

Football 213

Chapter 213 Snow Adventures (2)

Whilst everyone else was carving the slope up in S shapes his were more like sharp zigzags. This resulted in his speed picking up to the point he was barely able to control himself. Some helpful skiers tried to give him some advice but all his attention was focused on how to avoid the oncoming obstacles.

glancing to his left as a couple was trying to motion something to him he was startled when he noticed one of the ski banners in his way. Managing to somehow twist on his axis onto his left foot he barely dodged it. Immediately after he jumped onto his right ski right in time to dodge a fallen snowboarder.

The adrenaline surged through his veins, and Rakim could feel his heart pounding in his chest. He knew he was moving too fast and needed to regain control. He tried to remember Ben's advice: lean into the turns and keep your weight centred. But in the heat of the moment, all he could do was react instinctively.

Ahead, he saw a group of trees looming closer as his zigzag shape was too sharp this time. With a deep breath, he leaned into a sharp turn, his skis carving deep into the snow. He managed to navigate around the trees, but the effort left him even more off-balance.

Just as Rakim thought he might actually crash, his skis suddenly found a smoother patch of snow, allowing him a split second to regain his balance. He bent his knees and leaned forward, trying to steady himself. It worked, but only just. His speed was still too high, and the next bend was approaching fast.

"Come on, Rakim, you can do this," he muttered to himself, trying to muster all his focus. He dug his edges into the snow again, this time attempting a more controlled S-shape. For a moment, it seemed like he was back in control.

But then, the slope grew steeper, and he felt himself picking up speed once more. He seemed to have strayed off into one of the more advanced slopes and was just now realising it. He took a deep breath allowing himself to take in all the emotions running throughout his body.

Once he did this his thinking became much more clear and surprisingly a huge grin formed on his face. After 3 months of boring training the adrenalin he was feeling now excited him. The fear from the lack of control vanished and the rapid beating of his heart acted as a guide.

"Hey, Eva this feels great," he exclaimed in excitement as he started enjoying the thrill he was feeling. With a calmer mindset, he managed to control his speed more and form proper S shapes.

{Just make sure not to crash you don't have any more vitality potions for me to force feed you,} she responded to the boy who was in the middle of overtaking another Skier.

Like that, he raced down the mountain enjoying every moment of it with a wide smile. As Rakim zoomed down the mountain, his exhilaration was palpable. The wind whipped past his face, and the rush of adrenaline drowned out any lingering fear. He navigated the slopes with newfound confidence, smoothly carving S shapes as he went.

Ahead, he spotted May, Emma, and the others who had stopped at the end of the slope. They noticed him and started waving at him but quickly stopped upon noticing the boy's speed. Stepping back just in time for him to whoosh past them. In the next second, they watched a cloud of snow get kicked up as he crashed into a small hill of snow.

Rakim's exhilarating run down the mountain came to an abrupt end as he crashed into a small mound of snow. The impact sent snow spraying into the air, and for a moment, he was completely buried under

the powdery white blanket. His heart was still racing from the thrill of his high-speed descent as he lay motionlessly in the snow.

The impact wasn't hard, thanks to the powdery snow cushioning his fall, but it was enough to send him tumbling forward. For a moment, everything was quiet except for the sound of his heavy breathing. He lay there, staring up at the clear blue sky, feeling a mixture of exhilaration and relief. Despite the crash, he couldn't wipe the grin off his face.

"Whoa, Rakim! That was insane!" Bennet's voice called out from above him, followed by the crunch of footsteps in the snow. "Are you okay?" he asked as he now stood over the boy still sprawled on the snow. The rest of the guys had also come to check on him but judging by his wide smile he should be fine.

"Yeah, I'm good," Rakim replied, pushing himself up into a sitting position. He shook the snow off his jacket and grinned up at Bennet and the rest of them still riding the high of adrenaline. It didn't take him long to remember the two who were at fault and get his revenge with a big helping of snow to their faces.

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[02/01/19]

"Son the higher-ups from the academy were able to reach an agreement with the Scottish giants Celtic," Mom told me the moment I sat down in the office that came with the villa. She had been using it to catch up on some of her work and called him in the moment he returned from his run.

Christmas and New Years was pretty much done and all our family and friends would soon be returning to the States. Having completed my physical therapy and feeling almost as fit as before the shooting it was time to look towards the next step. Thus Mom who had taken over the job as my agent had been trying to contact teams using our family's connections.

Most gave her noncommittal answers unwilling to pay Ace Academy's price tag of 5 million. I wasn't mad at the price tag since they had helped me throughout my entire football journey and deserved to be rewarded for it. Plus it's not like I couldn't spend another year in the youth system and prove myself to the world again but the yearning for competitive football that I'm feeling is too strong.

This is what led to the current predicament where Mum called for a favour from one of her aunts. Her husband is a shareholder and board member of the Celtic Club and managed to sway them to give me a chance. I didn't know what led to him convincing them to bet on me but he sure had to give up something to get me an offer.

However, Scotland had never been in my plans as it was barely a third-tier league in terms of competitive football. Playing in the Jupiler Pro League in Belgium, the Ligue 1 in France, or Eredivisie in the Netherlands, heck even the Primeira Liga in Portugal. All those leagues were his second option if he couldn't get a team in one of the 4 major leagues.

However now, I'd be lucky if a half-decent team in those leagues looked my way. Most mid-table teams in those leagues stopped sniffing around me the moment they heard about my shooting. Going to Scotland would seem to be his best option and going by what I know of Celtic there a good platform to gain visibility.

Since they got their league in a chokehold and play in the Champions League each year it would allow me to showcase my skills. "What is the offer they made?" I asked her wanting to know exactly what kind of deal the club reached with the ACE execs.

To them, I'm their golden goose as I'm by far the best player to come out of their program bringing much fame. By representing them in tournaments and shining with various international teams they received an influx in young talents and revenue. So when I awoke from the shooting they wasted no resources in helping me get better hoping I'd regain my form.