

## Football 37

### Chapter 37 Who Is That?

Standing on the green field of what seems to be an American football field, I was slightly amazed by the level of professional treatment we were getting. There are about forty kids here, some that look vaguely familiar, and some might as well be background characters in an anime. Let's hope we do not get attacked by a calamity-level titan because most of these kids wouldn't survive it.

Anyways back on the topic, I have spotted at least twenty coaches here who all seem to serve a purpose in our training, guess they must really want further my talent. I also spotted many men in suits sitting in the stands with video cameras as if they were some sort of TMZ reporters. However, looking at how much respect they have been receiving since they arrived, I guess that they are the scouts here to look for talents.

"Quit down kids so we can start," A man dressed in a tracksuit and wearing sunglasses spoke up gaining all our attention. He seemed to be the man in charge of the camp, judging by how all the staff looked up at him with respect.

"I'm coach James to all of you, you all should feel luck at the opportunity you have been given by attending this camp." He said, in a stern voice, instantly silencing anyone who was still whispering. His no-nonsense aura probably played a big part in it, and no one would want to anger a man that is in charge after all.

"Seems like use are finally taking this seriously, we will be testing your physicals first no need to tell us your names it'll only matter to us once you perform well." He stated calmly with a smirk on his face as he scanned around at all the proud kids in attendance. All the kids who had smug faces from being invited to the camp all began frowning after hearing his words. Looking at them it seems like they wanted to retort but none of them had the guts to raise their words at coach James.

"We will test your stamina first, you see that track run around it ten times, easy right?" He said with a straight face seemingly a hundred percent serious. This caused my mouth to twitch slightly, he just asked us to basically do a 4k run and made it seem like a walk. "Those with numbers one to ten congrats you get to go first, oh before I forget you are being timed so I hope you make the top ten" He continued as he walked off towards the track that surrounded the field.

As soon as he set off the kids who seem to be in a trance finally reacted and chased after him. one of the braver kids mustered up his courage and spoke up to coach James.

"Coach we haven't done a warmup yet" His question seemed natural but judging by the expression on the coach's face he messed up.

"That's not my problem, my job is to train you and yours is to be ready for it otherwise why would you be here," he stated matter-of-factly as the other staff started instructing participants one to ten to line up on the race track.

"But that's unfair no one told us that we were going to be doing intensive stuff right away" the kid spoke up again sounding a little wronged. Honestly, he should have just cut his losses since his number is twenty-one, he has got enough time to get a quick warmup.

"Hey idiot can you just shut up so we can finally get this over with" I spoke up from the side of the pack stretching my legs in preparation for my turn. "We got her half an hour early and instead of getting ready you were just content on buttering up your competitors," I stated again before I proceeded to focus on my stretching again not wanting to bother with the knight in shining football boots anymore.

"Like number twenty-two said you had plenty of time to get ready, when a game starts, your opponent is not going to wait for you to be ready for their challenge so you should always be prepared. now start" Coach James stated again before motioning for the coaches on the side to start the first race. The kid

with the number twenty-one seemed to have given up on bothering coach James but turned his attention to glaring at me.

Just like the badass protagonist I am I proceeded to take my beats out of my bag and started dancing to music ignoring everyone around me. To others, it may look like I am just goofing around which is partly true, but I find it easier to engage my whole body when I'm dancing.

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After like forty minutes of waiting, it was finally my group's turn to go. I didn't know anyone in my group, but it seems my group was filled with the youngest kids. There were two interesting kids in the group though who seemed more focused than everyone else. One of the boys was a dark-skinned boy whose name is Yunus Musah he had a mop of nappy hair and is a head taller than me at around 4'3. The other kid's name is Giovanni Reyna he was a tall occasion boy who was around 4,7 which 'm quite jealous of. He must have some amazing genes to be this tall and so young I should probably steal his food maybe there is something special in them.

Anyways the most noteworthy players in this exercise were this guy called Pulisic and Mckennie both of them managed all ten laps in under fourteen minutes. Pulisic got 13:40 and Mckennie managed to get 13:50 minutes whilst the third fastest only got 15 minutes. That goes to show you how talented players will manage to separate from the flock of sheep.

"Ready Set Go! (Bang)" One of the coaches yelled as he pulled the trigger on the track and field gun bringing me out of my musing as all the other boys around me started sprinting off. Looking at their backs it's almost like a beast was chasing them as they sprinted with all their strength. By the speed they were running, you would almost think that they didn't have to run ten laps or something.

