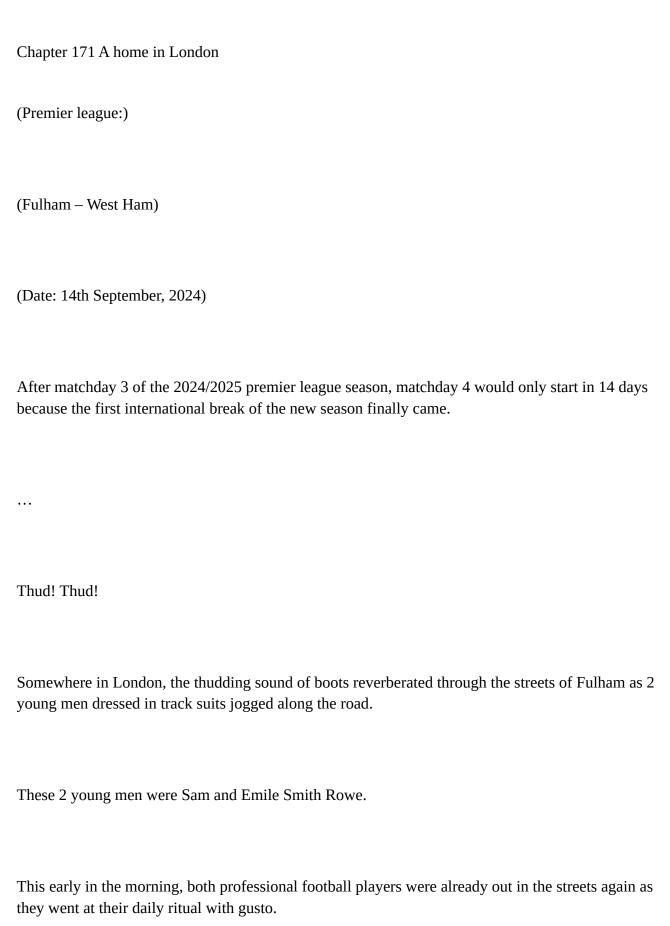
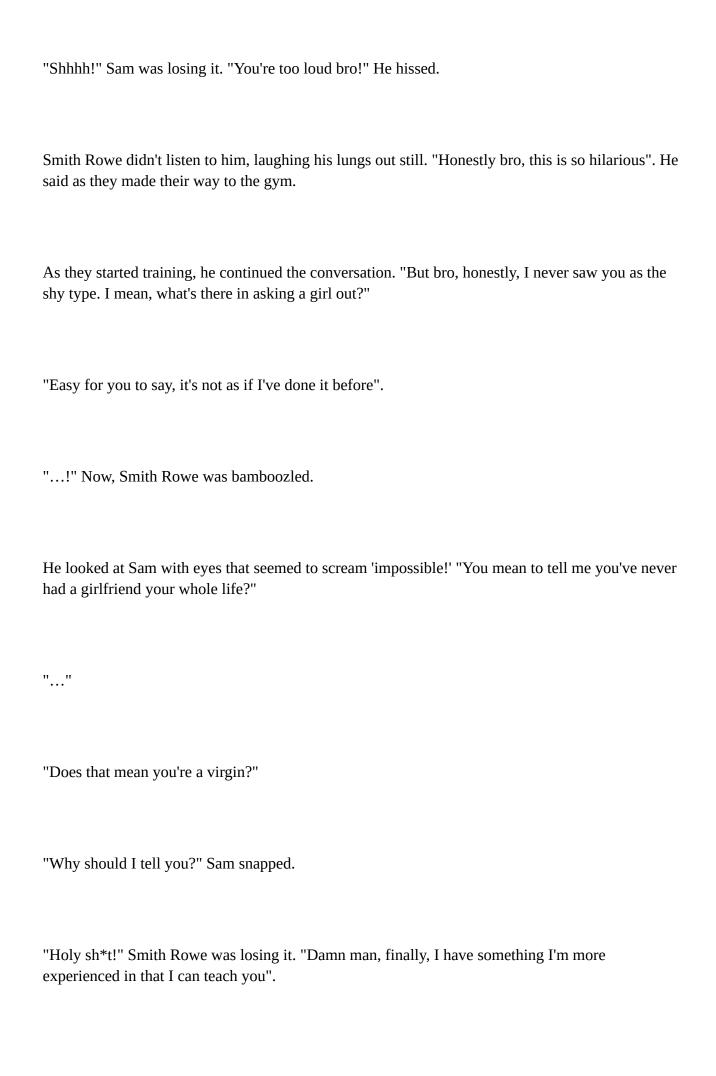
Football God 171

