

## Football 140

### Chapter 140 Weird System Dream

"What's going on over there?" Emma asked me as soon as I stepped into the car. Surprisingly, she didn't have any of her friends with her, which is weird since they are practically glued to the hip.

"Don't worry about it, just some grown kids arguing about who played worse," I answered her whilst settling into my seat ready to go home and hop into my ice bath. Mum didn't seem to care about the commotion and simply started driving us home.

"You played well today," Mum praised from the front making brief eye contact with me through the rear-view mirror. She genuinely seemed happy about my performance even though I felt like I could have done better.

"Cheers" I answered her letting the calmness of the car ride settle in as my thoughts started to drift. Before I knew it, I had fallen asleep letting my fatigue guide me into dreamland.

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"Huh, where am I?" I asked no one in particular as I gazed across the grass of a dilapidated stadium. The stands were deserted as a sense of desolation loomed over the aged seats.

You could easily tell that no spectators have been here to watch another match in a long while. Looking around I spotted quite a few cracks and holes in the walls of the stadium. That's not even mentioning the huge hole on one side of the roof which I don't know how I missed.

Despite how run down the whole stadium seems the grass surface I'm currently standing on is surprisingly smooth. The grass is cut at just the perfect length not too long and not too short. I almost feel like I am committing a crime just standing here with my boots as my studs pierce into the ground.

"Hello, is anyone there," I exclaimed again after calming my nerves about the odd situation I find myself in. My exclamation was met with nothing but silence yet again with no one responding. Realising that I'm probably stuck on my own here I started walking around the pitch.

'Sigh at least give me a ball,' I subconsciously thought to myself only to almost trip over my feet as a glowing blue ball appeared in front of me. Not sure what was going on I decided to just go with the flow quickly bringing the ball under my control.

With a quick flick up I started juggling the ball between my feet trying my best to keep its height low and maintain control of it. At some point, I got so locked in my activity that I forgot my surroundings. When I reached around the 70th juggle I had the sudden thought of having a defender pressure me as I was getting bored.

Before I knew it a boy in an afro wearing a white top came out of nowhere poking the ball loose from my right side. At this moment, I realised that whatever this strange stadium is, it is controlled by my thoughts. Chasing after the unknown play whom I made appear out of thin air I eagerly started closing him down.

The boy in the afro didn't avoid me in the slightest in fact he faced me head-on trying to take the ball past me. He performed a quick step over dropping a shoulder to my left before blasting past me on that very side. In my mind, I was expecting his dip of the shoulder to be a feint, but I was so wrong.

I turned around to face him again just as he was in the midst of turning as one of his shoulders faced me. Deciding not to make the same mistake again I charged in directly not wanting to give him another chance. However, his next move left me baffled and contemplating life.

Have you ever felt like the script was totally wrong when something bizarre happens that you know is wrong? Well, that was happening to me right now as the boy slotted the ball through my open legs. Before I could even understand what was happening and report him to the Intergalactic Referee Association for cheating, he was already past me.

I felt like he was stealing my moves as his actions continued to replay in my mind like a bad-cut scene in a YouTube video. When I was approaching him, he lifted his leg closest to me towards the ball tricking me into thinking that he would turn away to escape the confrontation. Only to be surprised at the last moment as the same foot came back knocking the ball through my legs with the outside of his foot.

[Haha have you not realised it yet?] Eva's voice suddenly sounded in my ear bringing me out of my daze. Turning to see where her voice came from, I was left disappointed as only the boy in the afro could be seen sending a smug smirk my way.

'Realized what? I thought I was just having a weirdly lucid dream?' I responded to her wanting to get a clear understanding of my situation.

After all, one moment I was listening in on the conversation between Mum and Emma as I drifted off to sleep. And in the next moment, I'm in this warehouse-like stadium with impeccable groundskeepers. That is the only explanation I can think of after witnessing the stark contrast between the pitch and the stands.

[We are in your subconscious mind whilst you are asleep in your mum's car. This state is induced by the System allowing you to train a little extra in your sleep.] She responded to me in a joyful one explaining that she gained some admin privileges due to my advancements and reaching some system milestones.

"That's cool I can basically improve at double the speed since I can train an extra 7 hours." I joyfully exclaimed upon realising just how useful this new function of the system is. Having an extra hour of training is a game changer not to mention an extra 7 of it whilst my body gets the adequate rest it needs.

[Not to burst your bubble but you should keep in mind that any gains here will not translate to your physical aspect or build muscle memory. This space will only let you work on your mental aspect as of now. You will only be able to get experience in this space but that on its own is a huge gain as long as you're not stupid,] Eva quickly interjected before my thoughts could continue to draw up my invincible journey to the top.

Her words although disappointing weren't all that disheartening as gaining experience is exactly what I need most. After all my body is still young and I do enough training throughout the week. So being able to do training solely based on gaining experience and working on my mental aspect is something I welcome.

After clearing up my doubts I started fully engaging with the opponent in front of me. It quickly became apparent to me that the boy seemed to have my raw skills for dribbling by how he danced rings around me. Only now have I realised just how much my defensive senses suck. That didn't stop me though, as I gave it my all trying my best to steal the ball away from the boy.

In the end, I only managed to win the ball four times but whenever I had it, I fought hard to keep hold of it. You might think it's easy for me to keep hold of the ball since my opponent seems to have the same skills as me. However, that line of thinking would be wrong as this Afro dude seems to have all my attacking skills and Ole's defensive skills.

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"You need to keep moving boy, and make sure to keep your head on a swivel on the defensive end," Coach Carlos told Rakim with a huge grin on his face as he animatedly gestured with his hands. Seemingly wanting to ingrain his instruction into the young boy he patted his head before sending him back into the exercise.

After sending the winger on his way he proceeded to pull out the next kid giving them advice and instruction on what to do. The players were currently involved in a possession drill aimed at retaining control of the ball whilst facing the pressure of the opposing team. The ball whizzed across the box as the players tried their best to limit unnecessary touches of the ball.

With the coaches drilling the importance of two-touch football they tried their best but the occasional few decided to take the risk of beating one or two players. Jon was one of those players, deciding to flic the ball past one of the red-bib players before promptly sending a weighted pass to his teammate. A tall sturdy boy was there to receive who struggled to control it needing an extra touch to bring it under his control.

He eventually managed to bring it under his control needing to use his body to block an oncoming opponent. Leveraging his strength, he held off the opposing player creating enough space for him to knock the ball to one of his teammates. His pass never reached its intended destination though as a pair of boots came sliding into its path.

With a superb interception from the non-bib player possession of the ball changed promptly. Just like that it was the red team's turn to chase after the ball looking to win back the ball before their opponents could ping ten passes. The motivation for not wanting to do one of the coach's punishments served in maintaining a high intensity throughout the drill.