

Football 214

Chapter 214 Arrival

"Celtic didn't want to take on the risk of outright buying you from the academy and chose a loan with a buy-out option," Lisa told her son whilst explaining what went into the creation of the deal. Ace would take on 75% of his now \$3,000 wages on a short-term loan till the end of the season.

"Celtic has the option to trigger your buy-out clause, which was set at \$10,000,000 after negotiations. They refused to outright buy you," she continued, explaining how Ace didn't want to lose out in case he performed well and they set a low buy option. The contract was quite complex as he was still on a youth contract, meaning even if they did trigger the buy-out clause, he would be a youth player in their academy.

"I'm practically the most valued youth player in the world," Rakim commented after realising that would have to negotiate a professional contract upon triggering the buy option.

"Most likely, they won't even trigger your buy option as the club in itself is quite stingy with money. They'd rather see you perform and decide at the last minute," Lisa remarked, a hint of frustration in her voice. "But this is a great opportunity for you, Rakim. You'll get exposure in a competitive environment, and if you impress, bigger clubs might come calling." That was her plan in wanting to let her son play for the club and the reason why Ace agreed to this.

Letting him have exposure by playing competitive football will not only attract buyers but will also allow him to ease back into the game. They hoped that bigger teams would fight for his signature again blocking Celtic's buy option. In the contract, there is a clause that if another team bids a million more than them the buy option becomes null and void.

That is why they lowered Rakim's contract buyout clause down to 10 million believing he would once again amaze the world. They were betting big but he had already more than paid back their investment in him. Most of the recent endorsements were signed after he amazed the world at his last tournament.

As for Celtic actually paying the 10 million before he shines they weren't worried about that. The boards in small clubs would go months before mobilising such a large sum of money and by that time it would be too late. Not like they were taking the short end of the stick either as they can sign some pretty lucrative PR deals once Rakim joins them.

Wunderkind back from the dead, Hero footballer back on the green, Second saga of Rakim. The headlines practically write themselves for the Celtic program they just need him to perform decently. Under these Ideas, both sides reached an agreement on Rakim's upcoming future.

"When am I leaving?" That was all he asked after understanding what this deal meant for the parties involved. His mother had pretty much dusted off her MBA after deciding to become his agent. Whilst he was undergoing his physical therapy she underwent various agent courses.

Signing up for classes and passing the eligibility check with the FIFA Agent platform. She became a certified agent and started using some of her contacts in the sports world to learn from her previous client's agents. Asking questions when she was unsure about how to navigate a possible situation she broadened her knowledge.

She still kept her gym in the States but now incorporated it as a branch with her husband's business. Now they are in the process of opening branches in different cities and her son quite literally became her first sponsored athlete. "We will leave on the 10th, as they want you for medicals on the 11th," She replied to his question, omitting that she wouldn't be staying with him if he passed the medicals and his transfer went through.

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[10/01/19, Location Glasgow Airport Scotland,]

Rakim peered out the window as the plane descended through a thick layer of clouds. The raindrops splattered against the glass, creating a rhythmic pattern that matched his racing heartbeat. He couldn't help but feel a mixture of excitement and anxiety as the city of Glasgow came into view. This was it - the beginning of a new chapter in his life.

The plane landed smoothly despite the downpour, and soon Rakim and his mother were navigating the bustling terminal of Glasgow Airport. Flying first class had its advantages when going through the airport checks allowing them to be fastracked.

People hurried past, umbrellas in hand, while the sound of rain echoed through the glass ceilings. Lisa led the way, her long stride cutting through the crowd keeping a confident demeanour despite the gloomy weather.

Rakim pulled up his hood, trying to shield himself from the rain as they stepped outside. The cold, damp air was a stark contrast to the warm, dry climate he was used to. He shivered slightly but kept up with his mother's brisk pace.

"Welcome to Scotland," Lisa said with a wry smile, noticing her son's discomfort. "You'll get used to the rain eventually." Rakim nodded, his eyes scanning the unfamiliar surroundings. They quickly navigated to the beach of Europcar where Lisa had leased a car for their use.

Procedures went by quickly since it was all pre-booked only requiring them to pick up their car. Hoping into a silver Merc they sped off from the airport heading towards the city a few miles away.

The drive through Glasgow offered Rakim a glimpse of his new environment. The city, shrouded in a veil of mist and rain, had an undeniable charm. Old stone buildings stood tall alongside modern structures, their facades glistening with rainwater. People bustled about, umbrellas bobbing like colourful mushrooms amidst the grey.

"So, how are you feeling?" Lisa asked, glancing at Rakim as she navigated the wet roads. "Nervous," Rakim admitted, his gaze fixed on the passing scenery. "But excited too. It's just... a lot to take in."

"You'll do great," she reassured him, her voice filled with conviction trying to encourage him. "This is a big step, but you've worked hard to get here. Remember that."

Rakim nodded, taking a deep breath. The reality of his situation was slowly sinking in. He was in a foreign country, about to join his first professional team in his budding career. This was his chance to prove himself to the world all over again allowing him to kickstart his career again.

They soon arrived at their temporary accommodation, a cozy apartment in the heart of the city. Lisa had arranged everything meticulously, ensuring Rakim had a comfortable place to stay while he settled in. The apartment was modern, with large windows offering a panoramic view of Glasgow's skyline.

"Home sweet home, at least for now," Lisa said as she unlocked the door. "Make yourself comfortable. You have a big day tomorrow."

Rakim dropped his bags and wandered around the apartment, taking in the minimalist decor. The living room had a plush sofa and a large flat-screen TV, perfect for unwinding after training sessions. The kitchen was fully equipped, though he doubted he'd be doing much cooking.

He walked over to the window, staring out at the rain-soaked city. The streets below were alive with activity, despite the weather. He could see people huddled under umbrellas, cars splashing through puddles, and the distant glow of streetlights cutting through the mist.

A sense of anticipation welled up inside him. This was his chance to prove himself, to show the world what he was capable of. The road ahead was uncertain, but he was ready to face whatever challenges came his way.

Lisa's voice broke his reverie. "Let's get some rest. Tomorrow's going to be a long day." Rakim turned to face her, "I'm ready, Mom." he said before heading to his room to try and sleep off his jetlag. He would have to undergo medical's tomorrow thus he would need to be well rested.