

Greatest 391

Chapter 391 To the Juventus Stadium in Turin II Many journalists and fans in Rosenborg's black and white colors had congregated around the hotel entrance that evening. When the Rosenborg players stepped out of the hotel, a wave of wild excitement swept through the gathered crowd. The men and women of the press quickly started taking pictures with their cameras while the Rosenborg supporters cheered excitedly.

Fortunately, hotel security worked with the Turin local police officers to keep the crowd at bay as the Rosenborg players boarded the bus. All the members of the Rosenborg delegation soon settled in their seats, and the bus took off, heading towards the famous Juventus Stadium of Turin.

Under the escort of a convoy of police vehicles, the duration of the journey through the busy Italian city was surprisingly short. Twenty-four minutes later, the bus pulled up in front of the gate of the Juventus Stadium, and the players and coaches disembarked with their luggage in hand.

A group of fans in Rosenborg's jerseys had already crowded around the stadium entrance. They yelled and cheered at the top of their voices as the Rosenborg players started marching into the stadium gates. But what caught Zachary's attention was a scream from one young man.

"Zachary!" the young man, who looked to be around thirteen to fifteen years of age, hollered. "Will you give me your shirt after scoring today?"

Zachary stopped in his tracks and turned around. His eyes widened as he started walking towards where the boy was standing. The cops and security personnel tried to dissuade him, but he shook them off and continued moving forward.

"You're sure that I'll score today?" He asked as he gave the lad a once over. The young man had sharp facial features adorned with blonde hair and clear blue eyes. He seemed familiar. But Zachary's mind couldn't place where he'd seen him.

"I'm sure you'll score today," the young man replied confidently. "But I'm not sure about the exact number of goals you'll bag today."

Zachary chuckled. He looked around and noticed that his conversation with the young man had already attracted media attention. But he didn't mind. "What is your name?" He asked.

"Joshua Simonsen," the boy replied. "I don't know if you recall, but you once gave me a signed jersey on a bus in Trondheim. I'm here with a few friends from the NF Academy to support you tonight. We all know that you will score and win the finals."

"Oh, it's you." Zachary chuckled as a light bulb went on in his head. "You have grown up since then. Thanks for the support. And if I do score today, I'll look for you at the academy in Trondheim. And of course, I won't forget to give you my shirt. Okay?"

"Thanks," the young man replied, grinning from ear to ear.

Zachary nodded to him before stepping away. Soon, he followed after his teammates and marched into the stadium gates. As for the incident with the young fan, he pushed it to the back of his mind as he adjusted to the tense atmosphere in the stadium.

Coach Johansen worked with all the haste he could muster over the next few minutes. He urged his players to prepare quickly and head into the pitch for the pre-match warm-up. He couldn't afford to waste time as only forty-five minutes remained before the kick-off of the Europa League final.

Just as his players were starting their warm-up on the pitch, he received Sevilla's starting line-up from the officials. As expected, Unai Emery, Sevilla's head coach, had arrayed his squad into a 4-2-3-1 formation and seemed intent on employing defensive tactics against Rosenborg that evening. But since Coach Johansen had long expected such tactics from Sevilla, he didn't bat an eyelid and continued perusing through the squad details of the opponent.

In Sevilla's goal, there was António Alberto Bastos, the shot-stopper commonly known as Beto. Then, their defense comprised the four players - Coke, Nicolás Pareja, Federico Fazio, and Alberto Moreno. They formed a solid and experienced backline that could give Rosenborg a hard time during the game.

In defensive midfield, Sevilla intended to field two holding midfielders. One was the experienced and solid Cameroonian - Stéphane Mbia. He was good at aerial duels, and if the need arose, he could play the rough game of fouling. The other holding midfielder was Daniel Carriço, who had incredible game reading and solid tackling skills.

Up the pitch, Sevilla intended to field three attacking midfielders. Among those, it was Ivan Rakitić who caused a lot of headaches for Coach Johansen when preparing for the Europa League final. The midfielder was a talented and well-rounded playmaker with good stamina, excellent passing technique, and an uncanny ability to read the game. Rakitić could dictate play in midfield and create chances for teammates after winning back possession, despite his lack of pace. Thus, if Rosenborg wished to win the finals, they would have to contain him.

But Coach Johansen wasn't all that worried since he had tasked Thomas Partey, his defensive midfielder, to keep an eye on him. If Thomas Partey remained careful and followed the game plan, he would easily frustrate the slow-paced Rakitić with his solid defensive skills. At least, that was Coach Johansen's wish.

The other two players with attacking midfielder roles on Sevilla's squad were Antonio Reyes on the right flank and Vitolo on the left. In previous matches, the two players were very creative in the wings and could unleash crosses that resulted in goals. They were also terrifying foes that couldn't be left alone.

Lastly, on Sevilla's striking line was the one and only Carlos Bacca. He was quick, powerful, skillful, and a determined center-forward, with good movement, concentration, and an eye for goal. His solid first touch, aggression, composure in front of goal, and striking accuracy had long made him a nightmare for most opponents. As long as he was in the box, he could easily beat opponents and find the back of the net.

"It's great that there are no surprises."

Coach Johansen breathed a sigh of relief after perusing through Sevilla's squad details. Over that past week, he had warned his players countless times to take note of the dangerous players on Sevilla's line-up, including Ivan Rakitić and Carlos Bacca. He had even put up contingencies to guard against unexpected situations, like outbursts of skill from the difficult-to-deal-with substitutes. And that was why Sevilla's line-up didn't cause his mood to fluctuate in the slightest.

The coach believed he had already done his best to prepare his players for the final. As long as they followed the game plan and played as a team, they had a high chance of winning the final. With a bit of luck and the on-form Zachary among their ranks, they would shock Turin and take the Europa League trophy back to Trondheim for the first time ever. The coach possessed that level of confidence in his players.

Chapter 392 Pitch Invasion and Kick-Off The post-surgery rehabilitation center of the University Hospital Zurich was like a spectacle out of a sci-fi movie. Everything that could shine did shine. There was stainless steel, sleek floors, and beautiful art on the walls, making up an exquisite ambiance that was as bright as glacier melt-water or spring flowers. The air around the entire place had a pure fragrance, not sterile, just clean. Music at just the right level played in the background to give the patients and staff an emotional lift. It was unquestionably a world-class health center, and even at that late hour, the nurses and doctors were as busy as ever, moving from room to room to tend to the patients.

In one of the lounges of this famous hospital, a few patients and their caretakers had gathered to watch the finals of that year's Europa League. Among them was Zachary's grandma, Mrs. Madeleine Mateso Bemba, who was recovering well from her brain surgery. She looked remarkably comfortable in her reclining wheelchair, placed in front of the large screen.

"Are you sure that Zachary will be playing today?" She queried in Swahili while inclining her head slightly to look at her daughter - Marie Bemba.

"Yes," Marie Bemba, Zachary's aunt, replied with a humble tone. "Zachary's team is called Rosenborg. It's playing against a team from Spain called Sevilla in the Europa League finals."

"What is this Europa League?" Zachary's grandma asked, creasing her brows. "How come I have never heard about it?"

"The tournament is the second biggest continental club competition in Europe," Marie replied. "And Zachary's team has defeated many famous teams like Juventus, Lyon, and Benfica before reaching the finals. If they win the final today, they will become champions and go home with the trophy."

Zachary's grandma smiled, her wrinkles smoothening out a little. She wrapped her shawl tightly around herself to keep the cold away before saying, "I'm glad that Zachary is making something out of himself. Let's hope that he wins the trophy today."

Marie smiled and nodded. "The match is about to start," she said, pointing at the large LCD screen in front of the room. "Better focus. Zachary's team is about to step out of the tunnel."

Only a dozen minutes remained before the highly-anticipated Europa League final's kick-off. The excitement was in the air, and more than 40,000 fans had already taken up their seats in the famous Juventus Stadium in Turin. Most of them were already singing the well-known chants of their respective clubs even before kick-off.

Among the supporters were several of Zachary's acquaintances, including Emily, Kristin, Camilla, Ryan Bellmore, Martin Stein, Marta Romano, Melissa Romano, and Coach Bjørn Peters. They had long occupied well-positioned seats in various parts of the stadium. They had all come to support Zachary in his endeavors to attain glory that night.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the voice of Peter Drury, the commentator for the finals, resounded across the Juventus Stadium. "Welcome to Turin. Ahead of us is a contest for Europa League glory. Rosenborg Ballklub is facing off against Sevilla Football Club in this year's Europa League final. It's a final filled with endless possibilities as any of the two teams can win today."

"If Rosenborg wins today, they will make history. They will become the first Norwegian team to win the Europa League. They will also become the first Norwegian team to win a treble in a single season. But there's an enormous mountain that is Sevilla between them and the trophy. The Sevilla players will be doing their utmost to help their club win another Europa League trophy. They were the champions of the 2005/06 and 2006/07 seasons. And today, they'll be keen on beating Rosenborg and winning their third Europa League trophy in history."

"It's already 8:35 PM," the commentator continued. "The players of both sides are already in the tunnel, ready to march onto the pitch. You can already feel the captivating and irresistible atmosphere around this famous stadium as the kick-off draws nearer and nearer with every passing second..."

It was at that moment that the players marched onto the pitch. On cue, the Europa League anthem started playing in the background while the cheers hit a thunderous crescendo.

On one side, the voices of the Rosenborg fans hit a peak as they shouted the names of their star players, including Zachary, Takumi Minamino, and Nicki Nielsen. But how could the enthusiastic Sevilla supporters let them do as they pleased? The supporters from Spain also started yelling at the top of their lungs, doing their best to overwhelm the opposing fans. The combination of shouts and cries from the two groups shook the stadium, causing the atmosphere to become even more heated.

