Football God 391

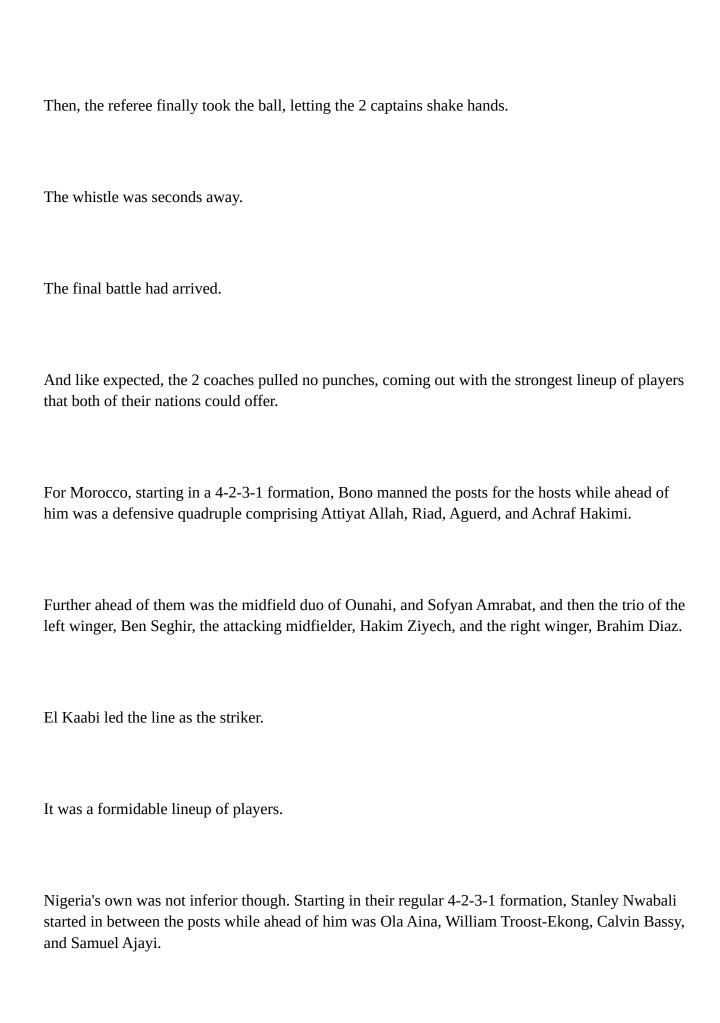
Chapter 391: AFCON final; Morocco vs Nigeria [1]
18th January, 2026
Grand Stade de Tanger, Tangier.
The night Africa stood still.
(AFCON 2025:)
(Final:)
(Tinal)
(Morocco – Nigeria)
The stage was set.
After weeks of battle, triumph, heartbreak, and unrelenting drama, the grand finale of the Africa
Cup of Nations was finally here.
Morocco vs Nigeria.

The hosts, Morocco, carried the dreams of a nation desperate to lift the trophy on home soil. Nigeria, three-time champions stood on the other side, seeking to reclaim continental glory.
The Grand Stade de Tanger was a cauldron of noise, color, and passion.
The stadium was filled to the brim. Over 70,000 fans, draped in the red and green for Morocco, and green and white for Nigeria roared, chanted, and waved flags, filling the air with a deafening symphony of football fever.
The rhythmic beating of African drums, the sharp blare of trumpets, and the synchronized clapping of tens of thousands created a pulsating heartbeat that echoed across Tangier.
This was more than a game.
This was war.
This was history.
And then came the iconic walkout, the moment of destiny.
As the final minutes before kickoff ticked away, the energy reached a fever pitch. Then, suddenly, the stadium lights dimmed.
A deep, cinematic drumroll thundered through the speakers. The anticipation was unbearable.

All eyes turned towards the tunnel where the gladiators of tonight prepared to step onto the grandest stage.
The Super Eagles of Nigeria, dressed in their iconic green and white kits, stood side by side; Samuel Moses, Victor Osimhen, Stanley Nwabali, Ademola Lookman, all wearing faces of pure steel.
This was their moment.
Opposite them, the Atlas Lions of Morocco, Achraf Hakimi, Yassin Bounou, Hakim Ziyech, Brahim Diaz, their expressions unwavering, a nation's hope burning in their eyes.
Then, the tunnel doors opened.
BOOM!
A thunderous roar erupted as both teams stepped onto the pitch.
In his 3-year career, Sam had played in some pretty big matches and some pretty big stadiums, but none of those atmospheres matched the intensity in the Grand Stade de Tanger at this moment.
Badump! Badump!

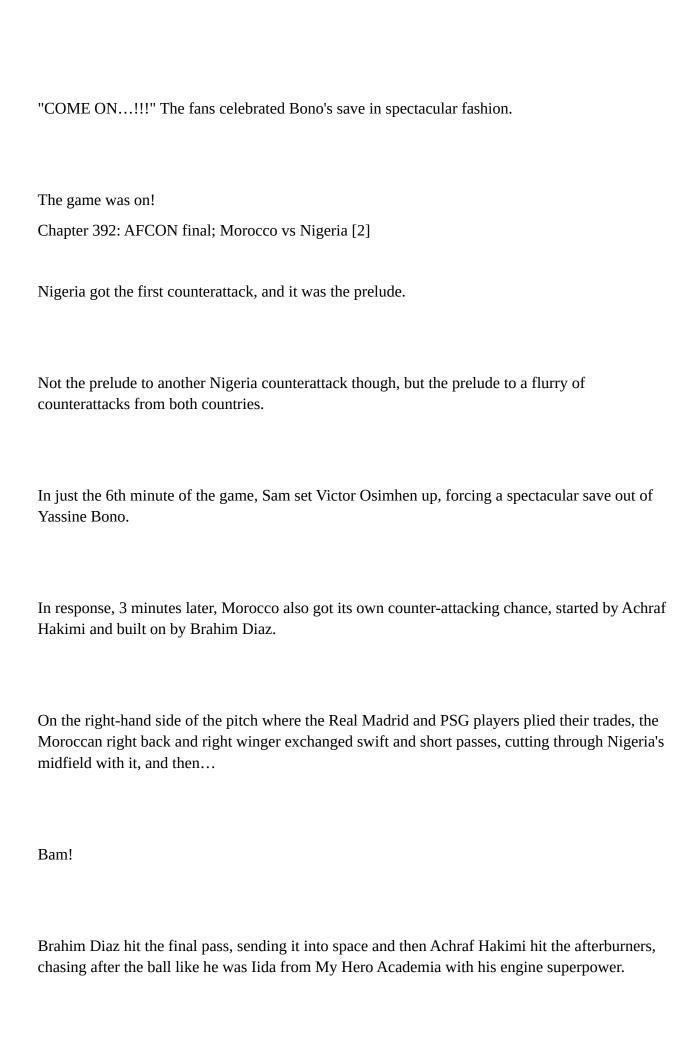
Sam could feel his heart beating fast, he could feel the moment.
Flames shot up from the sidelines. The stadium was shaking, Africa was watching. The world was watching.
The players walked in formation, heads held high, their hearts pounding with the weight of the occasion.
Two teams. One trophy.
A single night to determine a lifetime of glory.
The 2 teams lined up. The AFCON trophy, glistening under the lights stood between them. Tonight, the trophy itself was at stake!
And then came the important moment, the pride, honor and emotion of each competing nation, the national anthems.
The Moroccan anthem played first.
"Hymne Cherifien".





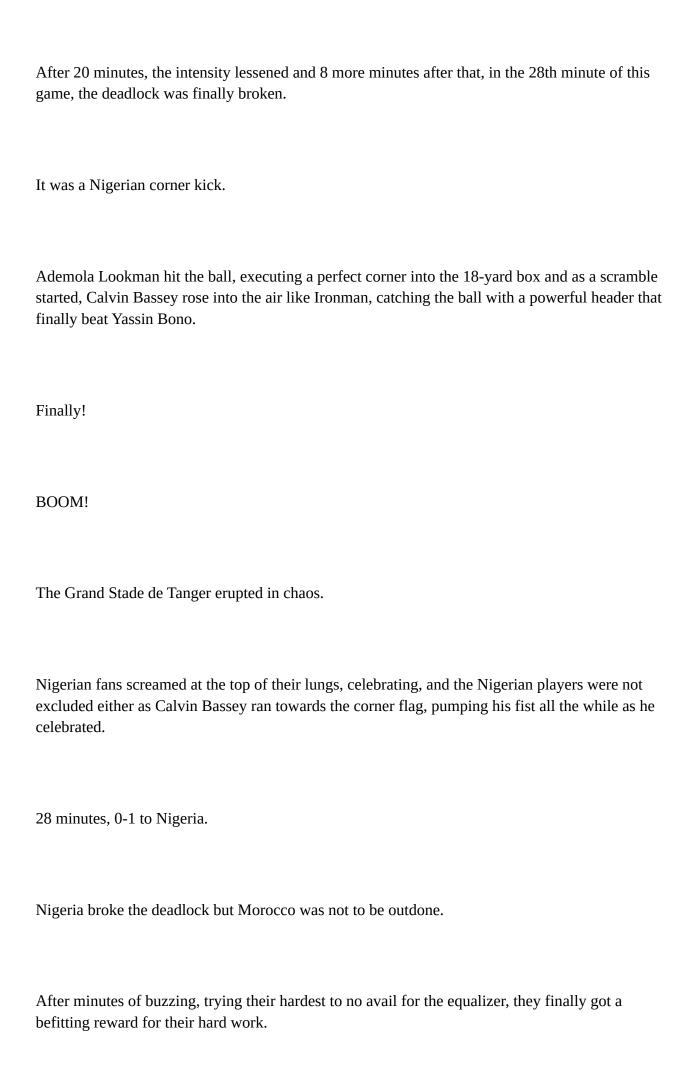
In midfield was the duo of Wilfried Ndidi and Alex Iwobi as Frank Onyeka sustained a knock in the Senegal semifinal game.
Ahead of the midfield duo was the quadruple of Ademola Lookman in left wing, Moses Simon on the right, Sam as the attacking midfielder, while Victor Osimhen led the attack as usual as the striker.
This was a lineup that match Morocco's lineup pound for pound.
It was the ideal final that all neutral fans hoped for.
And now, it was a reality.
FWEEE!
The referee's whistle finally sounded and immediately, all hell broke loose.
Just like the whole world expected, both sides were eager to show their dominance and assert authority over the game, and was why they started the game with such endless energy and intensity.
Thud! Thud!

For the first 10 minutes of this game, it was all action as the ball was pinged around the pitch, never settling in one place.
Both countries struggled to hold on to possession as the rapid press from both sides led to the ball being quickly stolen, and as a consequence, this resulted in crazy counterattacks for both countries.
Nigeria got the first counterattack!
BZZZ!
Wilfried Ndidi got the ball and passing to Sam, he quickly threaded a needle pass through the Moroccan defense, cutting it open for Victor Osimhen.
It was a literal perfect pass, setting Osimhen up but then Yassine Bono pulled reactions that came straight out of an anime.
The goalkeeper erupted with rapid speed, charging out and closing Osimhen down, blocking him just as he finally unleashed his shot.
Bam!
Bono saved the first clear chance this game, and you had to see the reactions of the Moroccan fans.
"YEAH!!!"



