can and tried to help him with the words as she sang along with her colleagues.

It was an odd experience, but listening to Jordan’s Geordie version of jingle bells definitely brought a smile to Jen’s face. It was funny and festive and the lads knew how to handle themselves well around everyone. She was surprised by just how stuck in they got when visiting the hospital. It was nice seeing everyone like this, the team with smiles on their faces as they tried to uplift the people around them, they way kid’s beamed when they saw the footballers. All in all, it was a pretty powerful day.

**NEW PERSPECTIVES…**

Eventually, two of the groups met up in a shared wing of the hospital. Lallana, Lucas, Sakho, Sturridge, Moreno and Clyne were all busy with the kids by the time Klopp’s group came in. Once they finally filed in, the first thing they saw was Sturridge, who was holding a class on how to do his famous celebration dance, both for the kids and the players. It was extremely entertaining to watch Lucas and then Mignolet fail at the signature dance move but it definitely made the kids in the room laugh. “Eh, Si. Maybe it’s best that you’re in the goal, if you were a striker, I’d fear for your celebration.” This made the goalkeeper laugh

“Yeah I can’t argue with you on that one.” He replied to Lucas with a large grin on his face.

There were plenty more laughs and gift giving’s within the hour. Lucas was deep in conversation with a young girl who was a huge fan of his, apparently she’d had a stroke back in August and had been at the hospital ever since. She was leaving the next day but told her mother that she was not leaving before she met the Liverpool squad.

On the other side of the room, Jen was talking to a 15 year old girl, name Lilly, who’d been admitted the week before. Apparently she was a huge sports fan who wanted to go into physiotherapy and she was over the moon that she had the chance to talk with the head physio of her favourite club. Lilly was glowing as she talked about her dreams and aspirations, she reminded Jen a lot of herself when she was that age. “We could use more people like you on the team.” Jen informed the teenager with a smile.

“You think so?”

“Definitely, if you stay focused and driven, just like you are now. Then nobody will be able to stop you. That’s an admirable state of mind. Don’t ever let that go.” Jen told Lilly who surprised the woman with a hug and a heartfelt thank you. Smiling, Jen hugged the girl back and told her that she hopes to hear from her in a few years. Sadly, the time came for the group to move on so she bid the teenager goodbye and went to walk out with the team.

Just as the physio was walking towards the door, a little girl began to tug on her trouser leg. “Uh, lads, I’ll catch up” she called to the men who gave her a thumbs up in return. Turning around, Jennifer looked down at the tiny blonde dressed as a fairy who was holding a guitar that was practically the same height as her. Smiling, the woman crouched down in front of the girl “You okay, kiddo?” shyly she nodded in reply and held the instrument out in front of her.
“Can you sing?” the small voice asked “Because if… if you can I was wondering if you would sing a song for us?”

“Um, sure why not? Since its Christmas and all.” Jen replied with another smile at the young girl. “I’m guessing that you want me to play guitar too?” she nodded “Just warning you kid. I haven’t played in a while, you’re probably gonna be better than me” the child giggled but handed her guitar over anyway.

It was a beautiful instrument, albeit a little small given that it was a child’s size. It was a fender in dark oak which was well kept and it even had a capo on the end of the neck. Quickly, the little girl ran back over to her mum and got everyone to sit around where Jen was standing.

Now the physio had to run out onto a football pitch in front of millions every week but that didn’t change the fact that she was awkward as hell and really nervous about all the attention she was getting at that moment. At least when she was helping one of the lads on the field, she had a focus, a distraction. Something that let her block all those people out. Now she was standing there like an idiot in front of a bunch of families with a guitar in her hand.

Jen cleared her throat and looked around until she spotted a chair that wasn’t being used. She dragged the wooden seat over to where she was originally standing and sat down whilst resting the guitar on her leg.

Rubbing the back of her neck with her free hand, Jennifer looked up to the people watching her. “Um, I don’t play guitar that much so I can’t take any requests. I only know one or two songs so I’ll just play one of those. Nothing too heavy I promise.” She got a few chuckles out of the adults in the room.

The woman checked the tuning of the guitar and once she was satisfied, she placed the capo where she needed it and ran a hand down the strings. The smooth sound filled the room until the woman placed her hand over the strings and placed her left hand correctly along the neck of the guitar.

“I’m pretty sure you all know this song.” Jen told the people before her as her hand finally started to strum the familiar tune.

