

Football 33

Chapter 33 32 Rex

[Rakim Pov]

It's been a rollercoaster-like three months for me but I'm happy it's finally ending and I'm getting a sense of normalcy. Today has been a hectic day for me, I had to get up at six am early in the morning and get ready to look my best. You might be wondering why, well that is a long story but to cut it short I'm going to court. Don't jump to assumptions I didn't break the law or anything but after five months of living with the Rex family, I'm getting adopted.

It wasn't supposed to take this long but apparently, there were complications with the federal justice system. I don't fully understand it, but they sent a lady to observe me and ensure I wasn't being kidnapped again. Even after telling her that no one in their sane mind would kidnap someone just to try and raise them. That didn't seem to help as she continued to make unannounced visits like a salesperson who could not take no for answer. The weird thing about her is that she would try and ask me questions about my blood relatives. Questions like where do you think they could be? Do you think they would be able to take care of you? At some point, I just started ignoring her and avoided her the best I could.

After two months of this nonsense, Lisa finally lost her patience for the women and went straight to her boss dragging Uncle Williams along. I do not know what happened in that meeting as I didn't attend but that woman never showed up again. Instead, we did get visited by a child counsellor who evaluated me for three weeks or so. He was a nice man who had this calming aura about him that almost reminded me of Ben's. Well although he too showed up unannounced, he didn't start nit-picking at everything as that other woman did.

I only later found out that she was trying to buy time so that my relatives could be found or something like that. According to her, she believes children with no parents should be raised by their relatives and not strangers. This pissed me off as she had no idea what my relatives were like, and she was trying to send me back to them. But now I understood why Lisa had kicked her out of the house during one of her visits.

[flashback]

Sitting on the couch me and Emma are currently watching one of her dance team's training videos. They have been working for months on various routines for competitions that are coming up during the summer. Although she's in grade three this year she's good enough to be dancing with a middle school dance troupe. Just thinking about how I thought that I could beat her at Dance, Dance revolution makes me want to bang my head.

Anyways she can be a little of a perfectionist when it comes to her dancing forcing me to watch it with her dozens of times to look for the littlest mistakes she can fix. Just as we were about to rewatch the same routine for the fourth time we heard shouting at the door.

"Don't take another step in my house, I'm sick of your nonsense" we heard Lisa angrily shout at someone. This is quite surprising as she hardly loses her composure with anyone outside the family. Looking up at who she was shouting at I saw Mrs stones my counsellor standing there with a shocked look on her face. She was like a deer caught in the headlights as she stared disbelievingly at Lisa.

"What is the meaning of this, I'm here for a surprise visit" She angrily shouted back in an attempt to gain some of her composure back.

"Go surprised someone else, I'm done putting up with you, don't come here again!" Lisa shouted back at the woman as she slammed the door in her face. She turned around and made eye contact with the both of us. One look at her glare made the both of us not dare to ask what put her in such a bad mood.

