

FOOTBALL SINGULARITY

Chapter 11 Emma

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[Emma Pov]

my name is Emma Rex and you could say I'm lucky growing up in a loving family that provides me with anything a little girl could ever wish for. I guess you could say that I'm rich well my parents are if we are being exact but that comes with its bonuses for me being their child and all.

My mom is my entire world as she showers me with her love whenever she can, her dream was always to have a big family but after she had me she found out she was unable to have children again. The doctors said that my birth was a miracle in itself but if you were to ask me mum surviving labour was the real miracle.

She tells me that the idea of getting to hold and watch me grow up is what gave her the strength to fight for her life that day. I got lucky that my Lisa didn't die that day, that's my mum's name by the way and she is as beautiful if not more than Monalisa in my eyes.

I know she loves me with all her heart but her heart broke a little when she found out she couldn't have any more kids. I think that's why she works so hard trying to succeed in her career as a personal trainer. she's studied sports science, sports nutrition, and even sports psychology just so she could stand on the same starting line as her other male competitors in the same industry. I guess she is what you would call a struggling talent as she is way overqualified to be struggling in the industry.

She says that she loves her job as she gets to help people reach their full potential when they themselves don't believe in themselves. She works so hard to help athletes reach their potential only to be thrown to the side when they reach a little success for the simple reason of being a woman. She doesn't say it but I know she is hurt by it because in her mind it's as if her child was rejecting her efforts, which is why I think she hasn't given up yet as it's like helping set her son she never had up for success.

My dad on the other hand is a superhero in my eyes. He gave up his family's inheritance when they tried to threaten him with that, all in order to make us a whole family when I was born. He struggled to open a sports equipment company in the states with the last of the trust fund that was left to him. He worked hard to grow the company over the years and slowly but surely he has built a small business empire.

My dad's name is Ben Rex, he took my mum's family name when they got married. He said since he has to change his name anyways he might as well take hers. He's handsome too with his short black mop of hair and his tall build he reminds me of batman without the secret identity.

In a way he had a second child, he could care for when he opened the business, I guess the news that I'm gonna be his only child hit him hard too. However, he has never made me feel bad for being his only child on the contrary he's almost drowning me with love whenever he gets the chance.

One example is this holiday we are on for my birthday because I wanted to go to a beach and swim he took us to Cuba where it's still warm in October. He took me and mom on our family yacht he bought some time ago all the way to Cuba just so we could spend some quality family time.

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We have been in Havana for the past three days and today will finally be going back to the states. Although I've enjoyed my time with my family I'm not a big fan of Cuba if I'm being honest it seems like the whole country has a layer of tension and money is the only thing that seems to have a voice here.

We set sail at 12 sharp my dad is a stickler for punctuality so around 11 am I had my bags packed and ready to go. We planned to have lunch on the ship so I made my way there with our captain Joe. He's not like a ship's captain more like the army kind, he is my dad's bodyguard even tho I don't really think he needs one it's not like he's the president. Even though he was not in the navy he learned to drive a boat in the marines so I started calling him captain Joe.

Anyways captain Joe is like my dad's best friend they grew up together before he left to join the Marines. He retired three years ago and started doing

security for my dad but if you ask me he's just trying to stay busy after being on active duty for a decade.

Anyways we quickly made our way to the going merry which is our boat well more like a yacht. Dad was obsessed with this pirate manga when growing up so he named the boat after it, he even had the ship customised to look more like its mang counterpart. Joe loaded my things onto the boat before I took them to my room so I could get ready for our lunch later.

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After setting my thing aside in my walk-in closet I got changed into a yellow sundress before making my back out onto the deck. When I got out onto the deck I noticed that we had already set sail for quite a while.

On one of the sun lounges on the deck of the boat, the sun shined to reveal a woman with light blonde hair to her shoulders, and really bright eyes. She had a huge sun hat with sunglasses and was relaxing in the sun. She looked to be in her mid-twenties but in reality, she is twenty-seven this year but age didn't seem to want to blemish her looks.

