

## Football God 451

### Chapter 451: Injury

For the first game in what felt like forever to FC Barcelona fans, Sam played a game that he did not score or assist.

But that was not the important point after the heated El Clasico game in Barcelona. The main talking point should have still been Sam, because Rudiger's reckless tackle in the game left Sam injured.

FC Barcelona fans should be clamoring on social media for Rudiger's head in rage. Yes, they did clamor, but not as much as people expected.

This was because of the teenage wonder, Lamine Yamal.

Yesterday was Lamine Yamal's show. The Spanish wonderkid stole the limelight so thoroughly that fans seemingly forgot the fact that Sam actually sustained a facial injury in the game.

Not just the fans either, the media also fanned the flames.

After such a performance from Yamal, scoring the first hattrick of his career, the world of football reeled as they speculated the future performances that would be put out by the youngster.

Football sites like ESPN+, SuperSports, and other major channels fanned the flames, posting news with Lamine Yamal as the poster boy.

In Barcelona and around the world, Lamine Yamal was already a superstar after his 2024/2025 season under Hansi Flick.

And this season? His fame only increased more but now, after the performance yesterday against Real Madrid, outshining everyone else on the pitch, the young baller's fame rose even higher.

Despite the publicity and crazy attention that the game brought to him, Lamine Yamal didn't let it get to his head.

After all, his friend, Sam was injured.

After the game, not just Sam's friends; knowing how important he was to this team and the fact that the UEFA Champions League final was drawing closer each passing day, the full team checked up on Sam's health.

Apparently, while the game was still going on, Sam was rushed to the hospital on an ambulance to check up on his face.

And by the time the game came to an end, the test results were already out.

And finally, the players could heave a sigh of relief.

It was a painful gash in his face but nothing lasting happened. All Sam needed was time for it to heal. Most importantly, it won't affect his performance as a footballer. Sam could still play the next FC Barcelona game if he wanted.

Raphinha grinned, patting the young striker on the head in his hospital bed. "You're one tough bastard, huh?" He said in Spanish.

"Bastardo," Gavi also grinned, playfully punching Sam on the chest. "You didn't die, huh?" He asked in Spanish, making Sam smile broadly.

"It'll take more than that to kill me".

"Says the guy who cried out in pain as if a needle was being driven through his heart," Lamine Yamal chuckled. "Seriously Sam, why did you scream like that? You got me really scared".

Sam calmly inclined his head to look at the Spaniard. "Why did I scream like that huh?"

He squirmed in his bed. "Come, Lamine, have they stomped on your face before?" He edged towards where Lamine sat on his bed.

Lamine looked at him, chuckled nervously, before carefully shifting farther away.

Sam laughed.

Lamine pouted. "You can be so creepy sometimes".

Sam kept on laughing. "It helps you know".

"Huh?"

Sam looked at him. "I mean it. You know, even that Rudiger, he knows the importance of intimidation as a defender that's why he goes to such lengths to create that unapproachable and crazy personality or himself".

"But being crazy, it does not help just defenders, it helps strikers too".

"When you're intimidating, it's easier to penetrate through defenders and score because psychologically, you'd have an advantage already".

The FC Barcelona players wanted to spend some more time with their striker but after the doctor consulted with Hansi Flick, stressing the importance of rest to his striker's health, the German coach intervened immediately.

After letting his players say their goodbyes to Sam, he sent them away before also wishing his striker the best wishes to recover fast.

He was about to leave when Sam stopped him.

"Hey coach".

"Huh?"

Sam hesitated a bit before asking. "Will I play the next game?"

Hansi Flick lingered, looking at him for a few seconds, then he shook his head. "No. You've played a lot of games this season. Even if you weren't injured by Rudiger, I was already contemplating resting you for a game or two".

"So, this is an opportunity".

"But..."

"Don't worry," Hansi Flick smiled. "We can win without you".

Hearing that, Sam also smiled. "Ok".

As soon as the coach left his hospital bed, Sam sneakily picked up his iPhone, an excited look on his face as he dialed a number.

[Outgoing call to Mi Corazon...]

He asked his coach if he would play in the next game for a reason.

Being injured? To other professional football players, it was a crime, an event that could more or less ruin their career if not make them stagnated for a long time.

But for Sam? Injury was just a minor inconvenient because of his system.

His system... it was the one advantage that he had over every other professional football player in the world.

An advantage that was exclusive to him. An advantage that had been inherited by geniuses of previous generations past, and was now inherited by him.

An advantage that even Messi and Ronaldo never had.

This was why instead of taking the sudden injury as a setback, Sam let fate have its way, thinking of it as a blessing instead.

He thought of it as a blessing because it gave him time to rest and recover without the help of the system-given recovery pills.

Though he had the system, Sam still preferred recovering normally.

All those were marginal reasons though; the main reason why it excited Sam to no end was the fact that by getting injured, he finally had the time he needed to spend with his girlfriend and have a mini vacation.

Mi Corazon? That was his girlfriend, no, fiancée.

He could not wait to spend time with Kayla.

Chapter 452 452: A mini vacation

It was 2 days since the epic clash at the Spotify Camp Nou.

The bruising El Clasico was over, and as the rave about Lamine Yamal's hattrick died, that was when attention returned to the King... Samuel Moses.

That was when it settled in that for the first time all season, Sam walked off the pitch with nothing on the scoreboard. No goal, no assist, just the sting of a reckless elbow that left a shallow gash on his cheekbone and a deeper one on his pride, or so people thought.

But still, Barcelona was buzzing. Clasico nights always lingered in the city like perfume, but while the city boiled, Sam slipped away from all the noise.

No press conferences, no headlines, no talk of golden boots, no Ballon d'Or talks. Just a short pause. Two days of quiet with Kayla.

They checked into the Hotel Miramar, perched high above Montjuic, overlooking the city like royalty in exile.

It was the kind of place where the scent of lavender clung to the hallways, and silence felt curated. Their suite had a private terrace wrapped in ivy and warmed by the Spanish sun.

From there, the city sprawled below, indifferent and beautiful.

Kayla ran her fingers along the line of gauze on his cheek as they sat together on the balcony, her legs draped over his lap.

The first time she saw him after the injury after her trip to Barcelona, Kayla felt her heart leap out of her throat and in that moment, she wanted nothing more than to find that Rudiger guy to Madrid and strangle him to death.

Now though, she was used to the sight.

Looking at him, she smiled. "You still look perfect," she murmured, tucking a strand of hair behind his ear.

Sam chuckled, wincing slightly.

"You say that now. Wait until I'm doing interviews like a pirate".

They spent their days drifting. Brunch at Flax & Kale, where Sam traded protein shakes for acai bowls and Kayla teased him about becoming too soft.

Sam laughed to her jokes.



They walked the Gothic Quarter at dusk, blending with tourists and street performers, Sam's cup pulled low, anonymity draped over him like a borrowed hoodie. They ducked into antique bookstores and tried on ridiculous sunglasses in tiny shops.