Now as she said earlier, Jen can only play a couple songs on guitar, one she learnt for Adam’s wedding and then another one she learnt in secondary school. Sadly, the latter song was the one she chose to play and it was of course Rockstar by Nickelback. To this day she still had no clue as to what possessed her to learn that particular song because right now it was all she had to offer.

Although her guitar skills weren’t her strength as she was more of a bass player, a rather odd choice of instrument but anyway, she still managed to play the song rather well. Although, the most defining part of the performance was the singing. Jen couldn’t do a lot of things but singing wasn’t on that list. She mimicked Chad’s accent perfectly as she sang the first few lines of the song.

“-This life hasn’t turned out quite the way I want it to be-” just as she finished the line someone else joined in.

“Tell me what you want.” Shouted Jordan Henderson from the doorway in a baritone voice. Jen whipped her head round to find the culprit and once she did she broke out in the biggest grin and did her best not to laugh as she carried on singing. Eventually the rest of her group came back into the room and stood at the back behind all the families. Every time the deep part of the song came up, Jordan and Dejan, who knew the song well, would sing it in the deepest voice they could muster, making everyone in the room laugh heartily.
Jen looked over at everyone whilst playing the last few notes, she saw the kids bopping along with their parents or dancing around in their mini Liverpool shirts with their Mighty Red toys in hand. The lads were clapping along or joining in to the parts they knew, as were the parents in the room.

Eventually, she finished the song and got a round of applause from the people in the room. Smiling awkwardly, Jen returned the guitar to the little girl who in turn hugged her leg and gave her a thank you. Then all the players came over and clapped the physio on the back “Looks like you’ve still got it, Jen.” Henderson said with a smirk

“Oh I dunno, Hendo. Your jingle bells from earlier is a tough act to follow.” She replied which resulted in a few chuckles from the men around her. Once they sorted themselves out, they made their leave from the wing to meet a few more families before they had to get back to Melwood.

NEW PERSPECTIVES...

Two hours later, the team were back on the bus and were journeying back to their training grounds. Everyone was talking and laughing still, but there was this odd air hanging within the bus. Perhaps it was all the fathers in the vehicle who were moved by the experience but were left with the ‘what if?’ thoughts. Or maybe it was the fact that none of them really had any power to help those kids. All they could do was try their best to put a smile on their faces. It was a very moralising thing.

Despite the atmosphere everyone kept a smile on their face and they managed to get to Melwood safe and sound.

Once they all got off the bus, they went inside the training grounds to finish the filming they had started the other day for the Melwood secret Santa video. The gifts had been bought and wrapped the previous training session, so now it was time to film the reactions.

The lads who weren’t receiving their gifts, went to watch the reactions unfold from another room in the building. First up was Kolo who was rather pleased with his gift. “Danny Ings, Danny Ings, Danny Ings, looks like you did well mate” Clyne said, mimicking Ibe’s voice as he did so. Then the rest of the players went one by one to grab their presents and give their opinion on it. There were some well thought out gifts and some funny ones that had the team rolling on the floor laughing. Origi’s reaction to his present courtesy of Joe Allen had the lads chuckling and calling him ungrateful when he returned. Some of the funnier gifts were James and Simon’s. Milner got a wonderfully grey, boring Christmas jumper whereas the goalkeeper of the team got a Christmas pudding hat, a blue jingling jumper and some reindeer slippers which he seemed to be extremely pleased with.

Klopp had to be somewhere during the filming but he did eventually return once all the lads had opened their presents. He said he had a few minutes to get this over with. Klopp went onto the practice indoor pitch where the Christmas tree was and underneath it were two presents with his name on. Clyne still hadn’t told anyone what he’d got the gaffer so everyone was waiting with suspense. “Alright he is either gonna laugh, or I’m gonna get kicked off the team.” The right back stated quietly to his teammates, suddenly feeling a little bit nervous.

“Jez Clyney, what the hell did you get him?” Lallana asked.
“Wait and see.” he replied. So the team did exactly that.

Klopp grabbed the larger of the two presents and weighed it up in his hand, but the gaffer quickly put it down in favour for the smaller, softer gift. He ripped open the packaging to find a red tshirt with his face on that had boss written on in the Hugo Boss style font. Klopp laughed his usual warming chuckle and held the top up against his torso to see how big it was “Not bad. Although, I don’t think I can walk around wearing myself on a top.” He told his team whilst still smiling. However, the fun wasn’t over just yet because there was still one more to go. The manager picked up the heavy gift and tore the paper open. The bared gift in his hand left him confused for only a second before the joke sank in and he burst out laughing.