"Hello, Em's," She said to me smiling as she waved me over to the sun chair next to her as she put the book in her hands down. The next thing I knew was

that she took out a tube of sun lotion with factor thirty printed on it as she gave me an expectant look.

"Hello mom" I smiled at her while I took the seat next to her. She wasted no time applying the lotion on my arms smearing it all over me making sure there is no chance of me suffering a sunburn.

"All done sweetie," she said as she finally finished applying the lotion to my body making sure to get every inch of my exposed skin. Sometimes I think that in her eyes I'll always be that little baby she held in her arms all those years ago.

"Mom you always overdo it" I pouted at her but she just started laughing at me before getting up to enjoy the sea breeze as the wind played with her locks.

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I was sitting at the table that was decked out with all types of light and healthy delicacies that mom prepared. she was sitting to my left still reading the book she had started earlier.

"How is my little princess doing?" A masculine voice came from behind me as his hand ruffled through my blond locks.

I quickly turned around from the chair I was sitting on to face him. This man was the definition of huge. He was easily 6'5 and was buff like he hits the gym every day. Yet, his face had some wrinkles from smiling and laughing too much. His light eyes were a dark grey and matched the silver suit he was wearing.

"Oh and what about me?" mom asked him as she pouted a little to get his attention, she can be a little petty when it comes to my dad. She likes a little bunny that wants his attention when she's bored.

"haha I miss u too my dear wife," he said as he pressed a light kiss on the head before taking the seat across from her. Shortly after captain joe came to the table and joined us for lunch.

There was a lot going on, with dad having a conversation with joe and mom but I felt at peace. This is way better than when it is dead silent. There was constant laughing even when they were supposedly fighting about a particular topic.

"Listen up! Dinner is on the table so start simmering so we can start digging in." Mom said as she started filling the plates with a bit of everything.

With that said we promptly started devouring the meal as the atmosphere remained calm and serene. After lunch, came dessert. vanilla. I saw ice cream. Mom frowned seeing dad serve it to me, yet she didn't say anything.

After lunch was done I excused myself from the table to go and take a nap. I wasted no time making my way to my room and into my closet to change into more comfortable clothes.

That's when I noticed a weird stench that was coming from my closet.

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[Mass Release Goals]

[A Magic Castle = One extra Chapter]

[Two Magic Castle = Two extra Chapter]

To Be Continued...

Chapter 12 The Boy

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I slowly went deeper into my closet in an attempt to locate where this foreign stench was coming from. It smelled like sweet or mud and had this slightly metallic stench that left a weird feeling in my stomach.

Moving some of my older clothes to the side at the back corner of the closet, which has probably been here for months without being worn. Just as I was moving the last piece of clothing I jumped back with a yelp at the sight of a young boy passed out on the floor. After calming my nerves at the sudden appearance of a random boy in my closet.

Noticing that he was still asleep even after my surprised yelp brought further calm to me allowing me to think clearly. Sniffing the air I was certain that the god-awful smell of sweat and dirt was defiantly coming from him.

I took a step closer to him and reached out my hand to touch his forehead to tap him awake. However, when I touch his head it was like touching a radiator that was exuding heat at max power, guess he's having a fever. Not knowing what to do I decided to go and get mom as she will probably know what to do.

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[Lisa Pov]

I was sitting at the table where I and my family just had an enjoyable lunch which we hadn't had in a while with my and my husband's busy schedules. Ben was chatting with his friend Joe about how he believed he could win a fight with a shark if one shows up.

Sometimes I wonder where he gets the confidence, I think it started inflating when Emma called him Batman once. Ever since then, he's been trying to live up to this superhero image that our daughter has built up for him. Don't get me wrong he's always had unnatural self-belief, he's been my backbone all the way through our marriage and especially my pregnancy with Emma.

Anyways I'm glad Joe has been there to keep him safe after returning from active duty. As some stunts he started to pull in order to live up to the superhero persona were getting outrageous at some point. I think what made him stop is when he found Emma asking Santa to keep her dad safe and help him stop taking risks with his life.