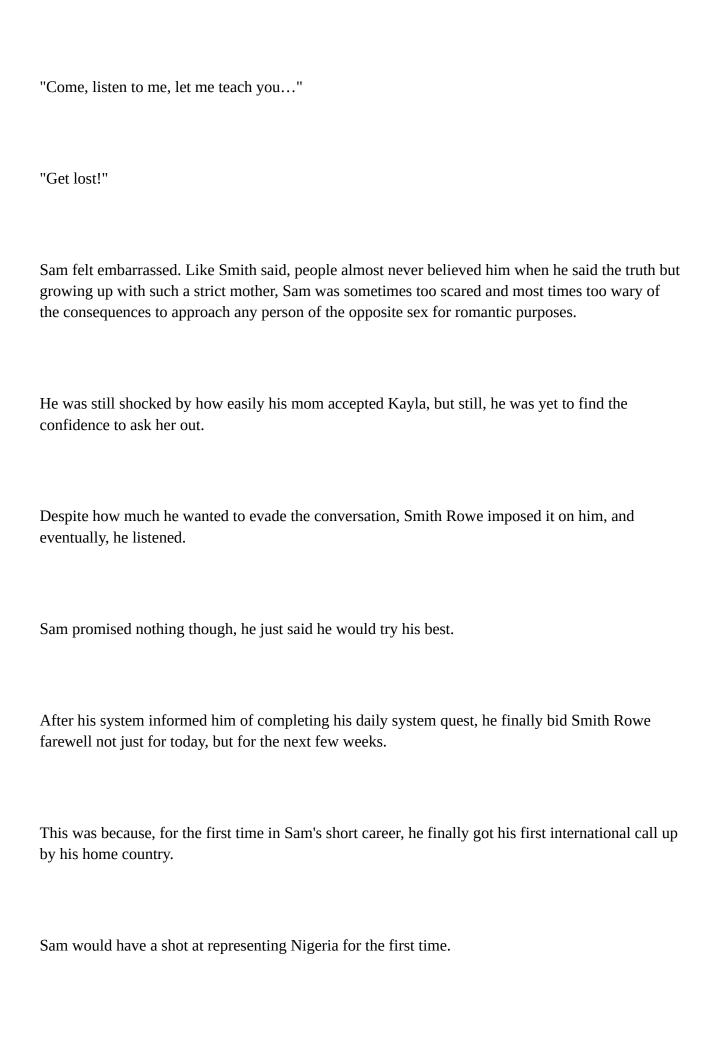


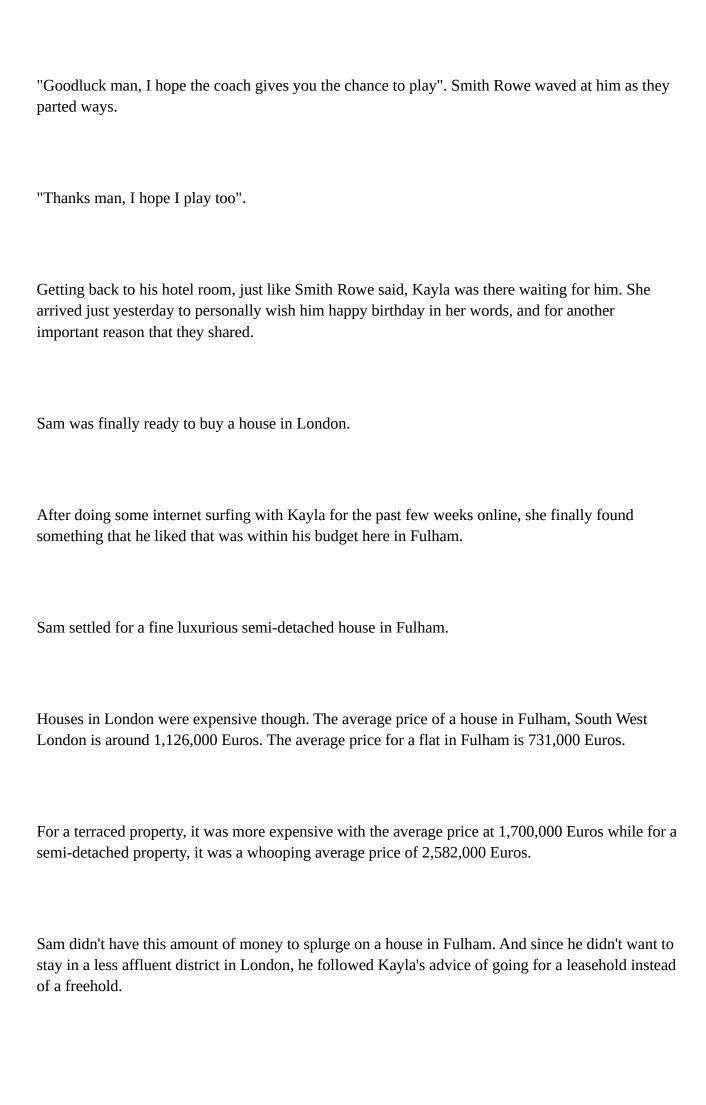
The reason why Emile Smith Rowe was still here in Fulham was simple, Lee Carsley, the new interim boss of the England national team did not call him up to represent his country in the games during the international break.
As for Sam, he was here due to a more peculiar reason.
As both players started jogging close to Craven Cottage, Emile Smith Rowe removed his earpiece before gently tapping Sam by the shoulder as he slowed down, also removing his earpiece while looking at him.
Smith had a partly confused and partly thinking look on his face as he looked at his friend. "Umm, can you tell me how to say don't disturb me in pidgin again?"
Sam chuckled amid rapid breathing. "Simple Smith, no worry me".
"Ah, yes, no worry me". Smith Rowe smiled. "No gimme issue, right?"
"Yeah," Sam nodded. "No gimme issue, no gimme stress, all of them mean don't disturb me".
"See? Pidgin is actually easier than you think".
"I guess so".

If Emile Smith Rowe's parents heard their son speaking like this, they would likely be horrified but that was one of the repercussions of being friends with a Nigerian who grew up in Nigeria.
Pidgin was second nature to them, and since it was so cool to speak, why not teach it to friends who are not conversant with it?
And that was how Emile Smith Rowe started learning pidgin.
As soon as they took a sharp turn inside Craven Cottage, Smith could not help but look at his friend again. "Sam, don't you think you should go home early today?"
"Why?"
"I mean, your girlfriend is waiting for you, right?"
"" Sam almost tripped.
"M-my what?"
Smith was confused. "Your girlfriend, did I say anything wrong?"
"She's not my girlfriend yet bro!" Sam hissed through gritted teeth. "And don't say it so loud, paparazzi are always following us these days".





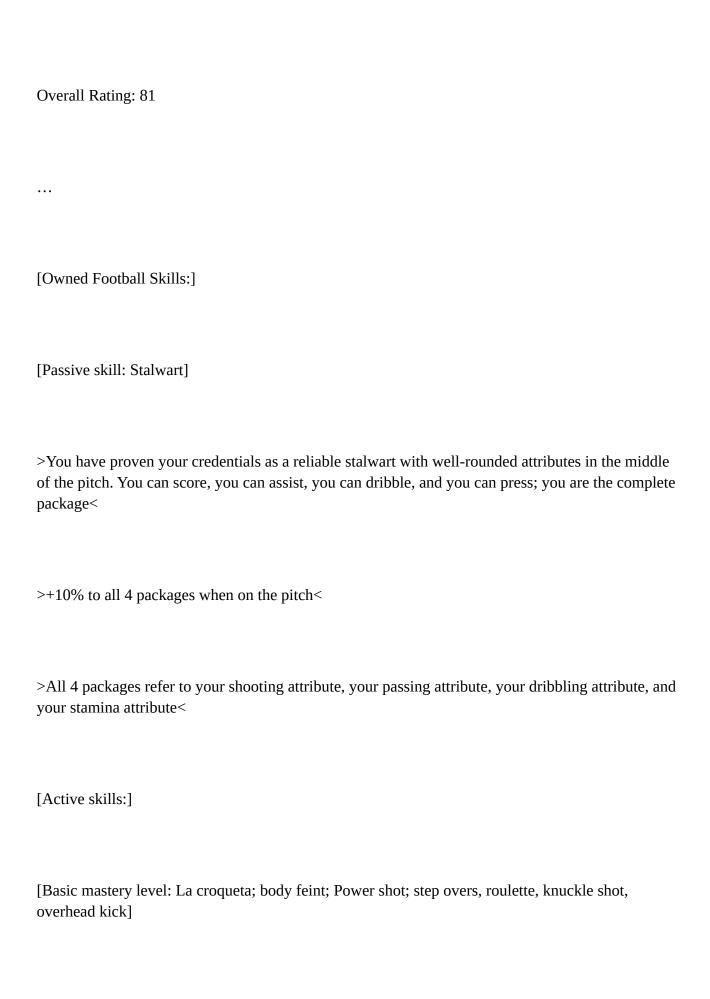




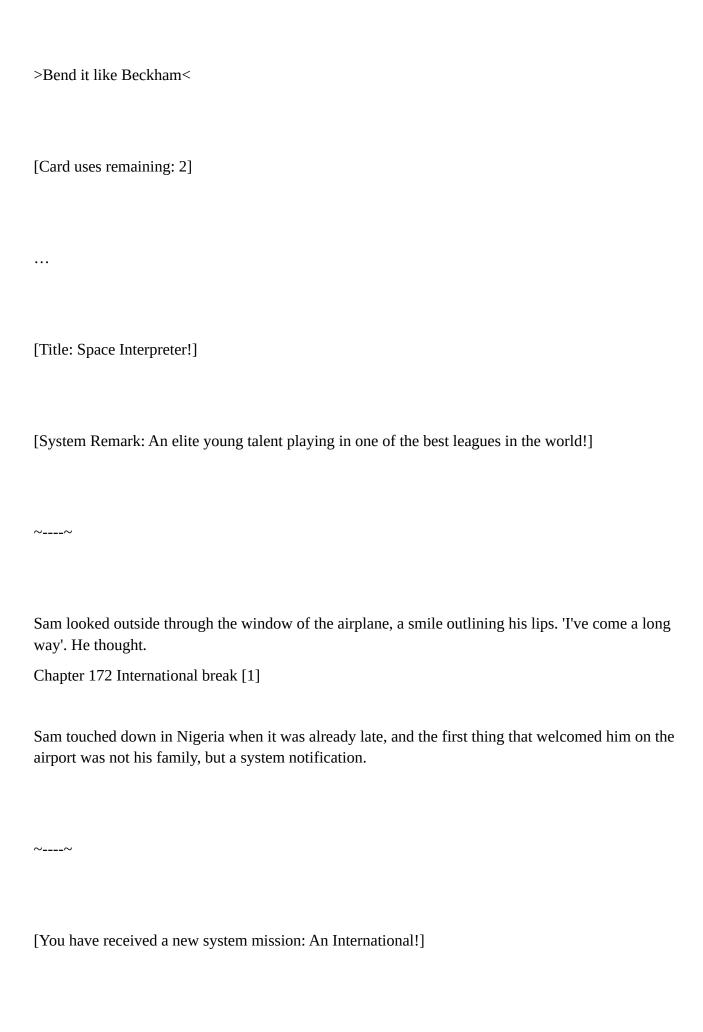
That was how he got the luxurious semi-detached house with 5 rooms in Fulham for a leasehold for far less than the price to buy the property outrightly.
Today, with Kayla's help, after completing his daily system quest, Sam finally moved out of the hotel where he had stayed for the first 8 months of his life in England. He had a nice experience at the hotel.
He would give them a 5-star review later.
Moving out with Kayla, Sam could not help but think back to the conversation he had with Smith Rowe as he looked at the girl.
'Damn, that bastard! Now I can't think straight'.
'I'll do it later'.
All they had to do was enter the semi-detached apartment since with Kayla's help, Sam already hired a professional interior designing company to set everything up before they entered.
The house was the perfect home he had always dreamed of.
Inside, Sam felt at peace.

