

Football 96

Chapter 96 Roller-Coaster Of Bliss And Pain

"Let's talk it over with your dad when he gets home," she told me with a smile as we entered the house. Dad wasn't home yet so I quickly excused myself from Mom and dragged my bag upstairs so I could take a shower. another reason why I was so eager to go up is because I was finally going to use the green slime potion.

Since I've gone through an intense week of training and today's game it's probably best, I use it now. Other than the logical reasons I just want to try out the effects of the green magical liquid. After all, I've read a lot of novels where people use potions to achieve magical effects and I get to do it in real life.

Noticing that someone was missing I looked around the room for Zeus, but he was nowhere to be found. Even after checking every room upstairs, I still couldn't find him. Usually, he would be the first to rush to the door as soon as it opened, heck even before it opened, he was alert.

"Mom, you know where Zeus is?" I asked her from the second floor leaning on the railing that overlooked the living room. Mom was on the phone with someone, so it took her a second before she answered me.

"Your dad took him to work with him," She quickly told me before continuing to engage with whoever was on the other end of the phone. Hearing her answer, I heaved a sigh of relief knowing that Zeus was okay.

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Standing under the shower I let the cold-water rain down upon me, closing my eyes so I could take in the tranquillity. After around three minutes of just focusing on my breathing, I promptly summoned the green slime potion out of the system space. A small glass bottle with a green liquid that resembled poison from video games appeared.

Lightly shaking the bottle, I watched the mixture within the bottle swirl. There is just enough for a single gulp quite different from the 750ml bottle of blue energy drink. Deciding to just take the plunge I uncorked the lid ready to risk my health in taking this poison-like liquid.

[Stop,] Just before I had fully opened the potion lid Eva's voice sounded bringing my hand to an abrupt halt. Due to the shock, I almost dropped the bottle entirely luckily, I manage to firmly grasp it before the worst could happen.

'If you're just messing with me this is not funny,' I told her with a bit of anger as I had almost dropped the potion due to her abrupt shout.

[You need to lay down in the bath or anywhere really, what do you think will happen when your muscles start contracting due to the effects of the potion, and you remain standing?] Her gentle voice as she explained something I could only describe as horrific made me shudder.

'Thank you,' is all I said as the possibility of crashing onto the bath due to my muscles becoming soft from the massage started to don on me. I could only curse inwardly at how close I came to hurting myself severely. To think that the all-mighty system couldn't even be bothered to write safety instructions for its goods.

Turning off the shower I quickly filled up the bath with cold water and promptly submerged myself into the tub. Despite Shuddering lightly from the cold sensation, I still managed to regain my composure. Not wasting any more time, I promptly open the potion and poured it into my mouth in one gulp.

To my surprise, the glass potion and lid vanished in the blink of an eye making me question if I had really taken it. My queries were soon answered though as a warm sensation started travelling through my body. From my chest, the warm sensation spread to my arms and all the way to my feet.

With the warm sensation within me, I couldn't even feel the cold water anymore. Once my whole body was affected by the warm current a tingling sensation started to spread throughout. I could feel how my muscles which were tight from today's game and the week's training started to loosen.

Not only was all my fatigue disappearing but the mental strain was also being cleansed. I could feel my thought process clearing up as my breathing became more stable. After a long moment of this comfortable sensation, I felt a sudden pain coursing throughout my body.

The sensation of my muscles tightening abruptly, and loosening is like a rollercoaster of pleasure and pain. One moment the most excruciating pain I've felt in a while coursed through my body and the next a warm sensation mellowed out the pain. This rollercoaster-like emotional and physical stimulation continued for five minutes but to me, it felt like an eternity.

Lying in the cold water it took me a little while before I was able to regain control of my body. Getting up from the bath I noticed that the water had turned a shade of grey which I can only assume is the dirt from today's game. Then again, I did take a magic potion so I wouldn't be surprised if some impurities got flushed out of my body.

Quickly draining the water, I turned on the tap as I rinsed my body once again. I could already notice a significant difference within myself. I felt a lot lighter now and all of my tired muscles had loosened up significantly. This sensation was ten times as good as when Emma and I got a message at Mom's spa.

