

## 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:)

(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".

As the first notes rang out, tens of thousands of Moroccans stood as one. Their voices carried the anthem across the stadium, loud, defiant, unwavering.

The players stood with hands over their hearts, some eyes closed, others staring straight ahead, embracing the moment. A nation behind them, a destiny before them.

Then came Nigeria's turn.

"Nigeria, We Hail Thee".

The Super Eagles stood tall, their heads high.

The Nigerian section of the stadium erupted, belting out every word with raw passion and pride.

Sam could not help it. Hearing the passionate singing, he also joined in as he could feel goosebumps coursing through his body.

Stanley Nwabali closed his eyes, soaking it in. Osimhen clenched his fists, every fiber of his being consumed by the anthem's call.

The last words echoed into the night. The fans exploded into cheers. The Moroccans waved their flags with fury, while the Nigerians responded with loud chants of their own.

The atmosphere was just electric.

Then, the referee finally took the ball, letting the 2 captains shake hands.

The whistle was seconds away.

The final battle had arrived.

And like expected, the 2 coaches pulled no punches, coming out with the strongest lineup of players that both of their nations could offer.

For Morocco, starting in a 4-2-3-1 formation, Bono manned the posts for the hosts while ahead of him was a defensive quadruple comprising Attiyat Allah, Riad, Aguerd, and Achraf Hakimi.

Further ahead of them was the midfield duo of Ounahi, and Sofyan Amrabat, and then the trio of the left winger, Ben Seghir, the attacking midfielder, Hakim Ziyech, and the right winger, Brahim Diaz.

El Kaabi led the line as the striker.

It was a formidable lineup of players.

Nigeria's own was not inferior though. Starting in their regular 4-2-3-1 formation, Stanley Nwabali started in between the posts while ahead of him was Ola Aina, William Troost-Ekong, Calvin Bassy, and Samuel Ajayi.

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!!!"



"COME ON...!!!" The fans celebrated Bono's save in spectacular fashion.

The game was on!

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Nigeria got the first counterattack, and it was the prelude.

Not the prelude to another Nigeria counterattack though, but the prelude to a flurry of counterattacks from both countries.

In just the 6th minute of the game, Sam set Victor Osimhen up, forcing a spectacular save out of Yassine Bono.

In response, 3 minutes later, Morocco also got its own counter-attacking chance, started by Achraf Hakimi and built on by Brahim Diaz.

On the right-hand side of the pitch where the Real Madrid and PSG players plied their trades, the Moroccan right back and right winger exchanged swift and short passes, cutting through Nigeria's midfield with it, and then...

Bam!

Brahim Diaz hit the final pass, sending it into space and then Achraf Hakimi hit the afterburners, chasing after the ball like he was Iida from My Hero Academia with his engine superpower.

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.

"COME ON!!!" He celebrated his save like it was a goal.

Not just him, a passionate Calvin Bassey and William Troost-Ekong joined in on the celebration, acknowledging the save that he just made.

The atmosphere was electric.

Morocco played their corner kick and Calvin Bassey rose highest, heading the ball away and saving Nigeria from a scare.

The game continued.

A few minutes later, another Moroccan counterattack came which was quickly followed by another lightning-fast Nigerian counterattack.

Both nations were buzzing in attack, eager to score and get the advantage.

In the end though, in those early stages of the game when their energy was so hot-blooded, a goal failed to materialize as both defenses and the goalkeepers performed at an elite level, shutting the attacking players down.

After 20 minutes, the intensity of the game reduced, the game becoming balanced as both sides could not afford continuing to play at such intensity.

After 20 minutes, the intensity lessened and 8 more minutes after that, in the 28th minute of this game, the deadlock was finally broken.

It was a Nigerian corner kick.

Ademola Lookman hit the ball, executing a perfect corner into the 18-yard box and as a scramble started, Calvin Bassey rose into the air like Ironman, catching the ball with a powerful header that finally beat Yassin Bono.

Finally!

BOOM!