He ate Kayla's food and spent quality time with her through the morning but that evening, both of them finally separated as Sam left for Nigeria.
He responded to the call to duty to represent his country's national football team. Sam was excited for it.
Kayla stayed behind in London, in his house.
On the flight back, Sam could not help but think about his career once again. He never expected to receive his first international call up at the young age of 19.
'My career is really all beds and roses so far'.
On the flight, unable to curb the excitement he felt at the prospect of following in the footsteps of illustrious Nigerian internationals like Justin Jay Jay Okocha and Kanu Nwankwo, he decided to distract himself with something else.
Sam focused on his system, more precisely his system status.
~~
[Player status!]
Host: Samuel Moses

Current Career Status: Premier League player, EFL Cup reigning champion
Talent Rating: A+
Player Position: Attacking Midfield
Player Attributes:
*Pace: 81
*Shot: 79
*Pass: 80
*Dribbling: 76
*Defending: 38
*Physicality: 76
*Stamina: 84



[Intermediate mastery level: Elastico, Cruyff turn]
[Advanced mastery level: Spatial awareness]
····
[Legendary Inheritance: Spatial Awareness]
[Legendary Inheritance: Elastico]
[Ability cards:]
>Shoot it like Lewy<
[Card uses remaining: 2]
>Thread it like KDB<
[Card uses remaining: 2]



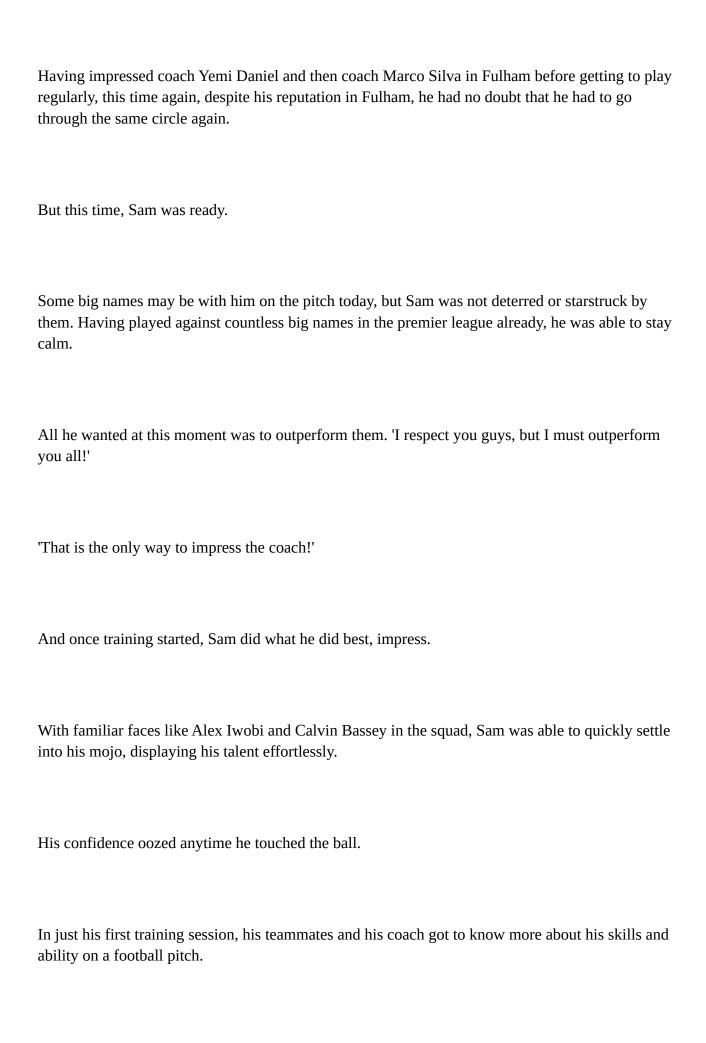
[Mission Description: In football, there is a certain pride that comes with representing your country on the international stage; it is the greatest pride of a professional football player. Prove to your coach that selecting you for the Nigerian squad was the right decision and force him into playing you.]
[Mission Objective: Show that you are a worthy Nigerian international!]
[Mission Reward: +3 increase to a random football attribute!]
~~
This was the best news that any player going on a mission to represent his country in the footballing landscape could receive.
Sam never expected it, and it made him even happier.
It made him even more determined to perform.
After the system notifications did he finally meet his family who were waiting for him right there in the Abuja airport. Mr. Moses drove his full family on his car to welcome their son back home from England.
After the game on the 31st against Ipswich Town, the next day Kayla came to London to meet Sam, and the next day he completed all his dealings in Fulham.

Today was 2nd of June, a Sunday.
Sam received his call-up to the Nigerian national team on 1st of June, and on that same day, the Nigerian coach sent him the upcoming AFCON qualifying fixtures for the national team.
AFCON was the African version of the Euros and Copa America tournaments in Europe and America, the African Cup of Nations.
(African Cup of Nations qualification- Group stage!)
(Matchday 1 of 6:)
(Nigeria – Benin)
(Date: 7th September, 2024)
(Matchday 2 of 6:)
(Rwanda – Nigeria)









For the next few days, Sam continued impressing in training and then, like the rolling pages of a book, days passed and in no time, it was 7th September.
The D-day was here.
The Benin Republic national team arrived in Nigeria for the AFCON qualifying game. For the Nigerian side, Finidi George already released his starting XI long ago.
Just like Sam expected, he was not in the lineup.
He watched from the bench as the international football game started. Chapter 173 International break [2]
FWEEEE!
From the first minute of this game, one thing became very clear, Nigeria was the superior side.
On paper, they were the superior side and it showed on the pitch.
And since Nigeria was playing at home, buoyed by the loud noise of their home supporters as Sam watched the proceedings from the bench in awe, they dominated the visitors from Benin.