The Moroccan right back ate space like they were not there, chasing after the ball, penetrating deep into Nigeria's half.
And then, when he caught up to the ball, calming it down, he looked into the box where his striker and another Moroccan player were already lurking.
Hakimi did not play the ball to them though, rather
Bam!
He cut the pass back to Brahim Diaz who followed him all the way from midfield. And that pass set Brahim Diaz loose!
BZZZ!
Ola Aina pounced, trying to arrive at the ball first but like a floating bird, Brahim Diaz arrived first, poking the ball with the tip of his left boot, taking it away from Ola Aina's outstretched leg.
That touch, set Brahim Diaz up.
Diaz went full Messi mode!

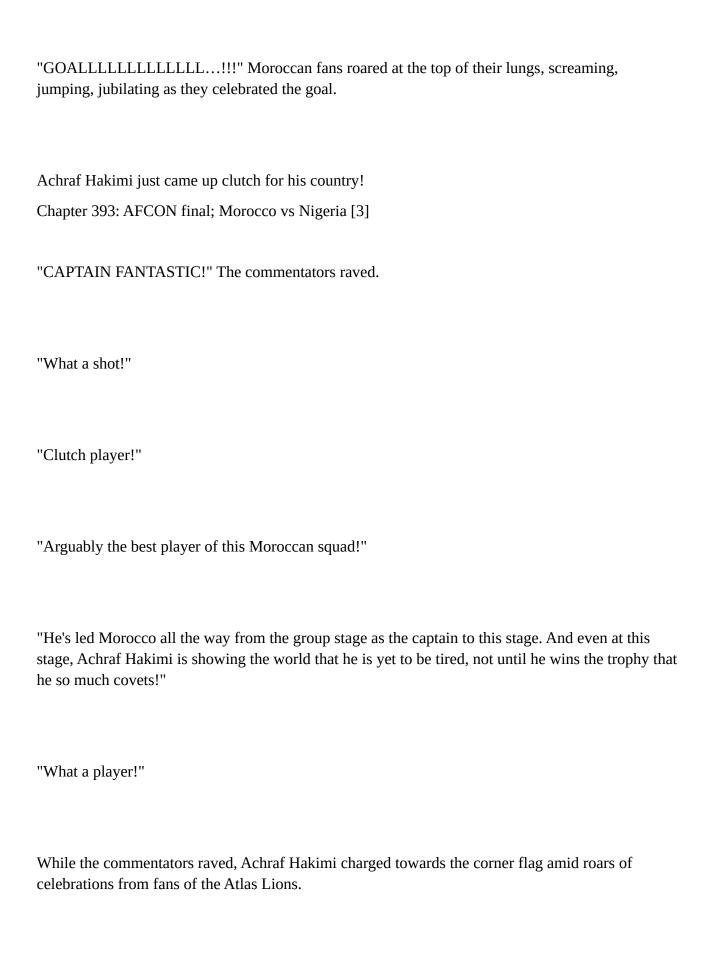
Nigerian players quickly reacted to his threat, closing him down, and that was when this winger went super Saiyan.
A body feint, a step over, a dribble to the left to open up space, a moment to calm down, and then a lethal curled shot with his left foot.
With this sequence, Brahim Diaz beat 3 Nigerian players like they were not there before curling a shot towards the top left corner.
"!" The stadium froze.
Even time seemed to freeze
But then, Nigeria's Stanley Nwabali mounted on Eagle's wings, jumping into the air like Superman as he floated after the ball!
Incredulously, under the watch of the whole world, Stanley Nwabali did the impossible, poking the almost perfect shot away from goal and out for a corner.
Thud!
When Stanley Nwabali fell down, he quickly scrambled back to his feet and confirming that it was a corner, with veins popping all over his neck, he jumped, planting his feet on the ground before pumping his fists passionately.

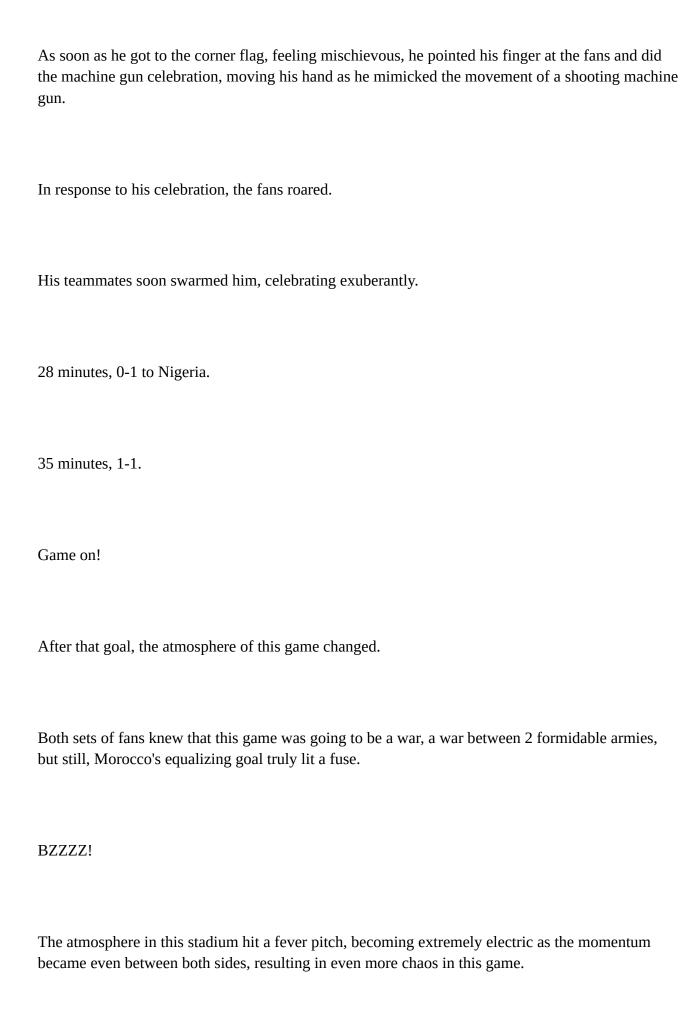


A goal that came straight out of the top drawer.
It was Brahim Diaz with the ball, going on another of those crazy dribbles through the Nigerian defense, shrugging challenges off with his physicality, going on still and just as he was to shoot, William Troost-Ekong slid in aggressively.
Whoosh!
The Nigerian captain's tackle was aggressive but he got the ball just as Brahim Diaz entered the 18-yard box, sending the Real Madrid player to the ground even as he lost the ball, letting it roll backward.
All eyes followed the now loose ball, who would get to it first?
Thud!
Familiar legs arrived first.
Lightning-quick legs, the legs of Achraf Hakimi!
In that short moment, Achraf Hakimi became Federico Valverde.

Achraf Hakimi pounced on the ball, unleashing an outside the box missile shot reminiscing of Federico Valverde's bangers in the Real Madrid shirt.
POW!
The ball flew like a literal bullet!
Stanley Nwabali was given no time to rearrange his position. Instinctively, he jumped, pushing his hand after the ball but he was nowhere fast enough.
In a blur, the ball flew past him.
It was no technical shot towards the corner, the ball flew just past Nwabali's side but the lethal speed behind it was its power.
Stanley Nwabali could not stop the ball, it flew past him, and then
the net shook!
BOOM!
The Grand Stade de Tanger roared to life again.

The Nigerian defense was still slightly sleepy, just reacting to his threat when without hesitation,





And so, the players approached this game with a mentality to leave everything out there on the pitch. Brahim Diaz was a perfect example of this mentality as he played like his life was on the line.
He played like there was no tomorrow, like the world was ending tomorrow.
He was bold and fearless, recklessly running at the Nigerian defense time and again as soon as the ball got to him, causing chaos and creating chances for the Moroccan national team.
On the other side, Ola Aina suffered the brunt of Brahim Diaz's genius, burned time and again as the game progressed.
Brahim Diaz's partner in crime, Morocco's striker was also doing his job.
Up against the duo of Calvin Bassey and William Troost-Ekong in central defense though, he struggled to make much of an impact.
But in this game, the role of all these players was not the hardest though.
The Moroccan player with the hardest duty was Sofyan Amrabat. The Manchester United midfielder was tasked to man-mark the greatest threat of the Nigerian squad, Samuel Moses.
In this game, despite not being the captain of the Super Eagles, Sam was the Achraf Hakimi of Nigeria.
He was the talisman, the go-to man in this final.



Sitting in his corner of the dressing room, Sam fiddled with a puzzle box in his hand even as the events of the first half replayed in his mind.
Sofyan Amrabat did a good job of keeping him in check.
That was why now in the dressing room, the only thoughts in his head were those of the Manchester United midfielder.
He replayed Amrabat's movements in his head, his preferences, which of his leg he moved first when tackling and pressing, Noah's brain became a supercomputer as he analyzed all the details in his mind.
And by the time they had to re-enter the pitch, he already had a concrete image in his mind of his opponent, a concrete image on how to dismantle his opponent, Sofyan Amrabat.
It was time to put his plan and image to the test.
FWEEEE!
The second half started.
Just like the first, it was a tight game between 2 formidable sides.
Both sides created chances, but nothing concrete. It was an exciting but nerve-wracking game as the fans watched on.

'Score already dammit!' The fans felt like they would have a heart attack any moment as the game progressed.
50 minutes, no goal
60 minutes, no goal
And then, in the 67th minute of this game.
Click!
Everything clicked, all the stars aligning in the perfect image that Sam had in his head as he finally outthought Sofyan Amrabat.
In the 67th minute of the game, Sam erupted.
In the 67th minute of the game, he started a solo run that would become iconic, remembered for decades.
In the 67th minute, he started a sequence of play that would forever be synonymous with the name, Samuel Moses.

And the name, Zinedine Sam.
In the 67th minute, Sam erupted, singlehandedly tearing Morocco apart.
Wilfried Ndidi played the pass, having just halted another Morocco attack in its tracks before quickly playing a pass to Sam in the half-way line.
As soon as Sam's leg touched the ball, his body entered a state of ultra instinct!
BZZZ!
He erupted.
Chapter 394: AFCON final; Morocco vs Nigeria [4]
Sam received the pass, and then
BZZZ!
Like usual, as soon as Sam received a pass, Sofyan Amrabat went in hard with a tackle, starting with his right leg to aim for the ball even as he slammed his body against Sam, trying to shake him off balance.
But this time though, Sam predicted everything in his head.

With his back facing Sofyan Amrabat, facing his side of the pitch, he anticipated Amrabat's move and braced for it.
He lowered his body a bit, resting backward to brace for impact, then
Bam!
Amrabat clattered into him from behind but having braced for it, Sam did not shake nor did he lose balance. Instead of losing balance, his eyes gleamed with malicious intent as he cleverly borrowed the force instead, spinning in place.
Using Amrabat's body as a pivot, Sam spun on the spot, taking the ball with him and subtly pushing the Moroccan midfielder aside.
In that one move, from facing his side of the pitch, he was able to turn around using Amrabat as a foil, now facing Morocco's side of the pitch.
And with his slight push, making Amrabat lose balance, Sam was free for just a fraction of a second before Amrabat could recover.
That little time was all he needed!
Bam!
Sam hit the ball long and chased after it!



But just as fast, he kicked the ball back to the right, forcing the Moroccan midfielder to forcefully react, turning back to the right.
and Sam kicked the ball to the left again!
This time, Ounahi could not react.
He slipped!
Bam!
Sam kicked the ball, exploding past the midfielder who collapsed to the field in his wake, watching him leave, stunned.
Ounahi was stunned, but Amrabat was not.
Having picked himself off, the Moroccan midfielder was already chasing after Sam but he was not as fast as Sam.
He chased Sam's shadow.
But he had other assurances, there were still more Moroccan players to pass.