Getting out I tried doing a few stretches and I felt a lot more flexible. It's as if all the muscles that I've been straining through my workouts have been liberated. That's not to say that I've lost all the work I've done as I could still feel the strengths I've painstakingly built up. It's more like all the unnecessary muscles that I picked up were smoothed out. The excess strength seemed to have been put into areas they were needed allowing me to stretch with more ease.

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"So, what are we having tonight, Mom?" I asked her as I descended the stairs with a towel hung over my head. I'm currently wearing one of my blue hoodies with matching sports shorts. Since I enjoy how free and comfortable, I feel in the clothes I've started wearing them as PJs.

"I've made chicken salad with some garlic buggets," she told me with a smile as she pulled out a salad bowl from the fridge. Seeing the mouth-watering food in the bowl my stomach audibly grumbled advocating its need for food.

"That looks tasty are we eating now or are we waiting for Dad?" I asked her as I started to set the table, wanting to hurry it along so I could eat sooner. Mom simply chuckled at my actions and started helping me out.

"We can start eating, your dad should be home any minute now," she told me as she opened the oven and pulled out two buggets.

The crust of the bread was a nice golden brown as steam however the inside of it remained tender. Steam slowly wafted off the cut slices on the bugget where the garlic spread was, slowly dripping as a tantalizing scent spread through the air. The scent had a slight hypnotizing effect on the senses inviting you in to take a bite and quench your hunger.

Seeing my eager look as I almost drooled from just looking at the food Mom quickly made a plate ready for me. Although hungry I retained my manners and waited for Mom and did not succumb to my bestial desire to devour the food in front of me. Lucky for me it didn't take long for her to get her own plate sorted and take a seat so we could finally eat.

"Do you want to say grace?" she asked me holding her hand out for me so we could pray. Adhering to her request I grasped her hand and started praying, thanking God for letting me score today and blessing us with his grace.

"Amen, let's eat," I said finishing off my prayers as I promptly started digging into the food. I didn't use to particularly like salads at least I think I didn't but I've grown quite fond of the ones Mom does. There's just something about how good her home cooking is. According to her, the secret recipe is love which might likely be true after all more mystical things have happened to me.

"So, you had a chance to think about the PSG academy?" She suddenly asked me bringing me out of my musing of her magical culinary skills. Now that she mentioned this again, I remembered that we had talked about this. I had forgotten all about it with the rollercoaster effects of the green slime potion.

"Not really If I'm being honest," I honestly told her seeing no reason to lie to her about this. She didn't seem all that surprised that I hadn't thought about it judging by her expression.

"(Sigh) I figured as much, you're going to have to take this seriously if you really want to do it," she told me with a serious expression as she used this as a chance for a lecture on being responsible. Sometimes I think she switches into tough parent mode because Dad lets us get away with everything.

No offence to Dad but unless it's something that could endanger our health, he rarely says no. Heck, just the other day Emma and I were talking about what kind of car we wanted as our first car and somehow

it ended up with the three of us at a Porsche dealership. I made the mistake of face-timing Mom to ask for her opinion on the colour of the Porsche Spyder we were currently looking at.

Long story short the conversation didn't go over well ending with nobody getting a car and dad getting scolded. We got some of the whiplash from that scolding through a lecture on responsibility. Dad tried to excuse it by saying he was just showing us what we could strive for and it being no fun arguing about cars just by looking at pictures. When he made his last point even, I found it hard to support him, but we had already chosen our side and it was too late to switch.

"I know but we should do our research first before making any decisions," I told her stopping her rant which I was hardly paying attention to.

It's not that I don't listen to her it's just when she starts listing facts and figures from her Facebook group, I start feeling like I'm in school again. All the mothers from our primary school are a part of it. They basically rant about all the things we do wrong, pulling up random Google facts to make sense of our behaviour. They use the facts in their lectures and quote them to us when it's convenient for them.

"Your right I've been over think for nothing we should make an informed decision about this," She finally told me as she continued to eat her food seemingly having let go of a burden she had been mulling over. Just as I was about to continue to express my opinion on joining an academy, I was interrupted by a voice behind me.

"What are we deciding," dad's questioning voice sounded in the room drawing our attention to the living room.