Even though he loves the adrenalin rush he gets from doing things like sky diving and bungy jumping one look at our daughter's sad expression made his obsession for it crumble.

Speaking of my daughter there she comes, which is puzzling since she is supposed to be having her afternoon nap. It seems I wasn't the only one to notice this oddity as Emma hates it when her routine is interrupted.

"Emma dear is everything Ok?" Ben asked in a worried tone as he looked at the panicked look on Emma. He is always ready to drop whatever he is doing whenever it comes to Emma, I once watched him quite literally drop a twenty thousand Dollar vase just to catch emmas doll that fell from the second floor.

I was so mad at him for that stunt, so I made him sleep on the couch for a week. I wasn't mad that he broke the vase its the fact he wasted money buying it just to break it to catch a ten-dollar doll that would have survived the fall.

"What's wrong Emma?" I asked her in a more serious tone as she usually speaks her mind right away except when she did something wrong. That seemed to work as she snapped out of her panic and answered me.

"There's a boy in my closet" The atmosphere was deadly silent as soon as her words fell and I could tell she was serious in her answers by the way her cheeks blushed.

"What do you mean there is a boy in your closet?" Ben shot up from the ground as he asked in a stern tone, I don't know when but at some point he ended up there. He can be so dramatic sometimes, it is honestly worrying that he runs a million-dollar company.

"Exactly what I said he's passed out in my closet" Emma quickly answered him as her cheeks continued to heat up obviously embarrassed by the direction the conversation was taking. "He's too hot" she stammered out under her breath but with the silence, she might as well be screaming it out.

That seemed to be the last straw for my husband as he marched inside the ship like a man possessed with Joe Hot on his heels while having an amused smile on his face at how Ben was acting. I started chuckling seeing him act this way before promptly following him with Emma by my side.

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In Emma's room at the entrance of her closet, I saw my husband who had a dumbfounded look on his face as he stared at what seemed to be a five-year-

old boy in rugged black clothing. However, he soon regained his composure as he faced Emma with a questioning look probably hinting at her hot comment.

Her cheeks blushed harder after being put under the microscope again as she quickly turned away from the looks she was getting. "His head is hot" She managed to blurt out before hiding behind me.

Her words seemed to make my husband realise the situation as he stretched out his hand in an effort to feel the boy's temperature.

"Your right he's got a severe fever," he said with a serious tone as he picked up the boy from the ground before placing him on Emma's bed.

That's when I noticed the plastic bag that was lying next to the kid. Looking at the contents in the bag it seems the boy knew he had a fever as I found a packet of paracetamol. It also seems like he planned to hitch a ride with us by the number of non-perishables in his bag.

"I think he's bleeding from somewhere," I heard Joe interject as he started removing the boy's hoodie and top. Lo and behold he really was bleeding from his left shoulder, but it seems to be caused by the bandages aggravating the wound because some idiot tied it wrong and too tight.

"What's that?" Emma interjected as Joe was busy removing the bandages. Looking at what she pointed it seemed to be a folded-up envelope that was taped to the boy. Spotting what Emma pointed out Ben quickly removed the tape from the boy's body freeing the envelope.

He wasted no time opening it but as soon as he looked inside a deep frown was plastered on his face as he looked back and forth between the envelope and the boy. My daughter seemed to be getting impatient by the fact he didn't say anything after looking at the contents of the envelope.

"It's nothing go get the medkit for Joe," He said in a stern tone to her that left no room for an argument. She was slightly shocked by his tone but promptly followed his instructions as she left the room.

"What is wrong babe?" I asked him as it's highly odd for him to not even entertain Emma's curious questions, the only time he does this is when it's serious and he's trying to protect her.

He didn't answer me but just handed me a stack of photos from the envelope, giving some to Joe as well who had stopped what he was doing noticing Ben's atmosphere. Looking through the pictures I was slightly confused at first

before I realised what was going on in them as tears threatened to burst out from my eyes.

