

Football 59

Chapter 59 Shop

[Mc Pov]

[Ding]

! SINGULARITY MISSION! Don't Forget About Me! (Complete)

! SINGULARITY MISSION! Grand Stage! (Complete)

The Game had just ended, and the system's robotic voice rang out in my head. I was in the middle of celebrating my fifth goal when all these random kids started swarming me as if they were the ones that had scored. I didn't mind the happy atmosphere but some of these guys are just too sweaty.

'Hey, Eva please pull up the mission screen,' I asked her once I finally managed to wrestle my way out of the huddle my teammates had created. Yunus was the worst out of all of them jumping on my back and not getting off no matter what I did.

[Right away host] She answered me promptly pulling up the mission's tabs.

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[Ding]

! SINGULARITY MISSION! Don't Forget About Me!

#Task 1 I'm here: Impress 6 of your teammates (7/6) (Small Celebrity)

(Note: Your teammates see you as a burden prove them wrong)

Evaluation Grade: B

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Rewards:

> 600 SP

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[Ding Singularity Mission]

! SINGULARITY MISSION! Grand Stage!

#Task 1 Chosen one: Impress three scouts from one of the major five leagues. (10/3) - All eyes on me

#Task 2 Killer instinct: Score more than ten goals (10/10) - Cold-blooded

#Task 3 Not on my level: Score 3 goals after passing past five defenders (3/3) - Assassin

(Note: The Singularity cannot be ignored)

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Rewards:

> Unlock shop function

> 10x energy-boosting drink

> 1000 SP

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I cut it a little close with the first mission but I'm glad I was able to complete it in the end. I'm sure those Sp will be useful now that I have unlocked the shop function. Not t wasting a moment I quickly pulled up my status screen.

[FOOTBALL SINGULARITY SYSTEM

USER: Rakim Rex

AGE: 6yrs

TALENT ASSESSMENT: Grade- B

Singularity Points: 2700

Position: RM, LM

(Evaluation: A boy with a lot of potential for becoming a professional soccer player, who possesses a lot of talent)

USER MENU

[ USER STATS]

[ SINGULARITY MISSIONS: 0]

[ SYSTEM SHOP (unlocked)]

[ SYSTEM LOTTERY (locked)]

[ SNOOPING TOOL (locked)]

Not wasting a single second, I immediately pulled up the shop tab so I could check out what was in them, but I wish I didn't. Some of the Items on here were just outrageously priced and some other items I didn't even understand what their use would be yet. The only thing I realised from unlocking the system shop is that I am poor right now. My measly 2700Sp is just a drop in ocean in the view of the system. I honestly think that this is a capitalist system designed to make work hard to earn its currency only to give it back to it.

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[Shop]

- Skills

- Consumables

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The shop has a pretty basic layout, so I decided to check out the skills sections, to begin with as they seemed to be the most useful to me eventually. All the skills were listed in the levels ranging from Bronze to Hall of fame and were priced accordingly. The system did say it was possible to upgrade the skills naturally, but it would take a lot of hard work. Another thing that I notice is that active skills are a lot cheaper than passive ones. Eva's explanation to this was that a passive skill has a direct impact on my talent so it's only a matter of fact that they would be more expensive. She did say that my talent improvement would depend on the level of Passive skill I buy.

For example, a bronze-level passive skill might only influence my playstyle slightly thus making it barely noticeable. However, A hall of fame-level Passive skill will dramatically change the way I play thus boosting my talent on a major scale. Another way of seeing it is that a bronze-level skill is like travelling by bike and a hall-of-fame skill is like cruising in a Bugatti. Both are still an improvement to just walking but one is just a lot better than the other. The one thing that gave me a slight hope is the fact that the lottery function could also give me skills that were in the shop. As soon as I open that system function, I might be able to get a good skill without breaking my system bank.

[Skills Shop]

- Bronze Level Dead Ball Specialist: 500 Sp (Active Skill)

- Silver Level Dead Ball Specialist: 1,000 Sp (Active Skill)

-Gold Level Dead Ball Specialist: 3,000 Sp (Active Skill)

- Hall Of Fame Level Dead Ball Specialist: 10,000 (Active Skill)

- Bronze Level Goal Sense: 600 Sp (Active Skill)

- Silver Level Goal Sense: 1,200 Sp (Active Skill)

- Gold Level Goal Sense: 4,000 Sp (Active Skill)

- Hall of fame Goal sense: 12,000 Sp (Active Skill)

Bird's eye view: 2,000 Sp (Passive)

Falcon's Eye Perspective: 5000 Sp Passive

Eagle King View: 15,000 Sp (Passive)

Emperor's eye: 25,000 Sp (Passive)

Bronze Sharpshooter: 1000 Sp

Bronze Heavy artillery: 1000 Sp

Bronze Ariel soldier: 1000 Sp

Bronze Assassin: 2000 SP

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[Player-specific skills locked]

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'I think I understand the skills shop layout but what are player-specific skills and why are they Locked?' I asked Eva genuinely curious as to why there was another locked section in the shop after just unlocking it. I felt like I had opened a present only to find another box I have to open inside. Honestly, it's just wasteful for the environment and that is the only reason I'm complaining. It is totally not because I'm too lazy to complete whatever task is going to have to do in order to unlock this function.

[The reason why the section is locked is due to the host, not meeting the requirements as simple as that,] She answered me sounding genuinely uninterested in the question and was only answering me since it's her job.