At night, they lounged in the infinity pool, steam curling into the air as the city lights blinked on like fireflies.

Kayla wore his oversized Barca hoodie over her bikini, and he wore a quiet smile that rarely made it to the cameras. Away from all the hustle and bustle of professional football for the first time in a while, just with the woman he loved, Sam felt at peace.

He felt like he was close to achieving nirvana.

'I wish this moment lasts forever'. He thought, a wistful smile on his face.

Noticing the smile, Kayla also smiled. "What are you thinking about?"

Sam looked at her, smiling wider. "Just thinking of how lucky I am to have such a beautiful career and have the most beautiful girl in the world as my fiancée. Also, I'm just appreciating the moment". He sighed. "I wish it can last forever".

"Well, we can make it last forever".

As Sam looked at her, baffled, she brought out her iPhone before quickly turning her back to him.

Sam followed, hugging her from behind.

Kayla raised her phone up, high enough to cover both of them in the camera, then...

Click!

She took a picture.

Sam chuckled. "Well, that's one way to go about it".

"I know doofus".

He laughed.

They didn't talk much about the match that resulted in his injury, they just enjoyed the moment. She didn't bring up the missed chances or the silence of the scoreboard, God knows he's scored enough this season already.

Instead of bringing all that up, she asked about the dreams he used to have before football was a job.

"Dreams?" Sam laid down, looking at the sky. "Well, when I was small, I used to dream of being a musician at times. My dad was the one who wanted me to play football, while my mom wanted me to go to medical school and be a Doctor". He confessed, half-laughing. "Then I saw FC Barcelona play. Everything changed".

"Which Barcelona squad?"

Sam looked at her, surprised. "Have I not told you of the very first football game that I watched, while I was just 6?"

"You didn't".

Sam sighed, lightly slapping himself on the head. "Such an oversight from me". He grinned. "Well, it just means I can tell you now".

Kayla looked at him, intrigued. "Do tell".

"Ok," Sam's face turned solemn, entering story-telling mood. "Once upon a time, in Nigeria, in the streets of Abraka..."

Kayla rolled her eyes. "Tell the story normally".

"But I want to tell it like this".

"If you do, I'll kiss you".

"Huh?" Sam was confused. "Then, I will tell it like this".

"You cheeky bastard". She kissed him.

It took some time, but Sam did tell the story of the very first football game that he watched, the 2011 UEFA Champions League final between FC Barcelona and Manchester United.

It felt like a lifetime ago when he watched the likes of Andres Iniesta, Xavi, Messi, and the others stealing the show in the elite stage of football, and now, it was his turn and the turn of the new Barca generation.

He smiled. 'We'll do it'.

On the second morning, they took a motorboat ride along the coast, far enough from the beach crowds that it felt like another world.

Sam let the salt wind hit his face, eyes closed, the sting of the sea numbing the scrape on his cheek. Kayla took photos of the horizon. He took photos of her.

That night, as they returned to the hotel, she caught him standing on the terrace alone, staring down at Camp Nou glowing in the distance.

"Thinking about next weekend?" She asked.

He nodded once, then turned to her with that same fire he wore on matchdays. "A little. But not too much".

Then he took her hand and pulled her inside.

Chapter 453 453: The end is nigh [1]

15th May, 2026...

(La Liga:)

(Matchday 36 of 38:)

(Espanyol – Barcelona)

While Sam was having a mini vacation with his fiancée, enjoying a much needed vacation, the football season continued for FC Barcelona.

After 35 grueling matchdays of the Spanish La Liga season, they were about to play matchday 36, an away clash against Espanyol.

But most importantly, the end of the season is nigh.

Plus today's game, FC Barcelona had just 3 La Liga games left to complete the 2025/2026 football season. As for their European exploits, they had just one game remaining for the season, the UEFA Champions league final against PSG.

The UEFA Champions League final still felt like a distant affair though, and so they focused on the one before them, the league clash against Espanyol.

It was not just a league clash though, the game against Espanyol had another layer behind it because it was a Catalan derby.

Espanyol were neighbors to FC Barcelona.

That night, the FC Barcelona squad for the game traveled to the RCDE Stadium, the temple and home of RD Espanyol de Barcelona, where the rival fans gave them a somewhat subdued welcome.

No matter how much they hated their big rival, Espanyol fans had no choice but to respect FC Barcelona, most especially after their crazy exploits in the UEFA Champions League against Inter Milan in the semifinal to qualify to the final of the champions league after 10 years.

In an alternate universe, Inter Milan could have easily won the game; that was how grueling and tight the semifinal clash at the San Siro was.

For this game, Hansi Flick rotated his team again after the back to back grueling encounters against Inter Milan and Real Madrid in the UEFA Champions League and the Spanish La Liga.

For this game, both Lamine Yamal and Raphinha, including Pedri was rested. As for fullbacks, Alejandro Balde and Jules Kounde? Both had a knock in training, forcing Hansi Flick to also rest both players for the game.

FC Barcelona started in their usual 4-2-3-1 formation, but this time, the offensive trio comprised of Ansu Fati, Pau Victor, and Ansu Fati.

In attacking midfield was Gavi, while further behind him, deeper in the midfield were Frankie De Jong and Marc Casado who was back from his injury.

In defense, the quadruple comprised Gerard Martin in left back, Inigo Martinez and Pau Cubarsi in center defense, and Ronald Araujo in right back.

Marc Andre Ter Stegen naturally started in between the posts.

As for Espanyol? They started in a similar 4-2-3-1 formation; Garcia manning the posts for them, while ahead of him was a defensive quadruple of El Hilali, Kumbulla, Cabrera, and Romcro.

In midfield was the duo of Gonzalez de Zarate and Lozano. I attacking midfield is Exposito, while Roca manned the right wing, Puado in left wing, and Fernandez as the starting striker.

FWEEE!

The game started and from the onset, Espanyol showed that despite the fact that this was a vastly rotated FC Barcelona team, they still feared their rivals.

They played a careful and conservative game against the Catalan giants.

Their defense was compact though. After all, by sacrificing offensive power for a more conservative playstyle, they were able to cover more ground in defense, shoring up all openings before their opponents could take advantage of it.

Besides, with the true creative juggernauts like Pedri and Lamine Yamal not in the field, it was easier to defend against FC Barcelona.

They almost did it for 45 minutes till in the 43rd minute when Pau Victor lashed into a Marc Casado cross in the box, coolly directing a header past Garcia and into the Espanyol net.

The away fans erupted in celebration as soon as the ball entered.

Pau Victor ran and slid on his knees in celebration.

A few minutes later, the halftime whistle sounded.

First half came to an end 0-1 in FC Barcelona's favor.

When second half started, Espanyol played with more urgency and intent. And yet, despite coming out of their shell, they soon found to their dismay that breaking down the FC Barcelona defense was not going to be a walk in the park.

This continued until the 72nd minute when Kumbulla, the center defender uncharacteristically struck the ball from over 30 yards out during an Espanyol attack.