When the players finally saw what it was, Skrtel turned to the right back “You got him an English dictionary?” Clyne just nodded and then, as if a switch had been flipped, they all collapsed on the floor laughing. Even Jen joined in because it was too good not to. By the time they calmed down they were all gasping for breath with huge grins on their faces.

“Clyney, you legend!” Sturridge shouted out from his place next to Firmino on the floor.

NEW PERSPECTIVES...

After all the fun was over, they all made their way back to their cars to they could finally go home. Before the present opening had happened, the lads had finally realised something was up with Mignolet, so they pestered him until he told them all about Charlotte. The lads kept the banter at bay in exchange for being consoling friends, which was a rather rare side to see from some of the players. But it was appreciated none the less.

As Jen was walking out, she fell in step with Adam Lallana. “Hey you alright?” the midfielder asked

“Yeah thanks, you?” Adam just nodded in response. “Hey, so I was thinking. If you and Emily don’t mind, maybe Migs could join us for Christmas, since his plans sorta fell through.” She decided to just go straight in with the question since she’s known Ads long enough that she could just be blunt with these things. She felt bad for Simon since he and his girlfriend were planning on staying in for the holidays, and she knew the Lallana’s always had an extra seat at their table for anyone who wanted it.

“Yeah, that’s not a bad idea actually. I’ll text Em now gimme a sec.” Jen watched as the man typed away at his iphone. Not even a minute later, the device vibrated with a notification. “Yeah she said he’s more than welcome. She always cooks far too much food for us anyway.”

Looking up from his phone, he tried to spot the goalkeeper from where he was standing. But given his height it wasn’t an easy task. So he opted for shouting instead. “Hey, Si!” at this, the Belgian turned around to find Adam Lallana waving him over.

“What’s up?” he asked as he fell in step with Adam and Jen.

“You wanna come to ours for Christmas this year? I carve a mean turkey.” Simon opened his mouth to reply but with met with the hand of the midfielder next to him “And before you say
anything about getting in the way or whatever, I just asked Em and she’s over the moon to have someone else coming. Plus Jen’s gonna be there.”

“See, even better.” The woman added

“I dunno, I never said it was a positive.” Lallana replied with a smirk

“Oi, don’t be a dick!” she said whilst elbowing him in the side. “So what’d you say, Si?”

“Are you sure about this?” he asked again, looking at Adam

“Yes, Migs. Now come on, just say yes”

“Okay, yes it sounds great. Thank you.” The goalkeeper replied with a smile.

“Oh but just a warning, if you turn up in that gear I get full rights to take the piss for the whole evening.” Lallana informed the other man whilst looking at his over the top Christmas jumper which jingled with every step the Belgian took.

“Ah right. I guess I leave this at home then.” Mignolet said before chuckling at his own appearance.

Eventually they all made it to the car park where the bid each other farewell, properly this time. Hugs, mainly from Klopp, were exchanged before they all got into their cars and made their way home. Just as Simon was getting into his car, he was met with a load of ‘good lucks’ from his friends. They all knew he was about to go home to face his soon to be ex-girlfriend and they wanted him to know that he had some support behind him. He thanked them all before taking off in his Mercedes SUV.

Jen watched him go and hoped he’d be alright

A/N: and there we have chapter 3. A rather long update at 4000+ words. Oh and Jen’s ex Matt is someone I completely made up just so she could give Migs some advice. He has no relation to LFC what so ever (just in case I confused some of you cuz I know there’s a physio called Matt on the BR team), he’s just some random dude Jen went out with a while back. Okay that’s that then. Thanks so much for reading and feedback is beyond welcomed if you feel like leaving a comment. See you next chapter ;-)
Lanterns In the Dark

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took me so long to update! But i’ve finished my exams finally woooo! I’m now free to write until my heart's content. So back to le chapter, because everyone liked it so much, I decided to do a whole chapter around the group chat! It’s a one off for now but I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jen couldn’t stop smiling as she entered her house. She’d just done something impulsive and out of character but it was so worth it. The second she got in she grabbed her phone and opened up the group chat.

Jennifer Ford
-guys you will never guess what I just bought!?