The Grand Stade de Tanger erupted in chaos.

Nigerian fans screamed at the top of their lungs, celebrating, and the Nigerian players were not excluded either as Calvin Bassey ran towards the corner flag, pumping his fist all the while as he celebrated.

28 minutes, 0-1 to Nigeria.

Nigeria broke the deadlock but Morocco was not to be outdone.

After minutes of buzzing, trying their hardest to no avail for the equalizer, they finally got a befitting reward for their hard work.

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.

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

"GOALLLLLLLLLLLLLLL...!!!" Moroccan fans roared at the top of their lungs, screaming, jumping, jubilating as they celebrated the goal.

Achraf Hakimi just came up clutch for his country!

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"CAPTAIN FANTASTIC!" The commentators raved.

"What a shot!"

"Clutch player!"

"Arguably the best player of this Moroccan squad!"

"He's led Morocco all the way from the group stage as the captain to this stage. And even at this stage, Achraf Hakimi is showing the world that he is yet to be tired, not until he wins the trophy that he so much covets!"

"What a player!"

While the commentators raved, Achraf Hakimi charged towards the corner flag amid roars of celebrations from fans of the Atlas Lions.



As soon as he got to the corner flag, feeling mischievous, he pointed his finger at the fans and did the machine gun celebration, moving his hand as he mimicked the movement of a shooting machine gun.

In response to his celebration, the fans roared.

His teammates soon swarmed him, celebrating exuberantly.

28 minutes, 0-1 to Nigeria.

35 minutes, 1-1.

Game on!

After that goal, the atmosphere of this game changed.

Both sets of fans knew that this game was going to be a war, a war between 2 formidable armies, but still, Morocco's equalizing goal truly lit a fuse.

BZZZZ!

The atmosphere in this stadium hit a fever pitch, becoming extremely electric as the momentum became even between both sides, resulting in even more chaos in this game.

And then...

FWEEEE!

The referee's whistle was the signal to continue the game.

Immediately, the players of both countries jumped into the fray again, restarting an intense game of end-to-end football.

Led by Achraf Hakimi from the back who kept on making overlapping runs, bombing into Nigeria's half frequently with the ball, the Moroccan captain led the charge for his teammates, dictating the tempo of the game for his team.

Of course, he had a supporting cast of elite players.

Almost all of Morocco's attack came from the right-hand side.

This game, Brahim Diaz was electric.

This was the final of the AFCON tournament. After today, the tournament was over, there was no more games to play.

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.

This game was an extremely tight and intense game, and to break their opponents down, his teammates consistently looked towards him for inspiration.

But Sam was being man-marked.

Sofyan Amrabat was his shadow this game, following him everywhere, defending doggedly old school style.

Sam was patient though, trying his best not to be frustrated.

He knew that his moment would come eventually.

His moment didn't come in the first half though. After an intense game across 45 minutes, a quarter from an hour, the half-time whistle was finally blown by the referee, leaving both countries to share the spoils 1-1 after the first half.

During half-time, Eric Chelle had a few words for his players.

But in the end, what he meant was.

"We can win, so let's win!"

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.

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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!



Thud! Thud! Thud!

His long legs ate yards of space in the pitch, chasing after the ball.

Sofyan Amrabat did a good job keeping him in check in this final that the moment he broke free, the Moroccan squad shook in trepidation.

"Stop him!" The Moroccan coach screamed from the sidelines.

Ounahi was the first to appear, blocking Sam's path.

Without blinking in panic, Sam's legs moved instinctively, rapidly swinging over the ball as he executed step overs.

Wary of being dribbled past, instead of going on the tackle, Ounahi backpedaled in the face of Sam's threat and in the process he was losing his balance.

'A chance...!' Sam's eyes gleamed.

He kicked the ball to the left, Ounahi responded by going left.

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 calculated 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!"

"Unmatched!"

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The Grand Stade de Tanger was a cauldron of noise!

BOOM!

Chaos, ecstasy, shock, all these emotions and more clashed in this stadium in a chaotic cacophony of reactions.