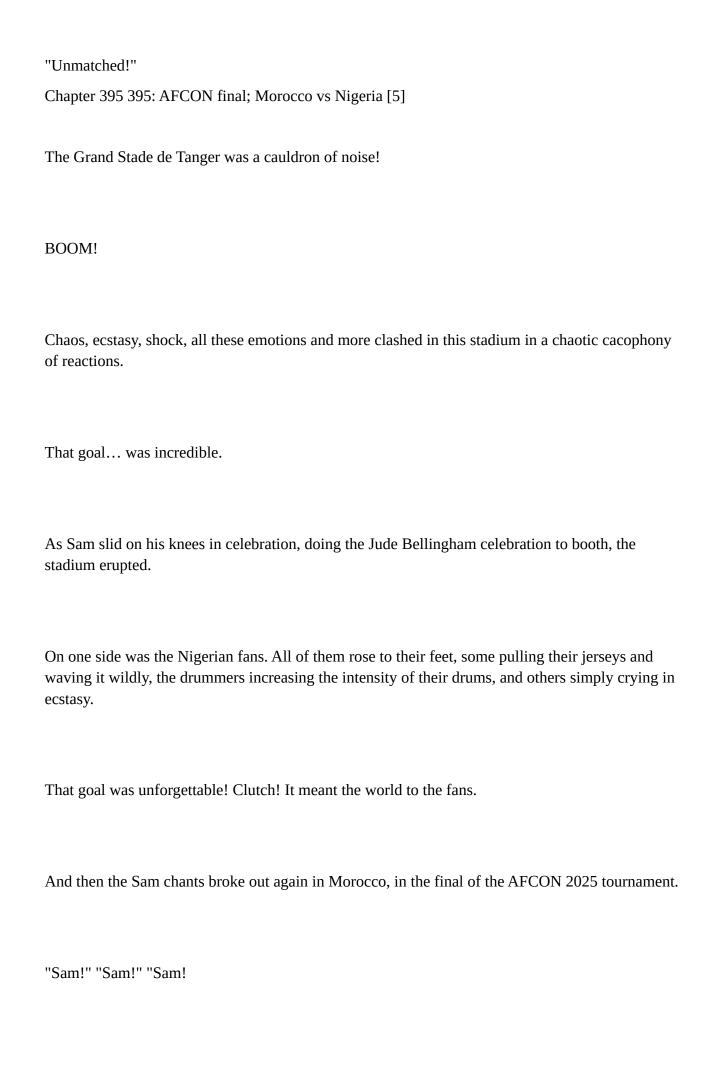
Sam's next obstacle was Hakim Ziyech.
Acknowledging his threat, the Moroccan attacking midfielder already tracked back and now blocked Sam but he was even easier to kill.
A calculates stagger, a body feint and Hakim Ziyech was left shaking, scrambling to no man's land.
Sam dealt the finishing blow with a silky smooth elastico dribble.
BZZZ!
Hakim Ziyech collapsed to the pitch on his butt!
Sam moved with ruthless intent.
"STOP HIM!!!" The Moroccan coach kept screaming in the touchline.
And finally, with Hakim Ziyech out of the way, Sam entered the 18-yard box but that was when he ran into Morocco's fearsome defenders.
Thud!

Riad charged, his intent clearly to intimidate the Nigerian midfielder.
But Sam's eyes were clear, unafraid, and focused.
not today.
As Riad charged in, Aguerd, the 2nd Moroccan center back accompanying him to double-team Sam, with clarity, Sam moved straight at them.
Bam! Bam!
2 slick, lightning-fast touches of the ball.
A la croqueta and Sam passed Riad, but Aguerd was not having it, blocking Sam's advance with his body.
If Sam was stopped that way, and he fell, it was likely to be awarded as a penalty but Sam did not fall as Aguerd was about to clatter into him.
Instead, he killed all his momentum and speed, halting, then
BZZZ!

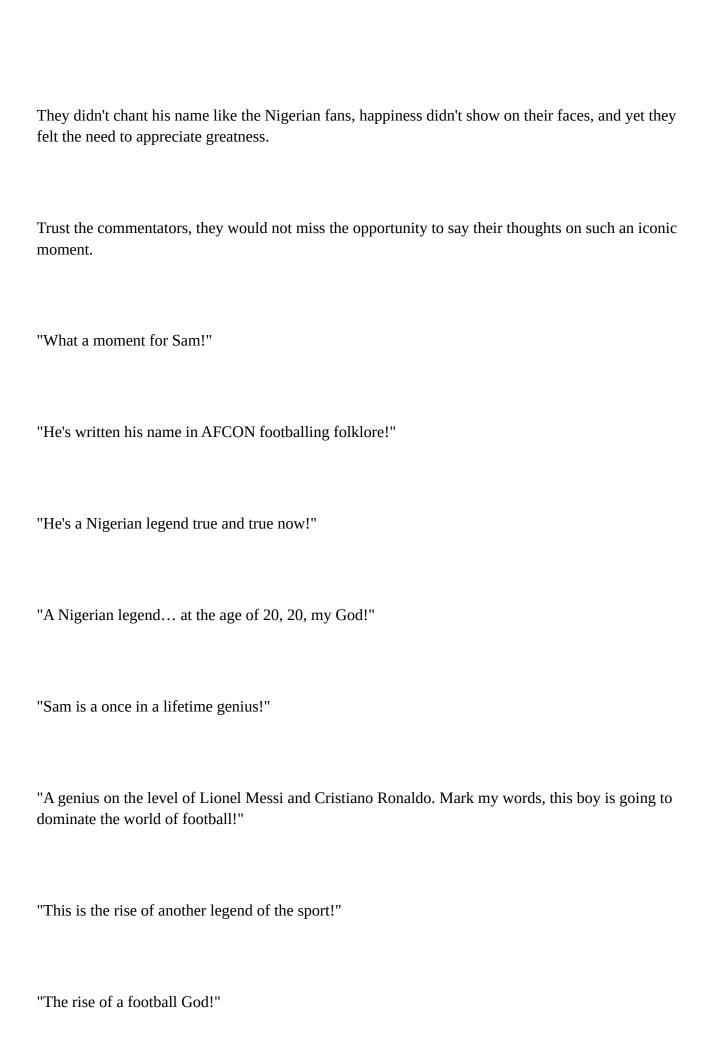
Sam executed a rainbow flick on the spot.
Aguerd backpedaled, eyes widening as he watched the ball float above his head, knowing well that he was unable to reach it.
His eyes flickered with desperation.
Looking to the side as he watched Sam run past him, he tried to drag Sam's jersey, taking the risk for a penalty kick instead but Sam predicted that move.
As soon as he flicked the ball in a rainbow arc, he dodged as Aguerd stretched his arms to dodge his jersey.
But then
Thud!
Yassine Bono rapidly charged out of his posts, closing Sam down.
Without panicking, as the ball descended after his rainbow flick, Sam hit the ball upward again with his 2nd touch, chipping Yassine Bono in the process.
Yassine Bono jumped but his hands could not reach the ball. He could only watch as the ball floated past him and as Sam ran past his side.

Sam was now facing an empty net!
Behind him, Sofyan Amrabat who pursued him all the way had a front-row VIP seat to watch what followed.
What followed was simple.
The ball descended into Sam's path again. If he simply tapped it, it would enter the net but no, Sam was not satisfied with merely tapping it in.
He jumped, swinging his right leg and rifling the ball in on a volley.
BAM!
The net rippled.
And Sam charged off, towards the corner flag, before a stunned stadium as Nigerian and Moroccan fans alike watched in shock and disbelief, not quite believing what they just bore witness to.
Arriving at the corner flag, Sam slid on his knees in celebration even as he spread his arms, doing the Jude Bellingham celebration on his knees.

And then
BOOM!
The Grand Stade de Tanger exploded!
Tens of thousands of Nigerian fans roared, screaming at the top of their lungs, celebrating. And this time, even some of the Moroccan fans reacted, giving a standing ovation to the god-like display that they just bore witness to.
"ZINEDINE SAM!!!"
"ZINEDINE SAM!!!"
"ZINEDINE SAM!!!" The commentator screamed in a shrill voice.
"Nigeria prayed for miracles, they got the little boy from Abraka, Delta State. Born in Nigeria, but with the heart and feet of a Brazilian!"
"God-like!"
"Unstoppable!"









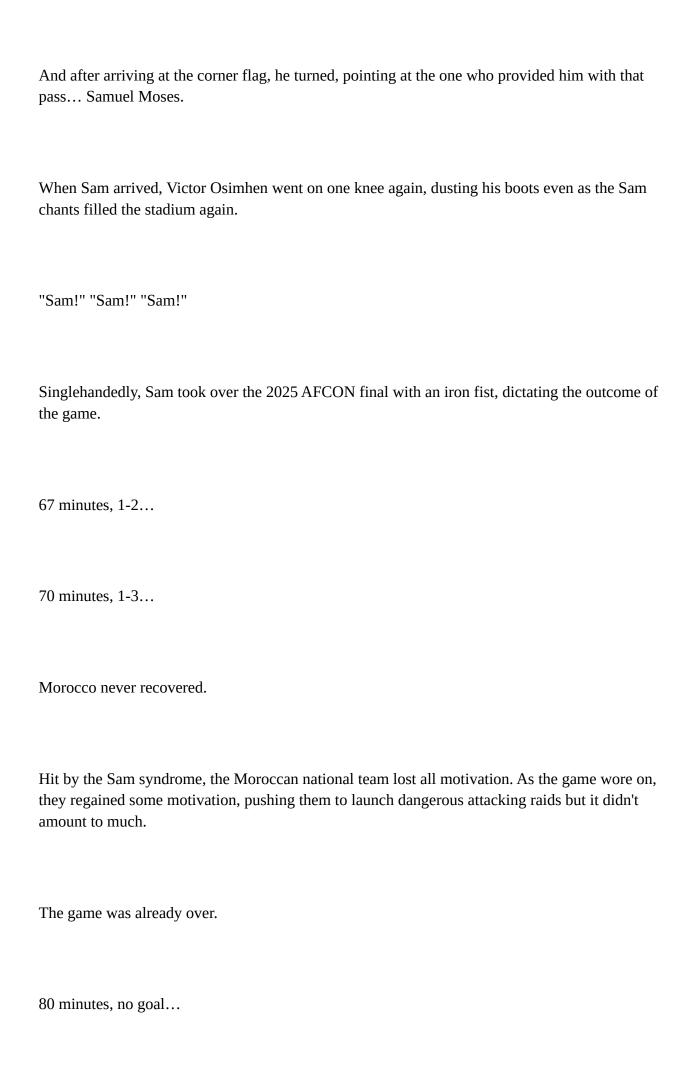
The whole Moroccan squad stood still, watching Sam as he celebrated, too speechless to comprehend the sorcery that he just performed on the pitch.
While everyone reacted, trust Sam's teammates, they also reacted.
They all charged after him as he went to celebrate and they swarmed him, jumping all over his body in celebration.
After the initial celebrations, Victor Osimhen went before Sam, going on one knee and taking Sam's boot as he wiped dust from it in a theatrical display.
The Nigerian striker was honestly awed.
As the striker of the Nigerian team, when Sam started the attack, he was close by and so he also had front-row view to see Sam in motion.
What Sam just did was something that Victor Osimhen never thought was possible. That dribble, going through the whole squad, and the ice-cold finish at the end, all of it was grafted in his head, never to be forgotten.
"My man!" Victor Osimhen said with a big grin.
Though they badly wanted it, the Nigerian players were disappointed. The celebrations for that goal could not continue forever.