The attacking players surrounding him, asking for the ball screamed and gesticulated in frustration as soon as the defender struck the ball at goal, but they were left gawking in shock soon after, because the ball tore its way into the net at an acute angle in the top right corner.



Silence, shock, then...

BOOM!

The RCDE stadium erupted as the home fans celebrated the goal exuberantly, even as the defender celebrated his goal with passion.

With a big smile on his face, he charged towards the corner flag, pumping his fists excitedly even as the fans reacted to his joy.

But Espanyol's joy was short-lived.

It was not even a minute. Mere seconds after Kumbulla's wonder goal, Ferran Torres received a pass from Gavi before quickly slipping a through pass for Pau Victor who rounded Garcia, the Espanyol goalkeeper before scoring FC Barcelona's second goal of the game.

72 minutes, 1-1...

73 minutes, 1-2...

The young FC Barcelona striker celebrated with raw passion.

That goal was the winning goal. Espanyol failed to score a second goal of their own, and the game came to an end with the 1-2 scoreline.

Another 3 point secured on the road for FC Barcelona.

Their La Liga title hopes was still firmly on point.

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After the Espanyol game, Sam ended his mini vacation, joining the next FC Barcelona team training to prepare for the finale of the football season.

FC Barcelona's next clash was another league game, this time a home game against the visiting Villareal.

(La Liga:)

(Barcelona – Villareal)

(Date: 18th May, 2026)

Sam trained with the team. He felt good, showcasing his level in training. He made the starting XI for FC Barcelona's next game.

The team was in great spirits, ready to make history.

Chapter 454 454: The end is nigh [2]

18th May, 2026...

It was Matchday 37, and the atmosphere at the Spotify Camp Nou was nothing short of electric.

The air pulsed with tension and anticipation from the moment dawn broke over Barcelona. Streets near the stadium were flooded with a tide of Blaugrana; flags, scarves, and jerseys everywhere.

Fans gathered in cafes and plazas, their conversations dominated by lineup predictions, title hopes, and dreams of glory.

After the win against Real Madrid, this season's La Liga winner was set in stone. But it was not until the win against Espanyol that they truly clinched the title, leaving their archrivals in the dust in second place.

But they could not celebrate their title win in Espanyol; that was why they waited till today. And that was why today was so different, special and important to the FC Barcelona fans.

As kickoff approached, the atmosphere thickened with emotion. Hours before the match, supporters swarmed the stadium gates. Children painted their faces, elders recounted past triumphs, and die-hard fans clutched banners bearing club legends and chants that echoed decades of dominance.

The cules came in waves, a mosaic of faith and passion. The club megastore was stripped clean; every shirt with the number 10, 8, and 19 sold out by midday.

No. 10 was Samuel Moses, No. 8 was Pedri, while No. 19 was Lamine Yamal.

Inside the Camp Nou, the stage was set like a gladiatorial arena. Giant flags rippled across the stands, tifos were unfurled, and the roar of 90,000 voices created a symphony of defiance and belief.

The chants didn't stop for a second.

"Visca el Barca!" They chanted repeatedly like a war drum.

The weight of legacy was everywhere; Messi, Xavi, Iniesta, Ronaldinho, ghosts of past glories hovering in the chants.

Every pass, every touch in the warm-up drew an eruption from the crowd. Fans wept, fans laughed, fans prayed.

Everyone understood; history was waiting.

They may have already won it, but still, no one came to see their team draw or lose on their celebratory night. Rather, they came to conquer.

For this game, Hansi Flick gave his big players freedom to express themselves on the pitch, fielding all his best players in the regular 4-2-3-1 formation.

Ter Stegen started in between the posts, and ahead of him in defense was the quadruple of Alejandro Balde, Inigo Martinez, Pau Cubarsi, and Jules Kounde. In midfield was the regular midfield duo of Pedri and Frankie De Jong.

Gavi was in attacking midfield, while on either side of him, in the right was Lamine Yamal while on the left was Raphinha.

Sam led the line as the striker.

For Villareal, L. Junior started in between the posts for the visitors, while their defensive quadruple comprised Femenia, Foyth, Costa, and Cardona in defense. They played in a 4-4-2 formation and their midfield quadruple comprised Nicolas Pepe, Comesana, Parejo, and Gueye.

Their attacking duo comprised Barry and Perez.

FWEEE!

It was a formidable Villareal lineup, but up against that FC Barcelona lineup? They were going up against a giant, a relentless, ruthless and unstoppable giant.

As soon as the game started, FC Barcelona took control.

They ran rampant, dribbling, passing, penetrating through Villareal like a hot knife through butter as the Catalans dominated at home.

They played with flair, energy, and freedom. Most importantly, they played with the joy and excitement of winning the La Liga title.

FC Barcelona struck as early as the 8th minute.

Alejandro Balde started it, bombing down the left side of the pitch with the ball before passing to Sam who slipped it to Lamine Yamal who hit it one-time, sending it back across in a cross towards a suddenly unmarked Balde.

Bam!

Balde rifled it past the goalkeeper and into the net.

The Spotify Camp Nou erupted, celebrating the first goal of the game.

Just 4 minutes later, in the 12 minute of the game, FC Barcelona doubled their lead, this time it was Raphinha bombing into the 18-yard box with speed and flair before poking the ball past Villarreal's goalkeeper.

12 minutes, 2-0...

Just 3 minutes later, in the 15th minute, Lamine Yamal scored the third FC Barcelona goal, weaving through 3 players from the right side of the pitch before curling a stunner past L. Junior and into the net.

Yamal whirled off in celebration before a jubilant Camp Nou.

10 minutes later, Villarreal's defense managed to hold, giving their offensive units chances in attack but in the 27th minute, one lightning-fast counterattack broke them down the 4th time this first half.

This time, it was Sam.

Pedri won back the ball and spotted the run immediately, lobbing it over the defense for Sam who overtook all the lumbering men in defense.

He took the ball in his strides and as the goalkeeper charged out to meet him, he chipped the ball above him, scoring a cheeky goal.

Sam celebrated with the calma celebration.

In the 42nd minute, he doubled his tally from the air, powering a header past Junior and into the net from a Lamine Yamal cross.

The first half came to an end 5-0 in FC Barcelona's favor.

This first half, FC Barcelona didn't just win against Villarreal, they humbled team, teaching them an unforgettable lesson in football.

In second half, they reduced the intensity, enjoying themselves, every capable player dribbling through Villarreal players for fun.

But even at that, they still scored.

Sam got his hatrick, receiving the ball from Raphinha outside the 18-yard box, shuffling his feet a bit before rifling as shot into the top bin.

68 minutes, 6-0...

And yet, that was not all.

In the 75th minute, Jules Kounde joined the feast, smashing a stunner from outside the box into the net with stunning power.

75 minutes, 7-0...

It was over. It was a humbling defeat.

