

Football 90

Chapter 90 I Promise I'll Pass Less

'Hey Eva am I dreaming?' I directly asked what has been going through my mind as soon as the whole passing drill started. Although I was confused at what was happening right now I couldn't help a bright grin from forming on my lips.

[You are not dreaming but you should probably focus on training,] she answered me in a neutral voice sounding rather uninterested in my query. I couldn't shake this feeling of excitement though as something seemed to happen to me during that drill.

Once I actually started to fully focus on what I was doing it was like every distracting thought blurred. Even though I kept increasing my speed I could still see the maze clearly and knew exactly where Max was going to be for the next pass. Now I'm not the best when it comes to passing and I would bet money that our chemistry isn't that good so it has to be the new skill.

I've waited a whole weekend to finally see the effects of the skill and I'm definitely satisfied. It is like having a sort of compass-like vision that helps guide me as I get lost in my own world of dribbling. I was able to easily dodge the cone maze without having to adjust much so that's another bonus.

"Hey Max I want to go faster next round think you can keep up?" I asked the dark-haired boy as soon as we got to the backing line. Right now I feel amazing and I just want to unleash all this energy out on the field.

"I was going to say the same thing to you, don't slow me down Natalia is watching," he quickly answered me as his gaze was transfixed at a group of girls at the bleachers. I could only shake my head at his antics especially since the girl he wants to be noticed by is the same girl that wants to beat him up.

"Y'know I heard that her brother plays for the middle school football team as a linebacker," I told him with a sorry expression as I started distancing myself from him not wanting to be associated with him. I know they say to never leave a man behind but they also said to not fight hopeless battles.

His shocked expression as my words seemed to sink in was quite funny. He immediately stopped waving at the girls as he tried to act as if nothing had happened. However, it was already too late as everyone was looking at him wanting to see what was going on.

"She came to watch me train so it'll be fine," He confidently said puffing his chest as he took a step closer to me. Hearing his words I could only sigh at how lovesick my teammate is. He literally turns into a different person as soon as a pretty girl is within his vicinity.

"I hate to break it to you but she is here to watch her boyfriend Kyle from the under-13 team," I told him showing no pity for his fragile heart as I watched what seemed like his heart breaking in slow-motion.

"By the way you don't think she's here to get her boyfriend to beat you up for the kiss right?" I asked him again throwing salt into the wound as Natalia is the same girl Ben tricked him into kissing. However, since the kiss she has been out for vengeance against Max and those around him by instigating. He on the other hand sees all her antics as her way of showing her affection completely forgetting that she started dating someone a month ago.

"He wouldn't dare my big brother is part of the high school wrestling team," He righteously replied to me as if he was bragging about his own strength. I felt like I was losing brain cells the longer I talked with this guy and judging by the looks of the boys that were listening in I wasn't the only one.

"I'm switching partners my sister can't fight her boyfriend and brother, bye," I quickly told him with a tired expression as I walked over to Tom and Ben who were second in line. Since Ben was the cause of all this drama he should be the one to deal with it.

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Sprinting down the right flank I nimbly dodged the tackle of Ryan Garcia by performing a quick marseille turn. Utilising my speed I raced down the flank before abruptly stopping and sending a high cross without wasting time to look up. Tom who had pierced into the box in anticipation had to abruptly stop trying his best to lunge for the high ball.

However, it just wasn't meant to be as the ball passed over his head by mere inches. The defenders who heaved a sigh of relief at seeing the attacker miss the opportunity were fear stricken when they saw where the ball landed. Blake who had made a casual run into the box looking to fight for scraps found himself in possession of the ball. Not wasting this opportunity he whipped his foot forward sending a powerful shot at goal.

Ben Walker who wasn't expecting the shot could only try his best to react as he instinctively jumped after the ball. All this was too late though as he was out of position after rushing up to block Tom's attempted attack. He could only watch as the ball soared past his outstretched hands.

Moments like these continued to happen as I continued to experiment with my long-range passing. At first, my teammates were caught off guard by my passes and ended up fumbling the ball. However the longer the game went on I was able to fine-tune my passes in a way that allows them to react to it seamlessly. The result of all my effort was the last goal as my goal sense activated abruptly allowing me to find Blake who was left unguarded in the box.

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"Hi Rakim your passing is quite good, how would you feel about playing as a centre midfielder," I heard the voice of coach Garret ask just as I was getting ready to leave since training had just ended. Processing his words a look of horror graced my face as I was not expecting to suddenly have my position changed.

"NO! Coach I promise I'll pass less just don't change my position, ill play on whatever wing you want me to," I quickly exclaimed as I reassured him that today was a one-off thing not noticing his darkening expression. Today was odd for me though as I was too engrossed in my new skill playing more passes than I would usually.

"(ahem) Never mind just keep up the good work," Is all he said as he walked away to the coaches lounge as he mumbled something about annoying kids. Looking at his back as he scurried away I was dazed for a second wondering what was up with him. Putting it under him having a midlife crisis I continued to pack up my things.

[That was close, your whole career path almost went astray,] Eva chimed in sounding more relieved that I am about being able to stay on the wing.

'huh, what do you mean?' I asked her confused at what she meant as I picked up my bag to walk to the car.

[Oh that's because your youth coaches determine your playing style and future career path just as much as you do,] She answered me enlightening me of just how close I really came to having my football path changed.

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"What's up? something happened at training?" Mom asked me as soon as we reached home. I spent most of the car ride thinking of ways to improve my playing style with my new widened vision. It feels like I'm moving at a faster rhythm than my opponents so I'll need to find a way to utilise it.

"huh nothing happened, coach did try to change my position so that was weird," I told her with a forced smile as I made my way upstairs so I could get a shower. It's been quite the day and I can't wait to cool off with a cold shower.

With that said I made my way upstairs to get clean up so I could rest early as I wanted to get up early tomorrow so I can get a workout in before school. I've been lax about my extra practice lately and it's about time that I get back into it. consistency is key after all at least that's what Eva likes to say when she tortures me with one of her training sessions.