

Football 246

Chapter 246 Morning After

[Time stamps in games]

[Ding: Post-Match Review]

>Goals scored: (2) = 200Sp

>Assists: (0) = 0Sp

>Cards: 0 (Yellow) = 0Sp

>Final Match score: 3:2 Loss = -10Sp

>Match Rating: 8.9

[Ding 1st Professional Game Achieved, Grade:B+]

[Rewards:

Mr ShowTime - Grade B-> B+,

Silver lottery ticket,

2,000Sp,]

'Well, I wasn't expecting that," I thought to myself after watching the system continue notification. I had spent around 5 minutes trying to calculate what rewards it would give me. At some point, I thought it was experiencing a virus but Eva was quick to shut that down. According to her, the system quota of mistakes was already used up when a long time ago.

"Well, a B+ isn't too bad," I muttered, thinking back to my performance on the field. Two goals in my debut was a decent start, even if we didn't get the result we wanted. I still felt happy with what I had accomplished in my first game knowing I showed a little of my value to the world. The missed penalty still lingered in my mind, regretting not being able to take set pieces for the team.

{Don't dwell on it too much,} Eva advised. {You've made a strong impression. Focus on what you did well and how you can improve.} She comforted making me instantly give up any lingering feeling of sadness. The fact I had finally made my debut was a cause for celebration and nothing was going to ruin that.

Plus she was right, there was no point in beating myself up over it instead I should focus on building on this momentum. The rewards were a nice bonus, but they weren't the reason I played the game. Nothing beats the thrill of beating your man and putting the ball into the back of the net.

After spending some time in the locker room, Coach finally came in with the players who gave an interview. He gave a short speech to the guy in the room before calling for them to get ready to leave. Blocking out the media for 20 minutes allowed us to get a shower without having our junk leaked.

Going through my wash routine I quickly changed back into my suit still not liking the mandatory dress code. I like wearing suits and genuinely dressing up but being forced to conform to a style wasn't something I liked. After all, what's the point in spending so much on clothes each year but not being able to wear them? If it was something the players themselves agreed to I wouldn't have had a problem with it.

Thus I quickly packed up my stuff and headed for the bus with the other staff and players. As I made my way towards the bus, the atmosphere was subdued. The bus ride back to the hotel was quiet as no one bothered to talk absorbed in their thoughts. I sat by the window, looking out at the dark streets of Valencia, still buzzing with the afterglow of the match.

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As we pulled up to the hotel, the routine post-match debrief loomed ahead. The coach had scheduled a short meeting in one of the conference rooms, a chance for us to reflect on the game and discuss our performance. I grabbed my bag and followed the others inside, the cool air of the hotel lobby was a little chilly despite the warm weather.

In the conference room, the atmosphere was slightly more relaxed. Some players grabbed bottles of water, and others leaned back in their chairs, trying to unwind. They had lost and there was nothing they could do about it, so as professionals they need to quickly put it behind them. Coach Rodgers walked in a few moments later exuding a sombre presence.

"Alright, lads," he began, "tough night, but there were plenty of positives. We gave them a good fight the chances just didn't fall for us and when they finally did it was too late." Stated with a calm expression as he proceeded to motivate all the players present. He seemed much too calm for someone whose team had just barely lost in the Europa League knockout stage.

Not minding it though I nodded whenever I agreed with something he said. The rest of the team also offered nods and murmurs of agreement. Coach continued, breaking down the key moments of the match, highlighting both the strengths and areas for improvement. His approach was balanced, focusing on learning from our mistakes without dwelling on them.

After the debrief, we were free to head to our rooms. I made my way upstairs, feeling a mix of exhaustion despite playing for less than 20 minutes. Once inside my room, I kicked off my shoes and flopped onto the bed, staring at the ceiling Ignoring Karamoko. It had been a whirlwind day, from the highs of my debut to the lows of the narrow defeat.

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Morning came by pretty fast, and now it was time for the players to start heading back. Rakim was awoken by the continued buzzing of his phone around 5 am pulling him out of his dreams. When checking out his phone he was met with continuous Instagram and Twitter notifications tagging him.

Clicking on one of the notifications his phone started blasting a sound by NBA Youngboy. It seemed to be a leaked song but right now it was going viral showing his celebration of the Griddy. Only a few snippets of the song had been leaked a fan decided to edit it together with his celebration and the internet did the rest.

[I said right foot creep, ooh, I'm walking with that heater

Look around, stay low, make sure they don't see you

Catch 'em bad, walk down, face 'em with that heater

The devil under your feet, you're on your way to see him (Let's go)

Stretch me one, I can't sleep, bang out when I see you

Play with me, you can't sleep, we gunnin' to decease you]

"Bro what's wrong with you it's like still dark out," Karamoko Complained after being woken by the loud blaring of the song but Rakim was too busy scoring through his feed to respond. Multiple reposts of the same video filled it up and quite a few people started doing their own versions.

It was still niche with only a few thousand having clocked onto it but Rakim could already tell its potential. Turning down the volume Rakim looked for the best video of him with the song before proceeding to save it. Editing it slightly with the song looking for the best angles he quickly reposted it on his Instagram with the #TheGriddy formally naming the celebration.

Turning his phone off after that he felt a surge of excitement wash over him despite the early hours. No longer hesitating he began going through his morning stretch routine. The buzz around his celebration and the growing social media attention was a pleasant surprise, and he knew it was just the beginning.

He spent the rest of the morning going through his regular morning routine. It was far more fulfilling this time as he couldn't stop smiling as he was occasionally attracted by his phone. Since most of his fans were in the US and were 6 hours behind in time most of them were active on social media. It was only at 7 am that Karamoko woke up from his slumber and started packing his stuff.

The sun was already in the sky when the team gathered for breakfast in the hotel dining room. The hotel staff prepared a buffet-style breakfast following the guidelines of the club's dietitians. The mood was a mix of lingering disappointment from the previous night's match and groggy players still half asleep. Breakfast went by quickly and the players were pushed to park their stuff before the team made their way to the airport.