

Rise of a Football God

#Chapter 17: Mounting an incredible comeback - Read Rise of a Football God Chapter 17: Mounting an incredible comeback

Around after 4 in the evening, while his wife and daughter watched a Nollywood movie excitedly in the sitting room, Moses went to his room, took his bath and returned fully dressed.

His ever-perceptive wife noticed. "Honey, where are you going dressed like that?"

Moses looked at his wife and grinned. "I'm going for an important occasion that I can't tell you about".

"That you can't tell me about," she looked at him suspiciously. "Hmmm".

In the end, too engrossed in the movie, she didn't say more.

Stepping out of his house, dressed in traditional Ankara attire, Moses put on his dark shades before driving his car off to the football field in the university.

He arrived right after the second half started, just in time to see his son set up a goal in the 66th minute of this game.

As a father, he had never felt so proud in his life.

He boasted. "That's my son right there, that's my son!" He laughed and jubilated exuberantly alongside the other spectators.

Of course, most of the spectators today were from Abraka and therefore, they supported their local team which was Black Hearts FC.

"Come on!" They roared. "Let's do the comeback".

Coach Isaac of D'Tigres FC gave a few words of advice to his players before the game restarted, and then, it finally restarted.

FWEEEEEE!

After that goal, team Black Hearts FC seemed revitalized as they played like an entirely different team.

The momentum of the game finally switched sides.

Led by their 2 impressive attacking midfielders, Black Hearts FC started dominating possession, mounting the pressure on their opponents.

Joshua and Sam wreaked havoc, throwing passes left and right and even more importantly, combining with their scintillating one-touch football that enabled them slice through the opposition defense time and time again.

Of course, they chipped in with the occasional shots on goal.

The only factor that kept them at bay for now was the defensive discipline of their opponents, and of course, the opposition goalkeeper who was on top of his game, pulling off incredible saves left and right.

The pressure continued till in the 75th minute of the game, Coach Isaac made a triple change, taking off the short boy finally to put on more defensive-minded players. He wanted to defend his team's lead.

And for 5 minutes, it worked as the threat of their opponents was pretty much nullified but in the 81st minute of the game, Black Hearts FC won a freekick close to their opponents' box.

Joshua looked at his partner in crime who he already built a close rapport with in these short few minutes on the pitch. "Do you want to take it?"

"Nah," Sam shook his head. "I'm not confident, my shooting is still rusty".

Joshua threw a weird glance at him and smiled. "If you say so," he shrugged. "Anyways, come first".

Joshua whispered a few words in his partner's ear as his team set up to take the freekick, after which Sam left to join the others.

Joshua stood up to take the freekick.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead, observed the shape of his opponents and took a deep breath.

FWEEEE!

As soon as the referee's whistle went off, he took a brief look at the goal, then he did a short run before raising his right leg to unleash a powerful shot at goal.

The 4 opposition players who set up the freekick wall jumped.

As this happened, Sam suddenly ran outside from where he previously stood with his teammates.

Bam!

Instead of a shot like expected, again, it was a pass, to Sam. For the umpteenth time this game, no one expected it.

Receiving the ball with his right leg, Sam set it to unleash a shot.

Thud!

Without seeing it, he heard the thudding sounds as an opposition player charged forward aggressively to close him down, and then the sound of a sliding tackle followed.

From the shot he intended, in the last second, Sam made a split decision and changed his mind, cutting the ball to his weaker left foot instead as the player slid away harmlessly.

He got prepared for another shot even as more opposition players reacted to block his shooting path, and that was where he pulled any trick off his magic box.

As Sam got prepared to shoot, he noticed a player in black jersey move.

He didn't even need to confirm who that player was, all he knew was that black meant an ally, then, he passed the ball forward just in time before that player could enter an offside position.

All the D'Tigres players were either rooted to the spot or focused on closing him down, no one saw the striker's run except for Sam, not even the spectators on the bench.

And all of a sudden, Tega was with the ball, in the 6-yard box, one-on-one with the opposition goalkeeper.

The goalkeeper charged out but coolly, Tega chipped the ball above him.

Time seemed to stop; hearts stopped beating as they watched the ball fly up before dipping calmly into the net.

Even Tega himself never expected that pass, his reaction to chip the ball was instinctive and well the ball entered, he was also stunned.

Not until Sam charged towards him and jumped on his back did he react.

"GOALLLLL...!"

This pitch erupted!

The spectators roared, cheering wildly at the top of their voices as the D'Tigres players cursed and argued among themselves.

This time, they didn't celebrate too long. The momentum was still on their side, they hungered for a third goal.

The game restarted.

This time, D'Tigres finally came out a bit as they also wanted a 3rd goal to seal the game but with their star winger gone, creating goalscoring chances became a truly difficult endeavor.

Joshua and Sam kept on starring though, creating chances left and right but again, D'Tigres' disciplined defense held stubbornly.

By the 90th minute, the game remained tied 2-2.

The referee added 5 minutes.

For those last 5 minutes, D'Tigres defended with their lives even as Black Hearts FC launched offensive after offensive.

The game seemed poised to go to extra time as Coach Isaac was already discussing with his players in the sidelines but at the 90th plus 4 minutes, merely few seconds to the end of the game, Sam received the ball again close to the box.

After all that he already did this game, the effects of him receiving the ball close to the box to the opposition team was clear as they reacted urgently like they were up against a superhuman.

The players stayed compact, blocking off every passing lane even as a player closed in strategically to lock off his shooting lane.

This time, there were truly no passing lanes.

Sam didn't give up though. 'I need to make my mark!' He kept on chanting in his mind even as his level of concentration and clarity deepened.

As the player marking him stepped closer, Sam pushed the ball to the left with his left foot and skipped past him. Another player rushed in, then stopping, Sam held him off with his tall body before turning with the ball back to the right.

He raised his stronger right leg to shoot and immediately 2 players slid to block his shot.

Sam didn't shoot though, he simply rolled the ball with the heel of his boots slightly, buying time for the space he needed and just as it opened, before anyone could react, he gently hit the ball.

He didn't unleash a powerful shot, it seemed like a pass instead as the ball rolled to the bottom right corner of the post.

The goalkeeper saw it late but still, he went on a full-stretch dive, yet it was not enough.

Calmly, the ball rolled into the net.

For a second after, silence reigned on the field then the spectators erupted. At that moment, forgetting everything, Sam swirled away towards the corner flag before sliding on his knees as he pumped his fists excitedly in celebration.

"Yeah...!" He screamed at the top of his voice.

This time, no injuries, no emergency; at the 90th plus 5 minutes of the game, Sam scored the winner after laying off 2 assists earlier.

At this moment, he felt liberated.

The game restarted but after a little play, the referee blew his whistle.

The game was over.

And immediately after the game was over, Sam's system lit up with a notification.