

Rise of a Football God

#Chapter 8: My mommy is Bruce Lee! - Read Rise of a Football God Chapter 8: My mommy is Bruce Lee!

"Bye!" Ian waved at his best friend after escorting them back to his home.

"Thank you, my son". Mrs. Moses said with a big smile on her face.

Sam looked at his best friend, mixed emotions in his eyes. "Thank you...", he muttered and paused, then he added. "Thank you for inviting me, I enjoyed myself".

"...!" Ian paused.

A fiery gaze soon turned his way the next moment. "Wait..., what?" Mrs. Moses' eyes soon shone in understanding, then fury. "Come here! You're the one who invited my son to go watch a...?"

"Bye Mommy Sam, my dad is waiting for me".

Not daring to wait to face the wrath of the woman, Ian ran while acting like he could not hear her as she shouted and ranted behind him.

And with Ian gone, the family of 4 could finally enter their home.

Aurelia was neutral but Sam and Mr. Moses entered with looks on their faces like their fate was sealed and they were about to face the executioner.

Well, they indeed were about to face an executioner, the only factor being that this executioner was their own mother and wife.

Once they entered...

"What are you standing for?" Mrs. Moses snapped, glaring at her husband especially. "Did we suddenly run out of chairs in the house to sit on?"

Her husband coughed and looked at his 17-year-old son, then together, they located chairs to sit on beside each other.

The events that followed after Sam woke up in the hospital was straightforward and simple.

The nurse did more checkups on him before confirming that he was ready to be discharged. With that, a bill of 25,000 naira was given to Sam's father.

After paying the bills, Mr. Moses took his family on a three-wheeled public transport drive back to their apartment.

The sitting room was big, well ventilated and with a ceiling fan diligently working above them yet for some reason, sitting in this room with this woman, Sam and his dad could not help but sweat and fidget.

In the end, Mr. Moses spoke first, staring at his wife. "What?"

"What do you mean what?"

"Why are you staring at me with that eye?"

"Why won't I stare at you with that eye?!" She snapped.

Silence...

A few seconds later, she spoke again. "What in the name of God were the both of you doing in a viewing center?"

"George was the one who dragged me over," Mr. Moses scratched his head. "Besides, the world cup final is the biggest game of football and its only played every 4 years, so..."

He stared at his wife. "I wanted to enjoy myself, can't I do that anymore?"

Hearing that, this woman glared at her husband even more intently. "The nerve of you!" She raised her voice. "Would you have told me that if something happened to Sam today? Huh?"

"What if he died? What if our son died? Is that what you would have told me? It that it?!"

"Why do you keep on tempting the devil? Just why?!"

Hearing his mom rant on, Sam continued fidgeting where he sat without saying a word. Sometimes, listening to his mom's dressing downs, he didn't feel like he was facing a normal human being at all, rather it felt like something else.

Something like..., 'f*ck! My mom is Bruce Lee!' He thought.

Some words, Sam could not even understand as his mom missed pidgin, English, and their native language to rant at his dad.

But this time, Mr. Moses refused to budge. "What is it?!" He finally snapped.

For the first time in forever, Sam saw his dad get angry at his mom. "Why do I have to live such a restrained life? I'm not a child!"

"Stop this, stop that..., can't I live life to the fullest anymore?"

"Everything happens for a reason, including Sam's mistake. Sam loved football, he followed his passion and played, then he got injured".

"Did he ever tell you that he regretted playing football because of the injury?"

"No! You imposed it on him, telling him to stop entirely, why?" He glared at his wife. "All because of your selfish desire to not see him anywhere close to a football. At this point, I really don't know if its overprotectiveness or just selfishness".

Sam's mom opened her mouth to speak but no words came, tears were what flowed from her eyes instead.

"It's the tears again". Mr. Moses threw his hands up. "I'm the bad person now, right?"

"Gosh, I'm tired". He stood up, taking his phone and storming outside.

By now, tears were already rushing down Mrs. Moses' face as she stared at her husband. "I can't believe you said that to me because of football".

Mr. Moses turned. "Why can't I do what I love? I love football".

"Now, I hate it even more," she snapped again. "I hate it!"

Without saying a word further, Mr. Moses left.

His wife screamed at him from behind. "No football!"

"Not in my house, not in my family, no football!"

Mr. Moses didn't answer, he already left and his wife was left crying. Like statues, frozen, Sam and Aurelia could only stare at the ground without speaking.

"What are you 2 staring at? Go to your rooms!"

"Yes, mommy".

"And you, no football! Ever again!"

Sam stared at his mom.

"No football!" She screamed. "I mean it".

"Yes mommy".

That night, the energy in the Moses home was incredibly tense and oppressive. Mrs. Moses refused to make food, leaving her children to starve and for the first time in forever, Sam's father slept out at night.

Sneaking out of their room at night, the 2 siblings heard their mom crying at night while praying. The atmosphere was incredibly somber.

Sneaking to the dining room, they stole snacks from the fridge to eat.

By now, it was already past 10 at night.

Of course, Aurelia did not miss her chance to accuse her selfish older brother for sowing discord in the home and making their mom cry. Sam felt incredibly guilty.

In the end, by 11:00pm, Sam was alone in the sitting room.

His sister already slept, his mom was still sobbing in her room, while his dad was still somewhere outside. Picking up his phone, he dialed his dad's number.

"The number you're trying to call is currently busy, please try again later..."

Sam grimaced. Lost in his thoughts, drowning in his guilt, he could only look at the ceiling. He looked long enough till his thoughts became blank.

And in the blankness of his thoughts, the euphoria of today finally started coming back to him.

Removing all the unpleasantness that followed him, without a doubt, Sam was sure that this was the best day of his life.

And this football game was undoubtedly the best game of his life.

Picking up his phone again, he accessed the internet for reactions, this was when he finally saw the multitude of reactions to Argentina's world cup win.

The reactions brought a smile to his face and also made him remember something. "The system," he muttered. "It's real".

Right at that moment, the virtual blue screen shimmered into existence before his eyes again.

Despite seeing it before already, Sam was still startled by it.

He touched it but his hand went through it like it was a mirage.

He sighed. "It's now or never".

Sam was still overwhelmed by the many things that happened today, he was yet to figure out a lot of things but what he knew was that if this system was really real, he wanted to check it out.

First of all, he wanted to open his reward.

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[You have been rewarded with a start-up bonus: Random loot box!]

[Click to unlock rewards of random loot box!]

[Claim reward!]

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Sam clicked on the claim reward and this time, his finger didn't pass through the holographic image, the square-shaped loot box blinked before disappearing.

Fireworks and celebratory ribbons were made and the next moment, a banana appeared on the screen.

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[You have opened random loot box!]

[Congratulations! You have received a high-grade vitality fruit!]

>Vitality Fruit: This is a miraculous fruit that is capable of healing all injuries incurred by a footballer within seconds. There is also a chance of it improving your innate vitality and physical resilience<

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"..."

"..."

".....!"

Sam's eyes opened so wide that they almost fell off their sockets. "What in the frickety f*ck!"