"I think you should put more pizzazz in that last turn," I said to Emma pointing at the video in an attempt to cut the tension that had built up. That seemed to work as Emma refocused on the Tv as if nothing had happened.

~~~

Other than my councillor drama my life has been relatively calm for the most part. Emma went back to school the following Monday after we arrived apparently, she was on spring break, and that's why they celebrate her birthday with a trip. I couldn't go to school because I wasn't registered anywhere in the country. That didn't stop Lisa from home-schooling me for the time being. I enjoyed learning actually it was as if another world had opened up for me with knowledge just on the edge of my fingertips.

I didn't just study for three months though, I forced Lisa to oversee my body conditioning since that's what she does for a living. At first, she was against it saying something about not wanting to train a little kid even if it's her own. However, when I made a deal with her that I would stay on top of my studies if she helped and that seemed to sway her.

From the first day, she was a ruthless drill sergeant, waking me up at six in the morning for a five Kilometre run. Then she would make me do Yoga for an hour directing me into weird poses that made me feel like I was training to become a Balearian.

Whoever makes up these poses is either a genius or a masochist. Who comes up with the idea to put your ankles behind your ear? The Yoga sessions were hard at the start, but they became relaxing especially after the five-kilometre run where she would make me sprint at intervals.

The system has been rather silent for the most part of the three months not making a peep which worried me for a while. When I asked Eva about it, she assured me that the system was just in sleep

mode until I gained a certain handle on my body's changes. Apparently, the rewards I received when I got the system are still changing my body ever so slightly.

The first week of this warm-up as she called it wiped me out for the morning. The only thing that kept me going was the breakfast I would get afterwards. She would make different dishes every week, so I never got bored with her cooking. I especially like the avocados with poached eggs dish she made. If she became a chef she would make big bucks, especially in one of those health-oriented restaurants.

After Breakfast It was school time and she made sure I was paying attention with a little test after each class and an overall assessment at the end of the week. When class was finally done, we went back to training doing different exercises like push-ups, squats, sit-ups, and burpees. It wasn't until Emma got home from class that I finally got to touch a ball but by then I could hardly lift my legs never mind juggling it.

So, Emma and I spent the late afternoon in the pool or in the sauna, turns out the house is bigger than I thought. When Emma showed me around the house I almost wondered if I was staying in some type of hotel or something. The house was equipped with a sauna and a fully equipped gym for exercising. If you are in the mood to watch a movie there is a film room below the ground floor with twenty luxury leather seats.

Anyways looking at myself in the mirror I was quite satisfied with my looks making some poses in front of it. I was wearing a black suit with a white shirt matching my black dress shoes which made me feel like that double o seven guys I had seen in that one British movie. Although I don't have a license to kill however my looks sure could make some girls faint. My skin was increasingly clearer due to the skincare routine that Lisa had me and Emma on. The only thing that had me sulking about my looks is my flat head with barely any hair. It just felt unnatural not having a mop of afro on my head, but according to the hairdressers we went to it was impossible to save. Feels like my power was stripped from me after getting the hair cut like that one Samson guy from the bible.

~~~

"(Sigh) At least I'm still handsome" I mumbled out loud lamenting on my hair again as I tried to get my tie to work. Who made these things so weird to tie around your neck it's the seventh time I've failed at this.

"Let me help you with that" I heard a gruff voice speak out from behind me. Looking up at the mirror again I saw Ben standing there with a clean-shaven beard. He was also wearing a suit that accentuated his looks, but whereas mine was black his was navy blue. Nodding at him I turned around and handed him my tie not wanting to struggle with this any longer.

"Haha, I remember how I struggled with my first tie, it was so frustrating that I let my dog use it as a chew toy" Ben chuckled as he recalled how he almost caused his dog to choke on his tie. I'm fairly sure that animal health organisations might want to talk to him about this if they ever found out. I understand the feeling though, if you don't get the loop exactly right it ends up wonky making you look like a clown. That's what happened to me instead of making me look dashing the tie just made me feel like a kid trying to copy their dad. That assumption isn't wrong though as Ben has become a sort of role model for me.

I never met my biological father and all the men I've met since then have been monsters however Ben has been a breath of fresh air. He has been quite busy with work for the past three months since he has just returned from holiday. He still found the time to take care of his family by forcing us to do game nights or just go on pick nicks. He's far from perfect but he's been a guiding light for me as to the kind of man I want to be.

"Here you go kiddo," he said as he put the tie on me making sure it was straight. The goofy smile on his face as he inspected his creation made me chuckle a little, he can always make me laugh.

"Haha thanks, I feel like if we had a dog, I probably would have fed it the tie as well," I told him as we made our way downstairs to wait for Lisa and Emma. Sitting on the kitchen stool I focused my attention

on the Tv watching some ESPN highlights of an NBA match. The family are big fans of the LA Lakers which tends to irk the neighbours a lot as any team other than the Orlando Magic is the wrong team. The redeeming quality is that they weren't heat fans as that rivalry is not something you want to get in between especially when u stay in the wrong city.

I think the only reason that the neighbour tolerates us is the fact they are massive Dolphins fans. With how huge American football is in the country people are quite forgiving with whatever other team you may support in a different sport. By default, I became a dolphin fan not wanting to risk my safety over this. I heard Emma tell me a story about how someone was bullied to the point of quitting for supporting the wrong football team.

"Shall we go? we don't want to be late" I heard a pleasant voice coming from the second-floor balcony upstairs. Looking up I saw two beautiful angels standing at the top of the stairs leaning at the balcony that encased the second floor allowing you to look down into the living room. I had a lot of OCD moments when for the first week worried about falling off it was so bad that I was leaning against the wall just to feel ok.

"Yes, let's go you two look Beautiful by the way," I told them with a smile as I got off my chair hanging my blazer over my shoulder.