Nigeria started with a 3-4-3 formation against their opponents' 4-1-4-1 formation. Stanley Nwabali, the new face who displaced the former Nigerian number 1 during the last AFCON tournament to become the starting goalkeeper started in between the posts.
Ahead of him was the 3-center back partnership of Samuel Ajayi, William Troost-Ekong, and the solid Calvin Bassey.
The midfield comprised of Ola Aina, Ndidi, Alex Iwobi, and Onyemaechi.
As for the attack, the trio of Samuel Chukwueze, Victor Boniface, and Ademola Lookman started in that order from right to left.
When the game started, Nigeria overwhelmed Benin Republic.
On every aspect of this game, Nigerian dominated. They dominated possession, locked and won the midfield battle; their defenders completely locked the Benin Republic attackers out of the game while their own attackers consistently terrorized the Benin Republic backline.
The Super Eagles were imperious against their opponents, but the only thing lacking from their game so far was a goal.
Despite being dominated, the Benin Republic players all stayed deep, digging in to defend with their lives and it worked for some time, till it no longer worked.
Ademola Lookman, the mercurial winger who was in form opened the scoring during additional time of first half as after a trademark mazy run from the left side of the pitch, he blasted a perfect shot into the bottom right corner of the net, beating the Benin Republic goalkeeper.

"GOALLLL!" The Nigerian stadium roared to life.
Ecstatic fans of the Super Eagles removed their green and white jerseys, waving it wildly with joy as they celebrated their team.
Acknowledging the adoration directed his way, Ademola Lookman charged towards the corner flag and under all the attention, jumped high and turned in mid-air before dishing out the famous suiii celebration.
"Suiiiii!" The large chunk of the fans in the stadium did it with him.
That goal definitely deflated the Benin Republic enthusiasm, Victor Boniface was the one who grabbed the assist for the goal.
The first half ended with Nigeria already leading 1-0.
When second half started, the Benin Republic players finally came out of their shells, proving threatening within the first few minutes of the second half but it was all just the struggles of a cornered rat.
They withered soon after as the Nigerian domination continued.
And just like the first half, the scoring problem seemed to continue till Finidi George finally pulled the plug, making a few substitutions.



And this was when in the 86th minute, Finidi George pulled the plug again, substituting Ndidi out and introducing Sam, the youngster into the game.
Sam almost could not believe his ears when the assistant coach informed him of the coach's decision. 'Yes! I hit the jackpot today!'
It was just 4 minutes, but it was 4 minutes of international football!
To Sam, that was all he wanted to make his debut.
When Sam entered the pitch, surprisingly, there was loud applause from the home fans, this was because they knew him mostly from his days in Enyimba FC.
This support made Sam even more excited as he entered the pitch.
'It's just 4 minutes, can I do something?'
'No, that's the wrong thinking,' he grinned. 'I have to do something'.
With the coach's 3-4-3 formation, there was no attacking midfielder, just central and defensive midfielders. When Sam received his international call-up, he already expected a situation like this.

'I won't get to play at my preferred position all the time'.
'This is not Enyimba, nor even Fulham. If I get to play for Barca one day, the same thing may apply though, I must prove that I absolutely own the position before I get to play on it consistently'.
'And here, it's even different. It's a much more daunting task since I'll literally have the coach change his playstyle just to fit me, an attacking midfielder'.
'Well, first, I have to prove my worth'.
When Sam entered the game, he chanted a new mantra. 'Calm! Stay calm'.
This way, he was able to contain the wild emotions of excitement in him, settling down and giving his all to focus on football.
During the first few minutes, Sam's impact was felt immediately in the center of the park as with him, Nigeria was able to hold on to possession more.
Bam! Bam!
He kept on passing balls with artistic fluidity like an elite central midfielder, spraying passes everywhere across the field to his teammates.
A few of his accurate long passes elicited cheers from the home fans.

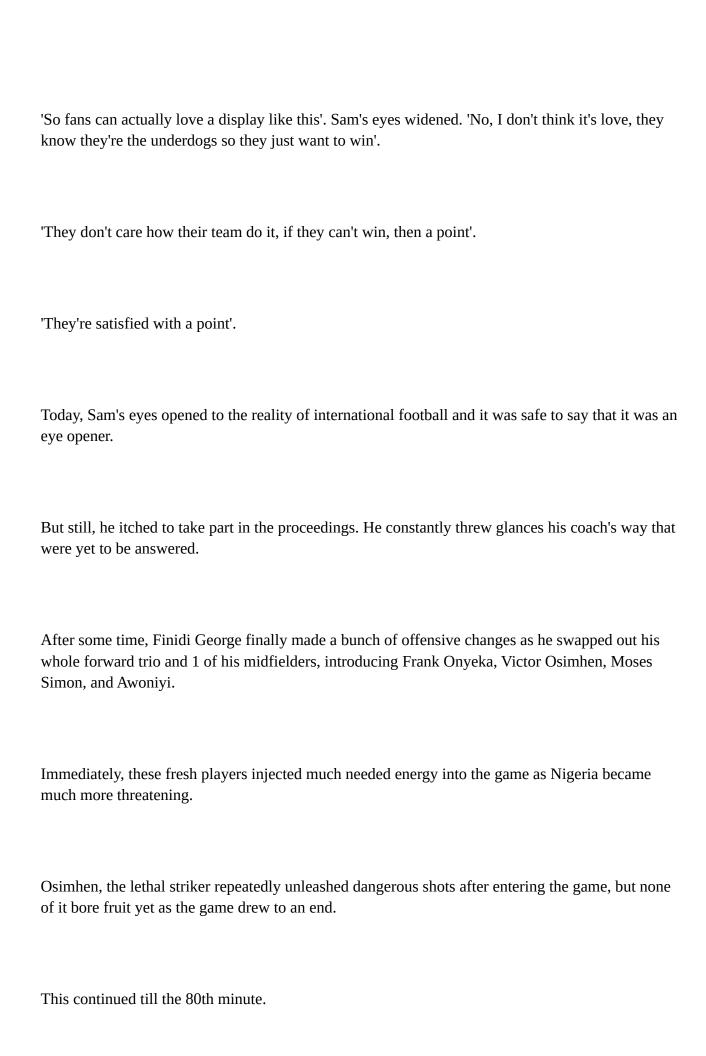
Sam had very little time, but he did what he needed to do, maintaining a ridiculous 100% passing rate despite giving the most passes since entering the pitch.
On his debut for Nigeria, Sam's game was exceedingly tidy as he just passed, skipping past only 1 challenge at a time as he refrained from flashy dribbling.
He thought this tidiness would be the only aspect of his game he got to show to his coach to impress him but then in the 90th plus 3 minutes, he noticed Ademola Lookman raise an arm up before going on a run on the left side of the pitch.
'It's risky, a 50-50 chance, should I pass?'
Sam was hesitant to botch his pass completion rate, but then, was passing just what he came to do? 'F*ck it! When did I start settling for only passing?'
'Besides, it's Lookman, the man in form!'
BAM!
Hitting the ball perfectly with the inside of his right foot, the ball curled upward past the full Benin Republic defense and then past Ademola Lookman's marker before falling perfectly in the path of the inform Nigerian winger.
The winger's pace was too much for his marker.

Ademola Lookman won the man of the match award.

One of the key moments of that memory that made him exceedingly happy after the game was when his coach approached him. "You did well Sam, that was a tidy performance".
'He doesn't hide his praise!' This was a welcome surprise, Sam was excited. 'This means I'll have an easier time of worming my way into his heart'.
To him, that exchange was the best aspect of his debut.
Immediately after the game, Sam drove back to his family home right there in Abuja where he met his father who was already drunk in joy and passion.
Mr. Moses was a lot of things, and one of those things he was biggest in was that he was a patriotic Nigerian despite how bad the Nigerian economy was turning into. And he was an even bigger football fan.
The middle-aged man once tried to play football professionally but failed.
Seeing his son fulfilling this dream on his behalf, playing for a club in England was already a great source of pride for him, but playing for Nigeria?
To Mr. Moses, there was no greater pride than that.
When Sam gave that unreal assist, while watching the game on his TV, this middle-aged man could not hold himself as tears streamed down his eyes.

