

## Football 130

### Chapter 130 Its You Not Me But Defiantly You

"So, you're also a winger too, 'huh'?" I asked the blond boy in an attempt to start a conversation after a while of walking down the corridor. A surprised look appeared on the boy's face probably not expecting me to start a conversation.

"yes" Is all he said to me with a neutral face showing no indication of continuing his sentence. Not sure how to respond to this I just continued to walk beside him waiting to see if he would say something else.

"So how long have you been playing?" I asked again in an attempt to re-engage the conversation but to my disappointment, it seems like he is quite slow. The awkwardness of this whole situation just continued to weigh on me.

"3 years," his answer came after a while and as expected he didn't spare me a lot of syllables which for some reason seemed to be sacred to him.

"So that was a good game," I spoke up again looking at him hoping for more of an enthusiastic reaction. What met me though was his ever-so-stoic expression as he continued walking. At this point, I realised that if I got another unenthusiastic answer I would just stop trying.

"Yes," Hearing another one-word answer almost made me want to hit him but my better judgment won over me. Deciding to cut my losses with this guy I just continued walking with him in silence before I did something I'll regret. He is probably one of those antisocial kids who is just bad at social interactions.

[Or maybe he just doesn't like you,] Eva commented in an amused tone being pessimistic as always, but her words did sort of make sense. However, if that was really the case, he wouldn't have taken the initiative to lead the way for me.

Luckily this awkward atmosphere didn't linger any longer as we arrived at the main lounge that led to freedom. Not exactly that but it set me free from the situation of walking around with someone in silence. As soon as I spotted Mom and Emma sitting at one of the sofas in the lounge, I said thank you and made a run for it.

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"So how was your first day, did you enjoy it?" Dad asked after taking a seat next to me on the couch. Turning my attention away from the live broadcast of the premier league match between Man City and Arsenal.

"Yeah, it was a lot of fun," I responded with a smile whilst recounting some of the memorable activities of the day. He listened to my story with his undivided attention laughing at some parts of the story and asking questions at other parts.

From his invested expression I could tell that he wasn't just humouring me but was genuinely curious. This is not something adults like to do as they don't tend to give kids their undivided attention. Most of them just humour kids my age or simply tell us to go play somewhere else. However, in Dad's case, it's probably due to him being a kid at heart.

"I still can't believe you got lost twice," Emma commented from the side of the sofa after hearing my story for the second time. She had heard about how I got lost from Akira and she had to help me out so I could find the field. If that wasn't enough when she found out how I struggled to make my way out of the facility she burst out laughing even harder than before.

"It's a massive building," I mumbled in my defence not daring to voice my indignation any louder in case I never hear the end of this. However much to my horror, she seemed to have heard my words.

"What did you say?" She asked in a teasing tone eying me in a way that told me I was in big trouble depending on my answer. The last time I saw that look on her face Jenna didn't talk to her for a week due to a prank she pulled. Looks like she is bored and is looking to start some mischief.

"Nothing," I quickly replied turning my attention back to the TV only to see Fabregas confidently send a pass forward to Van Persie.

The striker wasn't given enough space to calmly control the pass and had to take it on the volley. Like a cannon, the ball left his right foot heading towards the blind side of the keeper. However, the city was in luck as the ball ended up missing the far-left post by mere inches.

"Hmm ok I'll tell the girls about it then," Emma spoke up from the side instantly causing my expression to pale. Knowing that I would have to deal with their teasing tomorrow at church or even in school.

I sighed in defeat, knowing that there was no way I could escape their teasing. "Fine, go ahead and tell them," I muttered, resigning myself to my fate. Emma grinned mischievously at me, clearly enjoying having the upper hand.

"Bud don't worry," Dad chimed in, sensing my discomfort. "I'm sure they'll forget all about it soon enough." I nodded, grateful for his reassurance. Just then, Mom entered the room, carrying a tray of snacks. "Who wants some popcorn?" she asked, placing the tray on the coffee table.

We all eagerly reached for the popcorn, munching on it as we watched the match. Despite my earlier embarrassment, I felt content in the company of my family. It was nice to have a moment of peace and relaxation after a hectic day at the academy.

As the match reached its climax, tension filled the room. Both teams were tied 1-1, and it was anyone's game. My heart raced as I watched the players on the screen dribble and pass, each move bringing them closer to victory.

Suddenly, Arsenal's Aaron Ramsey in a show of individual brilliance broke away from the defenders and charged towards the goal. Entering a state of inspiration, the young midfielder ran rings around his opposition until he reached a favourable position at the edge of the City Box.

Not hesitating in the slightest he took the shot as soon as spotting an open lane to the goal. Like an arrow, the ball sailed towards the top right corner of the net showing no signs of deviation. Shay Given City's goalkeeper wasn't to be outdone though as he leapt across his goal line to perform a miraculous save.

We all let out a collective sigh, disappointed but still impressed by the keeper's skill. As the last few minutes of the match ticked away, it became clear that neither team would be able to score again.

"Well, it looks like it's going to be a draw," Dad said, breaking the silence. None of us had been able to speak for the past ten minutes as the game started picking up in intensity.

I subconsciously nodded at his words, feeling both relieved and a little disappointed. I had been hoping for Arsenal to take away the win, but at least it was an exciting match. Both teams gave it their all throughout the match fighting for every chance at goal.

The match eventually came to an end with both teams only being able to take away a single point from their encounter. I wasn't too disappointed though as my favourite team in the premier league Chelsea is doing quite well this season. I do however have a lot of respect for Arsenal though, well to be exact their coach Arsene Wenger.

He is quite the wise coach when it comes to bringing out the talent of young footballers. Even with a lack of financial support, he ended up getting from the owners he managed to keep the team competitive within the top six. If I get the chance in the future, I would like to either play for him or Klopp.

"I think it's time to turn in," Mom commented from behind the sofa after hearing Emma Yawn. Since the game is over and all that's going on right now is the post-match analysis, we didn't argue with her as we got up from the sofa.

Already feeling tired from the hectic day, I quickly followed Emma upstairs heading straight for the bathroom. For some reason, my body started to instantly shut down as soon as I thought about going to sleep. Nevertheless, we quickly finished our healthcare routine and headed for my room.

I didn't really have a choice since Emma decided that she would be sleeping over in my room today. Not that I mind it since we have sleepovers quite a lot mostly due to her being unwilling to sleep alone. Mom even joked that she might have to hire someone to have sleepovers with when she gets older.

Surprisingly Emma didn't object to that Idea stating that Zeus would protect her just in case. Oh, it was also at that moment that she told me that I was going to lose custody of Zeus when I moved out. Mom and Dad came upstairs to tuck us in and continue reading from our weekly novel, but I promptly snoozed off before I knew it.