Villarreal didn't even get a consolation goal. They became the foil with which FC Barcelona enjoyed and started their La Liga title celebrations.

By the time the final whistle blew, the Spotify Camp Nou was already boiling with endless energy and passion, then...



FWEEE!

The game came to an end.

Chapter 455 455: FC Barcelona; 2025/26 La Liga Champions

FWEEE!

The final whistle blew, and the Spotify Camp Nou erupted, not in relief, but in ecstasy. Pure, unrestrained joy.

Barcelona had not just claimed the title, they annihilated their final hurdle to show their dominance this season.

A 7-0 demolition of Villarreal at home; a performance soaked in effortless swagger, precision, and ruthless brilliance. This wasn't a team crawling toward glory; it was a coronation delivered with fireworks, finesse, and the flair only Barca can summon.

The commentators could hardly contain themselves. Their voices rose with reverence, echoing through living rooms and radios across the world.

"Magnificent. Majestic. Mesmerizing".

"Barcelona aren't just champions, they're architects of footballing poetry..."

The commentators waxed lyrical, speaking of a season defined by dominance, of fluid football sculpted with surgical brilliance.

They called it one of the most complete campaigns in recent memory; a team reborn, rekindling echoes of the golden era.

On the pitch, the players collapsed in joy. Some dropped to their knees, eyes glistening with the weight of a season's worth of sacrifice and fire. Others sprinted toward the fans, arms wide open, as if embracing all of Catalunya at once.

For Sam, it was more personal.

To him, it was another title win in one of the top 5 leagues in Europe after his miraculous premier league title win with Fulham last season.

Sam had a video call with his family right there at the Spotify Camp Nou.

He cried, smiled, and roared with the euphoria of victory.

Then, feeling mischievous, he pointed at his mom. "Mom..., remember when you were always so adamant that I won't play football?"

"..." His mom was stumped.

Seeing her reaction, Sam grinned. "What do you think now? Do you still think football will ruin my life?"

Mrs. Moses was stunned at her bold her son was, but then she laughed and shamelessly looked at him. "Humph! You're lucky you made it in football, or you see me? I'd have skinned you alive".

"Mom!" Sam called, stunned at how shameless she was.

"Haha," his mom laughed at his reaction.

The celebrations continued on the pitch.

For Sam, after the Catalan police verified her identity, his fiancée, Kayla was allowed into the pitch as she ran to him before jumping into his arms.

The couple in love kissed passionately right there on the pitch.

Of course, trust the paparazzi.

Click! Click! Click!

The sound of camera clicks reverberated. The morning news tomorrow was surely going to become really spicy.

Outside the bubble that Sam created with his fiancée and his family, celebrating, outside, the celebrations also continued.

His teammates also celebrated with their families.

At some point, his friends in the FC Barcelona team, Balde, Pedri, Gavi, and Lamine Yamal approached as they laughed with him, teased Kayla before taking group pictures with each other.

It was a truly memorable moment, a harmonious memory, an unforgettable chronicle in their career tales.

As for the fans? They were also celebrating exuberantly.

Shirts were thrown, flags waved, and the Spotify camp Nou became a sea of tears, laughter, and unfiltered euphoria.

At some point, Hansi Flick was hoisted into the air by his players, the architect behind the spectacle. Fireworks exploded into the night sky.

"Campeones, campeones, ole ole ole!" The crowd roared from the stands like thunder.

The players danced, sang, and poured champagne over one another like children chasing a dream. It was simply unforgettable.

Cameras flashed. Families joined on the pitch. Legends applauded from the VIP stands, even as confetti rained down in the club's iconic red and blue.

In that moment, the Spotify Camp Nou wasn't just a stadium.

It was the heart of world football; beating loud, proud, and forever blaugrana.

...

Days later, Barcelona was still in celebration mode.

After the home encounter against Villarreal at the Spotify Camp Nou on 18th May, the celebrations continued for a long time.

It's been a long time since Catalan fans let loose in such a manner, celebrating a literal perfect season of football.

But this time, they indulged themselves.

It was their season, and they were allowed to enjoy it.

The season was not over yet though. FC Barcelona still had 2 games to play to compete the season, first was their final La Liga game of the season against Athletic Club, an away game.

And finally the UEFA Champions League final.

Today was 25th may, the D-day for their final La Liga clash of the season.

(La Liga:)

(Athletic Club – Barcelona)

The atmosphere at the Estadio de San Mames was a bit subdued, with a hint of reverence as Athletic welcomed the La Liga champions to their home for the final matchday of the season.

The fact that it was FC Barcelona didn't make the Athletic Club coach roll his team over on their belly though. Rather, they started with their best starting XI.

Just like FC Barcelona, Athletic Club played regularly in a 4-2-3-1 formation. Agirrezabala was the man in between the goal posts, while ahead of him in defense was the quadruple of De Marcos, Vivian, Alvarez, and Berchiche.

In midfield was Ruiz de Galarreta and Jauregizar, while in attacking midfield stood Alex Berenguer.

To the right of the attacking midfielder stood Inaki Williams, one of the Williams' brother, while on the opposite flank was Nico Williams, one of the most electric wingers in world football.

Ahead of them all was the sole striker, Sannadi.

This was Nico Williams' last game as an Athletic Club player. He reportedly signed a contract with a big club in Europe already; which means he would be leaving his parent club after today's game.

As for FC Barcelona? Hansi Flick tinkered with his team, letting a few players with need for playing experience to exercise their legs on the pitch.

They started in their regular 4-2-3-1 formation. Inaki Pena started in between the goal, while the defensive quadruple this time comprised Gerard Martin, Ronald Araujo, Eric Garcia, and then Hector Fort.

In midfield was Frankie De Jong and Marc Casado, Gavi in midfield, while the front trio comprised Ansu Fati, Ferran Torres, and Pau Victor.

FWEEE!

The game started.

Chapter 456 456: Prelude to the UEFA Champions League Final

Athletic Club scored the first goal of the game.

As early as the 13th minute, the FC Barcelona net shook and the hero of the sequence of play was the Spain International, Nico Williams.

It started with Alex Berenguer, the attacking midfielder who received the ball with his back to goal before passing it towards Inaki Williams. Inaki Williams pushed the ball forward once, blitzing past Gerard Martin with speed before crossing the ball towards his brother on the other side.

Bam!

With his first touch, a perfect one, Nico Williams brought the ball under control. Eric Garcia closed him down immediately.

But with his second touch, Nico Williams flicked the ball to his right, leaving Eric Garcia with an ankle breaker as the defender collapsed to the ground, leaving a hole in the FC Barcelona backline.

Another touch, then another, then...

BAM!

Nico Williams stance seemed like he was aiming at the far corner, but at the last moment, he shifted his stance, swinging to shoot towards the near corner.

Inaki Pena was rooted to one spot, watching as the ball entered his net.

"GOALLLL...!"

The Estadio de San Mames exploded.



Yes, the Athletic Club fans respected their visiting opponents who already won the La Liga title, but that didn't mean they wanted to lose.

