

Football 221

Chapter 221 Massacre (1)

[09:45 am, 26/01/2019, Kilmarnock Stadium]

"You sure you're Okay? If you want I can talk to the club," Mom's worried voice resounded from my beats as she continued to fuss over me on Facetime. She had been angry on my behalf after hearing that they had demoted me after just one training session.

She had half wished to cancel my loan contract there and then since the club wasn't holding up their promise. However, we decided to just take a wait-and-see approach after all I would just have to shine like I always did. Nothing hard really just play so well that no one wants to play against me anymore in the under 20 league.

"I'll be fine mum, you guys watching the game on the live stream?" I asked her to change the subject before she could go on another rant about the coaches. From her family friend who is one of the shareholders, she found out why I didn't make the squad.

The head manager fighting with the board of directors and I just happened to be collateral damage. She did let me in on a little secret that the club was in the process of looking for his replacement. Apparently what he was asking for them to do wasn't something they were eager to do.

"Yeah the whole family is watching, your grandma called at 5 in the morning to ask for the link," she responded half joking at her mum's actions but only she knew how excited she was. Everyone in the family was watching the match wanting to support him on his first match back.

Not only his family but most of Rakim's followers on his social media were hyped to tune in. They wanted to see if their boy was still good after only seeing a couple of photos of me training over the months. However, they would be left disappointed since I wasn't on the starting lineup.

"tell them thank you I'll do my best if I get to play," I quickly responded as I entered the changing room to change my boots. "I have to go now Mum," I continued as I reached my bag ignoring the odd looks from some of my teammates. Warm-up for the match was done and the coaches had broken down today's tactics.

"Alright all the best honey," She quickly said before cutting off the phone and allowing me to get on with things. Changing my new pair of pink under-armoured boots to my familiar neon ones I was ready.

Ever since I started playing more seriously I got the habit of changing my boots every month just in case my main ones break. This required me to break in a second pair in training or pre-match warm-ups. Not bothering to tie my laces I tightened my tracksuit and put my phone in my small bag.

Quickly heading down the tunnel I settled onto the bench with the other bench players. The development league was just as professional as the main premiership just without the popularity. Still, the stadium was filled by a third accounting for around 4,500 people.

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[10:45, location Rugby Park, Kilmarnock]

The stadium with only a third of the attendance was buzzing with excitement as the home fans overwhelmed the merger visiting fans. With how dominant the Celtic main team was very youth team

made it their goal to beat their youth team. It wouldn't matter in the long term but it gave them bragging rights when they met.

Your team can buy the best layers to keep winning games but we can nurture better players. So you won the title we smashed your team to the point they started crying. Thus every level of the Celtic youth team had a target on their back when they played.

This led to this current situation where the Kilmarnock under 20's was leading 3:0 by halftime. Their fans were singing their club's songs in glee rubbing it into the opposing fans. The referee had blown the whistle without adding extra minutes due to feeling bad for them.

The young hopefully Celtic players could be seen hanging their heads as they received an earful from their manager at their bench. Chris McCart had been with the club since 2008 and knew that big losses like these would jeopardise his job. Thus he has to find a way to turn this shit around otherwise he would be receiving an earful.

After spending 5 of the 15-minute halftime break giving them an earful he started thinking of ways to change things. That's when his eyes met a disinterested boy who was casually looking around the stadium. he didn't feel any of the pressure from the current game and was acting as if he was here to sightsee.

"Something more interesting than my words Rakim?" he asked the boy in question who maintained the same nonchalance as he shook his head. He could tell that the young winger was truly board by the proceeding and just wanted this to end. Not at all feeling the pressure that the rest of the team was experiencing.

"Go warm up you'll come in five minutes," he commanded out of frustration wanting to let the player experience Scottish football. "Yes sir," Rakim responded letting a wide smile bloom on his face running

off before the coach could even stop him. He had intended for him to warm up after he finished giving his speech but the excited winger didn't care.

'Hey, Eva let me see the system missions,' He commanded inwardly as he started doing a ladder drill aimed at raising his body coordination at the side of the field.

{your wish is my command,} She responded with a chipper attitude directly pulling up the missions tab.

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[SINGULARITY MISSIONS: 3]

1) Mr.Bling: Win a major trophy by playing at least 60% of your team's game.

Duration: 2 yrs

Rewards: Skill Upgrade Voucher

2) Goal Machine: Score 3 Hattricks in a single season.

Duration: 2 yrs

Rewards: Random Potion, 25,000SP

3) Operation Pheonix: Rais Your Player Value to 20 Million or above

Duration: 2 Months

Rewards: ???

4) Limited-time quest Shark in a Pond: Dominate the game to the point your opponents in the under-20s league fear you.

Duration: -

Rewards: Promotion, 1,000SP,

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'Hmm looks like I have my work cut out for me and not you added another task, Rakim complained to no one in particular as he scanned the missions. He wasn't too bothered about the tasks as they aligned well with his immediate and future goals in his career.

Smirking at the missions he willed the system away and refocused on his warm-up. Not taking half-measures he pushed himself to the limit making sure he would be in perfect shape when he got on. The match soon resumed whilst he was immersed in his warm-up with the team being much more aggressive.

Whatever the coach had told them had fired them up which was directly reflected in the match. They no longer just passively defended and started challenging the Kilmarnock side. The midfield battle became more fierce with the Celtic side coming out on top and managing to launch a few attacks.

However, the problem of being unable to penetrate the Kilmarnock defence reared its head again. They were good at controlling the match but the final product seemed to be non-existent in this Celtic squad. The forwards in their 433 formation were just unable to open up the defence.

Worse they were susceptible to counterattacks which resulted in the 3:0 score. Seeing this they started to become restless again and the midfielders started taking pop shots from long range. This quickly frustrated Coach Chris forcing him to make the sub earlier than he had wanted to.

"Rakim, Come over your going in,"