Kids are being treated like common cabbage to be sold to the highest bidder in the pictures, some were even trafficked to a war zone to become child Soulja's. The pictures seemed to be taken from some kind of sick wall of trophies as I could notice prices written below some pictures of kids, This seemed to be some sort of an attempt to make some sort of sick ranking system.

My eyes involuntarily moved to the passed to the kid who was still lightly bleeding out of a wound that seemed to be a claw mark and I couldn't hold back my tears anymore. It's now that I fully notice his malnourished frame of someone who has not received a proper meal in years. It seems like he's recently gained some muscles but with the bad state, his body looked to be in it's a wonder he was able to build some.

"why are you crying?"

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[Mass Release Goals]

[ A Magic Castle = One extra Chapter]

[ Two Magic Castle = Two extra Chapter]

To Be Continued...

Chapter 13 Sticky Business

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"Why are you crying" I turned around to see a worried Emma who was carrying a first-aid bag that was almost half her height. Not knowing how to answer her for a second, I quickly wiped the tears off my cheeks before taking the first aid bag off her hands and making my way to the kid's side.

"Mommy just doesn't like seeing blood" Ben answered her as he saw that I wasn't going to respond to her. Ignoring my daughter's questioning look I inspected the boy's wound which seemed to be caused by the claw of an animal.

Joe seeing my serious look wanted to take over the med kit to treat the boy but I lightly showed his hands away as I started cleaning the wound. My actions seemed to have surprised everyone in the room as I noticed that no

one was talking, to be exact it was almost like they were trying to make as little noise as possible.

"shouldn't one of you two go and steer the ship" That seemed to wake them out of their stupor as they frantically left the room. I guess they must have forgotten that we laid anchor a while ago. I did notice that Ben made sure to take all the pictures and the envelope that the boy was carrying with him. He probably just wants to give me some space so he can study the information in the envelope.

"Emma, can you get me a basin of cold water and a cloth?" I lightly asked her as I noticed she was just standing there with a worried expression fiddling with her hands, not knowing how to help out. My words seemed to be the answer she was looking for as she quite literally jumped up and raced to the kitchen.

After making sure that the wound was clean I fished out the Isopropyl alcohol in the kit and gently disinfected the wound. Just as I was done disinfecting the wound, I turned around to the sight of Emma carrying a basin of water almost filled to the brim with water. I held back the urge to facepalm after seeing how focused she was trying to make sure not to spill the contents of the basin.

I took the basin off of her hands and placed it on the table next to me. "Please help me hold him up so we can bandage him," I told her as she promptly

helped me hold his upper body up. It helped that he hardly weighed anything so it wasn't a struggle for her to support his body weight.

I wasted no time cleanly wrapping up his left shoulder and upper body in bandages not too tight but firm enough not to fall off. With that done I picked him up before placing him on the couch in the room so I could change the bloodied sheets of the bed.

While I was doing that I had Emma gently wipe the sweat off the boy making sure to help cool him down. After changing the sheets of the bed and removing every speck of blood from the room I tucked the boy back into bed making sure he was comfortable. with all that done I fed him some aspirins from the kit as I don't really trust the medicine in the boy's bag due t never having seen that brand before.

Looking at him now that his face was clean from all the dirt that was there before he looks cute with his light brown complexion and quite symmetric bone structure plus the small fro just enhances it. The way his cheeks puffed up when he breathed only helped to heighten the cuteness. Once the boy's treatment was done I slowly left the room only to realise that Emma had tucked herself in on the other side of the double bed with her own blanket.

"What are you doing Emma," I asked her in a rather exasperated tone at her actions. But from her deadpan look, I could tell I was not gonna get a proper answer.

Just as expected she replied in a matter-of-fact tone "Going to sleep, plus someone has to stay with Rakim" She told me before she turned over to face the boy while trying to fall asleep.

"Wait how do you know his name?" I asked her because there wasn't any information about him in the folder or the bag he carried.