Daniel Sturridge
-Hehe, I can make a few guesses… ;-) 

Jennifer Ford
-oh for crying out loud Studge, get you head out the gutter XD. That was really creepy

Danny Ings
-Ohh someone is being defensive… Perhaps Studge is on to something

Steven Gerrard
-Jen, I suggest you show them before this spirals.

Now Steven Gerrard had left the team this season, but he would always be a part of Liverpool. So he remained in the group chat for as long as he wanted to. He would always have a place amongst them. Although, most of the time the messages clashed due to time difference and they had been known to wake the ex-captain up more than once due to him forgetting to silence his phone at night.

Jennifer Ford
-I can’t believe most of you lot are older than me…
-Fair point, Stevie. Alright, look!!!

Underneath Jen’s message a picture appeared. It was of a brand new, black Ford Mustang.

Adam Lallana
- YOU GOT IT??!

Steven Gerrard
-Nice!!!

Joe Allen
Danny Ings
-who are you and what have you done with, Jen? Because our Jennifer doesn’t go out and buy sports cars spontaneously

Daniel Sturridge
-oooh big word there Ingsy and Jen, Is this real? I think you messing with us.

Adam Lallana
-Nah, that’s her drive mate. She’s not bluffing.

Jordon Ibe
-I only just got here. What’s going on?

Danny Ings
-Jen’s been up ducted by someone who takes risks and buys Mustangs

Joe Allen
-Don’t say that, you know Ibey is scared of aliens.

Jordon Ibe
-WHAT? Jen bought a mustang I have to see this.
-OMFG JEN IT’S SO COOOOOOL!
-And fuck off Joey! That was one time

Jennifer Ford
-Cheers lads!
-And Come on Ibe, let us not relive the time we made you watch Cloverfield

Danny Ings
-Or Dark skies. You slept with the light on in our hotel room the whole time we were there!

Jordon Ibe
-IT WASN’T JUST ME OKAY! DIG OUT MAMA AND PHIL TOO!

Jennifer Ford
- Yeah but they weren’t the ones who suggested that we all watch a scary movie. You were your own downfall Ibey, you must now accept your fate.

Adam Lallana
-Truer words have never been spoken.

Jordon Ibe
-I’m gonna go now to save what little dignity I have left! Enjoy your car Jen. I will be test driving it after training on Boxing Day!!!

A few minutes after Ibe’s departure, the team’s vice captain popped up.

James Milner
-Guys what’s going on? My phone was making so much noise I almost spilt my tea!
Joe Allen
- I can’t tell if you’re joking or not?

Daniel Sturridge
- I don’t think he is. Okay here’s the rundown of what happened. Jen bought a mustang, we drooled over the mustang, we took the piss out of Ibey for being scared of aliens then Ibey left.
- WELCOME MILLY!

James Milner
- Thanks for the update, Daniel. Well I’d love to stay and chat but I’m going to crack on with some housework, I’m so excited!
- I’m gonna put my phone on silent now.

Daniel Sturridge
- GOODBYE MILLY!
- I still can’t believe he won’t tell us if he is boringjamesmilner or not?!? He does it so well.

Joe Allen
- One of life’s many mysteries.

Simon Mignolet
- Wow. I leave my phone alone for an evening and the group chat comes to life

Danny Ings
- MIGS!

Adam Lallana
- Hey mate, did you manage to talk to Charlotte?

Simon Mignolet
- Yeah… Its official now I guess.

Steven Gerrard
- I’m confused. What’s official?

Joe Allen
- Si caught Lottie cheating on him so he dumped her.

Adam Lallana
- wow, way to be blunt joey!

Steven Gerrard
- Fuck! I’m really sorry Simon.

Simon Mignolet
- No need to apologise, but cheers Stevie.

Jennifer Ford
- My guest room’s free if you need somewhere to crash again.

Simon Mignolet
- If that’s alright, then yeah please. Am I good to come over now?
Daniel Sturridge
-Now that you’re sleeping arrangements are sorted. We all know what comes next. Drinks on me (for the first round only *grinning emoji*). So check with the family and let’s see who is free tonight to help our keeper drown his sorrows.

Christian Benteke
-I’m good to go

Jennifer Ford
-Me too

Dejan Lovren
-Me three

Lucas Leiva
-And me!!

Daniel Sturridge
-Sorted! The usual place?

Dejan Lovren
-Sounds good. You up for it, Si?

Simon Mignolet
-Why not

Jennifer Ford
-I’ll pick two of you up so you can marvel at the beauty of my new prized possession, I’ll probably only fit the shortest of you lot though, so Lucas what time should I pick you up? Oh and Si, I’ll even let you drive ;-)\n
Lucas Leiva
-What?!! So not fair!!

