

Football 203

Chapter 203 Steve Clark

"It's Mrs Rex Mr Clark," Lisa immediately interrupted cutting him off before he could get his question out. She didn't like the press something her grandpa had instilled in her, calling them vultures.

She didn't like them more so at that moment especially this guy who was trying to use her son's health as clickbait. All these guys were too busy covering her son's comatose state trying to squeeze out the last bit of value out of him. When they should be covering the horrific shooting that had taken place at the school.

Safe to say all the calmness that her mother managed to help her reach was thrown out of the window at this very moment. Not only that, she felt like if this guy said something wrong she would punch him. The reporters had a stunned expression to her words and slowly sized her up again.

"Ahem yes Mrs Rex, I am a sports reporter for Sky Sports and would like to ask you some questions about your son's worsening condition?" Mr Clark asked with a sly smile after recomposing himself after the rude interruption.

He didn't mind though as the more agitated she was, increased the likelihood of her saying something sensational. This reminded him of his day in Hollywood where he would bait celebrities into creating buzz with a slip of the tongue. Especially, when they were in the mid's of a scandal and were trying their best to keep their heads above water.

"Last time I checked my son's recovery was on track," Lisa retorted not quite understanding what this guy was getting at and didn't have the patience to guess. If this guy was going to beat around the bush she would rather head inside and watch over her kids.

"Ahem let me clarify my question ma'am," he quickly stated after noticing that Lisa and her mother were losing their patience. "I have credible news that several clubs have withdrawn their offers for your son, do you have a comment on this," He asked with a teasing smile hoping to get a reaction from the mother-daughter pair.

"We are more concerned with seeing our child recover than worry about a game," She responded with an annoyed tone not understanding why they thought this would be on her mind. She was more worried about whether he would wake up not whether those teams still so valued him.

They could worry about that when he woke up and they saw how well his recovery went. If he still wanted to play football she would do everything in her power to make that happen. However, if he no longer wanted to play that was also fine, they could find something else for him to do.

"I'm told that Agen Oliver Burke is trying to salvage the deal with Barca B for his other client Matteo Smith the 18-year-old English/American striker, would you like to comment?" Cameras flashed the moment Clark finished his words almost blinding Lisa and Anneliese.

Upon hearing the news that Clark was talking about things clicked for Lisa. It now made sense why Oliver who had practically kicked in their door to sign Rakim as a client was missing now. He seemed to have given up on her son when he found out about the doctor's prognosis.

Not even having the decency to wait for him to wake up or be declared brain dead he was already trying to extract benefits for his other clients. Lisa knows this Matteo having met him at a Nike camp organised by the USA team. She didn't hate the kid but knowing that Oliver was using the fact her son was in a coma to benefit him made her angry.

"hmm I wish him all the best, if he continues to work hard he will be able to catch up with my 15-year-old son," She replied with a subtle smile flinging some dirt on the player they chose to replace her baby. The difference in talent is obvious to everyone since it was the main Barca team looking to sign Rakim.

At just 15 they wanted to secure his future services and have him learn under Lionel. Whereas this Matteo kid at age 18 is struggling to secure a deal with the B team. Her comment had the desired effect on the reporters as their faces lit up having found a topic to generate buzz.

Ignoring any further questions the two women pushed their way into the hospital. "You know that will only motivate those vultures," Her mother stated with a light smile as they entered the spinning doors. She wasn't against what her daughter did in fact if not for being a lawyer herself she would have socked them.

"I know but it feels good to vent my frustration on someone, breathing can only get you so far," Lisa stated with a more relaxed expression than what she had been putting on.

~~~

[Location: ???,]

On the green grass of the Camp Nou stadium, a boy at the height of 5'9 can be seen dribbling the ball down the left flank. The roar of the almost 100K crowd and the thumping of his heart created a compelling scene on the turf. A quick pass into the centre met the feet of Gundogan and the figure wearing the number 22 circumvented Paulinho.

The man city number 8 didn't hold onto the ball sending a defence-splitting ball in between Pique and Roberto. By the time Roberto turned chance the ball a blue figure got to the ball before him taking control of the ball. The Barca right-back being an experienced player used his experience angling using his body to stand him up.

The winger now close to the corner flag didn't panic and started to size up his opponent. Performing a few flicks with his right foot he tried to bait him to slip up but the Barca 20 remained firm. Seeing this the winger performed a quick feint to the right as he flicked the ball up to his left.

Roberto was at first caught off guard but instantly changed his stance back to the left where the ball was. However, the expected move of the winger breaking through that direction never happened. Instead just as he wanted to tackle the ball it was flicked over his head and the winger circumvented him with a spin move.

The blue 22 touched the ball down with a deft touch in front of him as he stepped towards Pique. The seasoned centre-back stood him up as he cautiously closed in on the winger. The winger didn't wait for him tho as he performed two quick step-overs before sending a grounded cross through the defender's legs.

the ball zoomed across the box just barely missing the feet of Foden and Vermaelen. The chance wasn't over though as a light blue number seven zoomed into the box. Hitting the ball the first time Sterling slotted the ball into the net before Alba could tackle him.

The blue wave of city fans erupted in jubilation as they watched their team celebrate the 0:1 lead. The players weren't left behind following behind Sterling to celebrate the goal. However just as they were celebrating everything suddenly came to a pause.

Almost like the mannequin, mannequin challenge a few years back all the players and fans stopped moving. Well, all but the blue 22 snapped out of his momentary daze as he walked out of the huddle of players. The sight would definitely be weird to witness if anyone saw this lone figure in a packed stadium walking among frozen figures.

[Ding Situational training complete,]