"His passport fell out of his pocket when dad was carrying him" she replied as she pointed to a small booklet that was laying on her dresser.

"You could have told me you know his name," I told her a little pissed she didn't mention that she knew his name this whole time. "You didn't ask" She replied without batting an eye as if its only natural.

"What am I gonna do with you" I muttered to myself as I grabbed the passport before quickly making my way out of the room, not wanting to continue this conversation any longer.

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[Ben Pov]

Sitting in the wheel house I was going through the contexts of the folder my best friend joe after he set a course to the harbour in Tampa. I knew my wife hates it when kids are mistreated so the best I could do was to figure out the exact situation first.

Looking through the paperwork in front of me it looked like some type of small-scale organisation was trying its best to raise its scale of operation. They first started by selling and supplying drugs but with massive cartels in Cuba, they were quickly sent running by other competitors.

With that venture leading to a dead end quite literally with the former gang leader being killed, they turned to supply arms and human trafficking through the lead of the current leader who took over more than two decades ago. He transformed the dying gang into one that was on its way to devouring its neighbouring cartel in twenty years.

It seems the man had gathered evidence so he could make use of various governments all over the globe to get rid of the heads of these cartels. The evidence is detailed enough to call for the death penalty for most of the people on here, detailing their wrongdoings and who exactly in the government was backing them. The info in this envelope is scary not only because it incriminates people who hold high positions such as CIA Branch directors but because it details exactly where all these people's safe houses are.

The evidence in the folder cast a death sentence on whoever is mentioned. The leader goes by the name El Chapo, it seems like his base of operation is in Mexico and is currently in the process of expanding into Cuba with the human trafficking ring.

Whoever compiled all this evidence seemed to only be a branch leader trying to create an opportunity for himself though. Too bad for him that all his work seemed to have ended up with the kid.

"This is some sticky business" Joe commented with a bit of worry in his tone as he highlighted the weight this evidence hold against so many dangerous people. He would probably know best how bad this situation is having dealt with far worse in the marines.

"It's quite literally a ticking time bomb my friend" I sighed as I answered him nodding my head slowly trying to think of how to best handle this situation. I

knew we should have just gone to Disney land instead, but who asked me to be such a sucker when it comes to my daughter.

"I'll ask my dad to deal with it he owes me this much" I stated after a while of contemplation, seeing as this would be the only safe option to deal with the evidence. My statement seemed to have surprised joe as he looked at me as if I had grown a second head.

Just as I was about to answer him I heard footsteps approaching us and upon turning around I saw that it was my wife, who seemed to have calmed down from her earlier anger.

She smiled at me before handing me a small booklet and stating "his name is Rakim" with a triumphant smile on her face as if she had won some kind of bet. I was utterly confused as to what she was talking about and my facial expression seemed to tell her that.

"It's all your daughter's fault" she stated as she took a seat next to me before motioning to the booklet, which I now discovered to be a passport of some sort. After opening it I saw a picture of a two-year-old with the name Rakim Eze printed on it.



"Oh ok I understand, where is Emma anyways" I answered her as I focused my attention on her again, wondering where my daughter was since she didn't follow Lisa out here.

"She's sleeping" is all that came out of her mouth leaving me further confused, wondering if she was doing it on purpose. I would never say this aloud but I think Emmas vague answers, when she is nervous or angry, are inherited from Lisa.

"Where is she sleeping" I further irritated my question to her as I was slowly losing my patience with her vague answers. Emma must have said something to make her take it out on me, it's hard sometimes (sigh).

"In her bed where else?" She answered me as if she was stating a simple fact, making it seem as if there wasn't a boy laying in our daughter's bed. Looking at her smiling expression to my dumbfounded reaction to what she told me, it seems she has achieved her goal as she burst into laughter. All I could do was facepalm at the situation and try to think of happy thoughts before I decide to actually go overboard to fight a shark.

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[Mass Release Goals]

[ A Magic Castle = One extra Chapter]

[ Two Magic Castle = Two extra Chapter]

To Be Continued...