Rather, they wanted to win, respect notwithstanding.

This was why they celebrated the goal passionately, suddenly infused with hope at a very real possibility of winning this game.

After that goal in the 13th minute, the game opened up.

FC Barcelona created some chances but in the first half, Athletic Club was the superior side as their dynamic attack cut Barcelona's defense open again and again till they struck again just before halftime.

In the 44th minute, Sannadi, their striker struck, fed by Inaki Williams as the striker pounced on the cross, heading it past Inaki Pena.

44 minutes, 2-0...

The Estadio de San Mames was a cauldron of noise already, but it died down just a minute later when Ansu Fati rolled back the years with a solo effort.

As soon as the game was restarted, Frankie De Jong received a pass, ran up the field with it a bit before feeding Ansu Fati who was on the left. As soon as the ball touched Fati's leg, he entered a state of ultra-instinct.

When the first defender came for the ball, he protected it with his leg, making De Marcos lose balance before nutmegging him.

With that, he bombed towards the 18-yard box.

The midfielder, Ruiz de Galarreta rushed in before going on a sliding tackle but fearlessly, Ansu Fati flicked the ball above him before also jumping.

As he landed, another defender was already there, Vivian, who was already stretched towards the floating ball.

But Ansu Fati had other ideas.

Thud!

He landed, but he didn't just land.

While still in mid-air, the idea came and he executed it instinctively; caressing the ball with a delicate backheel touch to push it just beyond Vivian's leg.

The center defender didn't expect such ingenuity, and he froze, for a moment. That moment was all Ansu Fati needed.

Alvarez closed in.

But taking the ball with him, Fati wiggled through the 2 defenders, one aggressive and the other frozen. Suddenly, he was one on one with the goalkeeper.

Before the goalkeeper could react and rush out, he inclined his body to the left and curled his right leg around the ball, sending it towards the far corner.

The goalkeeper dived, getting a touch on it but it wasn't enough.

The ball kissed the far post before nestling into the net.

There was stunned silence at the San Mames for a few seconds, but then...

BOOM!

The traveling FC Barcelona fans exploded with joyful and exuberant celebration.

The first half came to an end 2-1 in Athletic's favor.

When the second half started, Hansi Flick made a few changes, introducing Lamine Yamal for Pau Victor, moving Ferran Torres to the striker position.

It didn't matter much because Athletic Club kept on dominating.

In the 60th minute, Nico Williams scored again, this time from a solo effort as he scored an absolute banger from outside the box into the top right corner.

FC Barcelona kept on trying but nothing tangible happened.

In the 72nd minute, Hansi Flick introduced Jules Kounde and Pedri, while in the 75th minute, he introduced Sam.

Without anyone saying, the Athletic Club players and their fans knew that they heavyweights were in and the atmosphere in the stadium changed with it.

Athletic Club changed their strategy, deciding to play a bit more defensive to protect their 3-1 lead but it didn't matter before Barcelona.

They tried their best, they persevered for 10 minutes, but just within 3 minutes, it all came unraveled.

In the 86th minute, Sam slipped a pass to Lamine Yamal who teased the Athletic defenders with his twinkle toes before setting Pedri who unleashed a smashing hit, sending it towards the top left corner with precision.

Then, in the 89th minute, an unlikely hero appeared, Gerard Martin.

Pedri raised the ball above the Athletic defense for the overlapping left back who powered it into the net with a close-range header.

In a blink, from 3-1, it was 3-3!

BOOM!

The away stands at the Estadio de San Mames exploded again.

The FC Barcelona fans weren't satisfied with just a draw though. They pushed their players to go for the winning goal, and the players on the pitch showed their eagerness within the last 3 minutes of additional time.

They could not do it though, Athletic Club defended for their lives.

And then...

FWEEEE!

The game came to an end.

Sam didn't score or assist this game but his impact was felt heavily after he entered the pitch, his imprint was all over the 2 goals scored after he entered the game. But for tonight, Gerard Martin won the man of the match award.

To them, this was a preparatory game.

The prelude to the UEFA Champions League final in Munich.

Chapter 457 457: UEFA Champions League Final; PSG vs Barcelona [1]

2 days later...

27th May, 2026.

At Robert Lewandowski's sprawling Catalan villa nestled in the hills overlooking Barcelona, the air buzzed with anticipation; not just for the looming Champions League final, but for the gathering that promised to bind the squad tighter than ever before.

The sun dipped lazily over the Mediterranean, casting a golden hue on the tiled rooftops and whitewashed walls as Lewandowski, ever the consummate professional and team leader opened his home for a classic reunion *espanola*; a traditional Spanish style get together meant to strip away the weight of competition and let friendship breathe.

The UEFA Champions League final was to commence in 4 days.

The atmosphere in Barcelona these days was electric, preparing for the club's final game and most important game of the season.

The pressure was much on the players, and was exactly why Robert Lewandowski organized this get together in his Catalan villa.

He was still recovering from his injury, he could not take part in the final game but it didn't matter. To Robert Lewandowski, what mattered was that he could still contribute to the team in this manner.

The heart of the evening was set outdoors on a spacious stone terrace shaded by olive trees and trailing grapevines.

Long wooden tables were arranged under string lights that twinkled like stars. The scent of grilled meats and spices filled the air; carne a la brasa, sizzling chorizo, and smoky morcilla charred over an open flame.

Nearby, a massive paella pan sat bubbling with golden saffron rice, seafood, and rabbit, lovingly stirred by a local chef Lewandowski had hired from Valencia.

Laughter echoed through the garden as players trickled in, dressed casually; linen shirts, shorts, and sandals.

Gavi and Pedri took turns teasing each other at the ping pong table set up in one corner, even as Lamine Yamal hung out with Sam and Alejandro Balde.

At another side, Jules Kounde, always the smooth one played DJ with a playlist of flamenco-infused pop, reggaeton, and old Spanish rock.

Ter Stegen nursed a glass of tinto de verano and played chess with Hansi Flick. Yes, the coach was also invited for the occasion. After some dilemma he decided to drop by to lend his blessing to the night.

Tapas were passed around; plates of jamon iberico, patatas bravas, boquerones en vinagre, and spicy pimientos de padron, each dish sparking conversation, debate, and jokes.

Even the foreign players, unfamiliar with Spanish customs, quickly fell into the rhythm of relaxed eating and constant chatter.

The beer flowed, but not too freely. After all, to others, the season may have finished already. But to FC Barcelona? Not yet, one game remained. The most important game of their season, the UEFA champions league final.

Lewandowski enforced the beer restrictions, making sure everyone knew this wasn't about partying, but it was more about presence, connection, and unity.

As night deepened, Lewandowski stood, raised his glass of cava, and addressed his teammates; not with a fiery speech, but with quiet conviction.

At first, he joked.

Chuckling, he started. "I know most of you are angry with me". He smirked. "After all, I just went and got injured in a season and crazy as this one".

