

Football 110

Chapter 110 Run Run Run

"Actually, today I'm an Ace Academy scout," He replied with a sheepish smile that made me want to punch him for some reason.

"I'm what you'd call a freelance scout, I connect players with teams that are most suitable for them," He answered me with a confident smile as he pried his eyes away from the field. Ever since coming here, he's been focused on the field hardly paying attention to our conversation.

"Oh, is that any better than a fixed position at a club?" Lisa asked in curiosity intrigued about the ins and outs of the scout's job.

"It's great since I get to travel a lot and build connections with a lot of clubs allowing my players to get into teams that allow them to grow," he explained in a calm tone highlighting the benefits of his job. He did however mention that he would like to have a permanent job at a major club but has yet to receive a good enough offer.

"Hmm, alright so from all the clubs you work with, which one would you recommend for our son?" She continued probing seemingly more interested in the man's job than she was before.

"It depends a lot on the career path player wants to take and if their natural talent can keep up with them. For example, your son has displayed tremendous talent at a young age and is playing rings around kids three years older than him." He started off by describing the different paths some of the kids could take in the youth system. He was surprisingly descriptive of the intricacies young athletes face when growing up in academies.

"With your son's talent, he has a lot of options if he can remain healthy and continue to develop his skills into weapons out on the field," he continued with an even more detailed layout of what Rakim needs to work on in the next six years. This is under the premise that his physical growth continues to complement his playing style.

"For your son from a business point of view, I would recommend he join a non-affiliated academy like Ace." He finally said in a calm tone immediately promoting me to want to rebuttal as it looks like he just wanted to help his friend. However, before I could even voice my disagreement, he continued speaking elaborating on his recommendation.

"This would not only allow him to receive the training he needs but also give him the freedom of choice on which team he wants to join later on. In the end, when he reaches a stage in his skills where he feels like he is ready to debut we can connect him with a club that would allow him to do that," He finished off his explanation causing me to ponder over his words a little more.

I can definitely see the pros in going this route, especially for Rakim who is just a well of untapped potential at the moment. However, the cons are also quite obvious being the fact that there is no security in place for him. For example, teams that nurture a genuine for a long time paying him to remain with them would be less inclined to give up on him once he is underperforming.

Whereas ace Academy seemingly offers him freedom but also puts more pressure on him to continuously shine. Since his performance directly impacts how much resources they invest in him, and a decline would open up space for another kid to take his place. Looking at Lisa's furred brows she seemed to have come to the same conclusion. Her curiosity dulled instantly as she intently stared at our son on the field looking for a sign that would provide the answer.

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[Rakim Pov]

'Hey, Eva what's up with the look mum is giving me?' I asked her out of curiosity as I had caught a glimpse of her after picking up the ball for a throw-in. There are five minutes left in this game, but it feels like it's been an eternity but maybe it's just me.

Scanning the people in front of me I spotted Tom down the flank, but he was being escorted by his man and another defender behind them was also eying him. Since I couldn't go forward, I went backwards throwing the ball to Ryan who was unmarked. The left-back didn't bother stepping back to receive the ball with his feet but lightly raised his leg letting fall onto his thighs.

My marker took off to the races aiming to steal the ball before Ryan could bring the ball under control. That was his mistake though as Rayn had no plans to bring the ball down as he swung his leg deftly lobbing over the boy's head. Seeing the ball coming towards me I took a step forward spreading my arms to protect the landing point.

To my luck, Ben's marker was caught by my arm forcing him to try his best to push past me. It was too late though as the ball arrived in front of me forcing me to use my chest to bring it under control. Seeing the ball bounce off my chest the opposing player behind me sense his chance as he charged past my arm. Aiming to steal the ball he lunged a foot forward to where that ball would land.

Not flustered by this I also raise my right foot but unlike him, I'm swung upward not too hard though. Lightly making contact with the ball I flicked it behind me as I sued my own momentum to circumvent the opposing midfielder. By the time I had turned around the ball was coming down in front of me. Gently stretching out my left foot I brought it under my control fighting the urge to just go off on a run.

Normally I wouldn't hesitate but at the edge of my peripheral vision that was locked onto the goal I saw a speeding red and black strip. Recognising the number Two at his back I realised that no one was paying

attention to him. Since I had drawn most of the attention to my left wing and Tom had two guys staring at him coupled with the fact that Max drifted to the centre created this situation.

No longer hesitating I flicked the ball to my left before swinging my left foot catapulting the ball forward and across the field to the opposite flank. With a muffled bang, the ball left my foot taking a sharp curve over the opposing defender's head. Max who was running forward looking to win the ball realised that it was still too high for him.

However, before he could send me a questioning glare, he spotted Logan running onto the pass as it fell into his run. Stretching out his foot the right back changed the ball's momentum sending it forward without reducing his speed in the slightest. In the blink of an eye, he entered the opposing eighteen-yard box before the defenders could even react.

Logan who was one on one with the keeper still didn't decrease his speed even though he had the time to do so. He simply fired the ball across the keeper's stance aiming for the bottom left corner. The goalie who was covering the near post was left to scramble across his line, but he was too late.

Although he stretched out his body to the fullest his hands missed the ball by a hairbreadth. Seeing the ball enter the net Logan who hadn't slowed down in the slightest continued running to the sideline to celebrate his goal. Even then he didn't stop running as he kept swinging his arms like windmills to hype up the crowd.

He only stopped running when he was brought down by his teammates who were tired from chasing him. The bright smile on his face didn't diminish in the slightest though as he relished in the moment.

"Thanks for the pass, bro, I knew you would find me if I just kept running," He finally said to me after standing up from the crowd of our teammates. Looking at him who was gasping for breath and blaming me for his running left me speechless for a second.

"I'm never passing to you again if that's how you celebrate," I told him with a slight pout as I was one of the kids who were chasing after him. The fact that he is fast never dawned on me until I realised that I was only slowly gaining on him.

"Don't be like that, I just got too excited I'll think of a better celebration next time," he told me with a guilty expression on his face as he pleaded for another chance. Deciding to believe him I give him an affirmative nod not knowing I would regret it in the future.

with a score of 6:1, the game restarted as the tigers listlessly kicked off again, but they were quickly pulled out of their misery as the ref blew his whistle to end the match. Probably wanting to give them a break he opted not to play the extra time much to Max's displeasure which he let him know. Luckily, the ref didn't take offence and only laughed his word off in amusement.