He felt like the luckiest dad in the whole world.
A few days later, Sam joined the rest of his teammates as they went on a trip to Rwanda where they would play their last game of the international break.
The game was scheduled for 10th September.
In this game, the Nigerian coach, Finidi George started with the same line-up and players, making just a single change as he replaced Alex Iwobi with Dele-Bashiru who completed the midfield quadruple today.
Rwanda played with a unique 4-4-1-1 formation.
It was clear that despite playing at home, Rwanda intended to play defensive football. And when the referee's whistle eventually sounded, they did just that.
FWEEEE!
The game started incredibly slowly as this Rwanda side showed their coach's philosophy, playing a slow paced, physical, and grueling game.

The Nigerian defense barely got any work as they snuffed out any Rwandan counterattack on time, but the midfielders and offensive players were having a horror day at work against the defensive block of their opponents.
The players who were supposed to be creative on the pitch were finding it incredibly hard to create anything noteworthy.
In recent times, Nigerian coaches have been heavily criticized by fans for playing boring defensive football despite having such an elite crop of attackers. And maybe they were right because today, there was zero creativity against the Rwandan defense as frustration mounted on the pitch.
Only Ademola Lookman looked lively in attack, constantly driving at the Rwandan defense. He threatened but he got nothing to show for it.
The first half ended in a drab goalless draw.
During half-time, Finidi George was highly critical of his players as he gave a few instructions before sending them back to the pitch with no change made.
And well, that was a decision that the coach learned to rue.
The drab performance continued as the Rwandans showed no intentions of coming out of their shell. Clearly, they were more than glad to settle with a draw.
And despite the boring display, the Rwandan fans showed no signs of displeasure as their voice remained loud. They were firmly behind their team.



At this point, Finidi George felt exhausted since his team already tried everything in their arsenal to break the opponents' defensive block to no avail.
With nothing to lose, he made another change, introducing Sam into this game at the 80th minute.
Sam did not think about anything, not even the opportunity that he just got. As he jogged into this pitch, he thought of only one thing.
'Win!' 'Win!' 'Win!'
He already started chanting the mantra in his head.
It seemed childish, the delusions of someone yet to recognize the immensity of mount Tai but that was Sam's mantra and it worked for him.
As soon as Sam entered this game, it changed. Like a Dragon spreading its dominion over its territory, he chased down every ball that passed through his area in the middle of the pitch with rabid energy.
His energy enabled him to steal the ball within just a minute of entering the pitch. Immediately, the Rwandan players responded to his threat with multiple players swarming him.
Sam didn't panic as with his spatial awareness, his highest mastered skill at the advanced mastery level, he spotted Victor Osimhen's markers briefly leave him in reaction to his movement.

'Wrong move!'
Bam!
Sam moved instinctively, caressing the ball with the outside of his boot while threading it through the Rwandan players with deadly accuracy.
Time seemed to stop as the ball arrived before the Nigerian striker.
"!" This stadium briefly froze as Victor Osimhen got the ball, unmarked in the 18-yard box.
This striker took one touch of the ball to control it, and then with his second touch he unleashed a powerful shot at goal.
The Rwandan goalkeeper was rooted to the spot, but then
BAM!
It hit the bar!
Victor Osimhen tried to pounce on the rebound but he was bundled out of the way by the tall and physical Rwandan defenders.



When the corner kick was taken, a determined Sam rose highest, planting a firm header towards goal only for the goalkeeper to catch it again.
"Come on!" Sam screamed as the frustration of his teammates started getting to him; his blood burned hot like a volcano.
90 minutes already elapsed, they had just 4 minutes of extra time.
In the last 4 minutes, every Rwandan player camped in their defense, weathering storm after storm of Nigerian attacks.
Sam's inclusion into the pitch infused rabid attacking energy into the Nigerian side as they kept on going and then in the 90th plus 1 minute, Sam did it.
Showcasing his title as Space Interpreter again, Sam drifted into space in the 18-yard box through the blind spot of the Rwandan defenders like an assassin, ghosting into the box as with his right leg, he latched into Moses Simon's cross.
Bam!
Sam poked the ball into the net; the net rippled.
"GOALLLL!" Screaming excitedly, Sam removed his jersey, swinging it wildly as he charged towards the corner flag.



Sam nodded, jogging back but inside. He was boiling with frustration and just as he started jogging, Rwanda played a quick freekick, catching the Nigerian players off-guard who were yet to recover back to their natural positions having just tried to go celebrate with Sam.
Sam spotted the danger immediately. 'This is bad!'
Thud!
He dug into his stamina, engaging in a sprint immediately.
Muhire, the Rwandan second striker caught the Nigerian defenders napping as he caught the ball in his strides just after the halfway line, about to blast past the defenders with his pace when he heard thudding sounds behind him.
Before he knew it, this player felt contact then he was swept off his feet aggressively from behind as he collapsed on the ground.
Immediately, he grabbed his leg, exaggeratedly screaming in pain.
FWEEE!
"Wow! A straight red card to Sam!"











"It's fine," Kayla patted him on the back, reassuring him with her warmth. "Officials make bad decisions in football from time to time".
"Why me?" Sam said in frustration. "Why today of all days? Why when I'm trying to impress the coach to solidify my spot on the team?!"
"I'm so frustrated!"
"You had to see the look on the coach's face after I got sent off. I know, I did let the frustration get to me, but still it was me taking a bullet for the team because I recognized danger".
"If that guy was left free to run, the team would have been in danger. There was a high chance of that resulting in a goal".
"Why can't he see it that way?"
"Ah! I'm so frustrated!"
"It's fine, let it all out, you'll feel better that way".
Kayla was right, after venting for a few minutes, Sam finally calmed down as he no longer felt as frustrated, just a bit dizzy from the alcohol.



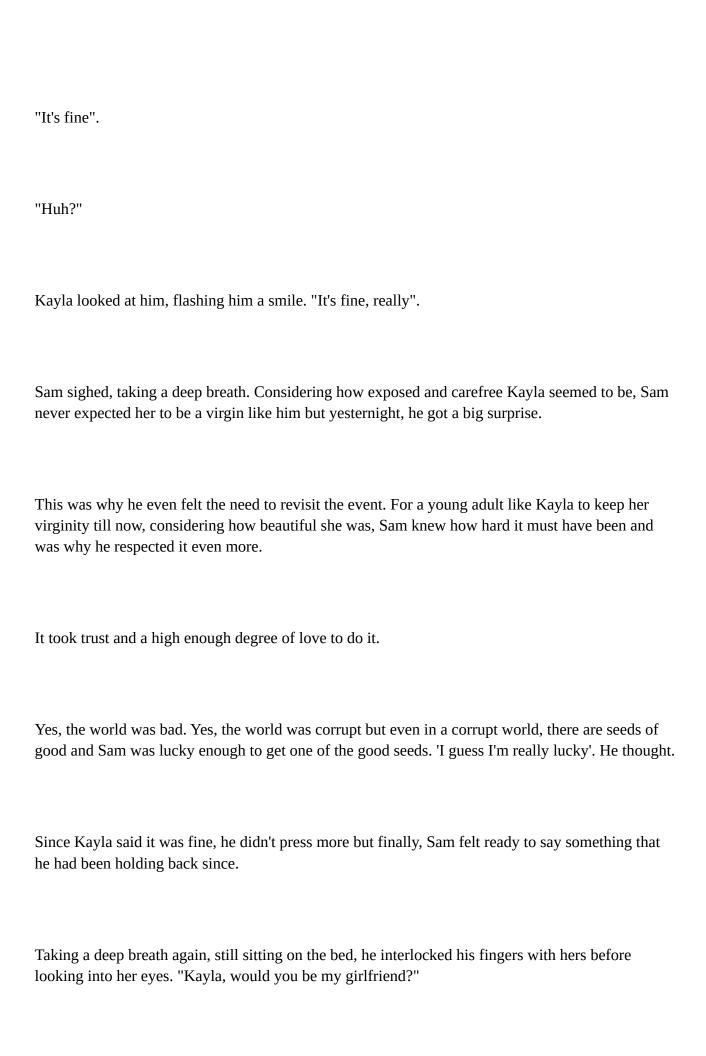
In a certain 5-star hotel room in Maitama, Abuja, Kayla Banks woke up.
Rustle!
The soft rustle of curtains stirred her awake as sunlight filtered through sheer fabric, painting golden stripes across the crisp white sheets of the bed.
The room smelled faintly of fresh linen and a hint of something floral, perhaps the bouquet on the desk by the window. She stretched lazily, the plush duvet sliding off her as she blinked into the glowing light of morning.
The bed was a cocoon of comfort, its pillows still holding the delicate imprint of her sleep, but she could not help but feel that something was missing.
A distant hum of life outside filtered through the double-paned glass; a blend of city sounds muffled by the sanctuary of the hotel room.
She sat up, her long black hair tumbling in loose waves over her shoulders, catching the golden morning rays as she finally realized what was missing.
Kayla looked around. 'Where is he?'
As soon as she had this thought, the door to the hotel room was pushed open. Kayla looked over.