That goal... was incredible.

As Sam slid on his knees in celebration, doing the Jude Bellingham celebration to boot, the stadium erupted.

On one side was the Nigerian fans. All of them rose to their feet, some pulling their jerseys and waving it wildly, the drummers increasing the intensity of their drums, and others simply crying in ecstasy.

That goal was unforgettable! Clutch! It meant the world to the fans.

And then the Sam chants broke out again in Morocco, in the final of the AFCON 2025 tournament.

"Sam!" "Sam!" "Sam!"



Ecstatic fans of the Super Eagles bellowed at the top of their lungs.

As for the Moroccan fans, they were conflicted.

That goal..., Sam literally ran through the whole Moroccan defense!

The Nigerian fans always bragged about having the best player in the world playing for their country. The Moroccan fans always refuted these claims but after this goal, a large part of the fanbase became conflicted.

That goal could not be faked. It was a moment of individual brilliance, a moment of genius that separated Sam from all the other players in this game.

This was an incredibly tight game, a tight game between 2 giants of African football, clashing in the biggest stage of football for the continent of Africa, the AFCON final and yet in this big stage, Sam was still able to perform.

He already performed in the NPFL, he performed in the premier league, he performed in the La Liga, he performed in the UEFA champions league, and now, Sam laid his claim as a God among men in the final of the AFCON tournament.

Clap! Clap!

The Moroccan fans could not help it, some of them rose up, erupting in applause as they celebrated greatness.

They didn't chant his name like the Nigerian fans, happiness didn't show on their faces, and yet they felt the need to appreciate greatness.

Trust the commentators, they would not miss the opportunity to say their thoughts on such an iconic moment.

"What a moment for Sam!"

"He's written his name in AFCON footballing folklore!"

"He's a Nigerian legend true and true now!"

"A Nigerian legend... at the age of 20, 20, my God!"

"Sam is a once in a lifetime genius!"

"A genius on the level of Lionel Messi and Cristiano Ronaldo. Mark my words, this boy is going to dominate the world of football!"

"This is the rise of another legend of the sport!"

"The rise of a football God!"

"When last has opposing fans given a round of applause to the best player of the enemy team? And to do it in the final of the AFCON tournament, it only goes to show how much of a God among men Sam is!"

"The boy is blessed!"

"His feet are divine weapons of mass destruction in a football pitch!"

The Moroccan players were not excluded from the awe the whole stadium was feeling at this moment as they stared at Sam celebrate.

'This guy...!' Sofyan Amrabat felt like he was going crazy.

The others saw it, but not as clearly as he did. Afterall, he got a VIP front-row spot to watch Sam in action in his full glory.

And having been tasked to man-mark Sam, a task that he put beyond 100% of his effort into fulfilling, to witness the man he was supposed to man mark just do this sorcery, Amrabat was flabbergasted.

'He's not human!' He concluded.

Still on the ground, Ounahi looked on, stunned. 'This guy is a monster!'

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.

Under the urging of the referee, they quickly returned to the pitch, arranging themselves in their position as the referee's whistle finally sounded again.

FWEEEE!

The whistle sounded but everyone could tell immediately..., it was no longer the same after that goal.

Sam's goal grabbed this game by the scruff of the neck, taking control.

Earlier in this game, all the way from the first half, Morocco and Nigeria were evenly matched, both playing an intense game of end-to-end football.

The analysts predicted a defensive mistake to be the defining difference between both countries that would decide the winner of the trophy tonight.

But unlike predictions, Sam became the deciding factor.

Singlehandedly, he scored the goal of the tournament.

And that goal tilted the scales, pushing the momentum in Nigeria's favor, taking it out of Morocco's grasp completely.

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.

After receiving a diagonal pass from Alex Iwobi, with his rapid tight-space dribbling, he burst his way into Morocco's 18-yard box again.

"...!"

This time, the whole Moroccan defense reacted in trepidation.

Whoosh!