The proceeding moved forward quite quickly, and soon, the players started taking up their positions on the pitch. Zachary also followed suit and marched to his position. He looked strikingly sleek in his all-black Rosenborg jersey, and his eyes radiated an intense fighting spirit. His heart was already burning with anticipation as he eagerly waited for the moment when the referee would blow the kick-off whistle.

Zachary didn't have to wait long as the referee finished all his preparations quickly. The referee then positioned himself just outside the center circle and glanced around once before raising the whistle to his lips. But just as he was about to signal the start of the game, something unexpected transpired.

Out of the blue, a fan rushed out from the stands behind the goal. Like an incarnation of a skilled rugby player, he sidestepped past stewards in yellow jackets before leaving them in the dust. His speed was incredible — and in a couple of seconds, he sped onto the pitch, heading straight towards the position where Zachary was standing.

"What the hell?"

Zachary's eyes narrowed as he noticed the pitch invader on a straight course towards him. For a moment, his heartbeat quickened as he conjectured that the fan might wish to harm him. He stepped out of the way, intending to dodge the fan. However, the fan followed suit and altered his sprinting trajectory to follow after Zachary. And before long, the fan caught up to him.

"We're waiting for you at Juventus," the fan shouted and handed him a striped black and white Juventus flag and jersey. "Please don't go anywhere else. Come to Juventus..."

The words of the pitch-invading fan stopped abruptly as one of the stadium stewards caught up and tackled him to the ground. Before long, more stewards lifted the man away without giving him any other opportunities to communicate with Zachary.

As for Zachary, he was stunned and speechless. He stood transfixed in one place, glancing at the jersey and flag in his hands. For the first time in his career, he had experienced a pitch invasion targeted toward him. And once again, he re-evaluated the craziness of people in this world.

"Are you okay, Zachary?" Nicki Nielsen asked after approaching his position.

"I'm okay," Zachary replied as he bundled up the flag and jersey. Without waiting for Nicki to ask anything else, he raced towards the nearest steward and handed the flag and jersey to him. After that, he returned to his attacking midfield position outside the center circle.

He breathed in deeply and pushed the pitch invasion incident to the back of his mind. And slowly by slowly, he readjusted his mental state and focused solely on the game that was about to commence. He was again ready to do his best during the final of the Europa League.

On the sidelines, Coach Johansen's face had already morphed into a frown. He wasn't happy, especially after witnessing a pitch invasion targeted toward his best player. He even suspected that the stunt might be a calculated move by the opponents to throw his players off their rhythm before the final.

"What do you think?" Coach Johansen asked his assistant after a moment of contemplation. "Could Sevilla be playing dirty?"

"That shouldn't be the case," Trond Henriksen, his assistant, replied. "The pitch invasion also affects the Sevilla players to a certain extent. So, they shouldn't be the culprits. On the other hand, I'm inclined to believe that it's Juventus pulling tricks. Don't forget that we're currently on their home ground. Their intent might be to use this rare opportunity to sway Zachary's mind before the transfer window."

"That makes sense," Coach Johansen replied as his frown deepened. Juventus had already tabled the highest bid to Rosenborg for Zachary. The only roadblock to their acquiring his services was his decision. So, Coach Johansen wouldn't be surprised if they utilized a pitch invasion stunt to sway his feelings towards playing for Juventus.

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The referee finally blew the whistle and signaled the start of the match after another minute. Nicki Nielsen, Rosenborg's center-forward, didn't dilly-dally. He kicked off the game by passing the ball back into his midfield after hearing the referee's whistle.

At long last, and after an unexpected pitch invasion, the Europa League was underway. The excitement around the stadium shot into the skies, and the cheers hit another momentous Zenith. All eyes were on the pitch, waiting to witness who would come out on top in that night's battle for Europa League glory.

Chapter 393 A Game of Ups and Downs The Rosenborg players quickly followed Coach Johansen's game plan and arrayed themselves into a 4-3-3 triangular formation. Thomas Partey settled into the holding midfield role while Zachary and Takumi Minamino were the attacking midfielders. The three of them quickly built a good rapport and started dominating play in the middle of the pitch. Due to their efforts, Rosenborg even hoarded a large percentage of the ball possession during the first 10 minutes of gameplay.

On the other hand, the Sevilla players settled into a 4-2-3-1 formation to weather Rosenborg's dominance on the pitch. They utilized Stéphane Mbia and Daniel Carriço as the two holding midfielders to support their four defenders. Anyone watching the game could tell that they intended to play a very defensive game against the seemingly weaker Rosenborg side. They obviously hoped to snuff out any chances of Rosenborg scoring a goal.

But their efforts were soon rendered useless by Zachary's brilliance in the midfield. During the 16th minute, he intercepted a loose pass from Daniel Carriço close to the center circle. Before any opponent could close him down, he burst into action.

He exploded with speed through the middle and tore the Sevilla defense apart with his incredible sidestepping skills. Before long, he was already stepping into the final third as he bore down on Sevilla's goal like a raging hurricane. However, he couldn't help but slow down after a few more seconds. That was because he'd run into a challenging roadblock in the form of Stéphane Mbia, one of Sevilla's holding midfielders.

Zachary's mind started working in overdrive mode as the opposing holding midfielder was about to close him down. His Zinedine-Pirlo mental Juju immediately widened his field of vision, and his spatial awareness worked like the best of charms. In anything but an instant, he made a mental map of all the players around him. Be it the opposing defenders ahead of him, Takumi Minamino on his left, and Tobias Mikkelsen, far on his right — their positions were all clear in his mind.

"This is it."

Zachary chose an outlet for the ball the next moment. After holding off Stéphane Mbia, he unleashed a killer pass towards the right side of the box to set off Tobias Mikkelsen on a straight course towards Sevilla's goal.

The cheers in the stands rose to another level as Tobias Mikkelsen, Rosenborg's right forward, connected with the pin-point pass. His composure was incredible as he fed the ball past Nicolás Pareja, Sevilla's center-back, and stepped into the box. He then slammed the ball past the outstretched hands of Sevilla's keeper to score Rosenborg's 1st goal for the day.

Sevilla FC 0 : Rosenborg BK 1

"Tobias Mikkelsen has dug in and delivered," the voice of Peter Drury, the commentator, resounded across the stadium. "What a start by Rosenborg! It's barely 16 minutes past the hour. But Rosenborg is already in the lead against the two-time Europa League champions by a goal. What a night for the Norwegian giants!"

"Rosenborg deserves the lead," Roy Hamilton, the co-commentator, chimed in. "Their three midfielders have been incredible during the opening minutes. They kept the ball flowing in the middle of the field and dictated the tempo. The final icing on the cake was their young playmaker - Zachary Bemba. As usual, Zachary's technique and vision were incredible. He created a goal-scoring opportunity almost from nothing by picking out Tobias with a well-timed pass. The latter didn't disappoint and converted to score Rosenborg's opening goal."

Coach Unai Emery could feel cold beads of sweat rolling down his back as he watched the referee blow the whistle to restart the game. He had miscalculated and assumed that Rosenborg would play a counterattacking game during the final. But instead, the team from Norway had opted to turn the game into a battle in midfield. They had utilized their three sharp midfielders to render his tactics useless

before dictating the tempo. As a result, their efforts paid off, and they managed to take the lead during the 17th minute of this heated final.

Be that as it may, Coach Unai Emery remained confident and hopeful despite the circumstances on the pitch. As a coach, he'd already arranged targeted countermeasures for various unexpected situations during the final. So, he could enforce them right away to turn the game around.

"Carriço!" He yelled at the top of his voice to attract the attention of one of his holding midfielders. "Push forward and play as support to Rakitić in attacking midfield. And be more aggressive in the middle of the field. Don't allow the opponents to step over you in your position. Okay?"

Daniel Carriço gave his coach a thumbs-up to indicate that he'd gotten the message. After that, he returned his focus to the proceedings on the field of play.

After a few adjustments, team Sevilla started playing with more zeal to stop Rosenberg's momentum. They were always hungry for the ball and even resorted to the rough game of fouling. Soon, they established a midfield stranglehold that choked Rosenberg's passes and caused the battle for Europa League glory to become more heated.

The Rosenberg players responded by increasing their work rate, hoping to maintain their advantage against the Spanish side, especially in the midfield.

However, the Sevilla players again rendered their efforts fruitless by switching to wing play tactics and long balls. Their strategy enabled them to bypass Rosenberg's strong midfield, causing the scales to tilt towards Sevilla's side. And during the 29th minute, their endeavors finally bore fruit.

Ivan Rakitić, Sevilla's captain and attacking midfielder, worked his magic on the pitch after connecting with a pass from Stéphane Mbia. He skillfully skipped past Thomas Partey before kicking the ball towards the left flank to find Vitolo, Sevilla's left-winger.

Vitolo brilliantly controlled the ball on the left flank before any of the Rosenberg players could close him down. He then whirled around and exploded with pace along the touchline. When the angle opened up, he sent forth a curling killer cross towards the box.

The cross was spot on and descended towards the area where Carlos Bacca, Sevilla's center-forward, was lurking. And as expected, Carlos Bacca immediately went into action. He leaped high and battled Eric Bailly for aerial superiority before planting a header towards the top right corner.

Daniel Örlund, Rosenborg's goalkeeper, reacted immediately and tried to save the ball with an acrobatic effort. But his fingertips were just a few centimeters shy of reaching the ball. In the end, he could only watch helplessly as the ball zoomed past him and homed into the back of the net.

Sevilla FC 1 : Rosenborg BK 1

After scoring the goal, the Sevilla players seemed to have gained a boost in their momentum. They played more brilliantly and dictated the tempo against Rosenborg. And during the 38th minute, they created another excellent goal-scoring opportunity.