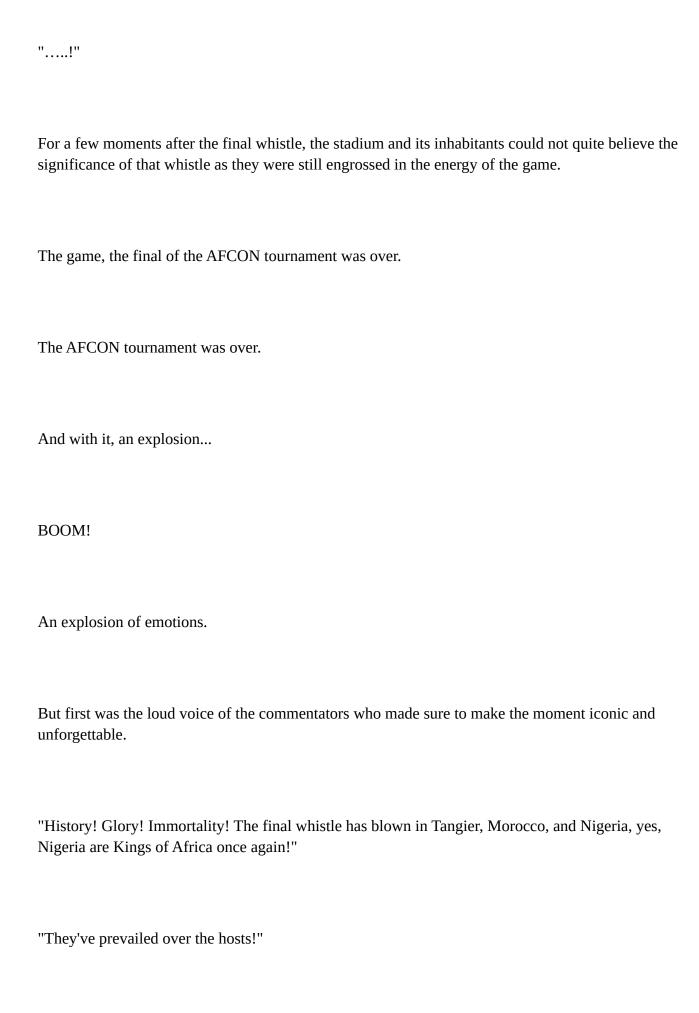
And after scoring such a goal in the final of the AFCON tournament, Sam was already in the zone state.
As soon as the referee's whistle sounded, he continued.
BZZZ!
With eyes burning with hunger for more, determined to deal out even more punishment to his opponents, Sam erupted, playing like a superhuman with extraordinary powers among mere humans.
All his skills were utilized on the pitch!
He dribbled, weaving through challenges one after another, repeatedly torching the Moroccan players who seemed to be down on motivation.
Even Sofyan Amrabat who had been doing such a good job at man-marking Sam since faltered, and Sam was not kind enough to let them off the hook after such a sudden dip in concentration.
Sam punished them.
In the 67th minute, he scored, making it 1-2 and giving Nigeria the lead for the 2nd time in this game and then just 3 minutes later in the 70th minute, Sam sealed the game.



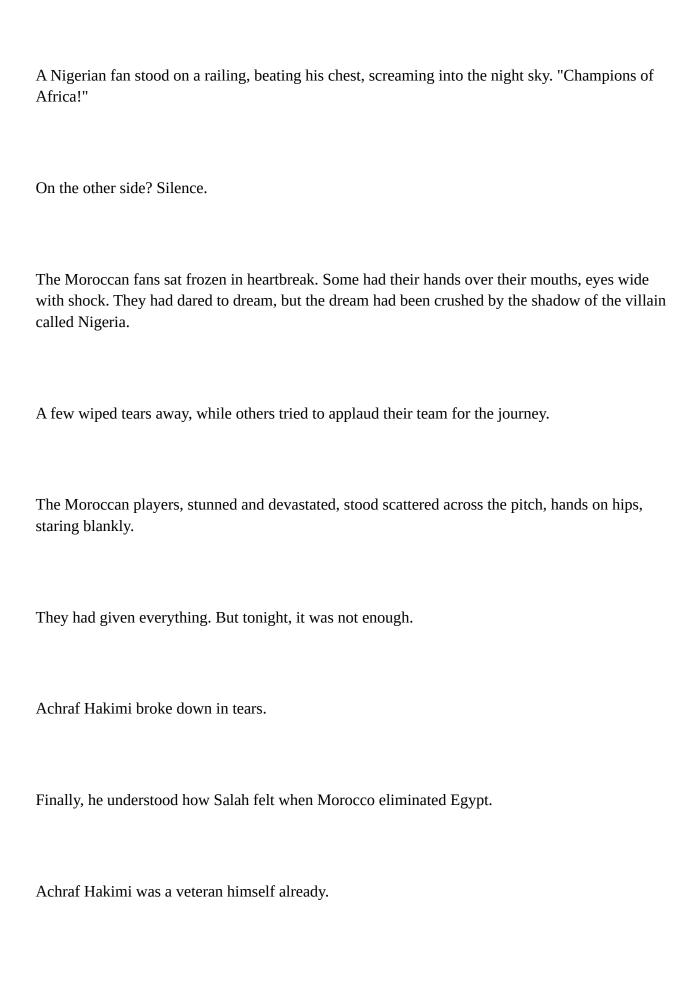
In the zone state already, Sam was able to execute the pass with flawless efficiency, sending the ball in between the Moroccan players surrounding him towards the unmarked Victor Osimhen.
Osimhen didn't waste a moment on the ball.
As the ball floated towards him, he followed it with his eyes and just as Yassin Bono was about to react, instead of trapping the ball first, he hit it directly.
BAM!
Victor Osimhen hit the ball on a volley, sending it towards the left side of the goal with immense speed.
Yassine Bono dived but it was not enough, the ball nestled into the net.
"GOALLLLLLLLLL!!!" Ecstatic Nigerian fans around the stadium erupted in ecstasy even more as they celebrated the goal.
Devastated Moroccan fans directly broke down in tears in the stadium as soon as the 3rd Nigerian goal entered the net.
Charging towards the corner flag with wide strides, Victor Osimhen roared at the top of his lungs, pumping his fists in ecstasy as he ran.

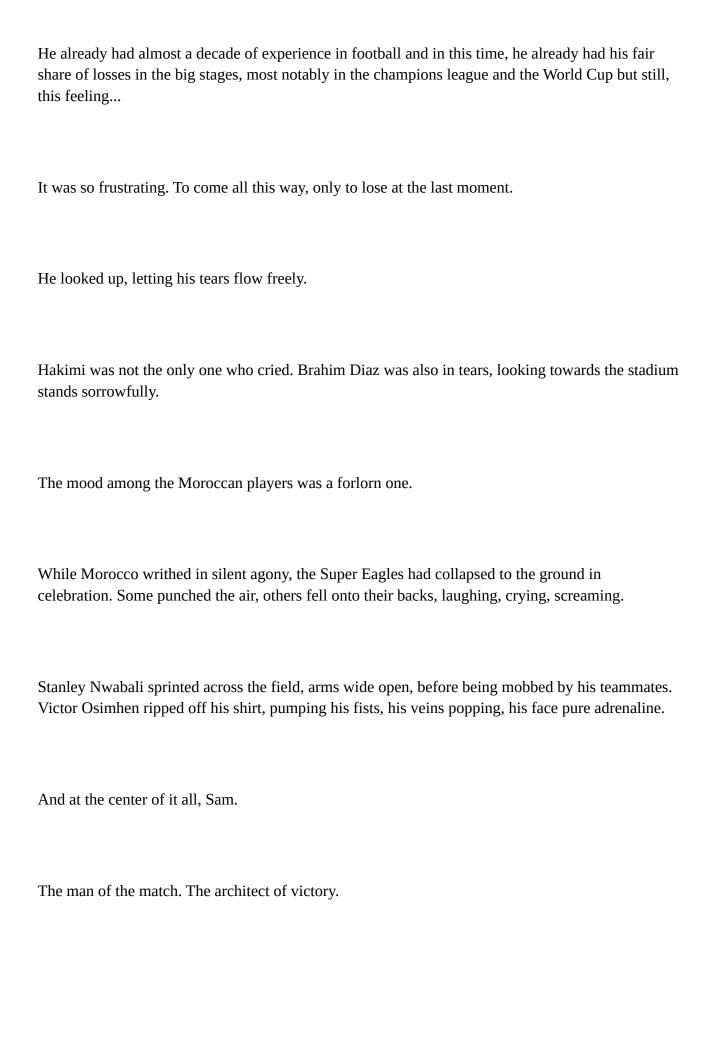


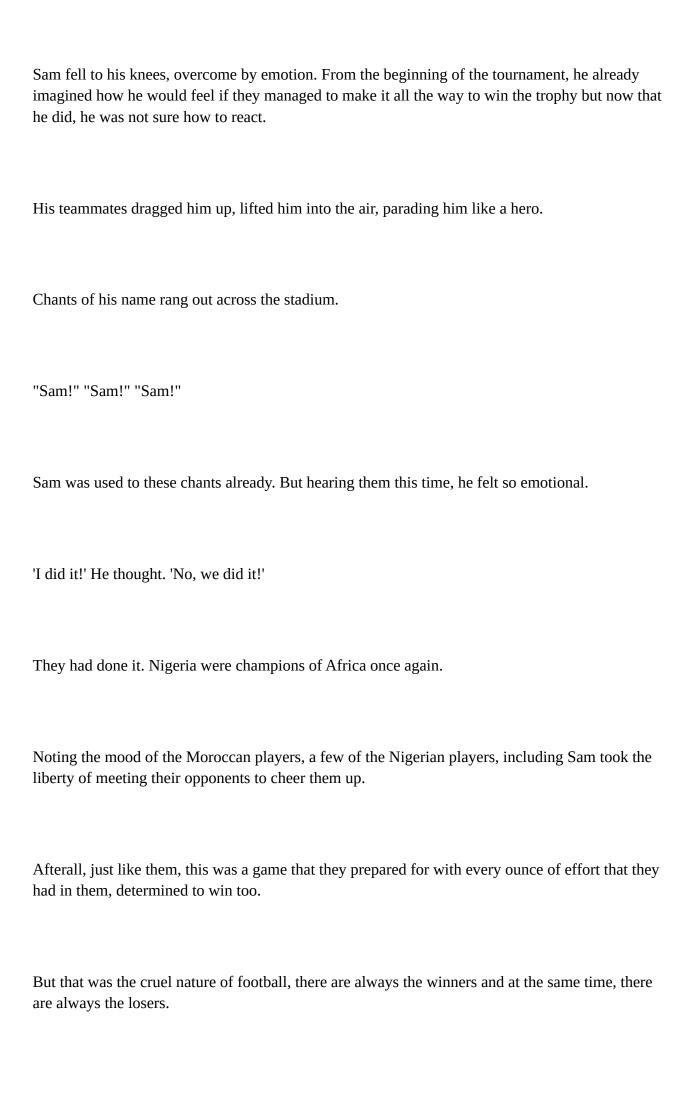
90 minutes, no goal
After 5 minutes of additional time, still no goal, and then
FWEEEE!
The referee's whistle blasted, bringing the game to a sudden halt.
The game was over.
Chapter 396 396: Nigeria, champions of Africa!
FWEEEE!
The referee's whistle blasted through the stadium, cutting through the noise and announcing a final truth around this stadium.
The game was over.
""
""



"This has been a final for the ages! A night where legends were written, a night that will be told for generations! And in the heart of it all, a name that will be remembered forever, Samuel Moses!"
"What a performance! A goal that defied physics, a solo run through Moroccan defenders like a phantom in green, and an assist that carved open the host nation's defense like an artist with a brush!"
"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Samuel Moses!"
"He has painted his masterpiece on the grandest canvas of them all!"
"From Lagos to Abuja, from Benin City to Port Harcourt, from Abraka to Asaba, the celebrations will last for days, for weeks! Nigeria have conquered Africa, and they have done it in style!"
While the commentators waxed lyrical, displaying their passion for the sport, on the stadium, there was a more vivid reflection of fan passion for the game.
The Grand Stade de Tanger was now two different worlds, split by the sheer contrast of human emotions.
Jubilation, heartbreak, and emotion, it all jumbled together into a cacophony of extreme reactions.
On one side, pandemonium. The Nigerian fans were losing their minds. Flags waved wildly; voices strained from endless chanting. Fans hugged, danced, and fell to their knees in tears of joy. The sea of green and white was a storm of ecstasy.