Chapter 14 Sticky Business 2

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[Ben Pov]

Listening to Julia laughing, made the whole situation a lot less gloomy, shedding a bit of light on the situation. It seems I wasn't the only one affected by her as I spotted Joe giving me a teasing grin.

After about a minute of laughing, she turned to me with a serious demeanour indicating she was done joking around. How she manages to change her mood so quickly will forever be a mystery to me, it must be a woman thing as my mom used to do that a lot too.

"So how bad is the situation?" she asked me, wanting to get right into the nitty and gritty, and the no-nonsense look on her face only further affirmed it.

"It's a sticky business" Joe repeated his words from earlier with a solemn tone as he faced Julia. At this point, he is starting to sound like a broken record guess the weight of the information must be bad if even a seasoned Soulja like him is fazed by it.

"That Bad huh" was all Julia said as she got up from her chair and went to the window to stare at the passing waves. I could practically see the gears in her mind turning by the second as if she was answering the questions to life.

Joe began giving her a rundown of the situation from start to finish so that she could get a clearer view of what we were dealing with. By the time Joe explained the situation to her, she was practically trying to squeeze all the life out of the railing she held on to.

"Make them pay" is all that she said to me before forcefully slamming her hand on the window seal trying to release some of her frustration. That seemed to somewhat help, as she calmed down and, took a seat on her chair again.

"So what are we gonna do with the boy?" I carefully asked wanting to know her opinion as she seemed quite emotionally invested when it came to treating his wounds earlier. My question seemed to trigger her a little though, as she shot me a glare.

"His name is Rakim," she said without losing eye contact with me as if she was trying to engrave her words in my mind. Oh boy, it seems she's already attached to the boy, even though she has not even had a conversation with him yet.

"Ok, so what do you want to do with Rakim?" I asked my question again making sure to say his name this time, I felt like I was navigating a minefield at this point. Saying his name seemed to satisfy her as she finally stopped glaring at me as if I was on trial for something.

There was a silence that hung in the atmosphere as no one spoke for a while. Looking at Lisa she seemed to be having an internal battle on what to do with Rakim. It's understandable he's basically just a child who should be getting taken care of by his parent, with him only being five.

"Let's just wait for him to wake up before making any decisions," She said as she picked up his passport from the table. Looks like this situation is too close to home for her.

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[Lisa Pov]

Looking at the passport that looked like it had been through some tough years. I flipped through it till a picture of a two-year-old kid with big innocent eyes stared back at me. The smile of the child in the photo makes me wonder what kind of monsters were heartless enough to mistreat him.

I can't help but feel that this is fate or some type of divine intervention that has led him to us. From all the boats he could have chosen to go onboard off, what are the odds that he would choose ours? It is not like he knew beforehand what kind of people we are. It was like drawing a lottery ticket and hoping that the person he met wasn't as bad as the people who held him captive.

I was just arguing with Ben about how I didn't want to adopt a few months ago. But looking at how helpless Rakim looked bleeding all over Emma's bed just made me want to take care of him. I've never felt this way about anyone else except Emma when she was first born, it's as if my motherly instincts just took over. I just don't know if I could be a good enough mother for a child that is not mine.

It looked like Ben noticed my mood as he started giving me worry-filled glances. Kids have been a taboo topic for us for a while now. We both talked about having a big family when we first dated. However, when we found out that I couldn't have any more children that plan went down the drain. It hit both of us pretty hard as it had been a major plan for our future for a long time.

Ben has always wanted to have a son to cause trouble with, one he could brag about his athletic achievements to. Since according to him Emma and I don't seem to appreciate his athletic prowess. I guess that's why he has been so insistent that we should adopt in the past, saying he doesn't need blood ties to become their father. I love him for that he's just got such a big heart.

It's not like I don't want children, it's just that I didn't want to randomly adopt someone. However now that there is a child that needs help, I can't help but want to care for him. It feels like God just dropped him into our lives and told us to make the best out of it. One moment we were arguing about adoption and in the next moment a child just papers out of nowhere.