Players went on sliding tackles, putting their bodies on the line to block any possible shot. Some put their head on the way without fear, others charged closer to clatter into Sam, determined to win back the ball by any means.

Right there in the 18-yard box, with all the attention suddenly on Sam due to the trepidations in the Moroccan defense, a dangerous player was left unmarked.

Nigeria's striker, Victor Osimhen was left unmarked.

Bam!

A soft, delicate pass.

The Mesut Ozil pass!

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.

"GOALLLLLLLLLLLLLL...!!!" 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.



And after arriving at the corner flag, he turned, pointing at the one who provided him with that pass... Samuel Moses.

When Sam arrived, Victor Osimhen went on one knee again, dusting his boots even as the Sam chants filled the stadium again.

"Sam!" "Sam!" "Sam!"

Singlehandedly, Sam took over the 2025 AFCON final with an iron fist, dictating the outcome of the game.

67 minutes, 1-2...

70 minutes, 1-3...

Morocco never recovered.

Hit by the Sam syndrome, the Moroccan national team lost all motivation. As the game wore on, they regained some motivation, pushing them to launch dangerous attacking raids but it didn't amount to much.

The game was already over.

80 minutes, no goal...

90 minutes, no goal...

After 5 minutes of additional time, still no goal, and then...

FWEEEEEE!

The referee's whistle blasted, bringing the game to a sudden halt.

The game... was over.

Chapter 396 396: Nigeria, champions of Africa!

FWEEEEEE!

The referee's whistle blasted through the stadium, cutting through the noise and announcing a final truth around this stadium.

The game was over.

"..."

"..."

".....!"

For a few moments after the final whistle, the stadium and its inhabitants could not quite believe the significance of that whistle as they were still engrossed in the energy of the game.

The game, the final of the AFCON tournament was over.

The AFCON tournament was over.

And with it, an explosion...

BOOM!

An explosion of emotions.

But first was the loud voice of the commentators who made sure to make the moment iconic and unforgettable.

"History! Glory! Immortality! The final whistle has blown in Tangier, Morocco, and Nigeria, yes, Nigeria are Kings of Africa once again!"

"They've prevailed over the hosts!"

"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.

A Nigerian fan stood on a railing, beating his chest, screaming into the night sky. "Champions of Africa!"

On the other side? Silence.

The Moroccan fans sat frozen in heartbreak. Some had their hands over their mouths, eyes wide with shock. They had dared to dream, but the dream had been crushed by the shadow of the villain called Nigeria.

A few wiped tears away, while others tried to applaud their team for the journey.

The Moroccan players, stunned and devastated, stood scattered across the pitch, hands on hips, staring blankly.

They had given everything. But tonight, it was not enough.

Achraf Hakimi broke down in tears.

Finally, he understood how Salah felt when Morocco eliminated Egypt.

Achraf Hakimi was a veteran himself already.

He already had almost a decade of experience in football and in this time, he already had his fair share of losses in the big stages, most notably in the champions league and the World Cup but still, this feeling...

It was so frustrating. To come all this way, only to lose at the last moment.

He looked up, letting his tears flow freely.

Hakimi was not the only one who cried. Brahim Diaz was also in tears, looking towards the stadium stands sorrowfully.

The mood among the Moroccan players was a forlorn one.

While Morocco writhed in silent agony, the Super Eagles had collapsed to the ground in celebration. Some punched the air, others fell onto their backs, laughing, crying, screaming.

Stanley Nwabali sprinted across the field, arms wide open, before being mobbed by his teammates. Victor Osimhen ripped off his shirt, pumping his fists, his veins popping, his face pure adrenaline.

And at the center of it all, Sam.

The man of the match. The architect of victory.

Sam fell to his knees, overcome by emotion. From the beginning of the tournament, he already imagined how he would feel if they managed to make it all the way to win the trophy but now that he did, he was not sure how to react.

His teammates dragged him up, lifted him into the air, parading him like a hero.

Chants of his name rang out across the stadium.

"Sam!" "Sam!" "Sam!"

