

Football 144

Chapter 144 Fever

"You can't let me suffer alone ... ahem I mean we came together so we will buy a present together," he told me with a resolute expression cutting off any retreat paths for me to avoid this calamity.

"I think she would appreciate a watch more since it is practical and all," I told him trying to pick a safer option that she couldn't outright dismiss as wasteful spending. Especially since from what I understand from some of their conversations they need to be careful with their spending because of the financial crises a few years ago.

Luckily, they didn't have money invested in mortgages thus avoiding the brunt of the crises. However, their primary business took a slight hit as people began to panic and spend less. Not sure what happened in the end, but they ended up investing money to help them grow their business. However, that event left a dark shadow for them, and Mum started to be more careful with their spending.

"Maybe you are right" Dad answered me wavering in his stance of wanting to get the necklace after having considered the consequence of angering Mum. The old manager's expression visibly darkened upon seeing him waver. I can't blame him though he was so close to making a big sale.

"Sir we also have watches, Good watches, Beautiful watches," he stated with a wide smile as he eagerly led us to a display case with different watches in them. Not wasting a second, he expertly picked out 3 elegant-looking watches.

They were all much more slender than those made for men and had softer colours meant to blend in and not flaunt. The first one was a light gold Rolex with silver metals built in to make it more elegant. The second watch was a rose gold Bulgari watch which arguably looks more beautiful, and I could actually see Mum wearing it.

The third one surprised me the most as it was made of pure silver with only the watch face being a light shade of blue. The blue colour didn't scream at u but instead gave the watch a more elegant style. The silver dials looked more mesmerising on the blue background. The brand of the watch seemed to be some French or Italian jeweller that I couldn't pronounce.

Giving Dad my recommendation of which one I liked the most I stepped away from the two deciding to look around the casing a little more. Dad didn't mind as the two of them started talking about which watch we were going to buy. Looking around there I spotted a few more pieces of jewellery that I found nice looking, but I got bored pretty fast.

Plus, there were also bizarre chains resembling one's rapper's wear which is probably the case. I even spotted a thirty-centimetre-long gold letter R with little diamonds in them. It was at this point I realised that this place might be crazy or whoever ordered that definitely is.

Dad ended up making up his mind choosing to buy the watch and when I wasn't looking, he got the necklace as well. I only noticed when he handed me the packages in the car. Not bothering to protest I just kept my mouth shut and hoped for the best. If Mum was really angry Dad could only blame himself when I Eventually shifted all the blame towards him.

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Three weeks later on the 19th of December, we had our last match-up of the year against St Arthur's Prep. Going unbeaten for the past three games we remained undefeated within the league with a record of seven wins and zero losses. St Arthur's Prep is hovering around third in the league with six wins and one draw. So, the pressure was definitely on us to perform if we wanted to end the year on a good note.

It's like what coach likes to say good teams don't win leagues it's those that consistently perform that end up being crowned champions. We for sure had to perform today and I for one was planning on it. However, my body seems to be acting up today as I seem to have caught a cold.

Luckily for me, the fever wasn't too severe, and Mum didn't notice it in the morning otherwise there would be no chance I'd get to play today. Although my fever isn't bad my breathing is a little laboured. Nothing I can't get past though, but my reaction speed is a little slower.

'I still can't believe that I can get sick even though I have the system,' I muttered to myself as I followed my teammates through the warmup routine. My illness isn't all that serious, but the sluggish feeling just feels so weird.

[You should have listened to your mum when she told you to wear a coat,] is all Eva said reminding me of the fact that she insisted that I wear warmer clothes. I feel dumb for not listening but who could have predicted that it would get this cold in Florida.

'(sigh) It should be impossible for it to snow here,' I responded as I watched the warm air that left my body evaporate into the atmosphere. In fact, there's not a lot of snow and if it wasn't for the cold temperature and the ice, I would have thought that these little white spots on the grass to be confetti.

I'd be lying if I didn't admit that I hoped the game would be called off with this weather but apparently, the school groundskeepers know a thing or two. So, I have no choice but to power through this match. The team we are playing seem to be quite good based on their track record and judging by their serious warm up they are eager to prove it.

"Rakim Come here for a second," Coach called me to his side pulling me out of the little possession drill we were doing. He had a serious look on his face as he looked over his clipboard.

To this day I still don't understand the point of that board as the coach only uses it to show us the lineup and forgets about it once, he starts explaining tactics. I like the fact that he doesn't use the board when explaining tactics as it forces me to really think about his instructions. But looking at his expression he doesn't seem too happy about something.

"How are you feeling Kid?" He asked me making direct eye contact with me causing me to instantly panic. Even though I haven't done anything wrong his presence when he asked me that question makes me feel guilty.

"Emm, just a little cold nothing to worry about," I told him quickly averting our eye contact as that sense of guilt intensified. His expected outrage never came though as he just sighed and was just silent seemingly lost in thought.

Peeking at him he just smiled lightly as he started writing something on his clipboard. Judging by his expression he just took me off the starting line-up and although I wanted to plead my case his calm demeanour took me off a little. A second later he brought the back of his hand to my forehead to check my temperature. His serious expression depended on a little if that was even possible as he seemed to confirm his worries.

"I thought as much," he said in a warm voice breaking the silence that had been created between the both of us. "Kid you're not starting anymore. Go and let Oliver check u out" he said once again before I could inquire as to what he was thinking but his words completely shocked me.

Even though I was expecting this outcome the moment I realised he knew I was not at 100%. Accepting it is a lot harder than I thought it would be, especially since I feel like I could easily soldier through it. However, the coach didn't deem to entertain that idea in the slightest hence his decision to bench me.

"Ok coach," I answered him knowing that arguing further with him wouldn't lead anywhere. Sighing I tightened the strings on my hoodie and quickly made my way over to Trainer Oliver. He was currently busy helping Henric with some stretches aimed at getting him back to full fitness.

His recovery has gone rather well, and he has even participated in some training sessions to ease him back. However, for some reason coach hasn't let him play yet and by the looks of it, he might not this year. At this very moment, he was doing sumo squats under the guidance of trainer Oliver.

"Yo, what's up Oliver coach sent me for a check-up not really sure why though," I told the man who was sending me a confused glance the moment I appeared at his side. Upon hearing my words, he frowned slightly placing his hand on my forehead to measure my temperature.

"Looks like you have a slight fever I'm going to give you some aspirin and you should be fine," he told me with a comforting smile leading me to his med kit and taking out the meds I needed.