Now if that is not the universe trying to send us a message then I don't know what is. This is the type of stuff that Hollywood scripts are made out of. I could see it in Ben's eyes as well that he wanted to protect the boy. Guess he really is a hero at heart and not just someone that pretends to be one by pulling dumb stunts.

I'll just wait to see what he is like when he wakes up. There is no point in formulating a plan for his future without him. Looking at Be who was watching the waves, it seems like he has reached the same conclusion. Sometimes I wonder how such a big goof can be so rational sometimes, it's like he's got a switch in his head that he flips.

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[General Pov]

in a slightly luxurious room on what seemed to be a boat a quite peculiar scene played out. A little blond-haired girl who seemed to be around the age of ten could be seen intently staring at an unconscious boy. They were both covered in warm blankets that kept the cold air from touching them.

The boy seemed to be having a peaceful dream as he just lay next to the girl with a wide smile on his face. Looking at the smile on the boy's face seemed to relieve the girl somewhat as a small smile crept up on her face as well.

The little girl's name was Emma and today could be said to be the first time that she shared her bed with anyone other than her parents. Usually, she likes

to keep her distance from people she doesn't know but something about the boy seemed to draw her curiosity.

It also helped that she could annoy her mother with her actions. She has never seen her mother act so affectionately with another child except with her. So she relished the opportunity to annoy her a little when she chose to sleep next to the boy named Rakim.

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[Emma Pov]

I felt relieved looking at Rakim who was peacefully sleeping next to me without a care in the world. I stretched my hand to poke his hamster-like cheeks that kept puffing up only to see his nose scrunch up when I made contact. Mesmerised I couldn't help myself from poking a few more times. This must be why my friends in schools bully their younger siblings, it's so cute looking at their reactions.

After satisfying my newfound hobby for a little while I finally gave it a res as I was starting to feel a little tired now. Quickly making sure that his temperature had gone down from earlier and that he was laying comfortably. I kind of felt

like a mother hen taking care of her chick at this moment. Once I was sure he was ok I laid on my back and closed my eyes to finally get some sleep.

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[Mc Pov]

I was having the strangest dream. In the dream, I was being chased by creatures that were burning up like a bonfire. I kept running and running but no matter how far away I got they would always catch up to me. At one point I

was so exhausted I couldn't run anymore my body just didn't have the energy to continue further.

"Eva you there?" I desperately called out to the only being that has ever helped me. I kept calling out to her as the creatures slowly approached me, however no matter how much I screamed I got no response.

Getting no response to my cry for help something in me snapped. It figures that everything was just a dream. Who did I think I was believing I could live a happy life? Go figure that someone like me just wasn't destined for greatness. It must have been someone's sick joke letting me dream of freedom.

The burning figures finally reached in front of me and I was able to recognise some faces behind the flames that obstructed my sight. The one leading them was Finn and judging by the angry face he was making he was not happy with me.

Once the mob of creatures swarmed me they wasted no time beating on me. My skin had caught fire at some point, I could feel a burning sensation slowly devouring me every second. I tried to scream to release the agony I was feeling but no sound would leave my body no matter how hard I tried.

After a while of being beaten and burned the pain slowly melted away. Maybe it was due to the pain or me just wanting to escape it. But at some point, I felt as if I was watching someone else get beat up while he slowly burned away.

I don't know when but at some point the creatures decided that they had their fun. They left me burning on the ground just laying there waiting for the end. As they left they made a bone-churning noise which I can only assume is laughter.

Looking at the red sky I ignored the fire that was still engulfing me. That's when I caught sight of a white figure with wings and golden locks. My stare must have attracted its attention as she turned around and looked at me curiously. I don't know how but I could make out the Pity filled expression that was plastered on her face.