Sam was used to these chants already. But hearing them this time, he felt so emotional.

'I did it!' He thought. 'No, we did it!'

They had done it. Nigeria were champions of Africa once again.

Noting the mood of the Moroccan players, a few of the Nigerian players, including Sam took the liberty of meeting their opponents to cheer them up.

Afterall, just like them, this was a game that they prepared for with every ounce of effort that they had in them, determined to win too.

But that was the cruel nature of football, there are always the winners and at the same time, there are always the losers.

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.



A moment when a nation was united as one under the banner of football, filled with the victor's euphoria.

After celebrating with the fans, the players finally met their family.

Yes, their families were present.

Sam's family were no different. As early as the semifinals, Sam's family made the trip to Morocco to support their son though Sam never had the opportunity to meet them properly till now.

They were allowed into the pitch to join Sam where Sam hugged his father, so emotional that tears of joy gathered in his eyes.

Winning a trophy with Nigeria, it was something that every football player playing in the streets of Nigeria dreamt about.

Sam never expected to fulfill this dream at the young age of 20.

"Thank you dad," Sam muttered, hugging his dad tightly as he suddenly remembered after that faithful night when he revealed the truth of his system to his father, and the support he got in return.

He could not forget his dad giving him the money to buy the pair of boots and jersey that he competed with in the Christmas game back in 2022.

Sam hugged his dad tighter. "Thank you for everything".

"You deserve it son". Mr. Moses hugged his son back.

And then, it was time for the awards ceremony.

The coronation of Kings.

The night sky above Tangier in Morocco was ablaze with fireworks. The Grand Stade de Tanger had become a cathedral of triumph, the air thick with jubilation, the echoes of Nigerian celebrations reverberating across Africa.

As the Super Eagles gathered at the podium, dressed in champion T-shirts, drenched in sweat and glory, the Moroccan players stood nearby, exhausted, heartbroken, but dignified.

The CAF officials, alongside football legends stood by the gleaming AFCON trophy, its golden shine almost blinding under the stadium lights.

First was the Golden Boot award.

As soon as it was announced, with a big smile on his face, Sam stepped forward, receiving the award amidst applause.

This tournament, he truly went beyond his limits.

Sam did a clean sweep.

With his 12 goals and 6 assists in just 7 games in one tournament, Sam set a new AFCON record for most goals in a single tournament and most goal contributions in a single AFCON tournament.

All of this, he did at the tender age of 20.

He was literally unplayable this tournament.

Next was the Golden Glove award. Stanley Nwabali, Nigeria's rock in goal, stepped up, a smile breaking through his typically stoic face.

He had been Nigeria's wall, their last line of defense, their hero in the semifinal shootout against Senegal. The emotional goalkeeper kissed the award, lifting it high as his teammates cheered.

And then the moment everyone anticipated, the Player of the Tournament.

The stadium roared as the announcer's voice boomed.

"And the best player of AFCON... SAMUEL MOSES!"

The stadium erupted again.

The man of the final. The orchestrator of victory. The artist who painted his masterpiece on Africa's biggest stage.

Sam walked up, draped in the Nigerian flag, his face a mixture of disbelief and pride. He shook hands with officials, lifted the award, and turned toward the Nigerian crowd who chanted his name.

"Sam!" "Sam!" "Sam!"

Sam's eyes welled with tears again.

'This moment..., I wish I can have it frozen forever'.

Chapter 397 397: Memories of a lifetime

Draped in the Nigerian flag, holding the golden ball award and the golden boot award, mind stretched taut with heightened emotions, Sam stood, watching...

"Sam!" "Sam!" "Sam!"

His eyes welled with tears. 'This moment..., I wish I can have it frozen forever'.

28 days since the tournament started, 7 games where he had to fight and toil with not just his teammates but his nation, 28 days of pushing his body both physically and mentally beyond its limits, and finally, here he was.

And then tonight.

The tension, the heartbreak, the war of 90 minutes, it all led to this.

Sam smiled brightly; he would bask in the moment.

