

## Football 265

### Chapter 265 Dinner

Weah timed his run perfectly, bursting into the box in perfect timing to latch onto the through ball with only Joe Lewis to beat. The Aberdeen goalkeeper rushed out to narrow the angle, but Weah kept his composure. With a deft touch, he chipped the ball over the onrushing keeper. Time seemed to slow as the ball sailed through the air, spinning towards the net.

The Celtic fans held their breath, watching as the ball descended, narrowly missing the crossbar and hitting the top of the net. The stadium erupted in a roar of both relief and disappointment, the chance so agonizingly close to sealing the win. Weah clapped his hands in frustration, knowing how close he had come to putting the game out of Aberdeen's reach.

"Woah that could have been the perfect footnote to seal this match," Callum commented not able to believe that such a perfect opportunity wasn't converted. "He will be kicking himself for having missed a sitter like that." he continued as he observed the replay more closely almost groaning in annoyance as he saw much easier options.

"You're right, you have to expect more from a player of his calibre, he can do so much better and he knows it," Roy replied also feeling a little annoyed the more he watched the replay on his monitor. "Looks like Lennon isn't too happy either," he continued as the camera panned over to the manager angrily kicking away a nearby water bottle.

The near miss had left the Celtic fans on the edge of their seats, the tension palpable as the match neared its conclusion. The home fans were on the edge of their seats, nervously watching as the game neared its eventual end. Celtic's slender 3-2 lead felt increasingly precarious, with Aberdeen throwing everything they had at their opponents in a last-ditch effort to salvage a point.

Aberdeen's relentless pressure almost paid off in the 91st minute. After winning a free kick just inside Celtic's half, Lewis Ferguson delivered a lofted ball into the box. The ball hung in the air before being met by the towering figure of Sam Cosgrove, who out-jumped the Celtic defenders. His header was powerful and directed towards the bottom corner, but Scott Bain, Celtic's hero of the day, was once again up to the task. He dove to his left, pushing the ball away with his fingertips, sending it out for a corner.

The resulting corner was Aberdeen's last chance. The ball was whipped in with pace, and a scramble ensued in the penalty area. In the chaos, the ball fell to Scott McKenna, who managed to get a shot off despite the close attention of several Celtic defenders. However, his effort lacked power, and Bain gratefully smothered the ball, securing it under his body.

That was the last action of the game as With just seconds remaining, Celtic held onto the ball, passing it around the back to run down the clock. The referee glanced at his watch, and moments later, blew the final whistle. Celtic had secured a hard-fought 3-2 victory, a match that had been far more challenging than they had anticipated. The players embraced on the pitch, with Scott Brown and Rakim at the centre of the celebrations. The fans, though exhausted by the tension, roared in jubilation celebrating what had been a rollercoaster of a victory.

Rakim went through the post match routine with as much swiftness as he could. Giving a short interview to some of the reporters who tried their best to bait him for some explosive comment like in his last game. To their dismay the winger kept things professional saying a few nice words and accepting his Man of the Match award.

With 2 assist and a goal to his name, coupled with his superb performance there was no doubt he would get the awards. Head coach Lennon kept the team talk short congratulating the players on a match well played. Rakim appreciated this, rushing to the showers to get cleaned so he could meet up with his mother for dinner.

~~~

[18:20, Hilton restaurant Glasgow]

Seated at one of the window table at the Hilton restaurants Glasgow branch, the figure of Rakim and his mother Lisa can be seen enjoying their dinner. The soft ambient lighting of the restaurant bathed the scene in a warm glow, accentuating the serene atmosphere. Rakim, still buzzing from the adrenaline of the match, happily recounted moments in the game he particularly enjoyed.

They sat across from each other, the table set with elegant dishes, half-finished plates, and a bottle of sparkling water in a chilled bucket by their side. Lisa beamed at her son, pride evident in her eyes. "You played brilliantly today," she said, her voice filled with genuine admiration. "I could hardly stay in my seat during that last few minutes!"

Rakim chuckled, shaking his head as he took a sip of water. "Thanks, Mom. It was a tough one and Aberdeen really pushed us at some points but we managed to hold on."

Lisa nodded, her smile unwavering. "I could see that. The tension after the draw was something else but you kept your composure as usual."

Rakim leaned back in his chair, feeling the warmth of her praise. "I had to do something special whenever I got the chance since you were watching. It just so happend that the team needed it."

Lisa laughed softly, her eyes crinkling at the corners. "You've always had that drive in you plus you always have fun whenever you get going with the ball at your feet," she remarked, a hint of nostalgia in her tone. "Ever since you were a little, all you needed was a ball, and you'd be off in your own world."

Rakim smiled at the memory, his thoughts drifting back to the countless hours he spent dribbling around cones in their backyard, and training grounds. They continued their meal in comfortable silence for a few moments, the soft clinking of cutlery and murmur of other diners creating a soothing background. Rakim noticed his mother's eyes drift out the window, her expression growing thoughtful.

He followed her gaze, looking out at the bustling streets of Glasgow, lit up against the night sky. They sat their in silence for a moment before Lisa spoke up again. "Shall we get desert or do you want to call it a night?"

"We should just call it a night, I've got tomorrow off so we can hang out then." Rakim responded with a tired smile placing his napkin on the on his now empty plate.

Lisa nodded in agreement, her eyes still sparkling with pride. "That sounds good. We can always grab dessert another time. I've enjoyed tonight more than I can say."

Rakim's smile widened. "Me too I really missed you guys," he responded placing his Bank of Scotland card on the bill plate. They had opened a second account back when he moved here so that he could receive his paycheques much easier.

"Let me get it honey," Lisa interjected, reaching for the bill with a gentle smile. "My treat for your great performance."

Rakim shook his head, but before he could protest, Lisa had already waved down the waiter and taken charge of the bill. The waiter, familiar with Lisa's warm demeanour, smiled understandingly and took the payment. The payment process was rather swift only requiring a couple minutes from the waiter.

As they stood up from the table, Rakim helped Lisa with her coat, and they made their way to the exit. The cool Glasgow evening air greeted them as they stepped outside. The city was alive with the hum of late-night activity, as the occasional drunk Celtic fans could be heard singing in the streets.

As they strolled down the vibrant Glasgow streets, Rakim and Lisa chatted about everything and nothing. The city's lights twinkled around them, casting a lively yet serene ambiance as they walked along the River Clyde.