"Well, I don't blame you". He laughed. "I'm angry at myself too".



"Anyways, you guys, I believe you all know why I invited you all here tonight... the UEFA Champions League final".

"We're not just playing for a title. We're playing for each other".

"For this city. For the crest".

"This feeling... is what we fight to protect".

The table erupted in applause and cheers. Arms linked, players sag along to a spontaneous chorus of "Volveremos a ser campeones" led by Ferran Torres, Sam, and Kounde.

As an FC Barcelona fan for a long time, all the way since he was 6 years old, Sam knew all the Barcelona chants, slangs, and songs.

Tonight, there were no speeches, no rehearsed bravado, just the raw, electric heartbeat of a team ready to go to war together.

That night, under the Catalan stars, Barcelona wasn't just a club.

It was a family.

After that experience in Lewandowski's villa, the players who were fit returned to their normal schedule of train, train, and train again under their coach.

Hansi Flick drilled his team physically and tactically to the optimum level.

While they trained, time moved fast.

And then...

...D-day was here.

...

31st May, 2026...

Germany, Munich.

The night Munich held its breath.

The Allianz Arena, normally cloaked in red blazed a split hue of electric blue and deep garnet, the colossal stadium pulsing with energy like the heart of Europe itself. Not just Europe, but European football.

It was the UEFA Champions League Final.

(UEFA Champions League:)

(Final:)

(PSG – Barcelona)

Two giants. One crown.

And the atmosphere? Electric. Feverish. Sacred.

The streets outside were a sea of flags, chants, and face paint. Barcelona fans, draped in blaugrana, sang.

"El Cant del Barca!"

They roared with tearful pride, their voices echoing against the walls of the stadium. PSG ultras, slick in navy and red bellowed on their side.

"Ici c'est Paris!"

They roared, waving flares and marching in unison with relentless fervor.

It was 2 football countries, 2 different footballing cultures.

The languages were different, but the passion was identical; tonight was war in cleats.

Then came the first seismic moment; the arrival of the team buses.

The Barcelona bus rolled in first, escorted by flashing police motorcycles, cutting through the din like warship through stormy seas.

Cameras flashed, fans screamed, and the team inside remained still; focused.

Inigo Martinez, eyes locked ahead. Pedri, headphones on, bobbing slightly to the beat. The young blood and old guard, unified. Hansi Flick stood at the steps of the bus as they disembarked, claspings shoulders and whispering final words of steel into his players' ears.

Moments later, PSG's bus swept in. Sleek. Shadowed.

Behind blacked-out windows sat Marquinhos, impassive and calm, like a storm waiting to break. Alongside him, Ousmane Dembele, a man with divided loyalties stepped off to the mixed sound of whistles and cheers.

Luis Enrique, ever cool, lithe as a predator followed his squad with a gaze sharp enough to cut glass.

The Allianz Arena itself seemed to vibrate with the moment. The pitch was pristine, glowing under the floodlights like emerald glass.

The Champions League anthem began to play, and the roar was deafening; thunderous, reverent, mythical.

Fireworks cracked in the air. Drone cameras soared. It felt less like a game and more like the entrance to Valhalla.

This wasn't just football. This was ritual.

Chapter 458: UEFA Champions League Final; PSG vs Barcelona [2]

The lights dimmed.

A hush swept the Allianz Arena; not silence, but the sharp intake of breath before a scream. Over 75,000 voices posed on the edge of eruption.

The LED banners around the stadium glowed in regal hues; UEFA blue, PSG red, Barca garnet. Then, that iconic orchestral swell rang out:

THE CHAMPIONS...

And the place detonated.

Then, from the tunnel, they emerged.

Paris Saint-Germain came out first. A phalanx of stars cloaked in sleek midnight-blue kits with bold crimson trims. Ousmane Dembele led the line; jaw clenched, aura coiled like a panther.

Compared to his FC Barcelona days, the Frenchman was now a changed man- footballer; an improved footballer, the sharpest tool in the PSG attack.

Behind him, Marquinhos stood tall, the team's silent spine. As Dembele led the line, walking out, he met a wall of contrasting noise; jeers from the Barca faithful, and cheers from the Parisians.

Then, Vitinha, Donnarumma, Hakimi; each face stone-carved with intent. They didn't look nervous. They looked dangerous.

And then, FC Barcelona.

Led by the captain's armband and the ever-steady Marc-Andre Ter Stegen, the team walked with the calm of kings. Sam emerged like a monument to discipline, face unreadable.

Pedri, Gavi, and Lamine Yamal flanked him, young and fierce, forged in La Masia's fire. Raphinha walked with swagger. Behind them came Jules Kounde, Inigo Martinez, and Alejandro Balde; all hungry lions, teeth bared.

And then, Hansi Flick. He was just behind them, in his suit, his stare burning with a thousand memories of finals past.

The Champions League anthem reached its crescendo.

Flags unfurled. Children mascots stepped forward, and cameras zoomed in on eyes wide with destiny.

Above them, the stadium pulsed with flashes; white-hot bursts capturing the exact moment greatness walked the grass. Confetti canons fired. The final ball sat at midfield like a crown on an altar.

In the stands, it was war.

"Visca el Barca!" Barcelona's end roared in synchronized fury.

PSG's ultras countered with pounding drums and smoke plumes of red.

When the anthem faded, all that remained was the sound of breathing; players, fans, coaches.

Then the whistle blew.

FWEEE!

And the final began.

The whistle sliced through the air, and the final was instantly ablaze.

Barcelona kicked off, and from the first touch, it was clear; this was not a night for hesitation.

The ball zipped across the lush Allianz Arena turf like it was magnetized to their boots. Pedri, Gavi, and Frankie De Jong, Barca's triple threat engines dictated the rhythm with dizzying triangle passes, drawing PSG's press like moths to flame.

Sam dropped deep, linking play to devastating effect, while Lamine Yamal ghosted into the half-space, already testing Nuno Mendes with sly runs.

During the first few minutes of confrontation, there was a clear winner. FC Barcelona.

But PSG? They didn't wait. They hunted.

This season, PSG was a well-oiled machine under Luis Enrique. They didn't arrive at the final of the UEFA Champions league without reason, his PSG team was being dubbed by some as the best PSG team in the club's history.

With the likes of Kвича Kvaratskhelia, Ousmane Dembele, and Desire Doue in attack, all electric dribblers and playmakers, they had one of the most dynamic attacking trios in European football. And with guys like Bradley Barcola on their bench, they had a robust bench.



Their midfield was just as perfect, the trio of Vitinha, Fabian Ruiz, and the young Joao Neves all complimenting each other's play to perfection.

As for their defense?

Most people who watched PSG dubbed their defense as their weakness, but that was only when put in contrast against their fearsome midfield and offense.

When pitted against other world-class defenses in Europe, the defensive quadruple of Nuno Mendes, Pacho, Marquinhos, and Achraf Hakimi could stand their ground against any other defense.