That time, it was Vitolo, Sevilla's left-winger, at the end of the opportunity. He connected with a pass from Ivan Rakitić and blasted a right-footed shot towards the goal.

Fortunately for Rosenborg, Daniel Örlund, the keeper, was alert. He rose to the occasion and committed himself to a full-body dive that enabled him to punch the ball out of play.

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The referee blew the whistle and pointed toward the corner flag. On cue, most Sevilla and Rosenborg players started crowding into the box to prepare for the corner. Some even began fouling each other as they struggled to create advantages for themselves before meeting the corner ball. The referee even had to step in and show a yellow card to both Eric Bailly, on Rosenborg's side, and Federico Fazio, on Sevilla's side, before the situation in the box could calm down. After that, he blew the whistle again and motioned for team Sevilla to take the corner kick.

Coke, Sevilla's right-back, wasted no time going into action after hearing the whistle. He sent forth a teasing cross from the corner flag that headed towards Rosenborg's crowded penalty area like a guided missile.

The descending corner ball pushed the players within the box into action. In particular, the Sevilla players started running around to confuse opponents, while others leaped high to meet the cross. But in the end, it was Carlos Bacca, the incredible Sevilla forward, who got the last laugh.

Carlos Bacca shrugged off the harassment of Yerry Mina before angling his head and planting a powerful header towards the goal. And before the Rosenborg keeper could react, the ball had already homed into the back of the net.

Sevilla FC 2 : Rosenborg BK 1

"Team Sevilla is flying and leaving Rosenborg in the dust," Peter Drury, the commentator, yelled out loud over the thunderous cheers in the stadium. "And the man of the moment is Carlos Bacca. He has punished Rosenborg twice in less than ten minutes to complete Sevilla's comeback. The tides have turned for team Sevilla, and they might be well on their way to winning the Europa League final."

"Well," Roy Hamilton, the co-commentator, said, "The Rosenborg players have failed to adapt to Sevilla's versatile tactics. And if Coach Johansen fails to find a way to contain the Sevilla players on the flanks, he will surely lose this final."

"You're right," Peter Drury concurred. "In the opening minutes, it was Rosenborg dictating the tempo. But after Coach Unai Emery and his players switched to using wing play tactics and long balls over the midfield, the Norwegian giants lost their command over the game. Even Zachary Bemba, their most dangerous and creative player, rarely gets time on the ball. So, it's not surprising that they are trailing by two goals to one against the more aggressive and versatile Sevilla side."

"What's your prediction for the game, Peter?" Roy Hamilton asked his counterpart. "Do you think Sevilla will maintain their lead and win this final?"

"Honestly, I don't know," Peter Drury replied. "This is a game filled with uncertainties. It's just one goal separating the two teams, and there are still more than 45 minutes to the end of the game. Anything can happen, especially with a player like Zachary Bemba on the pitch. So, we can only wait and see how the game will progress."

Chapter 394 Fighting Spirit After conceding the second goal during the 41st minute, the Rosenberg players worked harder than ever. They were both creative and assertive while attacking, which was a testament to their intent to bag an equalizer before halftime.

However, their efforts didn't bear fruit due to Sevilla's team discipline during the last four minutes of the first half. The Sevilla players defended as if their lives were on the line and showcased more than a hundred percent of their abilities to thwart any chances of Rosenberg making a comeback. As a result, the score remained 2:1 in favor of Sevilla when the players marched down the tunnel for halftime.

And as usual, the coaches soon took center stage in their team's respective dressing rooms. On the side of Rosenberg, Coach Johansen was uneasy as he waited for his players to catch their breath and hydrate themselves. His heart was racing with anxiety as the prospect of his team losing the Europa League final played within his mind. But he still forced himself to appear calm as he stepped forward to dish out the most crucial halftime pep talk that could define and boost his career as a coach.

"Guys, listen," he said, stepping forward to take center stage in the dressing room. "For those who might have forgotten, let me remind you that we're currently playing the Europa League final. For most of us, it's the most crucial match that could define our careers as sports professionals. But the sad thing is that we're not doing enough on the pitch to win the game. We're losing! We're bloody losing by two goals to one."

The coach took in a long breath of air before continuing. "During the opening seventeen minutes, we were superb as a team on the pitch. We followed the game plan perfectly, forced the opponents into a midfield battle, and came out on top. As a result, we controlled the game and scored the first goal in the 17th minute. But a few minutes after scoring the goal, we relaxed and lost our advantage. We let the Sevilla players dictate the tempo — and allowed them to net two goals within a ten-minute window. What the hell is up with that? Were you sleeping?" He narrowed his eyes and glanced around.

"I understand that the Sevilla players abruptly changed their tactics during the middle of the game," the coach continued. "But that shouldn't be an excuse for us to concede two goals and possibly

lose the game. It shouldn't be an excuse to play the way we played during the late stages of the first half."

"To become champions, we must play assertively, dictate the tempo, and force the opponents to adapt to our footballing style. If we wish to win, we shouldn't be the ones to adapt to Sevilla's long balls or wing play tactics. Instead, we have to assert our dominance on the field by maintaining our style of football throughout the game. We need to bring the ball back to the ground, break down their teamwork with short passes, and get goals whenever there's a chance. Do you guys understand?"

"Yes, coach," the Rosenberg players replied in chorus.

"Good." The coach nodded. "I need you to remember these few points. One: Play assertively and force the opponents to adapt to our style, not the other way round. Two: Play as a team, as one cohesive unit, both in defense and while attacking. Three: Individually, don't make stupid mistakes on the pitch that can hurt the team. And four: Have confidence in yourselves. Believe in your skills and do not for even a single moment doubt that you'll win the game. You have already beaten European giants like Juventus, Lyon, and Benfica during the earlier stages of the Europa League. So, how can a weaker Sevilla side faze you?"

The coach swept his gaze across his players. "As the saying goes," he said, "the mind is the limit. As long as the mind can envision that you can do something, you can do it. As long as you all really believe a hundred percent, we'll make a comeback and win this final today. We'll go home with the Europa League trophy. Are you guys with me?" The coach ended his little speech with a bellow.

"Yes, coach," the players yelled back in unison. Their eyes radiated an intense fighting spirit, and they seemed ready to head back into the pitch to fight for Europa League glory.

"Excellent." The coach nodded and smiled. He then spent a few more minutes explaining the tactics before sending the players back to the pitch for the second half. He had done his best to motivate his players and rouse their fighting spirit. As for the rest, the players would have to depend on themselves to win the Europa League Trophy that night.

After fifteen minutes of halftime, the game restarted. The Rosenberg players followed their coach's halftime instructions and played more aggressively. They all radiated an intense fighting spirit and closed down their opponents as if their lives were on the line. Anyone watching the game could tell they were on a mission to control the proceedings on the pitch during the second half.

The relentless efforts of the Rosenberg players gradually paid off as the minutes passed. And by the 60th minute, Rosenberg had already controlled the game by relying on their phenomenal three midfielders. Rosenberg was even hoarding 60% of the possession due to their flowing Tiki-taka skills in the middle of the pitch. But even then, Rosenberg still failed to create clear goal-scoring chances until the 73rd minute.

After receiving yet another pass from Takumi Minamino, Zachary decided to take a risk for the first time during the second half. He tossed all the coach's talk about playing as a team to the back of his mind and decided to go at it alone. His gamble paid off, and he managed to dribble past three Sevilla players by relying on his ball control and sidestepping skills.

In a matter of seconds, he stepped into the final third and continued bearing down on Sevilla's goal like a predator on the hunt. He quickly approached the box, and when the angle opened up, he slowed down slightly before drawing his leg back like a bowstring. His intent was to unleash a killer shot and score Rosenberg's second goal for the night.

But just then, something unexpected transpired. Stéphane Mbia, who had tracked Zachary's run all the way from the midfield, finally caught up to him. Before Zachary could swing down his leg to shoot, the Sevilla defensive midfielder slid in, all guns blazing to send him tumbling to the ground. But during the process, he'd missed the ball and instead caught Zachary's ankle.

"Foul!" Nicki Nielsen, the Rosenberg striker, who was nearby, yelled out immediately.

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The referee didn't need any reminders as he'd also been nearby. So, he immediately blew the whistle before rushing to the scene and awarding a free-kick to Rosenberg right outside the box. He then checked on Zachary and called Rosenberg's medical team onto the pitch. After that, he showed a yellow card to Stéphane Mbia, the Sevilla defensive midfielder who'd made the dangerous tackle on Zachary.

But all that didn't matter to Zachary as he was still in pain on the ground. Worrisome thoughts whirled through his mind for a couple of seconds as he feared that he might have gotten injured. Fortunately, the discomfort in his ankle faded after the medics had conducted a brief first aid on his leg. So, he quickly got up and moved his foot around to check if he was really okay.

"Do you still feel any pain around the ankle area?" One of the medics asked while glancing at him closely.

"The pain has almost vanished," Zachary replied, still moving his right foot around. "I only feel some slight discomfort around the ankle area. But I believe I'll be okay after a bit of running."

"That's a relief," the medic said, smiling. "But if you feel some pain later in the game, don't forget to inform us. Okay?"

"Sure," Zachary replied and chugged down some water. "Any instructions from the coach?"

"He didn't give us any," the medic said. "I think he's happy with the way you're playing at the moment. And he must be relieved since you're okay. So, do your best to score the free-kick and tie the score. I have to go back now. Best of luck." The medics quickly picked up their kits before running out of the pitch.

Zachary immediately turned his attention back to the proceedings on the pitch. He stepped forward and arranged the ball on the marked free-kick spot while waiting for the referee to finish his preparations. After that, Zachary activated the Dead Ball Specialist Juju and started observing the opposing players and the goalkeeper's position.

