

Football 223

Chapter 223 Massacre (3)

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.

everyone held their breaths for a second as they watched that ball glide through the air. The Kilmarnock players could do nothing but watch it spin in the air without being able to interfere. Their keeper panicked as he tried his best to jump across his line stretching his hands to as far as he could. Despite his best attempt his gloves couldn't reach the ball and in the next moment what he feared happened.

The ball impacted the inside of the post before settling into the back of the net. For a moment, there was complete silence on the field, as if everyone was processing what had just happened. Then, the realization hit, and the stadium erupted into cheers.

The forward in question simply smiled before heading to the side where one of the club's cameramen was. Coming to a stop in front of him he performed a quick bow putting his left hand to his chest. 3:2 The smile he had been suppressing was now on full display as he felt a rush of adrenaline hit him.

This is the feeling he had been missing for the past 4 months. Getting shot allowed him to slow down and take in everything as the noise died down. When he was on his high prepped to sign with a big time he had a lot of voices in his head. Every second person he met was an expert telling him what he ought to do.

It got to a point where some were giving him advice on how to play despite only being fans of the sport. Not only that others were seemingly analysing which teams he would best fit to make his professional

club debut. However, once he was shot all those voices disappeared having seemingly lost interest in him.

If that wasn't enough others did a complete 180 in their attitudes, from his biggest supporters to his staunchest haters. Now he was feeling free again enjoying the relishing in this feeling, whenever he was playing he felt invincible. Especially with the effects of comeback kid skill giving him an extra boost.

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In the 60th minute, Rakim got another chance but was unable to build up momentum. Having realised how dangerous of a player Rakim was they clung closer to him. Whenever the ball got anywhere near him he would find two players cling to him. The increased pressure made it difficult for him to manoeuvre, and he struggled to find space to exploit.

Despite the tight marking, Rakim didn't lose his composure. Instead, he adapted his playstyle, focusing on quick passes and one-touch football to keep the ball moving. It was more about preventing his markers from getting physical with him not giving him the chance to foul him.

Still, they managed to stay in control as the Kilmarnock boys maintained their defensive play style. They seemed to want to hold onto their lead for dear life keeping a compact formation. The boys in green didn't mind though choosing to maintain possession of the ball as they continued to apply pressure.

In the 68th minute, Celtic earned a corner. The players gathered in the box, jostling for position as the critic's number 6 prepared to take the kick. Rakim positioned himself near the edge of the penalty area, ready to make a run. As the ball was whipped in, chaos ensued in the box. The ball ricocheted off a defender before being cleared by another Opposing defender.

Rakim at the edge of the box was just about to pounce on the ball but could only sigh in disappointment. Turning his head he watched as one of his team's defenders jumped up into the air beating the opposing striker to the ball. Heading the ball to his side in the direction of one of his teammates they retained possession once again.

Passing the ball amongst their backline and midfielders they started looking for another breakthrough point. However, their opponents remained composed maintaining defensive discipline. Not willing to lose their lead they closed down any forward passing lane the moment it opened up.

Despite being unable to find another opportunity for some time the boys in green remained composed. They knew that eventually, an opportunity that they could exploit would open up for them. In the 77th minute, a shift in their opponents became apparent whenever the ball reached close to the left flank.

With the Kilmarnock players subconsciously watching over Rakim's flank it opened up the other side. The Celtic players, recognizing the shift in Kilmarnock's defensive focus, and started exploiting the other flank. In the 79th minute, their number 10 who had been subconsciously paying attention to the other wing spotted an opportunity.

A boy named Joe King wearing the Celtic number 11 jersey was there and immediately called for the ball after noticing the space. Seeing his midfielder notice his call he dashed the right-wing hoping to receive the pass in time. With a quick turn, the midfielder sent a long diagonal pass into Joe's run who controlled it with a deft touch.

Joe King's first touch was impeccable, and it allowed him to keep his momentum as he surged down the right flank. The Kilmarnock defenders scrambled to close him down, but Joe was already eyeing his options in the box. His team's striker pierced into the box followed by two midfielders looking to scramble for a chance.

Rakim, recognizing the potential in this play, made a sharp run towards the far post, dragging his marker with him. Joe glanced up, pushed the ball beyond the opposing left back and whipped a precise cross into the box. The ball curved beautifully, sailing into the box teasing anyone to put a head to it.

Unluckily those rushing to the centre of the box mistimed their jumps after scrambling too long. Just outside the 6yard box Rakim and his marker were approaching at breakneck speed. Both of them fought shoulder-to-shoulder jumping up at almost the same time looking to get to the ball at the same time.

Rakim felt his heart pounding as he leapt into the air, his eyes locked on the ball. Time seemed to slow as he and his marker battled for dominance in the air. The crowd held its collective breath, waiting to see who would come out on top. No longer being the smallest on the park proved advantageous as he could now compete fairly for the ball.

As both of them seemingly hovered in the air the ball approached closer and closer. Whilst his marker reached the pinnacle of his jump Rake rose another 2 inches making it look like he wouldn't stop. Thus when the ball was there he swung his head down with force redirecting the ball towards the goal, before his marker could contest.

Like a bullet, it bounced off his head travelling downwards at a sharp angle impacting the round as it bounced up into the net. The Kilmarnock keeper had dived across his line with all his strength, almost reaching the ball but the bounce at the end was all the luck Rakim needed to score his third goal.

"What a goal by Rakim Celtic's new number 22 to bring things back to level settings," Jack Odonald, exclaimed with enthusiasm getting up from his chair as he continued commentating. "They said he was done, told me it was over but this 15-year-old winger took less than 24 minutes to disprove the doubters." He continued with a hearty no longer caring about being somewhat impartial in his commentating.

"I feel like someone has lied to me, he's clearly not lost a step since the shooting, so why is he playing in a development league," John Smith his partner asked voicing not just the question the audience but also all the players on the pitch were asking themselves. Rakim was moving around the pitch with a more professional mindset that clearly showed his experience from tougher competitions around the world.

"Wait another goal, not even 30 after the match restarted and someone has taken a lead,"