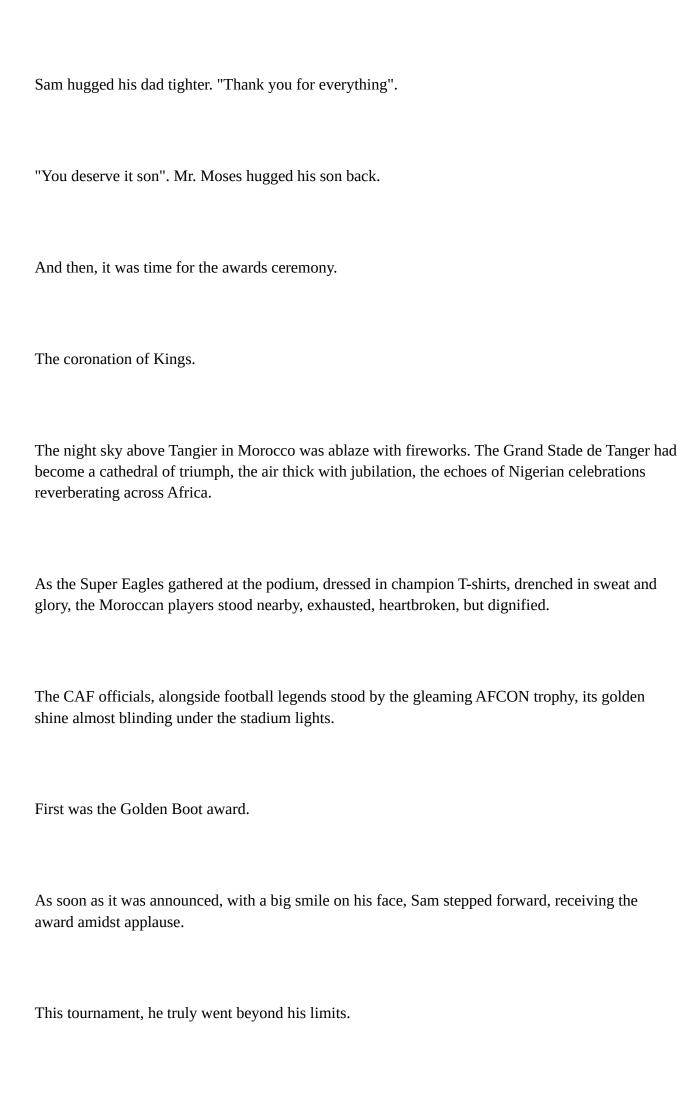


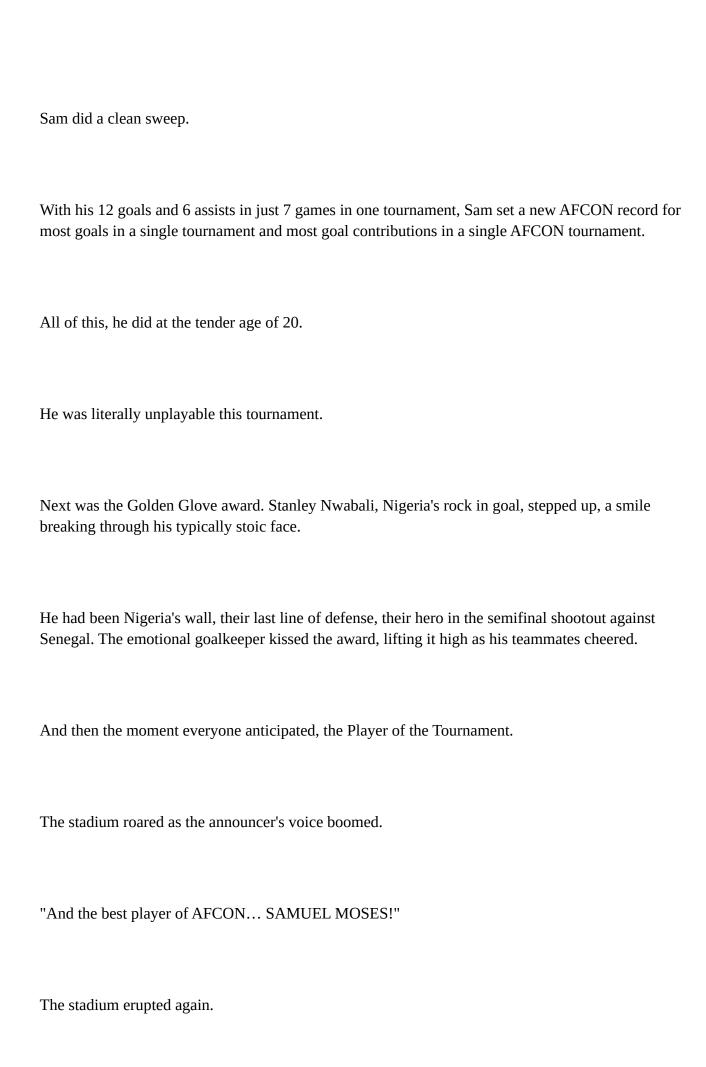




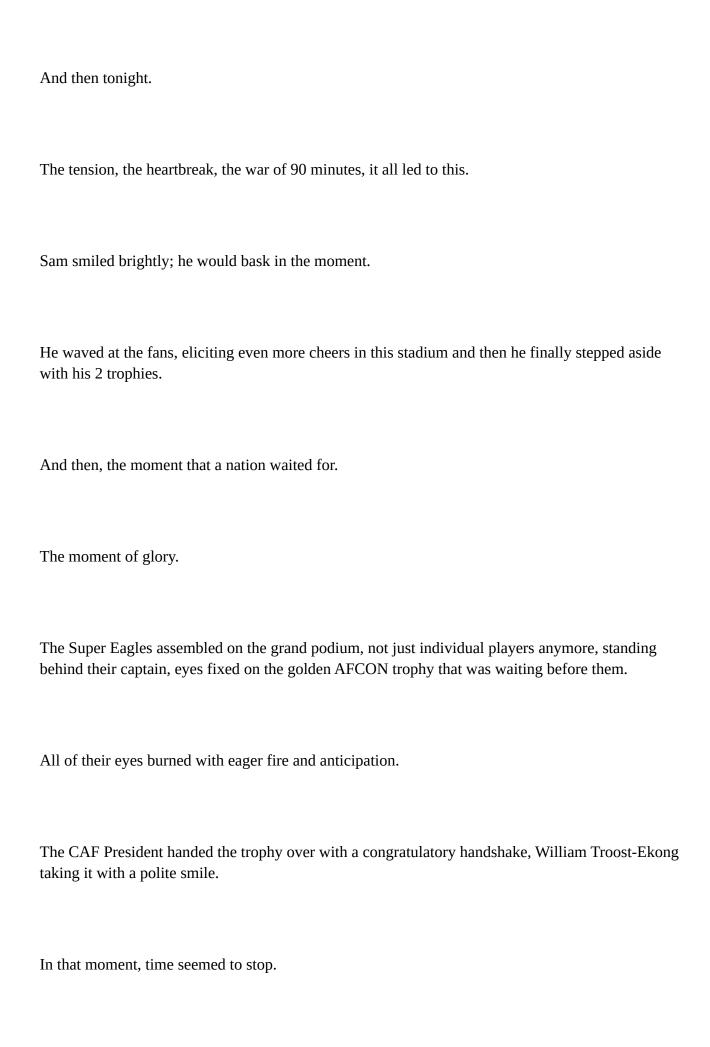
Today, the host nation, Morocco was the loser.
Having lost against the host nation of the previous AFCON tournament in the final, finally, Nigeria went all the way, birthing a new batch of immortals.
Sam hugged Hakimi, patting him on the back. "You played a great game". He said with all the seriousness he could muster.
Hakimi stared at him, wiping his tears, and then he forced a smile back. "You also deserve the trophy". He laughed. "What a performance you had today!"
Sam smiled back at the compliment.
All over the pitch, it was the same thing as the triumphant Super Eagles players approached the Atlas Lion players, comforting them.
And then, it was their moment again. They focused on themselves.
The celebrations on the pitch quickly hit a crescendo as led by their captain in William Troost-Ekong, the Nigerian players approached the fans together, celebrating with them and roaring in victory.
It was a moment of solidarity that they would never forget.