At that moment, his mind was already working at lightning-fast speed as he worked out how best to take the free-kick. His focus had already reached its peak as he understood that he had to convert and score the second goal for Rosenborg at that moment. Otherwise, his team might not get another chance to bring proceedings back to level since only about fifteen minutes remained ninety-minute mark.

Chapter 395 Tense Moments Within the stands, Emily watched with bated breath as Zachary stepped forward to take the free-kick. Her heart was racing fast with anxiety as she dreaded the minute possibility of Zachary missing a free kick for the first time in his career. But despite her unease, Emily still didn't want to miss out on witnessing a crucial moment that could define the final. So, she still hardened her resolve and kept her eyes glued on the field of play.

"It's Zachary Bemba on the set-piece," the voice of Peter Drury, the commentator, reverberated across the abnormally silent stadium. "Zachary Bemba steps forward to take the free-kick. Will he score and bring the proceedings back to level terms..."

At that moment, all of Emily's focus was already on the pitch. She breathed in deeply, and her pretty blue eyes flickered with a trace of apprehension. "Please go in... Please go in..." She mumbled to herself as she watched Zachary starting to make the angled run towards the ball.

Finally, the moment to take the set-piece arrived, and Zachary made the last jump-step towards the ball. The boy wonder angled his body slightly before swinging his leg down hard and fast to smash the ball towards the direction of the goal.

Before Emily could even blink, the ball rose, spun, and curled over the wall, rocketing towards the top right corner like a guided ballistic missile. And before Sevilla's keeper could react, the ball grazed the inside of the right post before homing into the back of the net.

"GOAALLL...." A chorus of excited voices shook the stadium as Emily joined the rest of the supporters to celebrate the goal. The voices immediately hit a thunderous zenith and drowned out every other sound in the stadium for a few seconds.

"Zachary Bemba is at it again," Peter Drury's mellifluous voice resounded across the stadium when the loud cheers began lowering. "Zachary Bemba has buried the ball into the top right corner to score Rosenborg's second goal in today's Europa League final. Stunning! Just Stunning! How many times have we seen this guy take free-kicks this season? But he has never missed! He hasn't missed even once! His precision is like that of a machine when taking set-pieces. What a spectacular player!"

"Indeed, what a spectacular player!" Roy Hamilton, the co-commentator, chimed in. "Listen to the loud cheers of the Rosenborg fans around the stadium. They are all for Zachary Bemba. He has scored his 22nd goal in this Europa League tournament and once again helped Rosenborg escape a precarious situation. He's now the undisputed top scorer of the tournament."

"But I'm surprised by Sevilla conceding a free-kick in such a position," Roy Hamilton continued. "If I were Unai Emery, I would have warned my players to beware of conceding free-kicks, especially within the final third. I would strongly caution them against gifting Zachary opportunities to score set-pieces by committing fouls close to the box."

Peter Drury chuckled. "My friend, everything changes on the pitch due to the game's intensity. You might tell yourself a thousand times that I shouldn't commit a foul, but then you find yourself already reacting when an opponent is in front of you. The reflexes kick in, and by the time you come back to your senses, you've already slid in and committed a foul. Moreover, you don't have an option sometimes. It's either you stop the opponent or concede the goal. For instance, Zachary Bemba might have still scored if Stéphane Mbia didn't take him down. So, he chose to commit the foul, hoping Zachary might miss the resulting free-kick."

"What wishful thinking!" Roy Hamilton chuckled. "Zachary has a hundred percent conversion rate. The chances of him missing are always minimal. So, any set-pieces near the box give him clear opportunities to score goals."

"That's true," Peter Drury remarked. "Anyways, back to the match. The dynamic has once again changed. After Zachary's 76th-minute equalizer, we're back to square one. Two goals to two, it is. We can expect an exciting final few minutes as both teams will be doing their utmost to score the third goal and win the game. Will it be Sevilla that comes out on top? Or will it be Rosenborg, the dark horses from Norway? Let's take you back to the proceedings on the pitch to find out."

On the sidelines, Coach Johansen was still anxious. He couldn't calm down before his team bagged another goal that could seal the deal. So, his mind was still working in overdrive mode to devise strategies for his team to score as he watched the referee blow the whistle to restart the game.

"Ekambi and Kasongo!" He said, turning towards his bench players after a few more seconds. "Hurry up and warm up. I need you on the pitch in less than five minutes."

"Aye, coach," the two players replied with zest as they jumped up from their seats. They then changed into their training bibs and started warming up on the sidelines.

Coach Johansen watched them for a few seconds before returning his focus to the pitch. Sevilla had outplayed his team on the flanks over the past thirty minutes. And that was why he'd decided to introduce the two fast-paced wingers - Karl Toko Ekambi and Paul Kasongo. He wished for the two to work hard on the flanks and provide more options for Rosenborg on both the defensive and attacking fronts. That way, they would contain Sevilla's wing play tactics that had repeatedly brought him a lot of trouble throughout the game.

The referee finally signaled for the substitutions to commence when the ball went out of play during the 79th minute. Karl Toko Ekambi came on in place of Alexander Söderlund, Rosenborg's starting left-winger, while Paul Kasongo replaced Tobias Mikkelsen, the starting right-winger. On the side of Sevilla, Coach Unai Emery also reacted immediately and brought on Marko Marin in place of Antonio Reyes, the right-winger.

The substitutes quickly took up their respective positions, and the game continued. The minutes flashed by quickly, and the duels on the field, especially in the middle of the pitch, became more heated.

Sliding tackles, dangerous fouls, and yellow cards became more common as the players of both teams tried to outwit their opponents. By the 80th minute, three players on Rosenborg's side had already received yellow cards, while four on Sevilla's side had also gotten similar cautions.

The battle for Europa League glory was that feverish, and by the 84th minute, with only six minutes remaining to the 90-minute mark, the game had already turned into a series of physical battles. The Sevilla players, who were more physically able, shined in great splendor as they outmuscled the opponents more often. They slowly turned the tides and helped Sevilla to dictate the tempo and dominate the proceedings again.

With the momentum on their side, it wasn't long before they launched a dangerous attack on Rosenborg's goal. Daniel Carriço, Sevilla's midfielder, intercepted a loose pass from Thomas Partey during the 86th minute. Before the nearby Rosenborg players could close him down, he passed the ball to Ivan Rakitić, Sevilla's captain and attacking midfielder.

Ivan Rakitić was as composed as ever as he received the ball. With a skillful touch, he skipped past Takumi Minamino, his marker, before threading a through-pass to find Marko Marin on the right flank.

Marko Marin, the substitute right-winger, controlled the ball deftly close to the touchline on the right flank. He turned and twisted his entire frame to bypass Mikael Dorsin, Rosenborg's left-back. He then exploded with speed along the touchline before unleashing a curling cross towards the penalty area.

At the edge of the box, Carlos Bacca, the Sevilla center-forward, went into action. He outmuscled Yerry Mina before controlling the ball with his chest. When the shooting angle opened up, he unleashed a hell of a shot towards the inside of the left post.

TENSION!

It was a tense moment for the Rosenborg fans as Carlos Bacca had placed his shot perfectly to beat the keeper. The ball skimmed over the green grass like a snake traversing the jungle before flashing past the keeper's outstretched fingertips. It was obviously on a straight course towards the back of the net.

But just then, a silhouette slid in wholesale to intercept the ball. It was Zachary Bemba, who had rushed all the way from defensive midfield to defend after noticing the danger. Fortunately, he'd gotten to the goal line on time and prevented the ball from continuing on into the back of the net. He'd used an outstretched boot to kick it back from whence it had come.

However, the danger was still at large as the intercepted ball bounced back into the box, heading straight towards the approaching Sevilla midfielder - Ivan Rakitić. The Sevilla captain wasted no time firing the ball back towards Rosenborg's goal with the intent to score Sevilla's 3rd goal.

"Damn it!"

Adrenaline flooded Zachary's bodily systems, and he cursed out loud. By reflex, he pushed himself off the ground and threw his tall frame in the way of the approaching ball. And as luck would have it, his acrobatic move enabled him to intercept Rakitić's shot with his stomach. Everything worked out perfectly, and as if on cue, Daniel Örlund, Rosenborg's goalkeeper, sprung forth and snatched the ball out of the air before it could bounce back into the box.

Chapter 396 Counterattacking at Its Best "Nice play," Daniel Örlund, the experienced Rosenborg keeper, said to Zachary as he pulled him off the ground. "That was really close."

"Yes, that was a close call," Zachary replied as he glanced around. He breathed a sigh of relief as the two of them had just helped Rosenborg avoid conceding a goal during the 87th minute. "Daniel, don't relax. We have a great opportunity on our hands. We need to counterattack immediately before the Sevilla players shape up again. Hurry up and pass the ball to me."

Without bothering to say anything else, Zachary took off and sprinted to the right side of the box. And without a moment of delay, Daniel Örlund, the keeper, heeded his instructions and threw the ball to him.

Zachary controlled the ball skillfully and skipped past Marko Marin, the Sevilla right-winger, who was keeping an eye on him. He then worked with all the haste he could muster to move the ball forward and survey the situation on the pitch.

After picking a target, Zachary smashed the ball with the outside of his boot to unleash a long-range raking pass towards the left flank. He then took off towards the other side of the pitch as if his ass was on fire. He didn't even bother to ascertain whether the ball had reached the intended destination.

The counterattack was on, and on the left flank, close to the touchline, Karl Toko Ekambi, the substitute left-winger, connected with Zachary's pin-point pass. Ekambi chested the ball down skillfully before exploding with pace along the touchline. Before long, he was already stepping past the centerline as he dribbled the ball forward.