I saw her slowly fly down towards me, and I finally noticed her white wings. Wow is she an angel, She must be if the shoes fit? well in this case I guess it's a case of wings fitting. She landed next to me a bit clumsily which made me almost doubt that she was an angel if it wasn't for the halo on her head.

She slowly sat down next to me with a smile that seemed to melt all my worries away. Her next actions left me baffled though. I watched as she waved her sleeves and the flames in my body vanished as if they were never

there. The flames disappearing seemed to satisfy her as she beamed me another smile that slowly made me want to shut my eyes.

The last thing I remember before passing out was that she began poking my cheeks whilst giggling to herself. Through my heavy eyes, I could see that she seemed to genuinely relish it, which I thought was quite weird.

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My head felt groggy as I slowly opened my eyes only to find an unfamiliar roof. My mind took a while to focus that's when I noticed that I seemed to be laying on some kind of bed. The mattress felt soft and comfortable as if it was specifically made for my comfort.

That was the weirdest dream I've ever had in both lives. I don't seem to be burned anywhere at least I don't feel any pain. The only odd thing is that I feel sluggish and my breathing is a bit laboured but other than that I'm ok. That angle sure was a weird one, I'm glad she helped me but she got some weird hobbies.

I slowly lifted my right hand from underneath the blanket so I could massage my temple. That's when I noticed that some type of wet cloth was placed on me. My eyes widened at the realisation that I didn't fall asleep on this bed.

Looking to my right I noticed the walk-in closet I was supposed to be in as a sense of panic slowly settled in.

I carefully turned my head to the left to figure out who was breathing behind me. "Angel" I muttered when I laid my eyes on her gold-blond hair that seemed to trickle down her head to frame her face. Although her eyes were shut that only helped to highlight her long eyelashes and her cute little nose.

The girl sleeping next to me seemed to be around ten years old. I noticed how her cheeks slightly reddened the longer I stared at her. It seems like she is awake and pretending to be asleep. Let's see how long she can keep up her act.

"I must be dreaming there's no way an angel would be sleeping next to me" I lightly said trying to get a reaction out of the girl. However other than her cheeks gaining a deeper shade of red nothing happened. It seems she is quite committed to her act of a sleeping beauty.

"I must be hallucinating, I think I saw the angel blush," I said again making sure to sound as confused as possible. That seemed to trigger her more as her cheeks lit up like Rudolf the reindeer. I couldn't resist the urge to poke her cheek anymore and so I did.

As soon as my finger made contact with her eyes shot open looking at me as if I had taken something precious from her. She had turquoise green eyes that looked like emeralds shining more beautifully than stars in the night sky. We held eye contact for three seconds not saying anything. I was mesmerized by her beauty as for her she must've been blinded by the handsome me.

"Get your finger off me" Is all she said after our awkward silence. I quickly complied feeling a little embarrassed at my actions now. She seemed to share the sentiment as she quickly looked away breaking our staring contest.

"I was only getting my revenge," I told her with a pout before she could reprimand me for my actions. This caused her eyes to widen a little as if she has actually done something wrong.

"Revenge for what?" She asked me slightly embarrassed about something she had done. Whatever it is I can only assume it's something she had done while I was asleep. I was certain of this by the guilty expression that was plastered on her face. She has a terrible poker face, I would never take her gambling.

"You were poking me in my dream," I told her righteously as if I wasn't blaming her for something that happened in the fiction of my mind. However, what dumbfounded me was the fact that the guilty expression on her face was



actually deepening. Wait did she really poke me in my dream, and here I thought I was just spouting nonsense?

"I just couldn't resist, it was just too satisfying poking you when you were sleeping." She managed to stammer out amidst her embarrassment. She continued mumbling a string of apologies as she became more embarrassed. I was slightly caught off guard that what I thought was me lying turned out to be true.

"hahaha" I burst out laughing looking at the girl who was still apologising. My laughter seemed to snap her out of her apologetic ramble. My laughter seemed infectious as she soon joined in laughing heartily. The room was filled with our laughter slowly washing away all the awkwardness away.

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[Mass Release Goals]

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