Daniel Sturridge
-What part of that wasn’t fair to you?

Lucas Leiva
-Both parts!! I thought we had a real friendship here Jen, I should be first driver priority! PS I’m not that short :-(

Dejan Lovren
-Nah, Lucas is fun sized! There’s a difference XD

Lucas Leiva
-We are not doing this again…

Daniel Sturridge
-I’ll take a cab with Ben. So Jen you can take Dej, Si and Lucas. Oh and since you are the designated driver, does that mean you’re not drinking tonight?
Jennifer Ford
-Sadly yes. You pussies can finally have a drinking competition that you can win since I won’t be able to drink you all under the table tonight.

Daniel Sturridge
-I don’t know what hurts more, the name calling or the fact that she actually can drink us all under the table.

Jennifer Ford
-Hey try being Pepe Reina’s drinking buddy for years. You learn to build a tolerance XD.

Steven Gerrard
-She has a point.
-Alright, lads. I’m off to training.
-I don’t want any drunken phone calls! That means you Lucas!

Lucas Leiva
-But sometimes I need to call you and tell you how much I miss you Stevie! I don’t have the confidence to do these things sober XD

Steven Gerrard
-and you have to do it whilst singing some random Portuguese song that nobody understands.

Lucas Leiva
-...
-It adds some flare?

Steven Gerrard
-Night, Lucas.
-Night everyone else!

Daniel Sturridge
-No Stevie! Don’t leave!

Lucas Leiva
-it’s like the end of the season all over again. I can’t take it.

Steven Gerrard
-You’re a bunch of tarts you know that?

Lucas Leiva
-We’ve been told :-D

Jen was smiling down at her phone when the doorbell rang. Quickly, she got to her feet and invited Mignolet inside. He seemed pretty run down and tired but Sturridge insisted that they go out tonight and the keeper was too polite to say he wasn’t feeling up for it.

So, instead of asking him if he was okay, because what kind of stupid question would that be, Jen grabbed his bag and chucked it in the spare room for him.

Eventually the pair sat down and she managed to get Si to talk. Turns out that Charlotte is going to move back to Belgium and live with her parents until she finds a place to stay and Si is going to sell the house and split the money with her. It wasn’t like they were married or anything, so they
weren’t going to go through all the legal crap. They’d come to an agreement themselves and it seemed to be the best outcome for the both of them.

After their little heart to heart, the physio then went off to get changed out of her Liverpool gear and into a pair of black trousers and a top for tonight. When she stepped back into the room, Simon was wearing a pair of faded, light blue jeans and a plain cotton grey t-shirt which hugged his arms and chest. After complimenting him on his appearance, Jen grabbed her phone and sent another message.

Jennifer Ford  
-Okay lads! Si and I are setting off. If you’re not ready by the time I get there then you’re ducking walking!

Dejan Lovren  
-What’s ducking walking?

Lucas Leiva  
-Idk, but it sounds adorable!

Jennifer Ford  
-I hate you both more than I hate this shitty iPhone autocorrect! I mean who the fuck says ducking anyway? I’m pretty sure it’s not a word!

Danny Ings  
-I’ve just read everything I missed. If the fans could get their hands on this stuff…

Lucas Leiva  
-Ducking: to lower the head or the body quickly to avoid a blow or missile or so as not to be seen.

Jennifer Ford  
-fuck…
-hey why didn’t you just tell me this? I’m sitting two seats away from you!

Lucas Leiva  
-I feel like everyone had to know what it meant. They were all equally involved in your typing mistake, Jen.

Looking up from her phone she swatted Lucas who was chuckling at himself. The lads were all on their fourth round of drinks now whilst Jen was still nursing her first, trying to make it last.

Lights flashed across the large club which was overcome with the smell of sweat, perfume, aftershave and alcohol. The high ceilings had chandeliers dangling from them and at the back of the large room they were in was a DJ set up which was blaring music throughout the building. This should be a good distraction for their goalkeeper.

Speaking of the keeper, Migs had loosened up a little bit after the third drink/shot and was now feeling more open around his teammates. However, at that very moment, the keeper had his large, shot stopping hands tangled in his hair with his head downcast whilst Dejan patted him on the back
as a form of comfort. The whole destruction of an incredibly long term relationship seemed to finally dawn on him.

