

Football 30

Chapter 30 A Father (2)

Quickly blitzing past Ben, I arrived at the holy grail for a football fan or player. Maybe not the holy grail but it was a treasure stove of various kinds of boots that are used for various sports. Looking at the different football boots My gaze was immediately drawn stored a pair of Adidas boots that seemed to be from the predator's edition. Picking them up I felt the leather coating the boot was made from.

"Good eyes kid those are the best predators the company has made yet" A gruff voice spoke up from behind me. Startled by the sudden voice I turned around only to see Bjorn standing there with a grin on his face.

"Yeah, I like how they feel too" I answered him subconsciously as I looked back down at the boots in my hand. I've never worn boots to play football except in my dreams, but I feel like with these pair I'll go wild on the pitch.

"Yes, they were made with comfort in mind, here have a look at these too," he said as he handed me a black boot that had a pink Nike logo on it. 'Nike Mercurial SL' I mentally read out the name of the boot. I was by far slenderer than the predators almost as if it was designed to hug the skin.

"That one was designed with speed in mind and recently the wonder kid that plays for Manchester debuted them in a match," Bjorn commented explaining why the boot was a lot slenderer than the predators I had in my other hand. Both boots in my hands held like weapons ready to be unleashed in battle, I just had to pick the weapon of my choice.

"Let us take both and you can break them in and see which one you are more comfortable with later on," Ben spoke up from behind me holding a ball in his hand having gotten rid of the shopping bags somehow. Not knowing what to say I just nodded at him as I couldn't really decide which one, I liked more.

~~~

After checking out the shoes and balls at the counter we were back in the car and started driving on the roads again. It took about fifteen minutes till we stopped at what seemed to be a cafe or maybe some kind of bakery. I saw families and couples sitting here enjoying the afternoon sun with some coffee and pastries.

"Let's go in the person I want you to meet will be here soon," Ben said as he promptly alighted the car not waiting for me to respond. I thought Bjorn was the person I was supposed to meet. (sigh) It feels like I'm on a meet and greet at this point just meeting new people every day.

"Who are we meeting now?" I asked Ben joining him at the table he was sitting on. He did not answer me right away picking up a menu on the table seemingly scanning the delicacies that were on it.

"We are meeting a family friend, who will help u with your adoption, can't really have you stay here illegally right?" He answered me nonchalantly not making eye contact with me still focused on the menu. If it wasn't for the fact, I'm getting used to him, I would genuinely think he cared more about getting the perfect pastries.

It didn't take long for a waitress to come and take Ben's order, who ended up ordering enough for three people. He either has a giant sweet tooth or he's ordering for me too which is slightly more believable. However, going by how much he ordered I hope he doesn't expect me to eat half of that.

We spent the next ten minutes chatting about trivial things. It was mostly me asking him questions about his life. He seems to be a little of an adrenaline junky having done almost every high-risk sport and

activity. He told me he got into it when one of his friends dared him to Bungy jump and he was hooked ever since.

Something about his weird smile she talked about the feeling of jumping off a plane or doing a flip on a bike made me want to keep my distance. I think I will stick to playing football no need to risk my life just for a bit of adrenaline. I also found out that his family is originally from Scotland somewhere in the United Kingdom.

Judging by how his mood changed from talking about them I don't think that they have a good relationship or are close. I just stuck to asking questions about his life string away from that depressing subject. After about ten minutes into our conversation, the waitress came back with his order of pastries and some milkshakes.

~~~

"I see you still have a sweet tooth, Ben," A man wearing a grey suit said as he sat down at our table. The man looked like a clockmaker of some sort with that suit on, and the monocle he was wearing further reformed that image of an intellectual. The man looked to be in his late fifties and gave off a grandpa vibe with his light smile.

"Hello, Uncle Williams how is your morning been?" Ben responded to the gentlemanly dressed man who I now know is named Williams. The name somehow suited him perfectly, I didn't even know a name could suit someone till now.

"You must be Rakim, Welcome to the family," he said turning his attention to me as he held his hand out for me to shake. Not leaving the friendly Scotsman's outstretched hand hanging I nodded at him shaking his hand firmly. His whole demeanour made me focus on him and subconsciously straighten my sitting posture. It was like meeting an important diplomat or someone who demanded respect being around

him. I was not the only one to notice his unique aura as I saw multiple people glance at him from time to time.

"Thanks, and nice to meet you, Mr Williams," I politely said to him before taking a sip of my strawberry milkshake. I was quite nervous around him even though he seemed like a nice person it is just his vibe that made me feel I should be on my best behaviour. Although he seems like a sophisticated guy, I was wondering how he was going to help me get adopted. I think he would have to try and contact my next of kin or something, I do not really know how he would do that though. Especially since my mom is dead and my cousin's family had abandoned me going God knows where.

"Don't get nervous you're not on a trial kid, I will be representing you and applying for you to be emergency fostered by Ben and his family." He slowly explained making my thoughts calm down and listen to him as he seems to know what he is talking about.

"Since you are not a ward of the United State the foster care system won't have a legitimate reason to block us so." He continued what he was saying sounding slightly off put when mentioning the foster care system. I have not experienced being in the system, but I am guessing it is probably better to have a lacking system watching out for you than having nothing.

"I will argue with the courts on the grounds that you're a war refugee from the civil war and make a case of you being abandoned which from what I understand is true." He stated again at a brisk pace almost as if he was simply stating things that happened on the morning news or something like that. Looking at his calm face that was sipping a cup of tea between sentences he might as well be having afternoon tea at a brunch.

" I can't promise to work miracles, but this should be easy enough for me otherwise Stanford is really useless, we might as well apply for citizenship of your guardian, so they won't be able to separate you in the future" He calmly finished speaking as he looked me in the eyes as if waiting to see if I understood what he was saying. If I'm being honest, I only understood half of it but that was enough for me to know I was in safe hands.

"Ok let's just do that" I finally answered him trying to sound confident but judging by how Ben's mouth twitched it didn't work whatsoever. Guess I better start working on my poker face don't want everyone reading me like a book.

"Alright with you content I reach out to my friends in the state court and that should streamline things," he said calmly to Ben as he got up from his chair. He must be a busy man as it's just now that I noticed that he never took his coat off even though the sun is out. I think this whole meeting was just to keep me in the loop as Ben didn't seem to have any questions for him.

"Goodbye and thank you." I said to the gentleman as I stood up to shake his hands. Although I only had a short conversation with the man, he gave me a way to close the dark chapter of my past life. It will always be a part of me, but it won't be able to shackles me anymore moving forward.

"My pleasure, say hello to my niece for me" he said as he walked away towards his car. I'm guessing he must be Lisa's uncle. Since Ben doesn't really like his family from what I have gathered. Let's hope everything works out as easy as he had explained it earlier, don't think I want that kind of drama in my life.