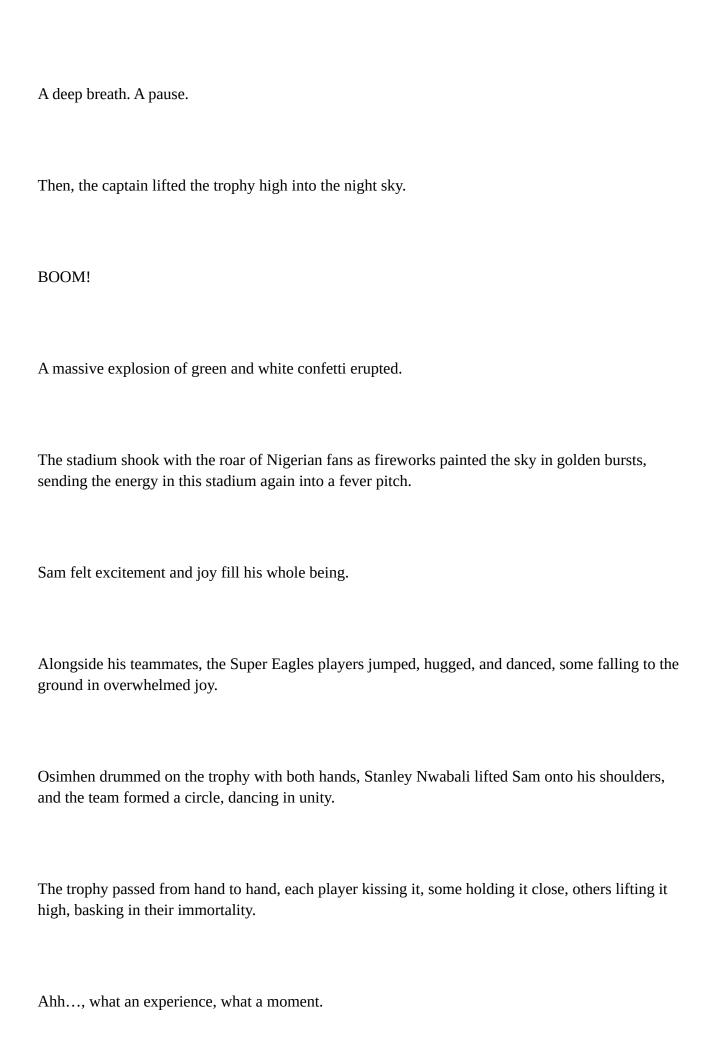








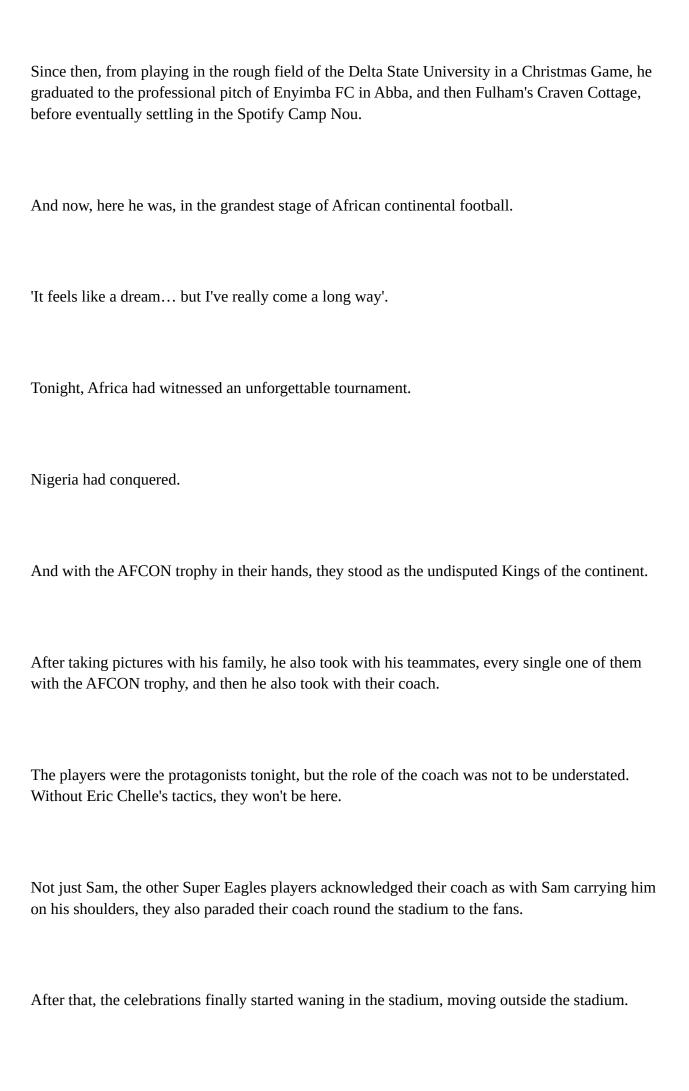




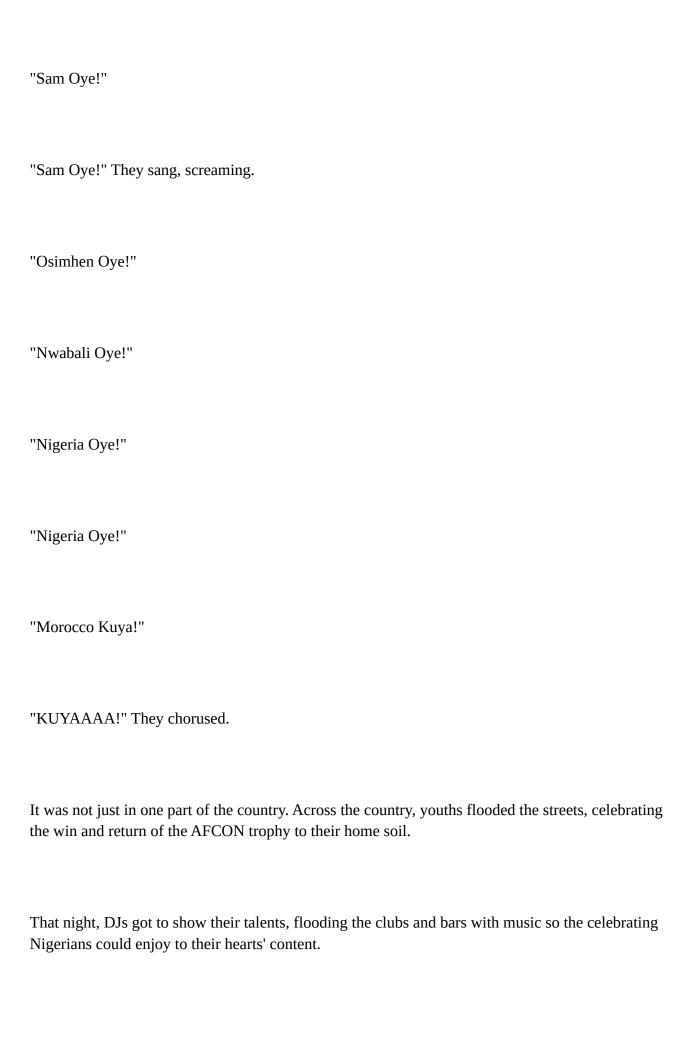
Memories for a lifetime
As the celebrations continued, the Moroccan players stood watching, some with admiration, most with longing, others with tears in their eyes.
This was the trophy that they wanted most after fighting so hard for so long.
They had fought with everything, but tonight was not theirs. Tonight, the Super Eagles soared the highest, besting every other nation in the tournament.
In the stands, Nigerian fans waved their flags furiously, dancing in endless celebration.
In that moment, Noah finally understood Peter Drury's commentary in the FIFA World Cup final 2022 after Argentina won.
'and a nation shall tango all night long!'
He smiled. 'Hehe, if the stadium is like this, I wonder how back home in Nigeria is like'.
'I guess chaos, and commotion, and joy, and jubilation!' He grinned.



Sam looked at the camera focused on him. "Who cares?" He laughed.
Mr. Moses looked at him, brimming with pride. "That's my son!"
Mrs. Moses didn't retort though. Like her husband, she looked at their son with pride and then, "Sam, be active, I want my grandson soon!"
Sam almost stumbled.
But then, with a big smile on his face, he finally decided to take personal pictures with his family.
Once one of his teammates noticed, he walked closer.
After greeting his parents politely, Victor Osimhen became the one to take a picture of Sam and his family to commemorate this night.
As the camera flashed, a big smile on Sam's face, he could not help but think back to that night, the night of the FIFA World Cup final 2022.
That was when everything changed.

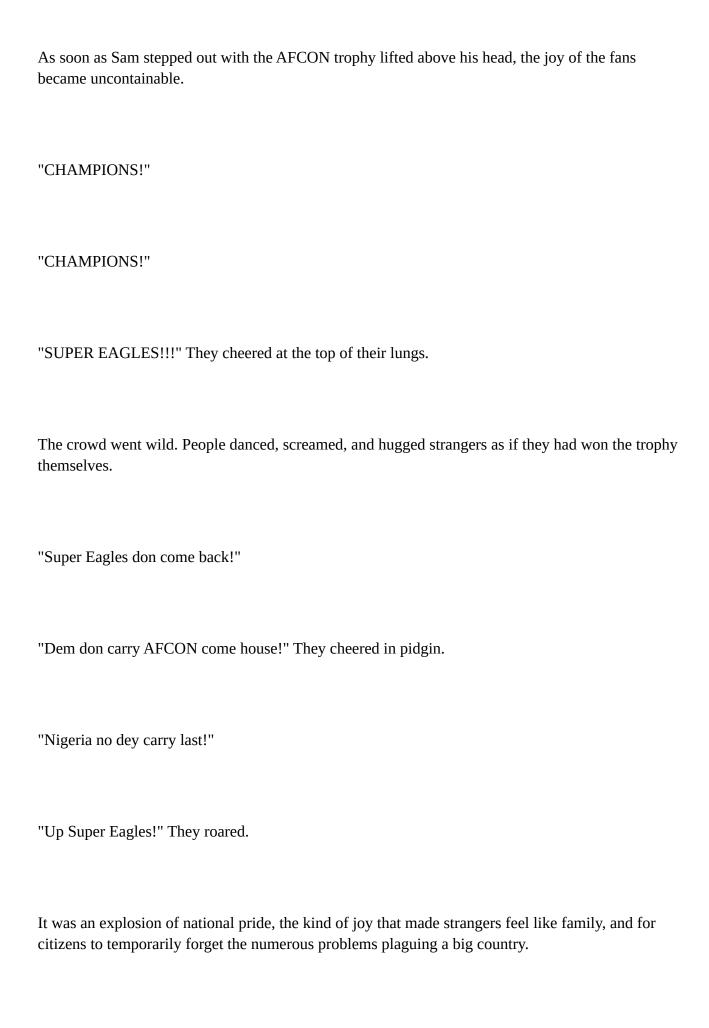


After the celebrations at the stadium, Sam and his family finally went to the hotel where they already booked ahead of time.
That night, he ate a delicious African meal made by his mom.
And then, alone with his girlfriend in their hotel room, they had a night to remember to commemorate it even more.
Celebrations would continue in Nigeria. Chapter 398: Triumphant return
The Super Eagles players spent just the night in Morocco.
Afterall, on their phones, they could follow the happenings through Twitter about how the celebrations were going back home in Nigeria.
In Nigeria, 18th January suddenly felt like Christmas eve.
That night, no one slept.
Millions of youths flooded the streets, carrying the Nigerian flag and flaunting it, drowning themselves in celebratory powders, jubilating even as one name reigned supreme in their tongues.

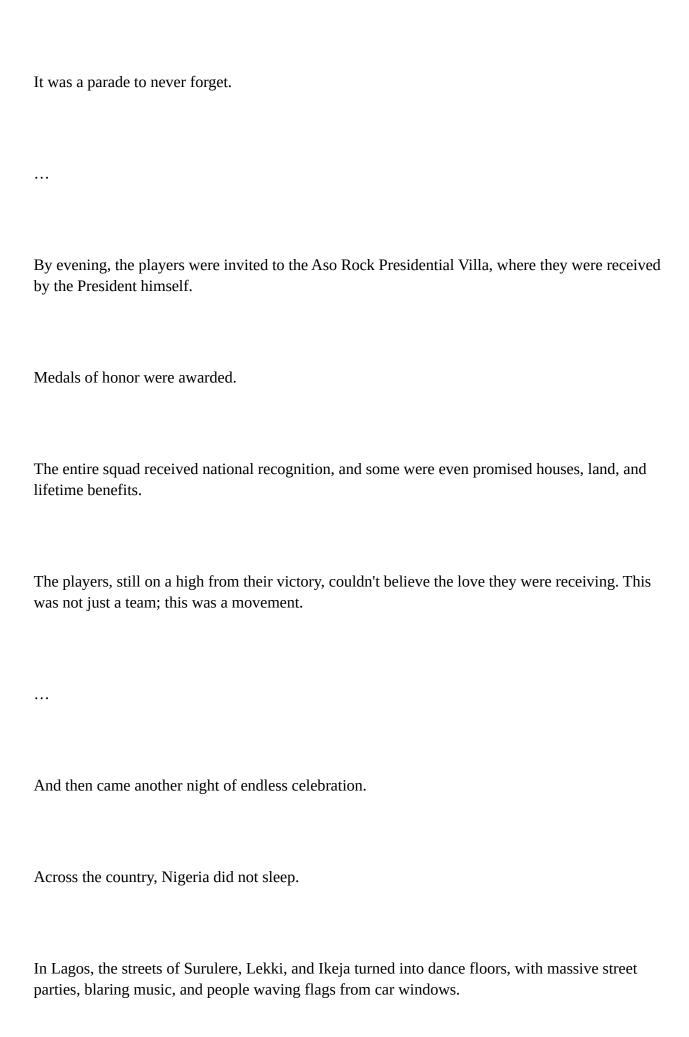


Back in Abraka, it was chaos.
It was not just the Nigerian flag, the Abraka citizens also created banners of Sam, waving them as they ran across the town, inserting and singing his name to popular Nigerian Afrobeats songs.
That night, few people slept on time.
Some didn't even sleep at all, celebrating all night.
And the originally inconsistent NEPA in charge of electricity across the country also decided to join in the celebrations, giving the country constant light throughout the period of the celebration, making it even more memorable.
And this was why Eric Chelle decided that they won't stay in Morocco, that he and his players would be returning to Nigeria the next day to join the country in the celebrations.
The Super Eagles' triumphant return to Nigeria was nothing short of legendary.
As their plane touched down at the Nnamdi Azikiwe International Airport in Abuja, thousands of fans had already gathered, waiting, singing, chanting, ready to welcome their champions home.
The tarmac was lined with dignitaries, family members, government officials, even the President, Bola Ahmed Tinubu, but they were nearly drowned out by the massive wave of green and white in the streets.