• • •

A few minutes earlier
Thud! Thud!
A young man energetically jogged through the streets of Maitama, a subtle smile gracing his face as he seemed like the happiest man in the world.
Sam indeed felt like the happiest man in the world.
There was a spring in his steps too as he jogged, and with his headset over his head, he could not help but hum to the music currently playing happily.
He was in a good mood.
That morning, as he jogged, the events of yesterday in Rwanda never seemed to happen at all as they were replaced with just happy memories. Sam felt rejuvenated, he felt energy flooding his body.
Shortly after, Sam got the notification that he was looking for.
~~

[You have completed System Daily Quest: Mentality Monster!]
[You have been rewarded with a low-grade physical conditioning elixir!]
~~
Immediately after getting this notification, having calculated it perfectly, he quickly took a byline into the hotel building.
Entering inside, he greeted the security personnel with a big smile on his face before walking to his hotel room, only to meet Kayla already awake.
Sam froze for a moment, but then he smiled. "Hey, you're awake".
Still on the bed, Kayla looked at him. "Where did you go to?"
"To jog".
"Really? Even today of all days, you couldn't just stay with me?"
Sam chuckled before presenting something to her on a plate. "I got corn for you on the way". He quickly kissed her on the cheek and dodged before she could lash out, laughing. "I stink, let me go take a quick bath".