He waved at the fans, eliciting even more cheers in this stadium and then he finally stepped aside with his 2 trophies.

And then, the moment that a nation waited for.

The moment of glory.

The Super Eagles assembled on the grand podium, not just individual players anymore, standing behind their captain, eyes fixed on the golden AFCON trophy that was waiting before them.

All of their eyes burned with eager fire and anticipation.

The CAF President handed the trophy over with a congratulatory handshake, William Troost-Ekong taking it with a polite smile.

In that moment, time seemed to stop.

A deep breath. A pause.

Then, the captain lifted the trophy high into the night sky.

BOOM!

A massive explosion of green and white confetti erupted.

The stadium shook with the roar of Nigerian fans as fireworks painted the sky in golden bursts, sending the energy in this stadium again into a fever pitch.

Sam felt excitement and joy fill his whole being.

Alongside his teammates, the Super Eagles players jumped, hugged, and danced, some falling to the ground in overwhelmed joy.

Osimhen drummed on the trophy with both hands, Stanley Nwabali lifted Sam onto his shoulders, and the team formed a circle, dancing in unity.

The trophy passed from hand to hand, each player kissing it, some holding it close, others lifting it high, basking in their immortality.

Ahh..., what an experience, what a moment.

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.

In Lagos, Abuja, Port Harcourt, Kano, Asaba, streets would be filled with people chanting, singing, and dancing till dawn.

Truly, tonight, Nigerians shall tango all night long.

Thinking of this, instinctively, Sam wanted to be in his girlfriend's arms and when he looked back to where his family was, his smile widened.

There Kayla was, a big smile on his face, a flower bouquet on her hand, waving at him as soon as she noticed him look in her direction.

Sam's smile widened. He could no longer hold himself.

Leaving his teammates, he erupted in a sprint. With a big smile, Kayla also ran towards him and she jumped into his arms.

Hugging his girlfriend tightly, Sam twirled round with her.

When he dropped her, he engulfed her rosy lips in a long sensual kiss.

"Ahem....," the sound of a clearing throat was what interrupted the kiss.

When Sam looked, what greeted him was the glare of his little sister whose face was as red as a potato. "Sam!" She hissed. "You're on life camera!"



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.

Since then, from playing in the rough field of the Delta State University in a Christmas Game, he graduated to the professional pitch of Enyimba FC in Abba, and then Fulham's Craven Cottage, before eventually settling in the Spotify Camp Nou.

And now, here he was, in the grandest stage of African continental football.

'It feels like a dream... but I've really come a long way'.

Tonight, Africa had witnessed an unforgettable tournament.

Nigeria had conquered.

And with the AFCON trophy in their hands, they stood as the undisputed Kings of the continent.

After taking pictures with his family, he also took with his teammates, every single one of them with the AFCON trophy, and then he also took with their coach.

The players were the protagonists tonight, but the role of the coach was not to be understated. Without Eric Chelle's tactics, they won't be here.

Not just Sam, the other Super Eagles players acknowledged their coach as with Sam carrying him on his shoulders, they also paraded their coach round the stadium to the fans.

After that, the celebrations finally started waning in the stadium, moving outside the stadium.

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.

"Sam Oye!"

"Sam Oye!" They sang, screaming.

"Osimhen Oye!"

"Nwabali Oye!"

"Nigeria Oye!"

"Nigeria Oye!"

"Morocco Kuya!"

"KUYAAAA!" They chorused.

It was not just in one part of the country. Across the country, youths flooded the streets, celebrating the win and return of the AFCON trophy to their home soil.

That night, DJs got to show their talents, flooding the clubs and bars with music so the celebrating Nigerians could enjoy to their hearts' content.

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.

As soon as Sam stepped out with the AFCON trophy lifted above his head, the joy of the fans became uncontrollable.

"CHAMPIONS!"

"CHAMPIONS!"

"SUPER EAGLES!!!" They cheered at the top of their lungs.

The crowd went wild. People danced, screamed, and hugged strangers as if they had won the trophy themselves.

