

Football 222

Chapter 222 Massacre (2)

"Oh looks like the Celtic side is finally making a substitution," Jack Odonald the Celtic TV host said in an excited tone after noticing the commotion at the away team bench. Through the Camera lens, the spectators watched as Chris McCart the academy manager Was giving final instructions to a player.

His partner picked up the conversation letting out his frustration with their team's performance. "With how the match has been developing, I'm surprised it took them this long to make a change," he stated before going on a rant about what he thought they were doing wrong not shying away from criticising the future Celtic hopefuls.

"You're right John the lads just haven't been up to par, let's hope the new addition can bring a change," Jack responded in a frustrated tone but remained professional as he tried to keep the Celtic fans watching from home hopeful.

"There is the change number 7 out and 22 on, I'm not too familiar with the new addition what about you Jac?" John asked as he took a closer look at the boy wearing the number 22 jersey as he ran onto the pitch.

He possessed quite a good height well above the average of theoes on the field. His deadlocks were dyed in a white colour tone and tied back using a bobble leaving only two stands to frame his face. Watching him jog on with a bit of swagger as he performed a few stretches instantly drew in the spectator's attention.

"let's see number 22, hmm that can't be right it says here his name is Rakim, it can't be that Rakim who joined the club on a lone spell right?" Jack responded as he read over the squad list and quickly found the player with the number 22. Despite having the facts right in front of him he just couldn't believe it was true.

"I think it is, it says here he was sent to train with the Academy after he arrived at the club, so maybe he's lost his edge after the shooting," His co-host responded before going off in a short speech introducing Rakim Rex was to whoever was watching their broadcast.

He found himself talking for a full five minutes seemingly not running out of things to talk about when it comes to the Rakim. One of the perks of the boy being a sensation was that there were a lot of topics to discuss. Especially now that he couldn't even make their main team allowing them to use that point to create buzz.

Just as he was in the middle of talking about how the winger had come back too early from injury Rakim received the ball for the first time. "Oh look he's taking his first touch of the game," Jack interrupted as one of the midfielders sent a desperate pass forward just in time to avoid being dispossessed.

After his pass, he was sent tumbling to the ground immediately acting as if his legs had been broken. His screams of pain and the complaints of his teammates were ignored by the ref who motioned for advantage to be played. It was then that they noticed the speeding ball end up at the feet of Rakim.

The winger didn't stop the ball instead using its momentum and flick it into the air behind him. Immediately he turned on his axis circumventing the right back who had stuck close to him since he got into the match. The player was on the talkative type and seemingly wanted to get in his head that way.

If that wasn't enough the player seemed to have recognised him and was seemingly trying to prove something to him. So for the first 3 minutes since he entered the match, he had been dealing with this chatterbox. If that wasn't enough he wasn't receiving passes from his teammates either frustrating him slightly.

Thus Rakim couldn't help himself as a wide smile formed as he circumvented the defender. Deftly touching the ball down with his left foot he put on the gas quickly pricing into the final third of the pitch. Like a racehorse, he was off to the races before any player could react quickly arriving at before the opposing box.

One of the Kilmarnock Defenders stepped up to challenge him but the winger was already too fast to care about him. A quick feint to the left and a shoulder dip was all he needed to get the defender to bite. In one swift motion, he dragged the ball across his body to his right foot directly bypassing the stunned defender.

before the nearest defender could react he was in line with the penalty spot and readied a shot. Their 19-year-old keeper couldn't even blink as the back of his net rattled with the spinning ball. Ignoring the stunned looks of the opposing players Rakim fished the ball out of the net and headed off.

With a ball in hand, the winger ran back to his side with a calm smile he didn't bother to celebrate. Not even saying a word to his teammates who came to celebrate as he placed the ball in the centre spot. The only person he thanked was the ref for letting the play continue leaving the man stupefied.

"Well that just happened, ladies and gentlemen that was Rakim," Jack stated with a stupefied expression that luckily no one other than his co-host could see.

Both of them had forgotten their job as broadcasters the moment Rakim glided by his marker and were too entranced to speak. 50th minute 3:1 the scoreboard read but to them, it was a chance at redemption. They knew their team was good enough to mount a comeback plus they had enough time to do that now.

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55 minutes, Rakim received a pass close to the centre circle from one of his team's defenders. Calmly receiving the ball with his right with his back to the opposing goal he feinted a right turn before sending a quick pass to a nearby midfielder. Immediately turning on his axis he sprinted down his flank expecting his midfielder to send the through ball.

Dashing past a midfielder his speed accelerated further not bothering to look back. Only when he was about to pass the opposing right-back did he bother to glance back. There it was gliding across the ground heading straight for his back if he didn't do anything. Knowing this he faced the defender who was only about a meter in front of him and instantly knew what to do.

Raising his right foot he performed the moment of a step over just as the ball was about to hit his heel. His movements caused his marker to panic as he stepped up to block his path. Seeing that his intended path was blocked Rakim pivoted his thinking stopping the ball as it reached his left foot.

He made brief eye contact with his marker before knocking the ball down the flank and speeding after it. His explosive burst of speed caused a gust of wind to brush past the right-back as the loose strands of the winger's hair fluttered in the wind. Like a man on a mission he danced past not one but Kilmarnock player not letting any of them even get close to touching him.

Before Rakim had even realised it he was at the edge of the opposing box only having a split second to take in his surroundings. Almost the entirety of the opposing players had rushed back into their box looking ready to stop him. Seeing the two defenders in front of him seemingly trying to direct him to the corner flag a determined look flashed in his eyes.

Performing two quick stepovers as he swayed his upper body a chance opened up. Cutting to his right in the next moment he created a little space as he sent a weighted pass to his team centre forward. The striker not expecting to receive the ball struggled to bring it under his control as he held off a defender behind him.

He was thinking of a way to turn around and get a shot off when he heard a shout. "here," Without knowing what came over him he passed the ball in the direction of the shout. When he looked up he watched the neon boost of Rakim strike the ball with the side of his boot, sending it on a curved trajectory towards the goal.