Coke, Sevilla's right-back, soon came forward to close him down. But Ekambi avoided him by passing the ball into the middle to find Nicki Nielsen, Rosenborg's center-forward.

Nicki was as sharp as ever going forward. His control was superb, and his first touch allowed him to leave Stéphane Mbia, Sevilla's defensive midfielder, in the dust. He then glanced around briefly before flicking the ball into the open space on his right, seemingly to no one.

Whoosh!

A silhouette in Rosenborg's black jersey flashed through the middle of the pitch like a whirlwind, chasing after the ball. It was Zachary Bemba. He'd run all the way from Rosenborg's box to aid with the counterattack. His incredible off-ball pace had enabled him to cover roughly 60 yards within a few seconds. He'd left all the opponents in the dust and even managed to catch up to Rosenborg's attacking players.

"Zachary! Zachary..."

The Rosenberg fans around the stadium started cheering loudly as Zachary connected with Nicki's pass. He didn't even bother to slow down to control the ball but prodded it forward with the top of his boot. His long strides ate up yards of space like there was no tomorrow, and soon, he stepped into the final third, where he faced off against Sevilla's two center-backs.

Zachary slowed down and stepped over the ball once to draw in the opposing center-backs. He immediately altered his center of gravity and leaned his body forward to fake going right. But suddenly, Zachary forced himself to contort his tall frame while braking. Within an instant, he switched his center of gravity again and exploded with speed on the left.

Whoosh!

His instantaneous acceleration and swift change of direction allowed him to escape from the harassment of the defenders. He moved the ball forward skillfully and was soon one-on-one with Beto, the Sevilla goalkeeper, who'd come out of his goal to meet him.

Zachary remained as composed as ever and circumvented the goalkeeper with a series of swift deft touches. He then smashed the ball into the back of the net before rushing towards the sidelines to celebrate Rosenberg's 3rd goal for the night.

At that moment, he could hardly contain his happiness since he was one step closer to winning the Europa League trophy that night. So, he punched and kicked the corner flag a couple of times to express his delight.

Sevilla FC 2 : Rosenberg BK 3

In the stands, Kristin was on cloud nine as she yelled at the top of her voice to celebrate Zachary's goal with the rest of the Rosenberg fans. She hugged Emily, who was next to her, as they immersed themselves in the thunderous and victorious atmosphere within the stadium.

Their excitement levels had obviously shot through the stadium roof and soared into the night skies of Turin. So, they danced and hopped around for seconds like little girls, without minding those around them.

But they were not alone in their brief state of madness. The Rosenborg fans around them had also gone wild with excitement as they cheered and celebrated Zachary's goal. Some had even undressed to let loose and express their delight.

"Zachary has delivered again," the voice of Peter Drury, the commentator, resounded across the stadium when the cheers started reducing in volume. "He has scored Rosenborg's third goal during the 88th minute of this heated final. One moment, Zachary was at the other end of the pitch, in Rosenborg's box, defending and making incredible goal-line saves. But a few seconds later, he had already sprinted across the pitch and scored Rosenborg's third goal for the night. His pace was incredible, his skills dazzling, and his composure out of this world. What a counterattack! Ladies and Gentlemen! We're surely witnessing the rise of a great player."

"It is funny how football can be unpredictable," Roy Hamilton, the co-commentator, remarked. "A few seconds before, Carlos Bacca and Ivan Rakitić were about to score and put Sevilla ahead. But they missed their chances, and Rosenborg took the opportunity to do what they do best. They launched a swift and terrifying counterattack. And due to Zachary's brilliance, the counter was a success, and the Troll Kids are now ahead. They are leading Sevilla by three goals to two with only a couple of minutes remaining to the end of this heated Europa League final."

"Let's not forget that the goal takes Zachary's tally in this year's Europa League to 23 goals," Peter Drury said. "He's the undisputed top scorer and has already broken the all-time goal-scoring record in a single Europa League tournament. He's now in a class of his own, and he's surely the best player in the Europa League this season. As I said before, we're witnessing the rise of a great player."

"You're right, Peter," Roy Hamilton, the co-commentator, said. "Zachary has played incredibly well in the Europa League this season. A whopping twenty-three goals and five assists! These are incredible statistics. He really deserves the Europa League trophy and all the honors that come with it. I really wish to see him on the podium as a champion at the end of the game tonight. Otherwise, I'll greatly be disappointed."

"Only a minute plus added time remain to the end of the game," Peter Drury said. "So, the Rosenborg players only need to maintain the lead for about six minutes, and they'll be champions. Can they achieve the feat and become the first Norwegian team to win a Europa League trophy? Let's return our focus to the proceedings on the pitch to find out."

Chapter 397 The Final Nail in the Coffin Unai Emery, Sevilla's coach, quickly made two substitutions before the game could restart. He brought on Kevin Gameiro, a forward, in place of Alberto Moreno, the starting left-back. Additionally, the coach subbed in Piotr Trochowski, an attacking midfielder, for Daniel Carriço, the starting defensive midfielder.

The Sevilla Coach had obviously decided to go all out by playing with a 3-3-2-2 offensive formation during the final few minutes. And that was why he was replacing defensive players with creative and attack-minded players. He wanted to employ all his attacking cards to create opportunities and net an equalizer as soon as possible.

On the other hand, Coach Johansen chose not to tamper with his squad. He feared that making any substitution would affect the chemistry and concentration of his field players, especially during the crucial last minutes of the game. So, he took a leap of faith and bet on his players' determination to maintain the lead until the final whistle sounded.

FWEEEEEEE

The referee blew the whistle to restart the match after the substitutes had taken their positions on the pitch. Carlos Bacca, Sevilla's center-forward, didn't dawdle in the slightest. He immediately kicked the ball back into his midfield to restart the proceedings on the field of play.

Ivan Rakitić, Sevilla's captain and attacking midfielder, controlled the ball close to the border of the middle third. He then glanced around briefly before flicking it towards his left to find Piotr Trochowski, the substitute attacking midfielder.

But by then, Nicki Nielsen, the Rosenborg center-forward, had already closed down the Sevilla midfielder. Thus, Piotr Trochowski could only choose to pass the ball backward to find Nicolás Pareja, the center-back.

"Push forward," Coach Unai Emery yelled from the sidelines, pacing the entire length of Sevilla's technical area. "We need a goal right away. So, play with a bit of urgency. Carlos! Gameiro! You're

playing as two center-forwards. Push forward and apply pressure on their center-backs. And be ready to receive long balls and crosses from your teammates..."

The words of Coach Unai Emery seemed to be quite effective. The Sevilla players soon raised their playing intensity and moved the ball from one end of the pitch to the other as they tried to stretch Rosenborg's midfield and defense. And finally, during the 92nd minute, they found a rare opening to create a goal-scoring opportunity.

Ivan Rakitić received the ball close to the center circle. He escaped the harassment of Takumi Minamino before unleashing a through pass towards the flanks to find Vitolo, the left-winger.

Vitolo's ball control was incredible. He chested the ball down to the green before feeding it past Karl Toko Ekambi and beating him for pace.

But Ekambi didn't give up and let the Sevilla winger do as he pleased. He chased after Vitolo with all the speed he could muster before sliding in to steal the ball off the winger's feet. His tackle was spot on, and he managed to shove the ball out of play before sending the opponent tumbling to the ground.

"Ref! Foul!" Vitolo and a few more Sevilla players yelled at the top of their voices while glancing expectantly at the referee. However, the referee ignored their complaints and motioned for a Sevilla throw-in.

"That was clearly a foul," Vitolo continued complaining as he picked himself up from the green. "He caught me on my ankle."

But the referee again turned a deaf ear to his appeals and motioned for the Sevilla players to quickly take the throw-in. Vitolo could only shake his head dejectedly before readying himself for the throw-in.

Piotr Trochowski, Sevilla's substitute midfielder, soon took the throw-in. He planted his feet close to the touchline and threw the ball toward the middle to find Stéphane Mbia, Sevilla's defensive midfielder.

Stéphane Mbia controlled the ball well before flicking it toward the far right to find Marko Marin, the substitute right-winger. Marko Marin went into action immediately and chested the ball to the ground. Without losing a second, he unleashed a killer cross towards the box before any Rosenborg players could close him down.

Finally, a chance for Sevilla to score an equalizing goal had arrived with the cross. So, both Carlos Bacca and Kevin Gameiro, the two strikers, went into action within the box. They leaped high to connect with the incoming cross while battling the Rosenborg center-backs.

But in the end, it was Carlos Bacca, the starting forward, who got the last laugh. The center-forward outjumped Eric Bailly and planted a header towards the goal from the edge of the box. However, his effort lacked power, and in the end, it was easily saved by Daniel Örlund, the Rosenborg keeper.

"Only three minutes out of the six of added time remain to the final whistle," the voice of Peter Drury resounded across the stadium. "However, the Troll Kids, the underdogs from Norway, are still in the lead against Sevilla by three goals to two. They are only moments away from achieving Europa League glory for the first time in history. Can they hold off Sevilla for the remaining three minutes and win the trophy?"

"Sevilla is on the attack again," the commentator continued. "Unai Emery and his men are digging in and doing everything possible to find that equalizing goal. Ivan Rakitić is on the ball. He twists and turns and passes to Vitolo. Vitolo! Vitolo with the cross into the box. Oh! Rosenborg is in trouble..."

At that moment, the tension was in the air as Kevin Gameiro, Sevilla's substitute center-forward, leaped up to connect with the cross at the edge of the box. He easily chested the ball backward—towards the approaching Ivan Rakitić.

Ivan Rakitić was as sharp as ever in the final third. He met the ball with a first-time volley just a few yards outside the box. He hammered it with the top of his boot, sending it rocketing towards Rosenborg's goal like a surface-to-surface missile.

