

Football 95

Chapter 95 Scout Or Creep

"Oh, sorry where are my manners My name is Mike Pierce," He introduced himself with a gentle smile as he again held his hand out. However, despite his attempt at re-introducing himself, I had no plans at shaking his hands again. Especially when I still don't know what exactly he wants from me.

"Emm Ok, I'm Rakim what do you want from me?" I asked him as I took another step back just to be sure he wasn't a creep. Noticing my wariness of him he quickly lowered his hand and started rummaging through his suit pocket. After about two seconds he pulled out his wallet, serving to only further confuse me.

"Don't worry I'm not a bad person, I'm actually a scout," he told me as he pulled out a badge from his wallet to prove his identity. Looking at the ID card-like badge a logo of a familiar European team appeared in front of me. However, the more I looked at it the harder it was for me to believe that what this guy was saying is the truth.

"My mother told me not to talk to strangers," I told him with a forced smile as I quickly turned around running to join my teammates who were already entering the dressing room.

'As If I would believe that a scout from the French giant Paris saint germain was here watching an under elevens game,' I thought to myself as I quickly picked my bag up from the side of the bench before heading into the clubhouse.

"Yo Rakim, who was that you were talking to?" Max asked me as soon as I entered the building. Looks like his injury slowed him down a bit and he was one of the last to enter.

"Some guy pretending to be a scout for Saint-Germain," I told him with a slight frown just remembering the guy's confident smile as he showed me his ID. Sigh just goes to show you that there are con artists everywhere and you just have to do your best to avoid them.

"Wait like the team in France?" he asked me with a shocked look and a hint of disbelief seemingly trying to figure out if I was lying. It seems that even he was finding it hard to just believe in the validity of my words.

"Yeah, is there even another team with the same name?" I asked him as I started seriously debating whether there was another team with the same name. In the end, it doesn't really matter since there probably not as good as the French Giant.

"What like the one with Claude Makélélé?" Damian asked me as he seemingly overheard our conversation surprising me slightly. Contemplating his question, I was left trying to remember who he was talking about. In the end, I gave up as I had no idea who he was as I only know the events of some of the more famous players in the twentieth century.

"Who is that?" I inevitably asked him as I had no idea who the player, he was talking about was. he had a shocked look on his face upon hearing my words almost looking at me as if I didn't know what one plus one is.

"Never mind that Makélélé guy, you know that guy was probably legit," Max spoke up from the side gaining our attention for two varied reasons. Damian was just mad that he disrespected the player he was talking about. Whereas I was shocked at the notion that the guy could be legit.

"Stop joking why would a PSG scout be watching our game?" I asked him more shocked than anything. Just thinking of the fact that I could have blown off a legit scout from PSG is giving me a migraine.

"Yeah, they have an academy down in Miami so maybe he is one of their scouts," he told me with a look that told me it was common knowledge for him. At this point, I realised that I'd hardly explored past my own neighbourhood.

·c0m To think that I want to become a footballer and I don't even know which big teams have an academy close by. I'll have to do my research about this when I go home maybe I'll just ask Mom to do it. This seems like something that is right up her lane and she'll probably be able to do it a lot easier.

"So, you're saying I just blew off a legit PSG scout?" I asked him again just to make sure that what he is said is true. The sad look he was giving me told me all I needed to know. To make the matter even worse he started patting my shoulder as if to silently encourage me.

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The team talk in the changing rooms didn't take long as coach just congratulated us on the win. He did go over some minor details but overall, the atmosphere was quite amped up. The only damper on to days game was that Max would have to sit out for two weeks at least according to the team's doctor.

He did however proclaim that he was going to be alright by Monday, but the coach was quick to tell him that he wouldn't play him even if he was ok. Apparently, he is a big stickler when it comes to following rules especially when it comes to athlete's health. Tom told me that an injury is the reason he opted to become a coach instead of chasing his career as a player. Then again, I still don't understand how he changed from playing American football to wanting to coach Football.

Putting that aside I am quite happy over the fact that I managed to earn a total of 790SP. I've been quite frugal when it comes to using my points for consumables since I had no source of income for them. However now that I've been getting missions and match rewards, I can finally afford the cost of living.

'Sigh the system is so stingy with its points,' I lamented as I quickly made my way to the car park not wanting to risk another weird encounter. How am I supposed to spend your points to become a singularity when I can't guarantee I'll get more?

[You know you could just do random things and hope to trigger missions or just hurry up and play in more games and competitions.] Eva suddenly told me bringing me out of my melancholy mood of self-pity. She seems to enjoy just randomly shocking me with facts when I least expect it.

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'Hey, I know, I'm just venting don't bring up real facts,' I told her with a slight huff making my way to mom's white range rover after finally recognising it. one of the problems of these schools almost everyone has an expensive car and it's not surprising to see several similar cars.

"Hi Mom, what's up?" I asked her as soon as I got into the car. She seemed to be seriously thinking about something to the point that she didn't even greet me when I got into the car.

Hearing my voice seemingly snapped her out of her thinking as she gave me a surprised look. I could tell that she didn't even notice that I had gotten into the car by the look on her face.

"Oh, hi I didn't even hear you enter the car," she quickly told me putting an end to the awkward atmosphere. However, the look of contemplation still remained within her eyes as she continued to mull over whatever plagued her mind.

"Oh ok, where is Emma anyway?" I asked her seeing that she was starting the car ready to head home.

"she's going to Jennas the girls are having a movie night over there," she replied to me as she swiftly pulled out of her parking spot. Subconsciously nodding to her words, I started to just relax and let the outside scenery pass by me.

The drive home was spent mostly in comfortable silence as I was too tired to engage in a conversation and mom seemed to be lost in her own thought. I didn't mind it though as I actually quite enjoyed the quiet atmosphere. In actual fact, I relished the fact that my thoughts were the only information I had to pay attention to as I mentally replayed the match.

It wasn't until Mom pulled into the driveway ten minutes later that I noticed that we hadn't spoken to each other for a long time. She seemed to have needed it though as she seemed to have reached a conclusion about whatever it was that she was contemplating.

"So Rakim do you want to join the PSG academy down in Miami?" She asked me out of nowhere just as I was stepping out of the car. If it wasn't for my good reflexes and the door being there to establish me, I would have hit the pavement.

"Huh, that came out of nowhere, what gives?" I asked her as soon as I recomposed myself. She just outright chuckled after seeing my antics probably not expecting my reaction to her question.

"Sorry, I've just been thinking about this since earlier and decided to just ask for your opinion on the matter," She quickly explained before I could even reprimand her for laughing at me.

"Umm okay, I guess that scout guy talked to you as well?" I asked her wanting to understand where this whole conversation started.

"Yeah, he told me that you run away before he could properly talk to you," She answered me sending an inquisitive look my way, but I opted to ignore it as I made my way into the house.

"Yeah, I thought he was a fake scout, so I just left," I told her as I explained to her just how random that encounter was. At the end of my explanation even she started praising me for not engaging with strangers.

Long story short after seeing my awkward encounter with the scout she went up to him to figure out what was going on. She found out that he is a scout for the PSG Miami academy and was trying to recruit me. Apparently, he was here to watch his nephew play and even though they got beat he chose to do his job.

"Let's talk it over with your dad when he gets home," she told me with a smile as we entered the house.