And tonight, against Barca's fearsome attack, they had their work cut out for them but they were ready for the challenge.

By the 3rd minute, Kvaratskhelia exploded down the left wing, a blur of pace and precision. He skinned Kounde with a feint so sharp it left grass in the air before unleashing a low cross into the box, cut out just in time by Cubarsi's sliding challenge.

The PSG corner led to chaos, Donnarumma even pushed up from the back, but Ter Stegen plucked the danger out of the sky like it was routine.

The tension on the pitch escalated.

Every touch sparked noise, every duel had venom. Lamine Yamal, the young prodigy on the right clattered into Nuno Mendes in a 50-50 that left both men gritting teeth and exchanging words.

The ref let it play. This was a final, no cheap whistles.

And then, in the 7th minute, Barca unleashed their first warning shot.

Pedri picked the lock from midfield with a no-look through ball. Sam, reading it a second ahead of everyone immediately peeled away from Marquinhos and struck first-time from the edge of the box.

For a second, the Allianz Arena froze in shock.

Bam!

The ball flew with speed. It fizzed low, skimming the grass.

Donnarumma? The PSG goalkeeper quickly went low on a full-stretch dive, and barely got his fingertips to it. Corner.

"F\*ck!" Sam cursed.

From the corner, chaos. Inigo Martinez won the header, smashing it into the crossbar. The rebound fell to Gavi, who volleyed only for it to be blocked by Pacho's face. PSG cleared, but it was a statement; Barca had arrived.

In the 10th minute, PSG responded.

This time, it was Dembele, ever the wildcard. The electric forward darted in from the right, danced past Balde with that slinky gait before curling one toward the far post. Ter Stegen was beaten.

And yet, it missed by inches.

The stadium gasped.

Ten minutes gone, and the match was already a powder keg. Like expected by neutral fans, it was a banger, an end to end game.

Two philosophies. Two giants. One night.

And neither blinking.

This was surely a game that would leave its imprint in the history of the UEFA champions league, no matter the result.

The game continued.

Chapter 459: UEFA Champions League Final; PSG vs Barcelona [3]

10 minutes, 0-0...

Tonight's UEFA Champions League final was one predicted to be one of the best in the history of the competition of both teams played to their strength, and within just 10 minutes, both clubs were already showing what they could do.

It was intense, end to end.

From minutes 11 to 20? It was blood and fire on the pitch.

The final was no longer a match, it was a storm, and the Allianz Arena was the sea where the 2 sailing ships braved the storm for supremacy.

It was controlled insanity on the pitch, tactical poetry scribbled in ink and flame as PSG and Barcelona embodied the different footballing philosophies of their coaches, Hansi Flick and Luis Enrique ball embodied in full display.

Barca surged forward with almost reckless ambition, pushing their full-backs high. Alejandro Balde especially became a dagger down the left, overlapping Raphinha and tormenting Hakimi, the PSG right back.

In midfield, Gavi was everywhere, combining with Sam to devastating effect as they pressed with their endless energy and stamina, jumping into duels, biting ankles, and screaming orders like 2 captains commanding the Barca ship.

Sam? The Catalan King especially was playing like a man possessed.

But PSG absorbed it all like a coiled spring. And then in the 14th minute of the game, they struck.

GOAL!

PSG: 1-0. Desire Doue.

It came out of nowhere; sudden, unexpected.

It started with Vitinha winning a scrappy ball in midfield and slipping it to Dembele in the right channel. The Frenchman feinted once, twice, before playing a filthy reverse ball behind Balde.

Having switched positions with Kvaratskhelia, Desire Doue, the young PSG prodigy was already in full sprint, slicing into space like a missile.

He didn't slow down.

One touch to calm the ball, one glance at Ter Stegen, then...

POW!

A rising bullet to the near post, smashing into the roof of the net before anyone could move.

1-0 PSG.

The Alliance Arena exploded in noise.

Desire Doue slid on his knees toward the corner, his face an expression of joy and passion as he spread his arms with emotion.

The Paris end detonated.

But FC Barcelona didn't panic. Not yet.

If there was something that FC Barcelona already established this season and last season, it was that FC Barcelona under Hansi Flick almost always scored. And in a final? It was almost a guarantee that they would get their own goal.

Hansi Flick stood on the edge of his technical area, clapping calmly, eyes burning. He barked instructions, but he didn't change a thing.

And that trust... it paid off almost immediately.

The response? It came in the 17th minute.

Gavi robbed Fabian Ruiz with a crunching tackle and instantly fed Pedri. One look up, and the elegant midfielder saw Sam peeling between the lines in a blur.

Bam!

A perfect thread through the defense, splitting it open like a hot knife through butter. Gasps erupted around the Allianz Arena.

The PSG defense was not about to allow an easy goal though.

Sam?

He let the ball run, dummied Marquinhos, then backheeled the ball into the path of Lamine Yamal sprinting along his blindside.

Yamal struck the ball first time at goal.

Goal? No.

Yamal struck too clean, too early. Donnarumma pulled off an instinctive save, a massive left glove tipping it wide. The stadium roared in disbelief.

In the 19th minute, chaos again.

PSG countered after a misplaced Barca pass. Kvaratskhelia found Dembele, who danced past Pau Cubarsi this time. He shot low, but Ter Stegen parried. The rebound fell to Desire Doue, again.

Doue's follow-up strike smashed the side netting.

"Ohhh...!" Gasps rang around the stadium.

The match had no midfield. Just war, just battle lines redrawn every thirty seconds. The crowd could barely breathe. Every attack looked like a goal.

It was not football.

It was war with rules.

After a brief period of PSG domination, from minutes 21 to 30, more Barca players finally stepped up in a retaliatory display.

If the first 20 minutes were a knife fight in a phone booth, the next 10 were chess with grenades.

PSG, high on adrenaline from Doue's opener, pushed. They wanted blood. They wanted the second.

The front trio of Kvaratskhelia, Desire Doue, and Dembele were unstoppable.

They tore at the flanks like wolves, frequently changing position, dragging Barcelona's defense into a stretched, frantic shape.



Hakimi overlapped with menace. Vitorinha floated dangerously at the edge of the final third.

But Hansi Flick's side didn't collapse under the pressure. Rather, they coiled tighter. Quicker touches, shorter distances. Gavi and Pedri in midfield were starting to feel the pulse of the match in their boots.

And in the 24th minute, it came.

GOAL!

Just like PSG's goal, it came suddenly; unexpected.

And who else but the King, Samuel Moses?

It started innocently. A throw-in, deep in PSG's half. Balde took it short to Raphinha who danced between two defenders and nutmegged Hakimi so casually it might've been illegal.

He rolled it into the center where Pedri had ghosted between lines.

And then... art.

Pedri opened his hips, but he didn't take a touch; he just sent a slicing diagonal ball through the center channel.

Gavi dummied, leaving the ball to arrive at Sam's feet like fate.

Bzzz!

One touch, like a touch of the divine.

A turn, and then...

