

## Football 273

### Chapter 273 Vs Dundee (4)

The referee quickly intervened, blowing his whistle sharply and stepping between the two players. Tensions were high, and the crowd was buzzing, sensing the hostility between Brown and Robson. The official brandished a yellow card for Brown who committed the offence before warning both players to calm down as he would be sending them off for any more missteps.

The Celtic captain, still brimming with adrenaline, grudgingly accepted the card, while Robson muttered something under his breath as he turned away, clearly agitated. "Things are really heating up on the pitch now," Callum McDonald noted, his voice rising with the excitement of the moment. "That was a fierce challenge from Brown, and it's clear that neither side is willing to back down. This match has all the makings of a classic."

Roy Townsley chimed in, "Celtic are clearly frustrated with Dundee's physical approach, but they need to keep their composure if they want to capitalize on their momentum. As for Brown, he is old enough to know better than to make such an obvious challenge right in front of the ref."

The game resumed, and Celtic immediately picked up where they left off, controlling possession and looking to exploit any gaps in Dundee's defence. Rakim, undeterred by the rough treatment he had received, continued to orchestrate the play from midfield. The high energy of the game and the fact he was in the middle of all the rough play made him subconsciously enter a special state. He felt like he was using his agility and vision to their fullest finding himself moving before he could even think.

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70th-minute he dropped back from the Cam position into the area between Scott and McGregor Pulling his markers along with him. Collecting the ball from Lustig He feinted turning left before going right

leaving his marker a step behind. Noticing a hand making contact with his shoulder he came to a sudden stop performing a Cruyff turn causing the player to miss him and lose his balance.

Deftly avoiding his reach he pinged a sequence of passes with both McGregor and Tierney that saw him make his way across the halfway line. No longer holding onto the ball he briefly looked up scanning the play that was developing. It only took him a short moment to make up his mind as he made eye contact with Sinclair making a run down the flank.

Pointing forward he didn't hesitate in sending a lobbed-through ball his way just in time to vault over a slide tackle from Woods. Sinclair accelerated down the wing, the ball falling perfectly in stride with his run. Using his momentum to control the ball he deftly nudged it beyond his marker, continuing forward as he assesses his options.

Celtic's players were surging forward, flooding the Dundee box with green and white shirts. Sinclair quickly cut inside, driving towards the penalty area as Dundee's right-back struggled to keep up. As he approached the edge of the box, he spotted Edouard positioning himself between two defenders. Without breaking his stride, Sinclair whipped a low cross into the danger area, aiming for his striker.

Edouard, anticipating the pass, darted forward, but before he could reach the ball, Kusunga lunged in, clearing it with a desperate slide tackle. The ball skidded out to the edge of the box, where it was met by McGregor, who found himself lurking just outside the area. McGregor took a touch to steady himself, then unleashed a powerful shot toward the top corner. The ball whistled through the air, but Dieng, still in remarkable form, leapt across his goal, tipping the ball over the bar with his fingertips.

The crowd gasped, their breath collectively held as the ball sailed just inches over the crossbar. It was another near miss for Celtic, who were piling on the pressure but still couldn't find the breakthrough they desperately needed.

"Dieng is keeping Dundee in this match by the skin of their teeth," Callum McDonald exclaimed, his voice filled with a mix of admiration and disbelief. "Celtic have thrown everything at them, but the Dundee keeper has been nothing short of sensational."

Roy Townsley added, "You have to wonder if Celtic can keep this up. They've been relentless, but the longer this stays at 1-1, the more confidence Dundee will gain. They're defending like their lives depend on it."

McGregor whipped in the resulting corner, aiming at the far post where Ajer and Lustig were waiting. The ball soared through the air, but Dundee's defenders, packed into the box, rose to meet it, and the danger was cleared once more. They managed to hold onto the ball for a little bit as they tried to mount a counterattack but were quickly stopped by the relentless pressure from Celtic's midfield. McGregor and Brown immediately closed down on the ball, forcing a hurried pass that went astray. Tierney was quick to intercept, pushing forward with urgency as Celtic refused to let Dundee out of their own half.

Tierney showcased his superb pace as he surged down the left flank, skipping past a challenge from O'Sullivan. As he neared the final third, he squared the ball to Rakim, who had drifted into space just outside the box. Rakim, with a deft first touch, slipped the ball through the legs of McGowan finding the feet of Edouard. The French striker, under pressure from Kusunga, shielded the ball expertly before attempting to swivel and shoot.

Despite Kusunga putting in a last-ditch tackle, it was already too late only managing to catch the shadow of the ball as it rocketed towards goal. As Edouard's shot sped towards goal, the entire stadium seemed to hold its breath. Dieng, in between the sticks, reacted instinctively, diving to his left with outstretched arms. The ball flew just out of his reach, slamming into the bottom corner of the net with a satisfying thud.

The Celtic fans erupted into cheers, the long-awaited breakthrough was finally achieved. Edouard sprinted towards the corner flag, his teammates rushing to celebrate with him, their relief palpable. Celtic had finally broken Dundee's stubborn resistance, taking the lead at a crucial moment in the match.

"2-1 to Celtic!" Callum McDonald shouted, barely able to hear himself over the deafening roar of the crowd. "Edouard with a clinical finish, and it's exactly what Celtic needed. They've been knocking on the door all game, and finally, they've found a way through."

Roy Townsley added, "It was a beautifully worked goal. Tierney's run was perfectly timed, Rakim's vision to slip that pass to Edouard was spot on, and the striker did the rest. You have to feel for Dundee they've defended valiantly, but Celtic's pressure was always going to tell."

The Dundee players reflected his words looking quite deflated as they headed to the centre circle. Their captain O'Dea, tried to rally his team for one last push but they all knew it was a mounting task with the way the game had been flowing. Especially now that Celtic was brimming with confidence after finally going ahead on the scoreboard.

As play resumed, Celtic continued to dominate possession, their passing crisp and their movement fluid. Rakim, now in full flow, orchestrated the play from midfield, linking up with Sinclair and Forrest on the wings as they looked to stretch the Dundee defence even further.

Dundee, however, refused to roll over. With the clock ticking down, they began to push forward with more urgency, sending long balls towards their lone striker, Kenny Miller, in the hopes of catching Celtic on the break. But the Hoops' defence, led by Ajer and Lustig, stood firm, dealing with the aerial threat comfortably.

In the 85th minute, Dundee won a corner after a rare foray into Celtic's half. The ball was swung in dangerously, but Bain came off his line confidently to claim it, immediately launching a counterattack. The ball was played out quickly to Forrest, who sped down the right wing, leaving his marker in his wake.