But once again, luck was on Rosenborg's side, and the ball ran into an obstruction in the form of Eric Bailly. The young Ivorian defender threw himself in the ball's path and deflected it out of play for a

corner kick. His brilliant effort had saved Rosenberg from conceding the equalizing goal during the 94th minute.

"Two minutes remain to the end of the added time," Peter Drury, the commentator, said as the Sevilla players prepared to take the corner kick. "This might be the last chance for Sevilla to score and bring proceedings back to level terms in this heated final. It is now or never, and all the Sevilla players are flooding into Rosenberg's box, waiting to meet the corner ball. Can they bag a last-minute equalizer and push this game into extra time?"

FWEEEEEEE

The referee's whistle soon sounded as a signal for the Sevilla players to take the corner kick. Ivan Rakitić, the Sevilla captain, immediately unleashed a teasing cross from the corner spot towards the crowded box.

The descending corner ball induced a chaotic wave of activities within the box as the players from both teams struggled to outwit their opponents. Some even resorted to playing rough to gain an advantage before connecting with the corner ball.

But at the end of it all, Daniel Örlund, the Rosenberg keeper, came out on top. He leaped high and outjumped all the players in the box before punching the ball away from his goal.

"Oh my, my!" Peter Drury yelled in sync with the cheers and dejected sighs around the stadium. "What a phenomenal save by Daniel Örlund! He has punched the ball to safety. What do we have here? Sevilla is in trouble as Takumi Minamino intercepts the ball a few yards outside the box. It's a chance for a counterattack, and Takumi Minamino brilliantly turns away from Stéphane Mbia. He finds Zachary Bemba with a pass to his right..."

The cheers of the Rosenberg fans resounded around the stadium as Zachary connected with Takumi Minamino's pass. He spun around with the ball glued to his left foot to execute a Marseille turn and escape away from Marko Marin. He then accelerated to his top speed with the intent to race towards the other end of the pitch to advance the counterattack.

But a moment later, Zachary felt a strong tug on his shirt and figured that one of the opponents was hell-bent on stopping him, even by relying on foul means. But since it was the last minute of

gameplay, he didn't relent and struggled to continue moving forward. He yearned to help his team to create one more clear goal-scoring opportunity before the final whistle.

Zachary's mind went into overdrive mode as he toiled to escape from the harassment of the opponent. As usual, the Zinedine-Pirlo mental Juju bloomed in great splendor, and his vision of the pitch became crystal clear. Within an instant, he spotted a couple of his teammates, who had already rushed forward to support the counterattack.

"Here goes nothing."

Zachary exerted all his effort and kicked the ball towards the right flank as the opponent was in the process of pulling him to the ground. His only hope was for the referee to play an advantage. That way, his teammates would continue advancing the counterattack and possibly score since there weren't any opponents barring their way forward.

"Oh my!" Peter Drury yelled in sync with the cheers. "Federico Fazio, the Sevilla center-back, has tackled Zachary to the ground. But Zachary didn't give up and passed the ball towards the right flank to find Paul Kasongo. What is the referee's decision? Will he award a free-kick for the foul? Oh no! The referee has signaled for an advantage play, and the counterattack is still on. It's Paul Kasongo on the ball. He has yards of space ahead of him. Kasongo..."

Kasongo sprinted towards Sevilla's goal like a Ferrari on a formula one race track. His short strides quickly ate up the yards of space — and before long; he stepped into the final third. He quickly approached the keeper, who'd come out of goal to meet him.

Kasongo immediately chose to play it safe instead of going head to head with the fast-approaching keeper. He slowed down slightly before passing the ball to his left to find Nicki Nielsen, who'd been running in sync with him.

Another clear goal-scoring opportunity for Rosenborg presented itself as Nicki connected with Kasongo's pass at the edge of Sevilla's box. Without losing a moment, the center-forward smashed the ball into the back of the empty net to score Rosenborg's 4th goal for the night. He had added a final nail in Sevilla's coffin and cemented Rosenborg's advantage during the last minute of added time.

"Surely, surely, this is it," Peter Drury, the commentator, yelled at the top of his lungs as Nicki Nielsen ran towards the corner flag to celebrate Rosenborg's 4th goal. Not even the booming cheers around the stadium could drown out his mellifluous voice. "What a deadly counter! Right at the end, right on the wire, just thirty seconds shy of the 96th minute, the Troll Kids have extended their lead against Sevilla. This time, Nicki Nielsen, the center-forward, was the one to deliver. Another deadly attack initiated by the one and only Zachary Bemba has seen Nicki score Rosenborg's 4th goal for the night."

"It's now Rosenborg Ballklub four and Sevilla FC two," the commentator continued. "It's a fairy tale ending, and the Norwegian giants are about to make it into the history books. They are flying and on their way to winning the Europa League trophy tonight. No one can stop them, not even the two-time Europa League champions - Sevilla. What a night for the Norwegian giants!"

In the stands, Kristin's smiled as her ears took in the ramblings of the commentator. But a moment later, she couldn't contain her emotions and couldn't stop her eyes from moistening. She was overflowing with happiness while watching the Rosenborg players celebrating the goal.

"Zachary has outdone himself tonight," Emily yelled and hugged her. "We're winning the trophy. We're winning..." Her words came out incoherently, in short bursts. It seemed that she also couldn't control her volatile emotions.

"Yes, we're going home with the trophy!" Kristin nodded, hugging her back. "I can't believe I have lived to see the day Rosenborg takes a Europa League trophy. Oh, my God. I hope this is not a dream."

"This is not a dream," Emily said, patting her back. "We're leading Sevilla by four goals to two during the last minute of added time. The opponent won't be able to make a comeback, even if the goddess of luck descends."

Kristin chuckled and released Emily from her embrace. The loud chants and cheers of the Rosenborg fans continued flooding her auditory senses, causing her mood to soar into the night skies. She smiled as she returned her attention to the proceedings on the field of play.

The Rosenborg players had just finished celebrating the goal. Their faces were all smiles as they took up their starting positions on the pitch. They were ready to restart the game and defend their two-goal lead during the final moments before the final whistle sounded.

FWEEEEEEEE

The referee finally blew the whistle after a few more seconds. Carlos Bacca, Sevilla's center-forward, immediately kicked off the game again by passing the ball back into his midfield. The game was underway, and before long, team Sevilla was again on the offensive.

Ivan Rakitić, Sevilla's captain and attacking midfielder, received the ball close to the center circle. He skillfully skipped past the seemingly exhausted Takumi Minamino before continuing his sprint towards Rosenborg's defensive third. When the passing angle opened up, he flicked the ball to his left to find Piotr Trochowski, his counterpart in attacking midfield.

Maybe because it was the final minute, Piotr Trochowski seemed impatient to produce results. After receiving the ball, he dribbled it forward for a few yards before releasing a long shot towards Rosenborg's goal.

However, since he was about fifty-five yards from goal, his effort didn't produce any results. His shot was way-wide off-target, and he could only let out a helpless sigh as he watched the ball zooming towards the stands behind the goal.

"Rosenborg! *FWEEEEEEEE* Rosenborg..."

The cheers of the Rosenborg fans rose to another level as Daniel Örlund, Rosenborg's keeper, picked up the ball from the ball boy. The keeper smiled and jogged back into the pitch before positioning the ball at the edge of the penalty box. He was preparing to take the goal kick, and hopefully, it would be the last kick of the final.

At that moment, a loud chorus of whistling resounded across the stadium. The Rosenborg fans were obviously pressurizing the referee to end the match by imitating the sound of the whistle. And that time around, the referee didn't disappoint the supporters. He blew the final whistle to signal the end of the match right after Daniel Örlund took the goal kick.

"The match has ended," Peter Drury, the commentator, yelled like a madman, his voice resounding over the loud chorus of cheers around the stadium. "Once again, Rosenborg BK, the Troll Kids, the underdogs from Norway, have bested another highly-experienced European club. They have defeated Sevilla FC, the two-time Europa League champions, in tonight's Europa League final by four goals to two. It's surely a fairy tale ending, and the Europa League trophy is on its way to Norway for the first time in history."

On the pitch, Zachary was on cloud nine. His thoughts were a jumbled mess for a few seconds as his ears took in the thunderous cheers around the stadium. He stood transfixed in one place as happiness glowed inside him like noon sunshine in summer. Then, his spirits bounded higher, and he felt like everything around him was surreal. It was as if he was experiencing a very wonderful dream.

"We're champions!" Mikael Dorsin yelled as he sprinted forward and gave him a bear hug. "We're freakin' bloody champions! We're taking the Europa League trophy to Trondheim. Thanks for the hard work throughout the tournament, Zachary." The left-back patted his back.

"Yes, we're bloody champions," Zachary yelled in response. "And thank you too for the hard work, Mikael. Oh, my god! I feel like my head is going to explode with happiness. We're Europa League champions. If I'm dreaming, please don't wake me up."

"You're quite the comedian." Mikael chuckled and released him.

By then, more teammates, including Nicki Nielsen, Thomas Partey, Eric Bailly, Takumi Minamino, Yerry Mina, Kasongo, Karl Toko Ekambi, Tore Reginiussen, and the substitutes, had also arrived at their position. A delightful atmosphere surrounded the team, and the players wasted no time hugging and congratulating each other upon winning the Europa League. Some even cried tears of joy since they could hardly rein in their emotions after winning the final.

Soon, Coach Johansen also joined the celebrations. He moved around gallantly like a king and hugged each of his players. But surprisingly, his eyes were a bit moist. The often-strict coach had obviously turned emotional after leading his team to win that year's Europa League trophy. But he seemed not to mind his outward bearing as he immersed himself in the festivities with his players.