BANG!

A thunderclap of a strike; low, clinical, kissing off the inside of the post and in. Donnarumma moved, but it didn't matter.

1-1.

"COME ON!!!" Gavi screamed with passion, jumping excitedly.

Sam didn't celebrate with a roar though. He just stood there, arms raised slightly, calm and cold, like a hitman admiring clean work.

Then...

BOOM!

The Barca end erupted, blue and red flags flailing like wild fire. Gavi grabbed Sam and screamed in his face. Pedri pumped a fist toward the dugout. Lamine Yamal jumped on Sam's back, celebrating with passion.

Hansi Flick didn't flinch. He just clapped once, slowly, like a man who expected this exact script.

It was a brutal game.

Chapter 460 460: UEFA Champions League Final; PSG vs Barcelona [4]

24 minutes, 1-1...

Game on.

In the 27th minute, PSG tried to bite back.

The Georgian magician, Kvaratskhelia took matters into his own hands again, blitzing past Koude on the left like he was not there. He cut inside and rifled a shot that sizzled past the far post.

The cameras caught him snarling in frustration. The crowd felt it, the passion. This wasn't just a final.

It was a legacy warfare.

In the 29th minute, there was almost another twist.

Gavi intercepted a lazy pass from Fabian Ruiz and launched a counter, passing to Yamal. Lamine Yamal sprinted forward with options left and right. In the end, he made his decision easily, choosing Sam again.

As soon as Sam received the pass, he set himself up before unleashing a piledriver from 25 yards.

It flew.

It dipped.

And missed by inches!

Gasps rippled across the Allianz. The scoreboard still read 1-1, but the energy was nuclear. The first third of the match had passed, and it felt like they'd already lived through a lifetime.

The game continued.

The pace didn't slow down. It couldn't.

This wasn't just a final. It was more like a trial by fire.

Mistakes weren't punished. They were executed.

After Barca's equalizer, the match turned bitter. Gavi clattered into Vitinha; full body, full message. Dembele squared up to Inigo Martinez after a shoulder barge. Even Pedri threw in a cynical tug on Kvaratskhelia's shirt to stop a break, drawing a yellow and ironic cheers from the French end.

But under the aggression, tactics simmered.

Luis Enrique adjusted to the progressing game. He dropped Vitinha deeper, unstruck Joao Neves to screen Pedri, and gave Dembele more freedom to roam.

Suddenly, Barca were chasing ghosts. Their midfield press lost shape, and PSG seized the moment.

In the 36th minute...

GOAL! Kvicha Kvaratskhelia.

It started with a turnover. Pedri misread a ball and Vitinha pounced, laying it off quickly to Hakimi. The Moroccan flew forward like a bullet train, cut inside, and threaded a surgical pass behind Araujo.

Dembele didn't hesitate. He squared across the six-yard box, and then...

Whoosh!

Kvicha Kvaratskhelia arrived like a wrecking ball. One touch, and then, a shot, slamming it into the roof of the net.

Ter Stegen was left chasing ghosts.

2-1.

Kvaratskhelia roared as he slid toward the PSG bench, fists pounding the turf in passion. The Parisians mobbed him. It was a statement goal, not beauty, but brutality.

On the pitch, Barcelona suddenly looked rattled. For the first time, their lines staggered. Balde and Kounde started yelling at each other. The pressure was already getting to them.

PSG..., the Parisians were a level above every other opponent that FC Barcelona had played against this season.

Hansi Flick barked furiously from the touchline, demanding calm.

But PSG smelled fear.

And they almost made it worse.

In the 40th minute, Kvaratskhelia again.

He collected a long ball over the top from Marquinhos, sprinted into the box, chopped inside Kounde, and curled one toward the far post. Ter Stegen got fingertips to it. The ball kissed the outside of the post and spun out.

Barca held on. Just.

In the 43rd minute, a lifeline almost emerged. Lamine Yamal exploded to life, drifting infield and beating two PSG players with a dazzling run before clipping the ball over the top.

Sam brought it down with his chest and volleyed; off balance, off target.

"F\*ck!" He cursed in frustration.

Halftime approached.

In Sam's head, frustration bubbled, fueling adrenaline, and making his mamba spirit rage.

'Win!' 'Win!' 'Win!'

The voice already started in his head.

The Allianz Arena throbbed with sound, tension, and tribal roars. The fans weren't watching history.

They were living inside it.

And then...

FWEEE!

The halftime whistle sounded. 2-1.

During halftime, both coaches had a session with their players, pouring out their hearts, passion, and emotion to motivate their players.

Whatever Hansi Flick said in the dressing room hit like a holy scripture.

Barca came out like demons in blaugrana.

FWEEE!

The second half started.



And immediately, all hell broke loose.

Passes snapped. Presses bit. Gavi and Sam led the charge with fury, chasing everything. Pedri found spaces where none existed. Raphinha tucked inside, playing between the lines.

As for Lamine Yamal?

The teenager turned into a prime Neymar, drifting in and out with the ball, turning heads and breaking ankles with his silky dribbles.

Anytime he had the ball, the PSG defense shook in trepidation, and then...

GOAL!

In the 49th minute. Raphinha.

It was direct, devastating football.

Balde sprinted down the left, beat Hakimi with raw pace, something you'll rarely see in European football and sent a low ball to the edge of the box.

There, the King stood, Sam, mounted in his nest.

With his back to goal, he received the ball and flicked it with one touch beautifully to his side.

Raphinha didn't break stride.

Half-volley. Clean. Violent. Unstoppable.

Top right corner. Donnarumma didn't even move.

Bam!

2-2.

And then...

BOOM!

Barca's bench exploded. Raphinha thumped the badge on his chest in celebration and pointed at the fans.

Game on!

Barca was back level, but Luis Enrique wasn't silent.

He gestured, reorganized, and PSG retaliated. Their press stiffened. The young menace, Joao Neves broke up everything. Dembele drifted central and drew defenders like moths to flame.

And then, in the 61st minute...

GOAL! Ousmane Dembele.

Dembele picked up the ball from 30 yards out. He stared down Inigo Martinez. A step-over, a shift, then...

Bzzz!

He was gone.

He danced between two defenders and curled one inside the post. Silken technique, deadly execution.

3.2. PSG was leading again.

Dembele didn't celebrate wildly. He just stood, arms out, soaking in the moment even as he invited an ocean of boos from the FC Barcelona fans.

He was putting out a statement display in this game, but Barca refused to die.

"VISCA BARCA!" Chants rose from the Barcelona faithfuls.

Hansi Flick made a change, taking off the impactful Gavi and introducing Dani Olmo to the game.

In the 69th minute...

Dani Olmo won back the ball before quickly passing to Lamine Yamal.

The young prodigy touched the ball once, twice. With his third touch, he beat two men down the right and whipped in a cross.

In the box, Sam rose like prophecy itself, but his header clipped the bar.

'Goddamit!'

Sam could feel his blood boiling like a furnace.