

Football 139

Chapter 139 Parking lot Commotion

[Ding congratulations on completing the: Match Quest]

-Provide 3 Assists (3/3)

-Win the match

Rewards:

1 Singularity stat potion (upgrade one of the host's stats by a single level)

'Hey Eva, is what I'm seeing right?' I asked her wanting to make sure that I was not dreaming. After all the reward seems a little overpowered for just completing three assists.

Upgrading just one of my higher stats by a single level could transform my whole game to a brand-new stage. So, getting something so precious for completing a simple mission seems a little out of place if you ask me. I'm not complaining though since it only serves to benefit me in the end.

[yes, it is real the system doesn't make a mistake after all, plus the high reward has more to do with the fact it's your first special match quest. Quest like that without a set reward give out more rewards so I recommend you complete them.] She answered me in a neutral tone emphasising the benefits of these random match missions that the system will offer me in the future.

[Ding Post Match Review]

>Goals scored: (1) = 200Sp

>Assists: (3) = 150Sp

>Cards: 0 = 10Sp

>Final Match score: 4:3 Victory = 30Sp

>Match Rating: 8.9

Before I could continue to ponder on the unexpected reward the post-match review appeared in my vision. The extra 390Sp is a much-needed currency for me right now so I can't complain. I am happy about the fact that the system chose to change my rating to a numerical value rather than the grade format.

It's much easier to understand my overall match performance with numerical feedback. Then again judging by how the coach was throwing critiques around the locker room like grenades I easily understood where I made mistakes. My positional awareness is just dragging me down, I'm still finding it hard to seamlessly adjust to positional changes.

Especially when we are on the defence, and I have to track back to offer support to my back line. My late positional transition makes it harder to coordinate with my left back when trying to win the ball. Don't get me wrong when it's just a one-on-one duel I find it much easier for me to win the ball back.

I guess in my mind I expect my teammates to do the same but that's not an excuse for my faults. Looks like I'll just have to continue working hard to make up for my faults and hope my teammates will continue to mess up. After all the more they make simple mistakes the less obvious mine seem when taking into consideration my attacking strength.

[FOOTBALL SINGULARITY SYSTEM]

USER: Rakim Rex

AGE: 6yrs

TALENT ASSESSMENT: Grade- B

Singularity Points: 880

Position: Winger

(Evaluation: A boy with a wealth of untapped talent and great potential for becoming a professional soccer player,)

[USER STATS]

>Physical Fitness: C

>Football Technique: B-

>Game Intelligence: D+

>Mental Ability: S

>X-Factors: -

>Singularity Skills

*Bronze Level Goal Sense (Passive)

*Bird's eye view (Passive)

*Bronze Level Comeback Kid (Active)

'Hmm looks like I still have a long way ahead of me,' I mused to myself as I looked over my status screen. I've got no plans of using that stat upgrade potion for the time being choosing to wait and see. Who knows I might reach a bottleneck somewhere and this potion will come in handy.

It shouldn't be hard to see some improvements in my stats now that I've started training with ACE. Deciding to leave those thoughts for later I promptly made my way to the parking lot to meet up with my family. I wasn't the only one looking to get away quick since coach wasn't too happy with our second-half performance.

Never thought silence could be so unbearable even though we won the match in the end you could feel the disappointment. Coach stood in the room for a good five minutes in silence without saying a word. You could particularly feel him contemplating on what to say to us as he scanned the room until he eventually just sighed. In the end, all he said was "good fight out there, well talk on Monday," nothing more before leaving.

"What were you doing out there? You played like shit!" A loud voice drew my attention as soon as I left the building. Looking over in that direction I spotted Mike being chewed out by a man with a striking resemblance to himself.

Figuring that it must be his Dad I was slightly surprised by the dynamics of the two's relationship. The fact his father was lecturing him wasn't what surprised me but the fact that the man was nothing like what Mike described. According to him, his dad used to play football back in the eighty's all across the world.

He came up as a keeper in the AC Millan academy when they were still in Seria B in 1980 but never managed to make it to the first team. He went on to make his debut for Portsmouth, after being loaned away by Liverpool who went on to win the league that season. Don't get it confused he wasn't good enough to sign with the Reds, but the AC Millan bored wanted to get rid of his wage, so they sent him as a package deal.

The man is what you would call a football wanderer as he played for many teams since the beginning of his career never staying with a team beyond two years. Then again you could also see it in a positive light as he managed to have a colourful football journey by travelling the world.

But the man seems to put all his hopes on Mike now to win the glory he never managed to achieve in his career. This is probably the main reason why Mike became a keeper in the first place. "How many times do you want to let score against you, have some pride and save the DAM ball," Mr Terrance boomed over again bringing me out of my thoughts.

He really seems hellbent on letting his son know just what he thought of his performance in today's match. Mike can't really be blamed though since the team's performance visibly dropped in the second half but his Dad didn't seem to care about that fact in the slightest.

"I don't care how shit your teammates play, that just makes it easier for you to shine so get the finger out and grow a backbone on your goal line." Mr Terrance voiced after Mike tried to shrug a portion of the blame away from himself but that backfired quickly.

"What did you say about my Kid?" a pot-bellied man in what looks like farmer's clothes jumped out of his truck and strode towards Mr. Terrance. Not expecting the sudden interruption to his tirade, he subconsciously stepped back defensively raising his hands.

"I don't care about you kid, my boy actually has talent," Mr. Terrance retorted after managing to gather his composure. Things were escalating fast, and people started to gather around the two men wanting to stop the two of them before they could get physical.

"You trying to say my boy's got no talent?" The pot-bellied man retorted once again getting in Mr. Terrance's face with his face visibly turning red. Just as he grabbed the man's collar the men in the surrounding quickly broke the two off.

The both of them were quickly contained by the crowd who tried their best to de-escalate the situation. In the end, no fists were thrown but the two of them did not mince their words in the slightest. Not

bothering to pay any more attention to the two grown children I made my way to the car where Emma and Mum were waiting for me.