

Football 224

Chapter 224 Nando's

[12:20 am, 26/01/2019, Kilmarnock Stadium]

"That ladies and gentlemen was a masterclass lesson in how to mount a comeback. From a 3:0 deficit, the final score stands at 3:5 for the Celtic away side," Jack Odonald stated with a lot of enthusiasm extremely pleased at the match he watched in the second half.

"The second half was a night and day performance from what we saw in the first half, Rakim Rex you have a new staunch fan in me," John Smith joined in equally happy at the level of football he was able to witness from the team. They had watched a lot of football from the under-20 team over the season but they had never been as threatening as they had in the second half.

John especially had never thought that a single player could be that impactful to a team. However, he was proven wrong as the moment the young winger entered the pitch everything changed. He had read reports of Wonder Kids popping up all around the world but never believed the hype.

Any above-decent player would seem like the next Messi if a team had a good enough PR team. Even when they were told that their team had signed a former wunderkid he wasn't expecting much. He looked down on the kid for having to join their team in an attempt to resurrect his career.

However, upon seeing him score his first goal something inside him stirred, it was as if he was seeing a predator among sheep. The boy was having fun dancing around the defenders and eventually produced a goal. He moved with a sense of assurance that he only saw in star players in the Prem or Laliga.

from that first goal, he was sure that it was them who were lucky enough to pick up this genius. His assumption was proven right as he went on to score 2 more goals equalising the score in 23 minutes of playing. Not only that he provided the assist that led to the lead after nimbly stealing the ball.

The fifth goal was the thing that put the final nail in the coffin for the Kilmarnock players. A shot pass from a set piece sent him down his flank and he floated in a dipped cross into the box. Never had he seen a striker so surprised to find himself with the ball in front of goal.

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"Yo Rakim, you were superb," a ginger lad exclaimed the moment he entered the changing room and spotted the boy in question. Before the winger could even realise what was happening he sat beside him putting an arm around him.

His jolly mood was infectious causing a bright smile to form Rakims on his face. "You were great to Douglas perfectly scoring my assists," Rakim replied with a smile genuinely impressed by this guy's ability to adapt. He perfectly scored the chances he created even without having any built-up synergy.

"Aye I was amazing, you should send more passes my way," he stated with a bright smile directly jumping up from his seat showcasing his shooting motion. He was over the moon at their victory, especially after adding two goals to his tally.

The both of them continued to banter with each other quickly joined by their teammates. A victory quickly turned the tense atmosphere from halftime around as they all relished in the victory.

They played on a whole other level directly reflected by their eventual victory. If they had played that well from the start of the game, they wouldn't have to suffer their manager's scolding. However, what made them the happiest was not having to suffer the mockery from their friends after losing.

Taking pictures with the rest of the boys as they danced to rave music was a novel experience for Rakim. He had never heard music like this but chose to embrace the new locker room culture. Whoever was controlling the speaker was doing something right as he managed to raise the mood of everyone.

As the celebrations continued, Rakim found himself at the centre of attention. His teammates who had doubted his fame were now fully convinced after seeing his skills firsthand. One-half was all he needed to integrate himself into the team and break out of his shell. Despite knowing that he wouldn't be with the team long he had decided to enjoy his time here.

"Rakim you're coming to Nandos right?" Douglas asked just as he was about to enter the showers to wash off the sweat. Everyone who played was required to shower after matches for hygiene reasons.

"You guys going out?" he questioned with a slight frown after realising that he had barely explored Glasgow after the initial day with his mother. Living by himself allowed him to focus on his training more without constraint but also got a little lonely.

That is especially the case since he doesn't know anyone in this new city. Only now did he realise how anti-social he was when it came to interacting with new people. He subconsciously kept a polite distance from everyone he met not able to let his guard down.

So he was rather surprised by his ginger teammate's shift in attitude. "Aye we go out to eat after every victory to celebrate, That's half the reason most were sad when it looked like we'd lose," Dougie stated with a longing smile followed by the growl of his stomach already anticipating the delicacy.

"Alright, I'll go with you guys," Rakim responded with a smile after contemplating things for a second. "Is Nandos like KFC?" He absentmindedly asked as he headed into one of the empty shower stalls.

"Are you mad bruv, KFC? That burnt chicken spot is nothing like Nandos," Dougie exclaimed in fury and bafflement before he proceeded to launch his Lynx shower gel into the stall.

His words caused an avalanche of curses from the rest of his teammates who were fiercely defensive about this restaurant. Not long after that more sopes and shower gels were launched into his stall. If not for the fact they lightly lobbed them in he would have suffered severe injuries.

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[Ding: Post-Match Review]

>Goals scored: (3) = 300Sp

>Assists: (2) = 100Sp

>Cards: 0 (Yellow) = 0Sp

>Final Match score: 3:5 Victory = 30Sp

>Match Rating: 9.9

(P.S. Welcome back on the field host you have been missed, keep striving to become a singularity)

'Wow that might be one of the highest ratings I received yet,' Rakim thought to himself as he glanced at the system notification. He couldn't stop a happy smile from forming on his face still reminiscing about the match he played earlier.

{That's because the level of competition is far too low for you,} Eva remarked sounding rather melancholic before continuing her words. {If not for the shooting you would have faced fiercer competition that would boost your growth.} She finished still upset that he had to take such a detour in his career because of people's scepticism in his regained abilities.

'It's okay this is also good, just gives me a little longer to adjust my body back to match fitness.' he responded with a calmness that was quite unusual for him.

However, after getting over the hurt of being demoted back to a youth league he decided to take it in stride. He saw it as a chance to enjoy the game a little longer until his eventual call-up to the senior team. " See I knew you'd like it here," Dougie stated when he noticed the smile on Rakims face

completely misunderstanding him. Looking at the chicken drumstick in his hands coated with superb seasoning Rakim's actions stopped for a second.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know," He replied with a knowing look nodding his head slightly as if to indicate something.

"No, I don't"

"DNA"

"What?"

"DNA" ...