The entire country had erupted into celebration.
It was a sea of green and white.
As the players stepped out of the aircraft, one by one, the deafening sound of vuvuzelas, drums, and cheers filled the air.
Banners waved, flags soared, fans climbed on cars, lampposts, and rooftops, anything for a better view of their heroes.
Click! Click!
Camera sounds reverberated rapidly as paparazzi and fans used their smart phones to take pictures of their idols, immortalizing the moment and making sure that the memory was archived to be shown to their children and grandchildren.
The loudest cheer came when Sam stepped out of the airplane, lifting the AFCON trophy high above his head.
Eric Chelle didn't instruct his players on this. After discussing among themselves, William Troost-Ekong, the Nigerian captain agreed to his teammates suggestion to allow Sam come out with the trophy.
Afterall, he singlehandedly won them the tournament.



And of course, they got set for the victory parade for the ages.
The Nigerian government had prepared an open-top bus parade, but they had underestimated the turnout. The streets of Abuja were jampacked.
The players stood on the bus, waving, singing, and spraying water on the fans below, basking in the love of their people.
The crowd chanted.
"Super Eagles, we love you!"
"Osimhen!" "Nwabali!" "Sam!"
The loudest cheer was reserved for Sam, the hero of the final and literally the whole tournament. As he stepped to the front of the bus, a fan shouted.
"SAM FOR PRESIDENT!!!"
Laughter, cheers, and applause followed.
The parade moved slowly through the city, stopping at key locations, including Eagle Square, where government officials and football legends awaited them.

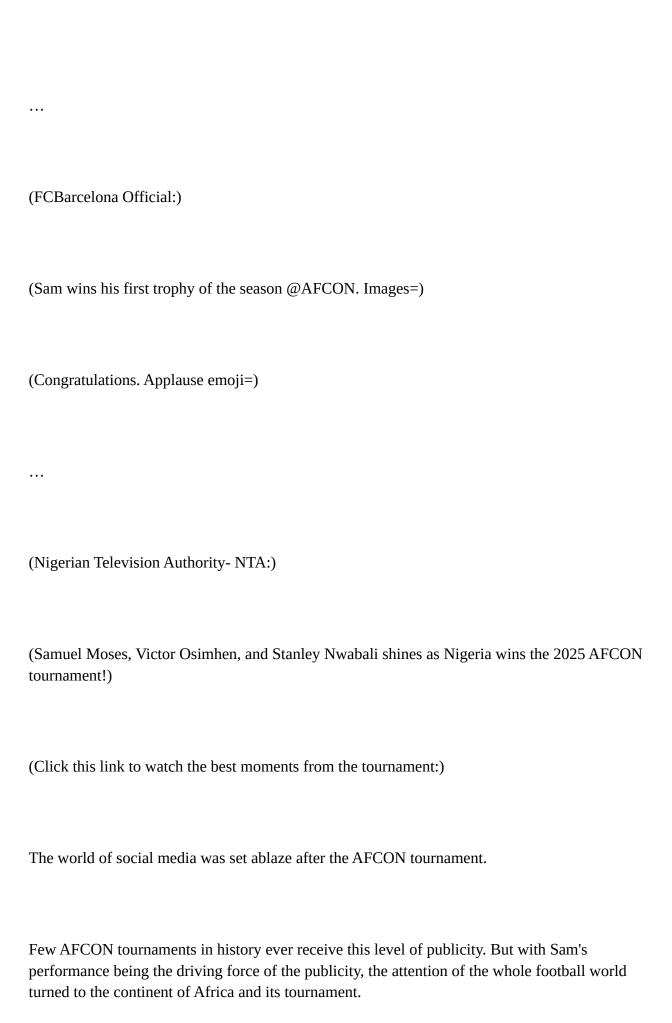


It almost felt like Independence Day.
In Port Harcourt, celebratory gunshots rang through the air, fireworks lighting up the night sky.
In Kano and Kaduna, processions filled the streets, horses decorated in green and white, riders chanting in celebration.
In Enugu, Owerri, Benin City, Asaba, Ibadan, everywhere, people sang, danced, and honored their team.
Even Nigerians abroad flooded the streets of London, New York, and Toronto, draped in green and white, chanting.
"Up Super Eagles!"
The nation of Nigeria was united in solidarity under the banner of football.
The Super Eagles had done more than just win a tournament.
They had given a nation hope. They had united a people. They had made history, history to never be forgotten.

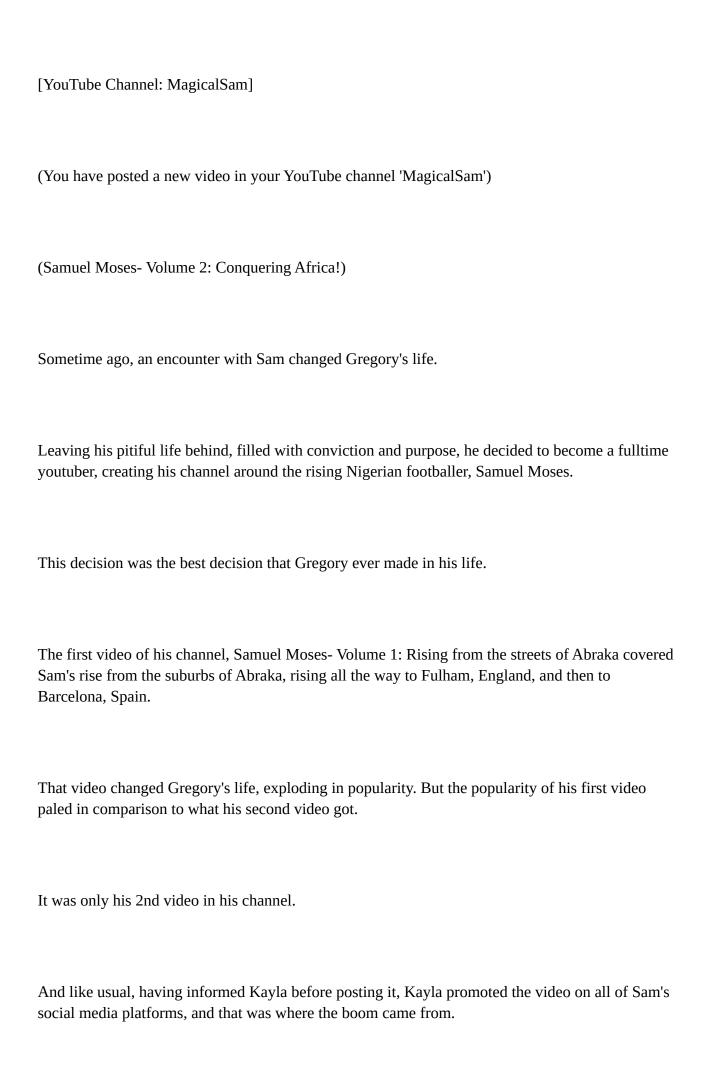
And as the celebrations raged on, one thing was clear.
This was Nigeria's moment, and they would never forget it.
•••
While the celebrations raged, holed inside a room, with blood-shot eyes, a certain Nigerian having worked hours on end on a video finally posted it.
As soon as he hit post, he jumped in giddy excitement, quickly downing a bottle of beer in celebration.
[YouTube Channel: MagicalSam]
(You have posted a new video in your YouTube channel 'MagicalSam')
(Samuel Moses- Volume 2: Conquering Africa!)
That video soon took the world by storm.
Chapter 399 399: Conquering Africa
(ESPN News:)

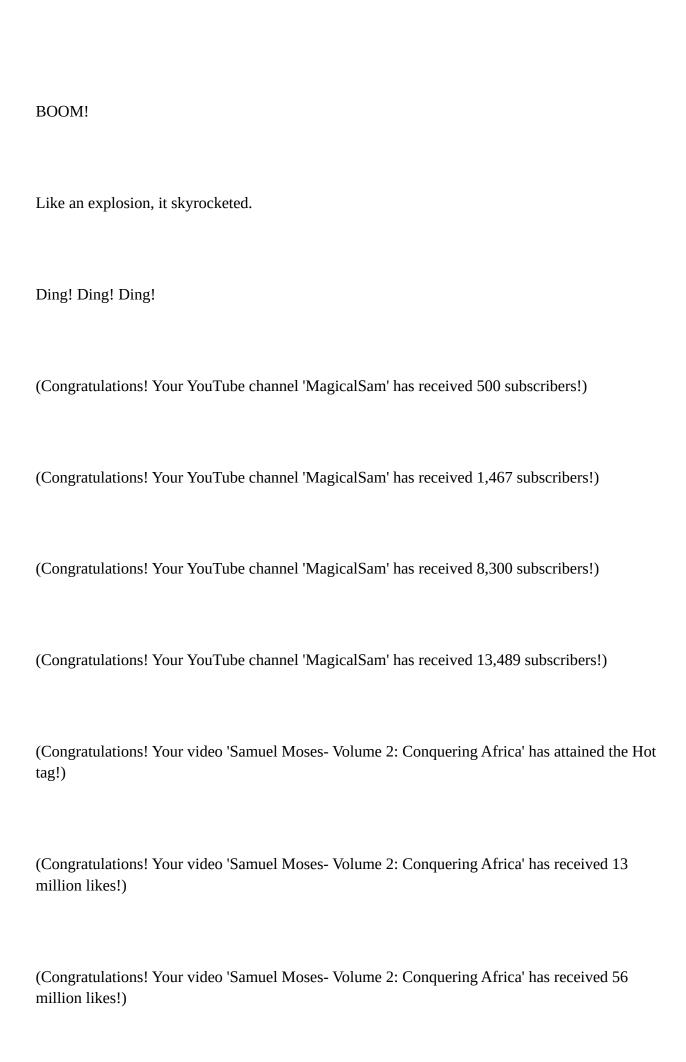
(Sam wins the AFCON tournament, clinching his first trophy of the season! With 12 goals and 6 assists in just 7 games, an incredible combined total of 18 goal contributions, Sam did not only take his Barcelona form to the international stage, he eclipsed it! Click this link to watch the best of Sam in the AFCON tournament:)
•••
(Supersport News:)
(Samuel Moses just solidified his run at the top of the Ballon d'Or rankings! With his total now on 43 goals and 28 assists already for the season, in just 29 games, Sam is having a Messi and Ronaldo season. We're witnessing the rise of a new all-time great, a new Barcelona legend!)

(GOAL.com:)
(Give the Ballon d'Or to Sam already!)
(Breaking down Sam's season in numbers. 12 goals and 6 assists in 7 games in the AFCON tournament, 9 goals and 4 assists in the UEFA Champions League, 43 goals and 28 assists in total for the season in just 29 games! That is 71 goal contributions already, and the season is not over yet!)
(By the end of this season, no matter what happens, Sam's name would already be in the same conversation with the likes of Messi, Cristiano Ronaldo, and Ronaldo Nazario. The boy is that good.)