"Super Eagles don come back!"

"Dem don carry AFCON come house!" They cheered in pidgin.

"Nigeria no dey carry last!"

"Up Super Eagles!" They roared.

It was an explosion of national pride, the kind of joy that made strangers feel like family, and for citizens to temporarily forget the numerous problems plaguing a big country.

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 was a parade to never forget.

...

By evening, the players were invited to the Aso Rock Presidential Villa, where they were received by the President himself.

Medals of honor were awarded.

The entire squad received national recognition, and some were even promised houses, land, and lifetime benefits.

The players, still on a high from their victory, couldn't believe the love they were receiving. This was not just a team; this was a movement.

...

And then came another night of endless celebration.

Across the country, Nigeria did not sleep.

In Lagos, the streets of Surulere, Lekki, and Ikeja turned into dance floors, with massive street parties, blaring music, and people waving flags from car windows.

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.)

...

(FCBarcelona Official:)

(Sam wins his first trophy of the season @AFCON. Images=)

(Congratulations. Applause emoji=)

...

(Nigerian Television Authority- NTA:)

(Samuel Moses, Victor Osimhen, and Stanley Nwabali shines as Nigeria wins the 2025 AFCON tournament!)

(Click this link to watch the best moments from the tournament:)

The world of social media was set ablaze after the AFCON tournament.

Few AFCON tournaments in history ever receive this level of publicity. But with Sam's performance being the driving force of the publicity, the attention of the whole football world turned to the continent of Africa and its tournament.

All the major football news channels in the world covered the event, highlighting the legendary season that Sam was already having.

Never in the history of the AFCON tournament has a player won the golden boot award and also gave the most assists, winning the golden ball award also. And yet Sam, a 20-year-old did it.

What Sam did created history, he set a continental record.

Before now, a lot of football fans already knew who Sam was by now, most especially after his crazy performances for FC Barcelona in the UEFA champions league.

The Catalan club was one of the most popular clubs in the world, and one of the most scrutinized. Playing for Barca now, more limelight now shone on Sam.

And under so many eyes, he was not crumbling under the pressure. Rather, with his mamba mentality, he thrived like an apex predator in a jungle, the jungle of elite professional football.

Even as the whole world entered a rave for the boy named Sam, catching bits and pieces of his highlights from the AFCON tournament online since not everybody watched the tournament, that was when a YouTube video dropped online.

A video that soon took the world by storm, breaking records, setting new viewership records and like records.

[YouTube Channel: MagicalSam]

(You have posted a new video in your YouTube channel 'MagicalSam')

(Samuel Moses- Volume 2: Conquering Africa!)

Sometime ago, an encounter with Sam changed Gregory's life.

Leaving his pitiful life behind, filled with conviction and purpose, he decided to become a fulltime youtuber, creating his channel around the rising Nigerian footballer, Samuel Moses.

This decision was the best decision that Gregory ever made in his life.

The first video of his channel, Samuel Moses- Volume 1: Rising from the streets of Abraka covered Sam's rise from the suburbs of Abraka, rising all the way to Fulham, England, and then to Barcelona, Spain.

That video changed Gregory's life, exploding in popularity. But the popularity of his first video paled in comparison to what his second video got.

It was only his 2nd video in his channel.

And like usual, having informed Kayla before posting it, Kayla promoted the video on all of Sam's social media platforms, and that was where the boom came from.

BOOM!

Like an explosion, it skyrocketed.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

(Congratulations! Your YouTube channel 'MagicalSam' has received 500 subscribers!)

(Congratulations! Your YouTube channel 'MagicalSam' has received 1,467 subscribers!)

(Congratulations! Your YouTube channel 'MagicalSam' has received 8,300 subscribers!)

(Congratulations! Your YouTube channel 'MagicalSam' has received 13,489 subscribers!)

(Congratulations! Your video 'Samuel Moses- Volume 2: Conquering Africa' has attained the Hot tag!)