But thankfully, Sturridge was around and he definitely wasn’t going to let Mignolet mope about all night. So he downed his beer and got to his feet.

“All right. I’ve had enough. We are going to dance and Si we are gonna put a smile on your face. Let’s go you lot!” the striker shouted over the music at his teammates. Everyone apart from the keeper seemed up for it so they all got to their feet and pulled Simon up on his as well. Benteke whisper-shouted some words of encouragement to his fellow Belgian and they managed to pull Mignolet onto the dance floor with all the random strangers around them.

At first Mignolet was stiff and awkward but as the others let go he followed suit and eventually he began to enjoy himself.

The floor was practically vibrating with bass of the music. They were pretty sure that they would all be deaf tomorrow. Whilst The Island by Pendulum was being thrown from the speakers, Sturridge thought it’d be a funny idea to start doing his goal celebration as a dance move and apparently it was if the way his friends laughed was any indication.

They we finally having a good time. Simon’s eyes were glowing with laughter and dazed with alcohol. They’d achieved their goal of the evening.

Sweat glistened across all of their foreheads as the group danced carelessly. Jen felt the small hairs on the back of her neck sticking to her like glue. Luckily, she wasn’t the only one. The boy’s normally perfect hair also flattened as the night drew out. Well everyone except for Sturridge who had perfect hair all the time, much to Dejan’s annoyance.

Believe it or not, they hadn’t been out like this in a long time. It was nice. To spend time together outside of LFC was a rare treat.

The sound of laughter could just be heard over the music as Jen and Lucas danced together. Something the Brazilian could happily admit he wasn’t good at was dancing. He had no rhythm what so ever which prompted Dejan and Benteke to do their best to teach their teammate but sadly, they probably would’ve had better luck teaching a rock to dance. Lucas’ jittery movements and bad attempts at singing left a lot to be desired. But at least the Brazilian provided the group with enough entertainment to last them the night.

It was pushing later and later into the evening when they all decided that they should call it a night. Jen called Ben and Studge another taxi and waited for them to be whisked away by the black cab before she led her lot back to her car. If you’d have told Jen that she’d be babysitting drunk Liverpool players on a night out a few years back she would’ve laughed in your face. The situations she got herself into these days just couldn’t be made up.

It took a while but the woman managed to get Lucas and Dejan into the back of her car with only minor injuries which was a win in her opinion. The black interior of the car was freezing and the four people sitting in the vehicle could not be more grateful.

Not so gracefully, Jen dropped her head onto the head rest of her seat and just shut her eyes for a moment. The chill from the black leather seats bit into her skin and it was a pleasant change from the burning heat from inside the club. Finally free from the crazed environment, the physio started the car and pulled out onto the road to do the rounds of dropping everyone off.

Dejan and Lucas were giggling like two school girls in the back seat, prompting Jen to roll her eyes.
at them. Two of the oldest players on the team, you honestly wouldn’t think it if you saw them like that.

As Dejan was gasping in air between laughs, he tapped Mignolet in an attempt to get the man to turn around. “What’s up, Dejan?”

“Siii, did you see that girl checking you out?” the defender replied

“Yeah! Si she likeeeeed you!” Lucas added with a proud look on his face, as if he’d actually contributed to the conversation.

Despite his drunken state, Mignolet still blushed a little at that. A grown man like Si was actually blushing. Honestly.

“Shut up you two.” Mignolet replied with an awkward chuckle

“Oooooooh someone’s gone all shy”

“Oh for the love of- shut up Dej! I can’t drive with you lot cooing over Si in the back.” Jen snapped. One thing about Jennifer Ford you should know, if she’s tired, she gets moody as hell. Which means she can only put up with so much drunken mischief before she’ll put the lads in their place.

“My sincere apologies miss ford. It shan’t happen again” Dejan replied with an awful attempt at a posh English accent.

Thankfully, the fact that it was early morning started to catch up with the lads and they actually did shut up. Leaving Jen blissful silence to drive in. The one thing getting her through the drive was the thought of crashing on her own bed and sleeping until noon.

Eventually, Jen managed to get her team back home safe and sound. As she finally pulled into her drive, she allowed her eyes to shut for just a second so the tiredness could finally begin to take over. Knowing she could definitely fall asleep in the car at that moment in time, the woman forced her eyes open just long enough to kick open her front door and get Si settled before she crashed onto her bed, not even bothering to change.

Chapter End Notes

Cheers for reading you lot! x

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