'I figured that but what exactly are the requirements? Will I have to complete missions or something?' I asked her again not satisfied with her earlier answer and wanting her to elaborate a little more.

[(sigh) Why can't you take a hint (ahem) this is a special singularity function that allows you to receive a training session with either a current player or one of the pasts. The conditions for accessing the said player's session are either by recreating one of the player's Iconic moments, by managing to impress them in person or by simply beating one of their records. Another thing to note is you are only able to access attacking-minded players due to the host's chosen position and learning a skill from the said player is not guaranteed.] she answered me in a long monologue explaining every detail to me.

'Wait did you it's not guaranteed that I will learn the player's skill?' I asked her after realising what she said at the end of her speech.

[Yes, that is exactly what I said,] she answered me sounding bored at the fact we were still having this conversation. This sometimes makes me wonder what she did to get stuck with this job that she obviously isn't too passionate about.

'Thanks, I guess?'

[You're welcome I'm going to sleep for a while, so you do you,] Is all she said half yawning seemingly drifting into sleep. Before I could get mad though someone put their arm on top of my head ruffling it.

I was just about to go full Bruce lee on whoever dared to touch my prized hair only to notice that it was Emma who had somehow made it to the side of the field where I was. Honestly, she was lucky if it was any other person, I would have gone full eight gates on them. Who am I kidding I wouldn't dare fight her she is scary when she gets pissed off. One time I made the ignorant comment that dancing wasn't a real sport and let's just say I still get nightmares from that day.

"Hi, when did you get here?" I asked her with a smile as I moved her hand away from my head to which she pouted a little. According to her, my hair is just so too soft not to touch so she does it any chance she gets. I can only pray they start growing faster so I can put the in braids or something.

"Just now plus everyone is on the field so why wouldn't I be?" She answered me quickly pleading her innocence. True to her words a lot have people had come on the pitch as soon as the match had ended. Most of them were parents here to congratulate their kids or console them for their efforts.

"Oh ok, where are Mom and Dad then?" I asked her finding it weird that she came all alone when they were sitting together in the stands.

"They're over there, they got swarmed by some people in suits so I just left them behind," My eyes twitched a little after hearing her tell me she basically abandoned them. However, looking at the like eight people gathered around them I would have probably done the same.

"Let's go and back them up then before we become orphans," I ask her as I pick up my duffel bag with most of my training stuff in them. However, before we are able to leave the area Yunus appears in front of us smiling from ear to ear.

"Yo what's up Mario," I spoke up first before he could even say anything causing his smile to falter slightly.

"Why are you calling me that again, here I thought we are eternal rivals," he said whilst whipping away fake tears.

"You will have to prove yourself first before becoming my rival," I told him with a serious look as I tried walking away from him whilst grabbing Emma's hand.

"Just wait and see I'll prove myself worthy sooner or later as the fire of youth burns bright within me," He exclaimed loudly drawing a few looks from the surrounding people but that didn't seem to bother him in the slightest. Giving him a glance, I noticed that he started following us seemingly not getting the hint.

"Who is that with you anyways?" He asked as he reached my side again eyeing Emma from head to toe. She quickly got shy due to his stare and tried to hide behind me even though she was taller than me.

"Oh, she is my little sister Emma," I answered him thinking that if I just gave in to his curiosity this whole ordeal would end sooner.

"But she looks older than you are plus she is taller," He answered me seemingly not believing a word I said.

"(sigh) She is taller because she is older than me" I answered him again as I mentally complained about this conversation.

"That makes no sense due and here I thought you were smart," he said sounding genuinely confused at how I could be so stupid or something along those lines.

"Shut up, she lost a bet so now she is my younger sister, anyways don't you have to go find your parents?" I answered him now visibly annoyed at the whole situation and him in particular.

"Oh, you should have just said so to begin with and I'm walking towards my parents my dad is right there," he said as he pointed to one of the men in suits that was in the hurdle with our parents. Stumbling slightly at the realisation that he wasn't following us I just continued walking forward.

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"Hi Mom, what you up to?" I called out to her as we arrived at the group. Judging by the look on her face she wasn't too comfortable with the people around her.

"Oh hi, you were great out there, do you feel tired?" She spoke up as she started fussing over me making sure to check if I had any injuries. Her expression looked more normal as she was fussing over me which almost made me overlook her pissed-off mood from earlier.

"I'm fine, not tired at all but I'm starving, I've barely eaten anything this morning," I told her as she finally let go of me.

"There's a cafe nearby we will go there in a bit once this whole thing is wrapped up," she said as she motioned to the group of people around Dad. Apparently, most of them are scouts and agents looking to make connections with future talents. According to Mom, they were cornered by them as soon as the game ended because I spoke to them at half-time and they figured that we had some relations.

"Excuse me can I get everyone's attention for a second before you all disperse," We heard a voice ring out throughout the area coming from various speakers in the place. Looking for the source of the voice I spotted coach James standing on an elevated platform next to a guy in a business suit.

"Alright, brats I hope you all learned something throughout the cam I wish all of you the best in your football journey." He said showing a warm smile on his face which was quite odd for the man who always had a frown on his face. If it wasn't for the fact that his words matched the smile, we would all be scared of him right now. A few times during the camp he would make sarcastic comments of praise just to add a punishment right after it.