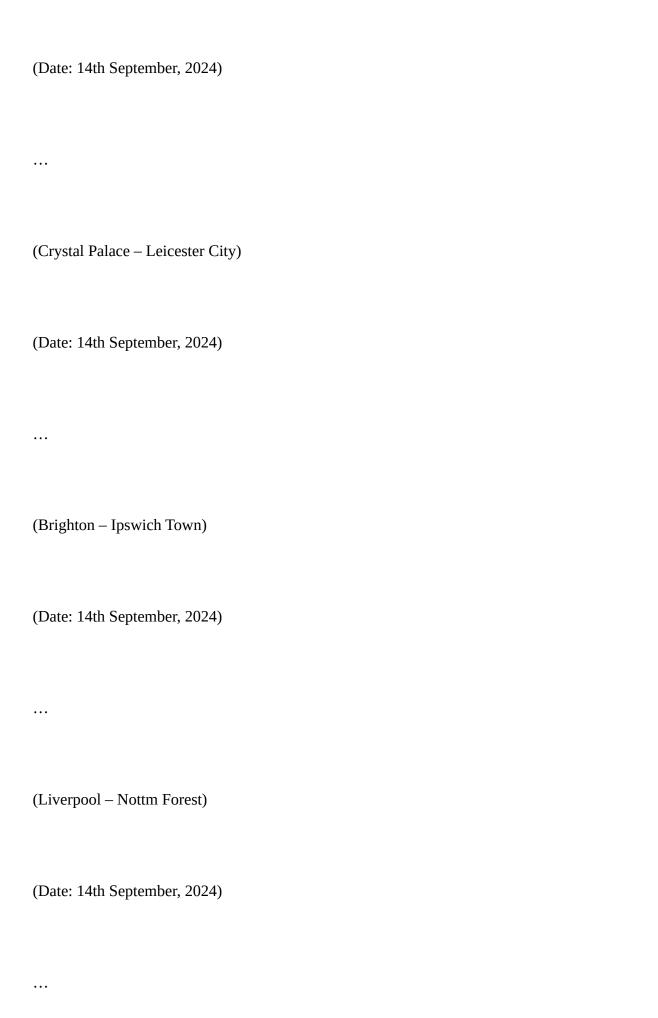


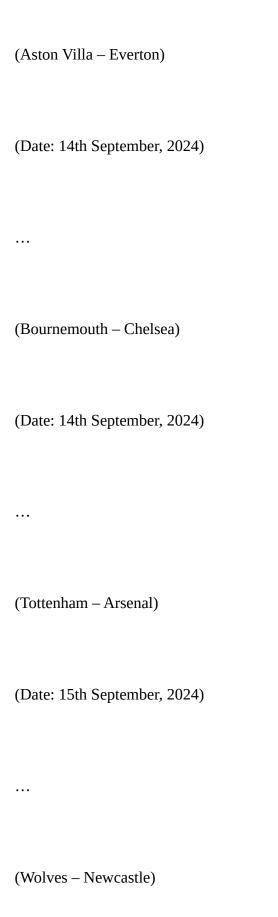


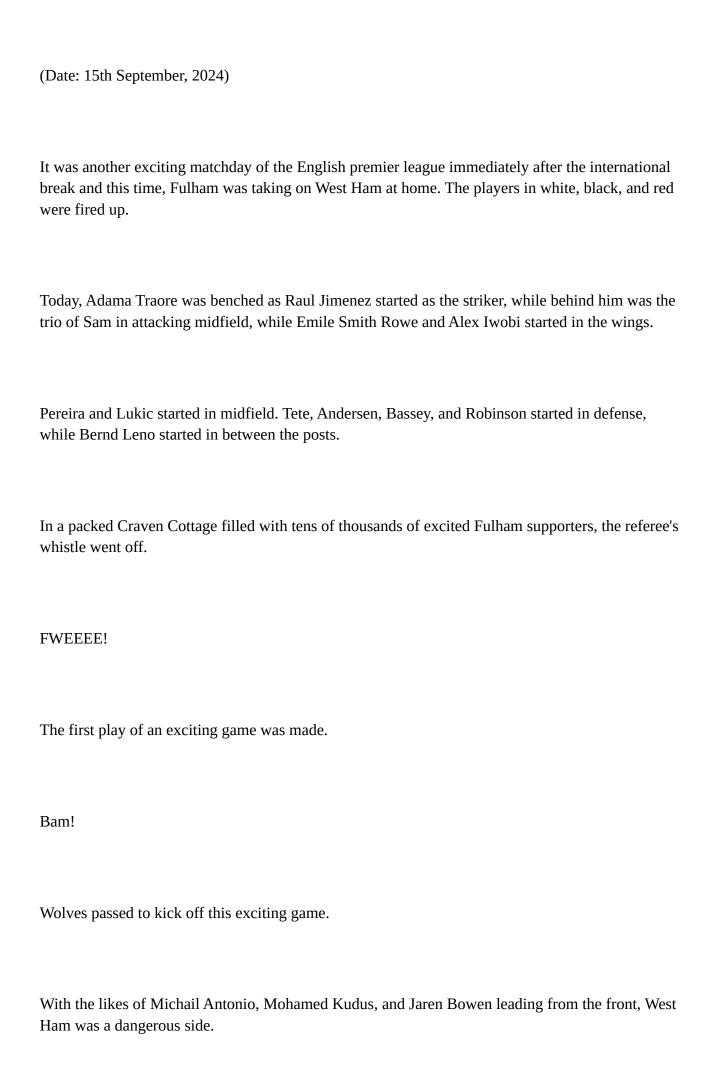












Aaron Wan-Bissaka, the ex-Manchester United player was their wildcard in defense and this fullback was clearly in form today.
During the first few minutes of this game, both sides were even as they struggled for domination. They shared the possession percentage, threatening at intervals as both sides played their football.
The most exciting battles though were in midfield as the players of both sides slugged it out.
Raul Jimenez though was the star of the opening minutes of this game as Fulham settled, slowly tightening their grip on the game.
After making a rare start in a long time, the striker seemed to have a point to prove as every touch, ever pass, and every movement from him was so threatening that he left the West Ham defense on tenterhooks.
And eventually, he got his moment as from the right, Emile Smith Rowe played a pass for the determined striker to run into.
Winning the physical battle with his marker, Raul Jimenez stood his ground, maintained his cool as Areola, the West Ham goalkeeper charged towards him before calmly lobbing the ball above the goalkeeper to score a sumptuous goal in the 24th minute of this game.
"GOALLLL!" Craven Cottage exploded.





Chapter 178 An imperious Sam
The game was tight at first, but after 2 impressive goals from Raul Jimenez and Sam, West Ham were quickly losing grip over the game.
First half ended 2-0 to Fulham.
Half-time was very short to the Fulham players, they could not wait to get back into the pitch for the 2nd half and when they did, the onslaught continued.
The 3rd goal entered in just less than 2 minutes after the game resumed, in the first sequence of play orchestrated by Fulham.
Sam started kick-off, passing to Pereira before starting a run straight down the middle of the pitch alongside Raul Jimenez as the West Ham defense responded to the threat of these 2 players.
While both of them ran and as the West Ham press started, Pereira wiggled from a challenge before spraying the ball to the right-hand side where Emile Smith Rowe lurked.
Having been expecting it, the right winger took the ball, drove forward with it a bit, raised his head to look into the box before unleashing a perfect cross into the box for the 2 players.
The West Ham defenders scrambled to react.

They jumped, but not high enough. With his athletic spring legs like those of a frog, Sam jumped high into the air before planting a power header towards goal, aimed at the top right corner.



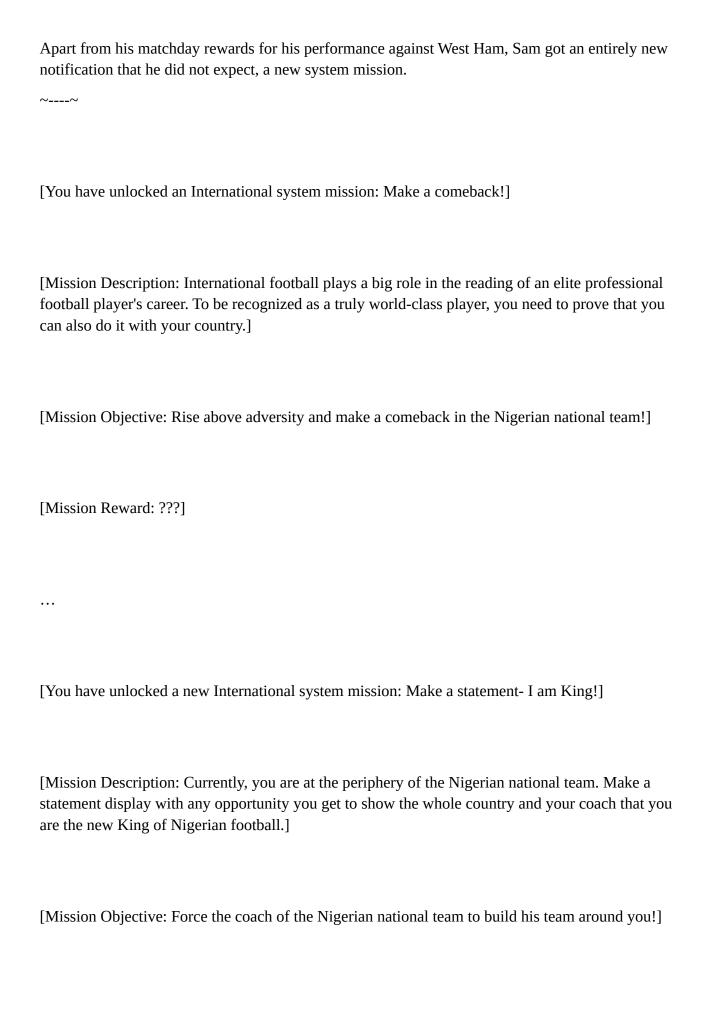


Sam receives a pass, wriggle through one or two players, gives a pass.
Sam receives a pass, obliterate his marker with just his first touch, settle down and play a penetrative defense-splitting through pass that cuts the whole West Ham apart like a hot knife through butter.
Sam receives a pass, goes on a mazy run, cutting through multiple players with his silky skills like they were not even there.
"What a prodigy!" The commentator raved.
"This game, every time that Sam has his legs on the ball, the fans are expecting something. You can see it Derek, you can literally feel it".
"Every time he has the ball, it's like something is going to happen".
"Is it only me or does he remind you of Ronaldinho too?"
"He's not Ronaldinho level yet but still, those elasticos of his, they can't help but remind you of a prime Ronaldinho terrorizing defenders for fun".
"Samuel Moses, what a fun player to watch".



Bam!
The ball was perfectly tamed with his chest, then
Thud!
As soon as Sam landed on his feet even as the nearest West Ham player was already desperately charging forward to close him down, he felt adrenaline flood his body even as his eyes dilated in excitement and focus.
Swinging his right leg backward as Sam landed, he quickly flung it back in an iconic shooting technique, the knuckle ball technique.
POW!
Sam's right leg unleashed a rocket of a shot!
The ball flew up, above all the players in the 18-yard box even as Areola, the West Ham goalkeeper was rooted to the spot, just looking at the ball sail past him.
But just as the ball seemed on a sure path of flying off for a goal kick, it waved, then swerved back down into the top right corner of the net with speed.
The net rippled; another goal.

Craven Cottage exploded, and again, smiling brightly, Sam charged towards the corner flag as he did the Robert Lewandowski celebration.
"Samuel Mosesssssss!!!" The commentator screamed.
"What a boy! What a monster! What a prodigy!"
"I told you right Derek? The boy is a monster!"
"He's gone and scored a hattrick!"
In the 90th plus 5 minutes, Ings, the West Ham substitute scored a late goal, depriving Bernd Leno of a clean sheet but the game was already decided.
Fulham won 4-1 convincingly.
Sam won the man of the match award.
Chapter 179 International mission- make a comeback
Immediately after the end of the game against West Ham, Sam received a series of system notifications and it was not just what he expected.