"Guys!" Tore Reginiussen, the Rosenborg captain, said after a few more minutes. "Let's move around and thank our fans. They were amazing and energetic while cheering for us during today's final."

"True. Let's go."

All the players agreed and started running around the pitch to pay homage to the traveling Rosenborg supporters. Some even picked Rosenborg flags from who knows where and waved them around.

In response, the Rosenborg fans cheered like madmen and madwomen, and soon, their voices joined together into a booming chorus that shook the stadium. Some even cried, others laughed, while others danced with reckless abandon. Their excitement levels had obviously long bordered on the verge of insanity. But they were not to blame. Their team had won the Europa League trophy for the first time in history. And as a plus, their team had finally completed a treble for the past season. So, they couldn't give a shit about who was watching. They just celebrated Rosenborg's victory like there wasn't a tomorrow.

Even though it was already a few minutes past midnight, excited voices could still be heard within one of the lounges of the post-surgery rehabilitation center at the University Hospital Zurich. The employees and patients in the room had been rooting for Rosenborg to win the Europa League final. That was because a grandson of one of the patients was playing for Rosenborg. So, when the final whistle sounded, they all jumped up for joy and celebrated Rosenborg's victory. They danced and jubilated without any care for anything around them.

"Oh my God! Zachary has won a trophy! My grandson has won a trophy. Praise be to God." An aged woman among the room's occupants mumbled to herself in Swahili. Even though she was still recovering from a surgical wound, with a large bandage around her head, she appeared quite energetic at that moment. She was obviously very excited as she followed the proceedings on the large screen in front of the room.

"Congratulations, Mrs. Bemba," a young woman said and patted her shoulder. Even though she was European, she spoke fluent Swahili. She was Mia - a professional nurse and caregiver taking care of

her. "Your grandson is now a champion," she continued. "A European Champion who has faced off against teams like Juventus and came out on top! Oh my God!"

"Indeed, little Zachary has achieved an incredible feat," Marie Bemba, Zachary's aunt, remarked with a smile. "At just nineteen years, he has already won the Europa League. My brother should be smiling as he looks down from heaven."

"You're right, Marie," Zachary's grandma said. "Samuel should be smiling and laughing as he looks down at Zachary's brilliance from heaven. He should be very proud of his son."

Zachary's grandma smiled as a great sense of contentment overwhelmed her entire being. She felt like she had finally lived a fruitful and long life after witnessing her grandson's success in his football career. She no longer had to worry about him as he could look after himself.

"Mrs. Bemba," Mia, the nurse, suddenly said. "Since the game is over, you should return to your room and rest for the night. Remember: You have to undergo some check-ups tomorrow."

"Just give me a few more minutes," Zachary's grandma said. "Let me watch my grandson lift the trophy first. After that, I'll immediately go to bed."

"Okay," Mia mumbled.

Chapter 399 Post-Match Analysis and Trophy Ceremony Emilia Vasquez, the experienced and beautiful ESPN presenter, was on duty for the Europa League finals that night. She smiled at the cameras in the studio and said, "What a match we've had on our hands tonight. Rosenborg Ballklub has just defeated Sevilla by four goals to two in tonight's dramatic final. The Norwegian giants are this year's Europa League champions. As we wait for the organizers and officials to finish setting up the podium for the trophy presentation, let's hear from our pundits. Let's hear about their take on the just-concluded final."

"Guys!" She turned towards Ole Gunnar Solskjær and Juninho Pernambucano, the two ex-professional footballers who were the in-studio pundits for the game. "What are your thoughts?"

Ole Gunnar Solskjær smiled as the cameras focused on him. "I think Trondheim is a very fitting home for the Europa League trophy this year," he said. "With the way the Rosenborg players played during this Europa League campaign, they deserve the trophy. They deserve all the glory that comes with winning tonight's final. On their way to the finals, they defeated Red Bull Salzburg, Standard Liège, Fiorentina, Juventus, Lyon, and Benfica, among other teams. All these are very experienced clubs on the European stage, with big annual budgets and many skilled players and coaches. However, all that didn't matter to the Rosenborg players. They gave more than a hundred percent in all the matches and bested one opponent after the other. They have now won the final and are about to go home with the Europa League trophy."

"You're right, Ole," Juninho chimed in. "Rosenborg's drive to win during this campaign has been phenomenal. Then, there's Zachary Bemba, the young midfielder who's always working miracles on the pitch. Defeating Rosenborg with him on the squad is a tall order. Additionally, their squad exudes a sense of togetherness. They never say never, and to a certain extent, their whole squad reminds me of the 1994/95 Ajax team that won the Champions League. They are a team that doesn't appear strong on paper, but when you face off against them, you'll find yourself two goals behind in a matter of minutes."

"Let's look at the final today," Emilia Vasquez said as the cameras focused on her. "The match was filled with a lot of ups and downs. Wasn't it?"

"True," Ole concurred. "As usual, Zachary worked his magic early in the first half to set up Tobias for Rosenborg's opening goal. But during the same half, Sevilla responded, and Carlos Bacca scored twice within a ten-minute window to put Sevilla ahead. Then Zachary rose to the occasion and scored that beautiful free-kick."

"Indeed, it was a beautiful free-kick," Juninho agreed. "It was text-book perfect and well-placed. Zachary's technique left no chance for the keeper to make a save."

"But that wasn't the end of his brilliance," Ole continued. "During the 87th minute, he raced all the way back to his goal and made two timely goal-line interceptions. Zachary saved Rosenborg from conceding a third goal but didn't stop at that. He then initiated a counter before running from one end of the pitch to the other to score the third goal for Rosenborg. For me, this was the defining moment of the final."

"That's true," Juninho remarked. "If Zachary hadn't made that timely defensive interception to stop Sevilla from scoring, his team wouldn't have won the final. I was even more impressed by his determination when he countered immediately to score Rosenborg's third goal. Let's also not forget about the fourth goal. He initiated a counterattack that led to the fourth goal while resisting a foul. His

pass easily found Kasongo, and the rest is history. In my book, he has really done a lot for the Rosenborg team, and he's the undisputed best player of the tournament.

"True that," Ole agreed readily. "Zachary has scored twenty-three goals and provided five assists during this tournament. He has broken the all-time goal-scoring record for a single Europa League tournament. If he isn't the best player, then who is?"

Emilia Vasquez chuckled. "After winning the Europa League trophy tonight, Rosenborg has also completed a season treble. They won the Norwegian Cup and domestic league last year in December. And now, they're Europa League champions after beating Sevilla in tonight's final. In all the tournaments they have played since last year, Zachary's brilliance has been a crucial factor that has continued to drive their success."

"Yes, that's correct," Ole said. "Zachary was the top scorer in both the domestic league and Cupen. His goals have helped Rosenborg overcome many opponents since last year. And let's also not forget his performance in the Europa League against European giants like Juventus, Lyon, and now Sevilla. I don't care what anyone says, but this young man deserves this year's Golden Boy award. He also deserves to be on the FIFA best player award list. At least, he should be within the top fifteen."

Juninho chuckled. "There's still the World Cup coming up in June," he said. "There might be young players, like Raheem Sterling, Ousmane Dembele, and others, who might rise to the occasion and perform well during the World Cup. They could even overtake Zachary's rating on the FIFA best player list since he won't be participating in the World Cup. Remember: The tournament has a big sway on the player rankings."

"I highly doubt the possibility," Ole said, shaking his head. "Zachary's performance this season has been otherworldly. I don't think any other young player can outperform him during the World Cup. It's not possible."

"Let's end the debate here for a moment," Emilia Vasquez chipped in with a chuckle. "Thank you guys for your analysis. But first, let's return our focus to the proceedings on the pitch. The organizers have finished setting up the podium, and the trophy ceremony has just begun. At the moment, they are about to present the golden boot to Zachary Bemba. Our dear viewers! Stay tuned as we take you back to the Juventus Stadium — the venue of the Europa League final."

"Ladies and gentlemen," the announcer's voice resounded across the stadium. "This young man has been incredible throughout the entire Europa League season. His 23 goals for Rosenborg make him the indisputable top scorer of the tournament. Ladies and gentlemen! Let's put our hands together for this season's Europa League Golden Boot winner - Zachary Bemba."

The cheers around the stadium hit another thunderous peak as Zachary marched toward the podium. There was a slight swagger in his step as he immersed himself in the joy of winning another individual accolade. But that didn't hinder his actions in any way. He stepped forward and received the shiny Golden Boot from the ambassador for the final. After that, Zachary posed for a few photos with his award before rejoining his excited teammates.

The proceedings moved forward quite quickly, and soon, the Sevilla players stepped forward to receive their runners-up medals. They all lacked energy and enthusiasm as they ascended the podium. Losing that night's Europa League final had obviously hit them hard.

Zachary watched them out of the corner of his eye. He didn't feel guilty about changing history and stealing a trophy that could have been theirs in another lifetime. He was too excited and overwhelmed by a sense of contentment to bother with such unwarranted feelings.

Moreover, he understood that he had to step over both strong and weak opponents to achieve glory. So, he had long prepared himself to rob many more trophies and accolades from their would-be-owners of his previous life. With the system in hand, he was sure he could achieve the feat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the announcer's voice resounded again. "Please put your hands together for the champions of the Europa League as they step forward to receive their medals."

"Finally," Zachary mumbled as he followed his teammates up the podium. The line moved forward quickly, and before long, he stood before the ambassador for the Europa League final. He shook hands with the gentleman and received his medal before joining his teammates on one side of the podiums.

By then, the Rosenborg fans around the stadium were already cheering like mad. They continued singing and vocalizing the popular Rosenborg chants as the players received the medals, one after the other. And finally, their voices hit a crescendo when the crucial moment of the trophy presentation ceremony arrived.