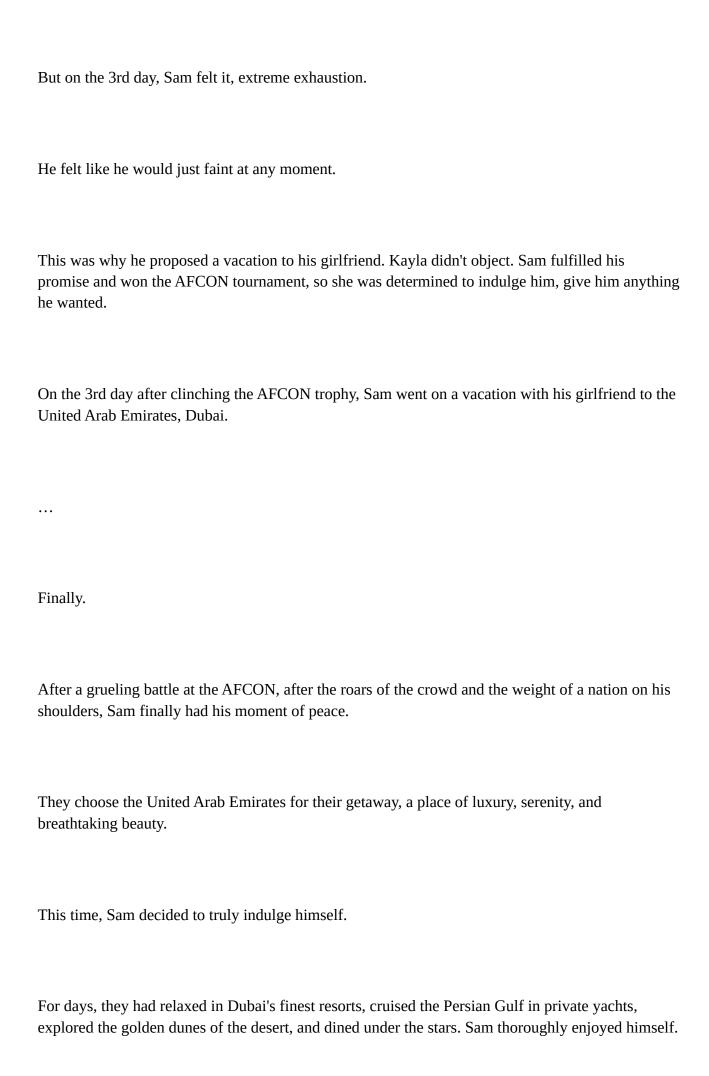
	ll the major football news channels in the world covered the event, highlighting the legendary ason that Sam was already having.
	ever in the history of the AFCON tournament has a player won the golden boot award and also ave the most assists, winning the golden ball award also. And yet Sam, a 20-year-old did it.
W	hat Sam did created history, he set a continental record.
	efore now, a lot of football fans already knew who Sam was by now, most especially after his azy performances for FC Barcelona in the UEFA champions league.
	ne Catalan club was one of the most popular clubs in the world, and one of the most scrutinized aying for Barca now, more limelight now shone on Sam.
	nd under so many eyes, he was not crumbling under the pressure. Rather, with his mamba entality, he thrived like an apex predator in a jungle, the jungle of elite professional football.
hi	ven as the whole world entered a rave for the boy named Sam, catching bits and pieces of his ghlights from the AFCON tournament online since not everybody watched the tournament, that as when a YouTube video dropped online.
	video that soon took the world by storm, breaking records, setting new viewership records and se records.





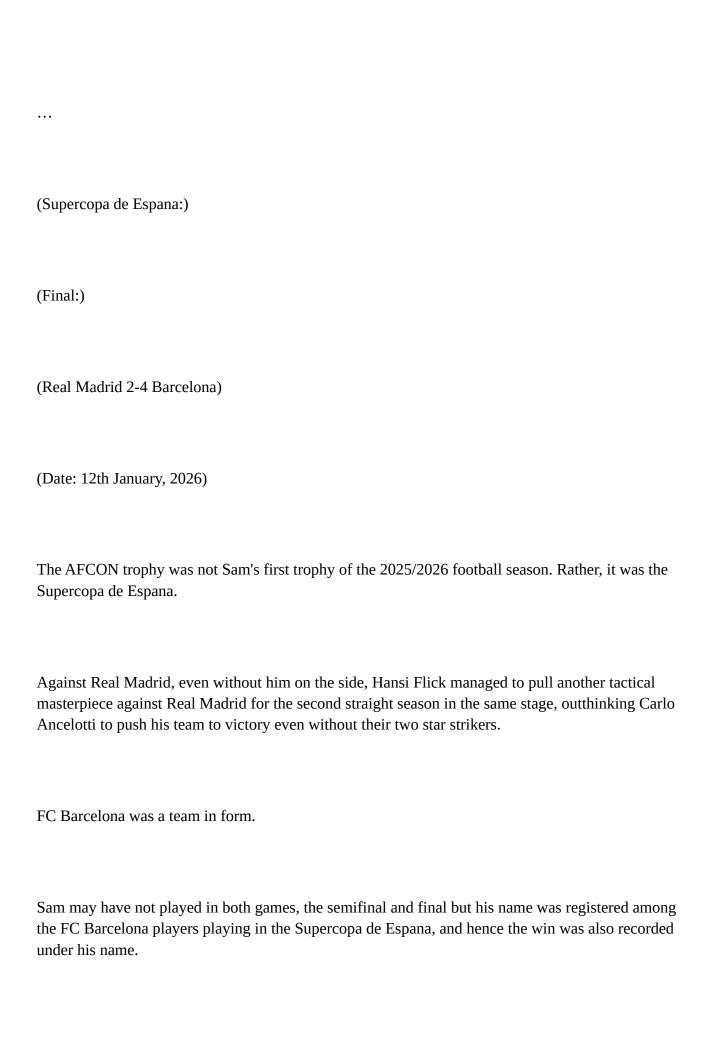
(Congratulations! Your video 'Samuel Moses- Volume 2: Conquering Africa' has received 334 million likes!)
(Congratulations! Your video 'Samuel Moses- Volume 2: Conquering Africa' is now the no. 1 trending video on YouTube!)
"!"
Gregory could not believe his eyes.
He knew that miracles lied with Sam, he's seen, tested and proven it. But still, this miracle, this miracle was still far beyond his expectations.
It was a very straightforward video but one that he poured his heart and soul into just like the first video that it made.
It exclusively covered Sam's journey in the AFCON tournament.
Sam was too busy in the tournament to notice, focused on bringing the trophy home but all the way from matchday 1 in the group stage, Gregory was there, having travelled to Morocco to get first hand experience of the tournament.
Going to Morocco, it was one of the best decisions of his life and career.

With first hand perspective, he watched Sam in every game, watched him perform miracles on the pitch, watched him make fool of opponents, watched him show just how superior he was to any other player on the pitch.
And then, Gregory was hit with an epiphany. 'A video!'
His eyes gleamed. 'I must make a new video a video on the tournament!'
He made the video, working his ass off after working every Nigeria game in Morocco to compile the masterpiece video that he uploaded.
Conquering Africa took Gregory to the peak of his career. Chapter 400 400: The beginning of forever
After going beyond his limits, pushing himself to the ultimate level and fulfilling his goal, bringing the AFCON trophy back to Nigeria, all that Sam wanted to do was rest.
He was exhausted.
Throughout the duration of the tournament, he never rested, always training, always going through tactics, living and breathing football.
The adrenaline at the moment didn't let him feel it. And 2 days after winning the trophy, he didn't feel it yet.



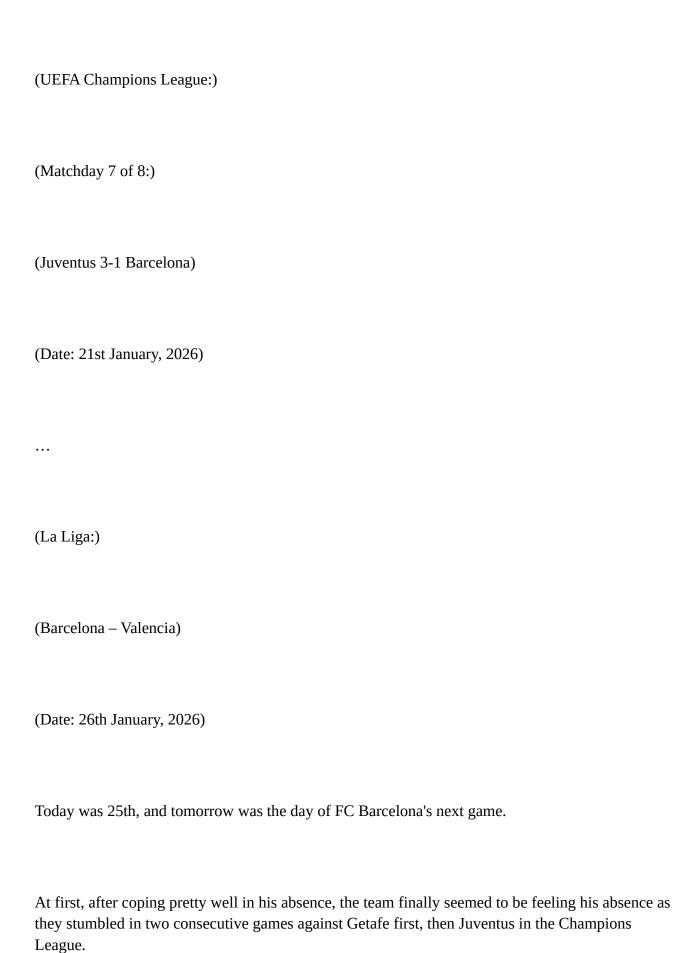
During this time, he only received a contributory message from Hansi Flick, his coach and his teammates, congratulating him on his trophy win.
They knew that he needed the rest.
After a few days of this, enjoying himself, letting his sore muscles to rest and recover even while he kept on jogging to fulfill all righteousness with his system, Sam decided that it was finally time to focus on football again.
With the AFCON tournament out of the way, the only thing that remained in his head was club football.
He had been away from FC Barcelona for almost a month.
In this time, in his absence, his club played a few grueling games. Sam finally focused on FC Barcelona's fixtures to catch up on what he missed.
(FC Barcelona fixtures:)
(La Liga:)
(Barcelona 2-2 Atletico Madrid)





FC Barcelona won the trophy; he also won the trophy.
Those were not all the games that FC Barcelona played in this period though.
(Copa del Rey:)
(Round of 16:)
(Barcelona 3-1 Real Betis)
(Date: 15th January, 2026)
•••
(La Liga:)
(Getafe 1-0 Barcelona)
(Date: 18th January, 2026)

...



Despite both losses though, it was not a full-blown crisis yet as FC Barcelona still comfortably led the La Liga standings and the UEFA champions league standings in first place.
This was why Hansi Flick took the initiative to message Sam, telling him not to rush his return that the team was perfectly fine in his absence.
This was the reason why Sam was still on his vacation.
And today, after enjoying the beauties of Dubai with his girlfriend, bonding even deeper than ever before, he was finally set to do something big.
He had been planning something far greater than just touring Dubai. Something more important than any trophy he had ever won.
As the final evening of their vacation arrived, Sam took his girlfriend to a private, secluded beach on Zaya Nurai Island, a paradise just off Abu Dhabi's coast.
The setting was perfect.
A soft, candlelit dinner on the sand. A path lined with red rose petals leading to a breathtaking oceanfront setup, and a string quartet playing in the background.
The sky burned with hues of orange, pink, and gold as the sun began to set over the Arabian Sea.