[Mission Reward: Legendary Inheritance- Austin Jay Jay Okocha!]
[System Remark: Prove yourself and inherit the legacy of the legendary Nigerian winger who was so good he had to be named twice!]
~~
Seeing these 2 new system missions, at first, Sam was stunned but then he grinned. 'Hell yeah!' He celebrated in his mind.
Any mission that gave him the chance to get a new legendary inheritance was something that Sam embraced with gusto. Afterall, his elastico and spatial awareness skills were already paying in dividends.
These 2 skills showed him the importance of legendary inheritances.
But Sam did not let the glamor get to his head though, by now, he could already tell that the system was using a carrot and stick method with him.
A legendary inheritance was a once in a lifetime opportunity for professional football players. It was so rare that it was impossible for upcoming football players to get it, the only way to get one was to become a legend of the game and create one. And that was no easy endeavor.
For Sam to get easy access to them like this was a gift, a privilege.

This did not mean getting them would be easy though.
The first mission to get another legendary inheritance that Sam had pending was the mission to get at least 30 goal contributions this season.
At first, looking at it, it seemed easy but in truth, it was incredibly hard.
Not only was Sam plying his trade in the premier league, the toughest league in the world, but which 19-year-old playing in the top 5 European leagues could confidently claim of getting 30 goal contributions in a season?
None at the moment. This showed the difficulty of the mission that Sam had; it was a mission for freaks.
As for the second one, forcing the Nigerian coach to build around him? This was even more ridiculous than the first.
The Nigerian national team was a team fielding big names like Victor Osimhen who still had a contract with Napoli, Victor Boniface of Bayer Lekerkusen, Ademola Lookman of Atalanta, amongst other elite players.
It was going to be an uphill task for Sam to upstage all these world beaters to present the case that he was the best player in the national team.
Sam didn't shirk away from the challenge though, rather, he grinned. 'The system is getting to know me better these days, hehe'.

'These are exactly the types of missions that I love most'.
'Impossible missions, but to me,' he grinned. 'Impossible is nothing!'
Talking of legendary inheritances, after getting back to his new home in Fulham, Sam decided to check his player status again with his system. But this time, he focused on a particular aspect, his trump cards.
The things that made him Samuel Moses, the Nigerian Zidane.
~~
[Owned Football Skills:]
[Passive skill: Stalwart]
[Active skills:]
[Basic mastery level: La croqueta; body feint; Power shot; step overs, roulette, knuckle shot, overhead kick]
[Intermediate mastery level: Elastico, Cruyff turn]

[Advanced mastery level: Spatial awareness]
[Legendary Inheritance: Spatial Awareness]
[Legendary Inheritance: Elastico]
[Ability cards:]
>Shoot it like Lewy<
[Card uses remaining: 2]
>Thread it like KDB<
[Card uses remaining: 2]
>Bend it like Beckham<

[Card uses remaining: 2]
···
[Title: Space Interpreter!]
[System Remark: An elite young talent playing in one of the best leagues in the world!]
~~
This time, Sam focused on his ability cards.
Sam's passive skill, Stalwart was the perfect representative of his current ability. He was a solid attacking midfielder that could be trusted to perform every game, he had the skills to do it and the mentality to back it up.
But despite all these, his skills, his attributes, there were certain trump cards that Sam only use in situations where it was absolutely needed, his ability cards.
At the moment, he only had 3 ability cards but every single one of them was lethal enough to empower him to turn a game around singlehandedly.

He still vividly remembered the first time he made use of an ability card against Manchester City in the FIFA Club World Cup final. Against Manchester City, with the Shoot it like Lewy ability card, he scored a hattrick against the world-beating Manchester team.
With the Thread it like KDB and Bend it like Beckham ability cards, he had performed similar miracles in other games already.
But Sam didn't want to use them carelessly. Afterall, they were his trump cards.
"No other player in the world has a privilege like this," his eyes gleamed as he whispered. "If I am to have any chance at achieving my ambitious goal for this season, the turning point lies in using my ability cards wisely".
"Which game to use them, and what time".
"I need to be wise".
Sam ended the day with that consciousness in mind. Of course, once the thought of football left his head, he spent the time with his girlfriend cuddling.
Life without Kayla and life with her was so different, Sam loved life now better than it was before.
That night, Coach Marco Silva sent the fixture of the next game to his players.
(EFL Cup:)



Sam wanted Kayla close after his first intimate encounter with her, but he did not let his emotions override his logic.
He knew that they had to focus on their budding careers and school.
This was why he let her go. Of course, they would still be communicating daily on their phones but with Kayla gone, Sam was able to focus 100% on football again.
He spent the most time with Emile Smith Rowe these days as they jogged together, worked out together, trained together, and played football together.
In this climate, both of their football senses became sharper every day, their chemistry truly becoming telepathic.
Physically and mentally, Sam and Smith Rowe were in their best state.
And then, D-day finally came.
Sam didn't get to play in the last EFL Cup game against Birmingham but this time, Sam started. Coach Marco Silva heavily rotated his starting XI again, but he gave Sam the opportunity to play his first EFL Cup game of the season.
Since the beginning of the season, Fulham already played 5 games and they were in a crazy winning run of 5 games played, 5 games won.

Even if they eventually drew a game, it would still be an unbeaten run and to Fulham fans who were not used to this, this was unprecedented.
Against Preston, their 6th game of the new season, Fulham had the opportunity to extend their winning run and with Sam starting, the Fulham fans had extremely high hopes of doing it.
Today, Muniz led the line as the striker and behind him was the attacking trio of Reiss Nelson, Sam, and Cairney. The midfield comprised of Berge and Reed.
Behind them in defense were Sessegnon, Cuenca, Diop, and Castagne, while the Fulham back-up goalkeeper, Benda started in between the posts.
In paper, Fulham had the slight superiority over their opponents today.
But a major fact of this game was that this was Preston's home.
FWEEEE!
When the whistle sounded, the loud noise of the Preston fans drowned this stadium as they tried to suffocate the Fulham players and disrupt their game.
At first, it worked in the early stages of this game as Preston troubled Fulham, occasionally testing their goalkeeper.



But unlike what the commentator predicted, Coach Marco Silva stuck with his starting lineup, leaving them to continue the second half.
His decision was almost spat on when Preston almost scored an instant second goal just after second half started.
Despite the threats from Preston, Fulham held their nerves and when it was time, they didn't need their stars in the bench, they did it led by their star on the pitch in Samuel Moses.
In the 61st minute, Sam opened the game up as receiving the ball deep, he went on a mazy run into the Preston half.
The Preston midfield was congested as they played with a 4-4-2 formation, but the mercurial midfielder wiggled through them like they were not there.
Sam did not do anything complicated, all he did was a few drop of the shoulders, feints, and a pass that set Reiss Nelson in one-on-one with the Preston goalkeeper.
The winger did not miss, chipping the ball over the goalkeeper to even the score line back to where they started.
In the 61st minute, it was back to 1-1.

All the Preston effort was seemingly deflated like a balloon but unwilling to give up, the Preston players played the game of their life against Fulham.
They threatened, defending like a team but then again, they were playing against a team that had Sam, a generational prodigy of the game.
After introducing Raul Jimenez into the game already at some point, the striker used his impressive strength to good use in the box, holding up play perfectly and once he spotted Sam's run, he chipped the ball into his path in the box.
It was not a perfect pass, it had too much force and it was too high, but then
Bam!
Jumping and raising his right leg high, Sam displayed unreal technique, bringing the ball under control with a gentle touch and as he descended, the ball descended with him.
By the time Sam's legs touched ground, Preston defenders were already all over him but that was when he did his thing.
Tik! Tak!
With the tip of his boot, he took 2 delicate touches of the ball and that was all it took as the ball evaded them like a snake's deadly bite.





Fulham extended their winning and unbeaten run to 6 games.