"Let's get this party rolling then," I said to the proctor at the side confusing him as I began jogging briskly slowly catching up to the pack. Looking at the backs of the kids at that back I noticed that it was Giovanni and Musah Who seemed to have the same idea of taking it easy for the first lap.

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[General Pov]

After about half a lap he caught up to the two of them running by their side for a while in silence. What he did next seemed to trigger the two kids a little as he sent a provocative smile at them before increasing his speed passing them leisurely.

"Hey Giovanni, is it just me or is he looking down on us," Musha said to the boy next to him sounding slightly offended. An angry expression appeared on his face as this was the first time, he's ever felt anyone his age looks down on him.

"I think he is; he doesn't seem to be taking anyone seriously here look at how he is wearing Adidas so proudly as if he is mocking the camp," The taller kid said to his friend frowning slightly. Seemingly out of natural instincts, he began speeding up trying to close the gap with Rakim.

As the race continued an odd scene played out in the eyes of the viewers as three kids seemed to suddenly pass all the other seven participants. The weirder scene was that once the three kids passed the pack, they contained to slightly increase their speed. By the third lap, they had managed to lap everyone running at what seemed to be 75% of their speed.

"What is wrong with those three they are going to run out of gas at that pace" a young blond-haired man commented to Coach James as he observed the group that was currently running.

"Oh well if they don't make it then they don't deserve to be here, but they sure seem determent," Coach James chuckled as he moved up his sunglasses. Silence hung in the air between them as they watched the kids race around the track.

"Who is that twenty-two anyways, and why is he wearing Adidas is he in the wrong place?" The blond-haired coach mumbled under his breath seemingly trying to understand the thoughts of the kid.

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[MC POV]

"(huff) Finally caught you" I heard two high-pitched voices to my right say as they gasped for breath. The two of them seemed to have been chasing me all this time and here I thought it was my shadow or some type of spirit that was breathing down my neck. If I knew it was just the two of them, I wouldn't have kept on speeding up with each lap. I should probably stop reading so much manga it's starting to affect me a little. Judging by their almost out-of-breath faces they seemed to be giving their all to keep up with me.

"Oh, it's you guys and here I thought a Shinigami was chasing me," I told them with a look of relief that they weren't some kind of monster looking to take my life. However, my comment seemed to have upset them a little as the smaller of the two sent me a glare. Anyways there is only one lap left I might as well go all out for the rest.

"Anyways see use at the finish line I need to get going," I told the two of them as I broke off into a sprint tackling the final lap with all my strength. This whole run feels like my regular run in the morning except for the fact it's a lot duller. Running in circles is not as fun as running around the vibrant senary of Florida, especially with all the little ponds all over the place.

Running at my top speed It didn't take me long to finish the first half catching up with the pack again. At this point, it feels like they aren't taking this seriously I mean some of these guys are gasping for breath. Looking at them you would think that they have been running for an hour when it's only been a little more than twelve minutes. Ignoring these slackers I quickly run through them dodging them like a cone drill before finally passing them.

For the last hundred meters, I sprinted with all my strength trying to see how fast I could go. The feeling of the wind brushing by my face was a feeling I'm starting to love. With how light my body has been feeling ever since Lisa's three-month program I feel invincible at least when it comes to running. Just as I passed the finish line, I heard a distinct gasp as shocked looks of disbelief were being sent my way.

Slowing down lightly I plopped down on the grass letting my lungs get their well-deserved rest. Closing my eyes, I could still feel the drumming of my heart as it still drummed against my chest letting me know it was still working.

'Eva, what's my time?' I inwardly asked her as I watched the two kids from earlier burling down the finish line with all their strength. Guess I must have triggered them badly to motivate them this much.

[Your time is 13:38 minutes but I'm sure it could have improved a little if you had taken the whole race seriously] She commented in my head sounding a mixture of pride and disappointment on my score.

'I'm sorry but it seems like they got more tests in store for us, so I didn't want to burn myself out' I told her glancing at the earlier groups completing different exercises. Some of them are running through

cone drills testing their agility whilst others are doing some sort of flexibility test. It's as if we are lab rats being studied and tested to see how much our bodies would allow us to do.

[Your right just do not make slacking off a habit] Eva muttered in defeat ending the conversation.

She worries too much it is not like I ever slack off during training, just that these test pass requirements are just too easy to pass. All you must do is have a decent amount of fitness and you should pass with ease. (sigh) let's just catch my breath so I can flex in the next drills as well.