Tore Reginiussen, the Rosenborg captain, stepped forward and received the Europa League trophy from the ambassador for the final. He immediately raised it with both hands to send the stadium into a wave of excited frenzy.

It was a historic moment, and all eyes and cameras were on the Rosenborg captain. However, Tore didn't allow all the attention to create any blemish on his bearing as a captain. He quickly returned to his teammates and presented the trophy to them as the cheers of the Rosenborg fans continued resounding across the stadium. What followed was an unforgettable night of euphoria and jubilation.

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Chapter 400 Jubilation and Mission Completion The following day, the Rosenborg delegation, including the players, coaches, and medical personnel, returned triumphantly to Trondheim with the Europa League trophy. Their flight was without issues, and their plane touched down at the runway of Værnes Airport at 1:00 PM.

Everything was smooth sailing from there on. The players followed their coaches and descended the airstair before heading towards the airport's arrivals section. Under the guidance of the dedicated airport staff, they quickly went through all the necessary procedures before heading towards the airport's exit.

"Zachary!" Suddenly, Tore Reginiussen, the captain, called out. "Do you wish to hold the trophy as we head out of the airport to face our fans?"

"Nope," Zachary replied with a smile. "I already posed for many pictures with the trophy last night. So, I'm good."

"Captain!" Eric Bailly hurriedly interjected as he glanced left and right. "If you're already tired, I can hold the trophy in your place. As you know, I'm a strong man. I never get tired."

"I can also help..." A few more players in the delegation offered. They were eager to hold on to the trophy as they exited the airport.

"Silence!" The voice of Coach Johansen resounded and silenced the players. "You should all be content as you all had fun with the trophy last night. Now, it's time for the captain to perform his duties as we prepare to face the fans waiting for us outside the airport. Let Tore keep holding the trophy."

"What a mean coach!" Some of the players jested and snickered. But there wasn't any trace of discontent in their bearing. Instead, their faces were all smiles, and they couldn't conceal the exultant atmosphere around them. They were obviously still relishing the joy of winning the Europa League final the previous night.

At that time, many fans in Rosenborg's black and white colors had assembled outside the airport. Be it the young kids, the teenagers, the middle-aged, or the elderly — they all seemed not to mind the burning afternoon sun rays while waiting eagerly for their heroes to arrive.

"They are here! They've finally arrived!"

An excited cry suddenly resounded across the place. Like a spark, it ignited the crowd, causing all the fans to start cheering at the top of their voices. Before long, the voices harmonized into one of the popular Rosenborg chants as the players began marching out of the airport gates.

"Come this way! This way!"

The police worked with airport security to keep the fans at bay and direct the players and coaches through the crowd. The officers were strict. They didn't even allow Zachary and his teammates to sign autographs or to pose for photographs with the fans. They claimed that such deeds would cause chaos and disorganize airport security.

"The trophy is here!"

"Oh my God! The Europa League trophy is here in Trondheim for the first time in history."

"Am I dreaming..."

Suddenly, shrill screams filled with excitement shook the place as Tore Reginiussen stepped out of the airport's gates. A Cheshire cat's grin outlined the captain's face as he slowly raised the trophy with both arms.

The action itself was like a fuse of a bomb. It caused an explosion, setting off waves of euphoria. As a result, some passionate supporters cried while others laughed as they experienced rare eruptions of bliss. They were that excited to see the trophy arrive in Trondheim for the first time in history.

Meanwhile, the journalists, who'd taken up strategic positions around the place, were like tireless worker ants as they took pictures. Their cameras continuously let out clicking noises as they all struggled to capture Rosenborg's glorious moment of returning to Trondheim with the trophy.

Among the men and women of the press was Olav Brusveen, the TV2 Sporten reporter who'd followed Zachary's career for more than a year. He was filled with mixed emotions as he observed the proceedings.

"I never expected to witness such a moment during my lifetime," he said and sighed. "A Europa League trophy in Trondheim! Moreover, it's the first Europa League trophy in Norway. The Rosenborg players have brought pride to our nation's footballing community."

"Yes, indeed," Ingrid Solberg, his assistant, said. "This is a glorious moment for us Norwegians in history. At least one of our teams has finally won a major trophy on the European stage. We can hold our heads high from now on."

"I'm sorry to interrupt your emotional moment, guys," their cameramen said. "But if you don't act immediately, the Rosenborg team will depart before we interview Zachary."

"Oh!" Olav said and pivoted his gaze towards the bus in the distance. He immediately noticed that some Rosenborg players, including Zachary, Takumi, and Nicki, had already lined up to enter the bus.

"It seems we won't get a chance to interview Zachary today," Ingrid remarked from beside Olav.

Olav sighed and nodded. "You're right," he said. "Airport security is strict today. They aren't allowing even journalists to get close to the players. It is such a letdown."

"What shall we do?" Ingrid asked. "The boss had instructed us to do everything possible to interview Zachary today. He will get pissed if we go back without results."

"Don't worry!" Olav said. "I'm an acquaintance of his agent. We can book an appointment to interview Zachary through her."

"That may not be possible," Ingrid said. "From what I heard, all the Rosenborg players are first going for a trophy parade around Trondheim. After that, they will present the Europa League trophy to their fans at Lerkendal before ending their day with a trophy banquet. Due to such a busy schedule, we might still not get a chance to interview Zachary even through his agent."

"No worries," Olav said in a placating tone. "I'm hopeful that we'll get a chance eventually. If not, we can complete the task tomorrow. But for now, let's continue following the team. They are about to set off for the trophy parade."

"Okay, let's go." His colleagues readily agreed.

That evening, the trophy parade was a great success. Under the fire of the setting sun, thousands of Rosenborg fans lined the streets of Trondheim City to welcome home their team and celebrate their Europa League victory. The enthusiastic supporters cheered at the top of their voices as the team bus slowly made its way to Lerkendal Stadium under the escort of a local police convoy. Some fans even climbed on top of houses to witness the glory of the Rosenborg players atop the bus.

The trophy parade ended at 7:00 PM, and the team bus headed to Lerkendal Stadium, Rosenborg's home ground, where the players officially presented the Europa League trophy to their enthusiastic fans. The following proceedings were smooth, and the ceremony ended with speeches from the captain and Coach Johansen.

The Rosenborg players then ended their hectic day by attending a trophy banquet before returning to their respective homes for the night. At long last, their busy day after winning the Europa League final had ended, and they could finally enjoy a night of rest, hopefully without any disturbances.

Zachary only managed to return to his apartment late at 11:00 PM. He hadn't gotten much rest since the previous day before the final. Thus, he felt as if he'd just played an intensive match, and his only wish was to jump into bed and enter slumber land as soon as possible.

"DING"

Suddenly, the all-familiar system notification rang in his mind as he stepped into his living room. It roused him back to full attention, causing all the feelings of exhaustion to fade away from his mind. His eyes flickered with a trace of anticipation, and he hurriedly switched on the light to brighten up the living room.

"Congratulations to the user for completing the 2013/14 Europa League Serial Challenge mission," the system AI's apathetic voice sounded at that moment. "The user can check out the mission completion details and respective rewards on the interface."

Zachary smiled as his hopes soared. He settled down on one of the sofas before summoning the system interface. Without further ado, he started to peruse the contents of the mission completion message.

#5 new messages

CONGRATULATIONS

->You have completed the system mission (2013/14 Europa League Serial Challenge).

->Mission Summary

*Milestone 1: Play over 80% of the fixtures in the 2013/14 Europa League tournament for Rosenborg (Completed; Rating A; Rewarded 2,000 Juju points).

*Milestone 2: Help Rosenborg qualify for the round of sixteen of the 2013/14 Europa League tournament (Completed by helping Rosenborg defeat Fiorentina during the round of thirty-two stage; Rating A; Rewarded 5,000 Juju points).

*Milestone 3: Help Rosenborg qualify for the quarter-finals of the 2013/14 Europa League tournament (Completed by helping Rosenborg defeat Juventus during the round of sixteen stage; Rating S+; Rewarded 30,000 Juju points).

*Milestone 4: Help Rosenborg qualify for the semi-finals of the 2013/14 Europa League tournament (Completed by helping Rosenborg defeat Olympique Lyon during the quarter-final; Rating S+; Rewarded 50,000 Juju points).

*Milestone 5: Help Rosenborg qualify for the 2013/14 Europa League final (Completed by helping Rosenborg defeat Benfica during the semi-final; Rating A; Rewarded 100,000 Juju Points).

*Milestone 6: Help Rosenborg become the champions of the 2013/14 Europa League Tournament (Completed by helping Rosenborg defeat Sevilla FC during the final; Rating S+; Rewarded a dosage of S-grade vitality enhancing elixir).

*Milestone 7: Provide the most assists in the 2013/14 Europa League tournament while playing for Rosenborg (Tied with two others at the top position with five assists; Completed with Rating A; Rewarded 20,000 Juju-points).

*Milestone 8: Become the top scorer of the 2013/14 Europa League Tournament while playing for Rosenborg (Top scorer with 23 goals in the tournament; Completed with S+ rating; Rewarded 40,000 Juju points).

*Milestone 9: Become the Best Player of the 2013/14 Europa League Tournament while playing for Rosenborg (By far the best player according to system statistical computations. Completion with Rating S+; Rewarded a dosage of S-grade mental conditioning elixir).

Mission completed almost with perfection

Overall Mission Rating: S+

->Mission Rewards

1) A total of 247,000 Juju-points

2) An S-grade vitality-enhancing elixir

3) An S-grade mental conditioning elixir

->Bonus Rewards

You have earned 20,000 Bonus Juju points.