(Congratulations! Your video 'Samuel Moses- Volume 2: Conquering Africa' has received 13 million likes!)

(Congratulations! Your video 'Samuel Moses- Volume 2: Conquering Africa' has received 56 million likes!)



(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.

But on the 3rd day, Sam felt it, extreme exhaustion.

He felt like he would just faint at any moment.

This was why he proposed a vacation to his girlfriend. Kayla didn't object. Sam fulfilled his promise and won the AFCON tournament, so she was determined to indulge him, give him anything he wanted.

On the 3rd day after clinching the AFCON trophy, Sam went on a vacation with his girlfriend to the United Arab Emirates, Dubai.

...

Finally.

After a grueling battle at the AFCON, after the roars of the crowd and the weight of a nation on his shoulders, Sam finally had his moment of peace.

They choose the United Arab Emirates for their getaway, a place of luxury, serenity, and breathtaking beauty.

This time, Sam decided to truly indulge himself.

For days, they had relaxed in Dubai's finest resorts, cruised the Persian Gulf in private yachts, explored the golden dunes of the desert, and dined under the stars. Sam thoroughly enjoyed himself.

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)

(Date: 21st December, 2025)

...

(Copa Del Rey:)

(Round of 32:)

(Barbastro 0-4 Barcelona)

(Date: 4th January, 2026)

...

(Supercopa de Espana:)

(Semifinal:)

(Athletic Club 0-1 Barcelona)

(Date: 8th January, 2026)

...

(Supercopa de Espana:)

(Final:)

(Real Madrid 2-4 Barcelona)

(Date: 12th January, 2026)

The AFCON trophy was not Sam's first trophy of the 2025/2026 football season. Rather, it was the Supercopa de Espana.

Against Real Madrid, even without him on the side, Hansi Flick managed to pull another tactical masterpiece against Real Madrid for the second straight season in the same stage, outthinking Carlo Ancelotti to push his team to victory even without their two star strikers.

FC Barcelona was a team in form.

Sam may have not played in both games, the semifinal and final but his name was registered among the FC Barcelona players playing in the Supercopa de Espana, and hence the win was also recorded under his name.

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)

...

(UEFA Champions League:)

(Matchday 7 of 8:)

(Juventus 3-1 Barcelona)

(Date: 21st January, 2026)

...

(La Liga:)

(Barcelona – Valencia)

(Date: 26th January, 2026)

Today was 25th, and tomorrow was the day of FC Barcelona's next game.

At first, after coping pretty well in his absence, the team finally seemed to be feeling his absence as they stumbled in two consecutive games against Getafe first, then Juventus in the Champions League.



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.

Sam held her hand, gazing at her with a look she had never seen before, a mixture of nervousness, excitement, and overwhelming love.

Sam took a deep breath.

'It's now or never!'

And then, as the waves softly kissed the shore, he dropped to one knee.

Kayla gasped, hands covering her mouth, eyes glistening with tears before he had even spoken a word.

Sam smiled, looking up at her with unrestrained love in his eyes. "From the moment I met you, my life changed".

"You have been my peace, my biggest supporter, my happiness. Through the highs, the lows, the victories, and the struggles, you have always been there".

"And now... I don't ever want to do this life without you".

He pulled out a custom-made diamond ring, glistening under the candlelight.

"Will you marry me?"

Tears streamed down her face as she nodded frantically before she even had the strength to say...

"Yes! Yes, Sam! A thousand times yes!"

Sam smiled. He slid the ring onto her finger and before he could even stand, she pulled him into the deepest, most heartfelt kiss.

The waves clapped against the shore as if the ocean itself was celebrating them.

As they embraced under the golden twilight, fireworks burst into the night sky, painting their love in shimmering lights.

Sam had won AFCON, conquered stadiums, lifted trophies, but this moment?

This was the greatest victory of his life.

And as he held her in his arms, he knew; this was only the beginning of their forever.

\*\*\*

{Congratulations to us on 400 chapters! Yay!!! Someone shoot the fireworks!}

