

Rise of a Football God

#Chapter 18: Milestone of first football prize & an impressed coach - Read Rise of a Football God Chapter 18: Milestone of first football prize & an impressed coach

The celebrations started immediately after the referee's whistle went off.

The jubilant spectators rushed into the pitch to celebrate with the players in black jersey. The celebration was spearheaded by the players themselves as they lifted their 2 attacking midfielders up in the air, singing victory songs.

Up in the air, Sam was overwhelmed, barely believing what was happening.

'I did it'.

'I really did it'.

'Hell yeah! I really f*cking did it!'

Overwhelmed by his emotions, he could not keep it in anymore as he let it out. "Their father!" He yelled a Nigerian slang excitedly.

"Their real dad!" He continued yelling.

The euphoria of this victory was unlike anything else he had experienced since his 17 years of living.

And of course, like was experienced in every football game, while the winners celebrated jubilantly, the losers could only look with forlorn looks on their faces.

None of them complained though, it was a fair loss.

And as the celebrations from the players and fans subsided a bit, some of the players of D'Tigres FC finally walked up to their opposition, mostly the new face, the new attacking midfielder of this team.

The captain of team D'Tigres walked up to Sam. "Hey man, you were terrific on the pitch today, what's your name?"

"I'm Sam, what of you?"

"I'm Emeka, nice to meet you man, you'll surely achieve great things in the future if you continue on this trajectory".

"Thanks man". Both boys shook hands and hugged.

Sam received a lot more compliments like this, both from his teammates, his opponents, and even the spectating fans.

He felt giddy with joy.

And you knew the most amazing feeling of it all? It was receiving all this validation with his father and his best friend there to witness it, Sam doubted if there was any better feeling in the world.

It got to the extent that even the opposing coach walked up to him, but before Coach Isaac could say a word, Coach James arrived just in time. "Hehe," he laughed sheepishly. "Isaac, you can shake his hand and leave".

"Sam does not want to hear anything from you". He smiled. "And don't worry, he has no interest in joining your team, so thank you".

He turned to look at Sam. "Right, Sam?"

Sam smiled awkwardly. "Yeah, I guess".

Coach James wrapped his arm around his player. "See?"

Coach Isaac shook his head with an amused look on his face as he looked at his rival. "You're still so petty, you didn't change at all since university".

Coach James glowered.

Ignoring him, Coach Isaac looked at the boy. "Sam, right? You really played good football today, you should be playing for a professional team".

Sam chuckled. "I hope so too".

"I wish you luck".

And with that, he left.

Coach James also showered a few words of praise on his player for his performance before going back with Coach Isaac to meet the guest of honor of this game, Coach Yemi Daniel.

Immediately after they arrived, the middle-aged coach threw them an inquire. "That boy, Sam, tell me more about him".

The 2 coaches threw a knowing glance at each other, and James did the honors. "I don't know much about him; my younger brother helped me recruit him to my team just yesterday".

This middle-aged coach's eyebrows rose. "You mean he just joined your team yesterday?"

"Yes". Coach James laughed sheepishly.

"Your brother, where is he? Call him over".

"Ok, sir".

A minute later, Favour stood before the middle-aged coach, telling him all he knew about Sam and how he met him in the gym the first time a week ago.

When he finally heard the boy's age, this middle-aged man's eyes almost popped out of their sockets. "What?!"

"He's just 17?!"

"Ahem," he coughed, regaining his composure. "I mean, he's pretty young for how he played. He's talented".

The 2 rival coaches agreed.

Coach Yemi Daniel looked at both of them. "After the prize ceremony, tell him to meet me, I need to have a word with him".

"Yes, sir". They nodded.

A few minutes later, the pitch was cleared as Coach Yemi Daniel finally took the stage again to hand over the prizes to both teams.

As the winning team, Black Hearts FC received their prize reward of 500,000 naira as the squad took a picture with the printed board money.

D'Tigres FC also received their prize reward of 300,000 naira, after which time came for the man of the match reward.

There was no debate about it. After giving 2 assists and scoring the game winning goal, Sam was the clear favorite for the man of the match of the game.

With a smile on his face, Coach Yemi Daniel called the teenager out before handing the prize board to him.

The money would be transferred to his account later.

Posing for a picture with Coach Yemi Daniel and his prize board, Sam felt emotional. He almost broke down in tears but he managed to hold it in.

Just a week ago, his football career was still in shambles. Technically, it was still in shambles but at least, he finally got some recognition for his talent.

Sam's excited father took countless pictures of his son with his iPhone as he took his prize on the pitch.

And with that, the Christmas game officially came to an end.

Sam wanted to leave, yet at that moment was when Coach James approached him, telling him that Coach Yemi Daniel wanted to have a word with him. Sam was baffled and excited at the same time but he followed.

Once he arrived, standing before the coach's Mercedes car, the middle-aged coach turned with a smile. "Ah! Sam, you're here".

"I was just about done," he brought out a document before presenting it to the boy. "Here, take, go through it".

Sam looked at the hard cover of this document, his eyes quickly focusing on the words written in bold.

{Enyimba FC professional contract}

Sam's hands shook, he looked up at the middle-aged man. "Sir, w-what is this?" He stammered.

The middle-aged coach smiled brightly. "It's a contract".

"Congratulations Sam, on behalf of Enyimba FC, I want to give you a professional contract to be a part of my team as a professional football player".

"..."

"..."

".....!"