

Football God 301

Chapter 301 Matchday 4; against Real Sociedad

(La Liga:)

(Real Sociedad – Barcelona)

The FC Barcelona squad traveled to San Sebastian, to the Estadio de Aneota, currently known as the Reale Arena for sponsorship purposes, Real Soceidad's home stadium for their matchday 4 encounter.

FC Barcelona started with a similar lineup like in the Sevilla game with minimal changes being made, the main one being Gerard Martin starting ahead of Alejandro Balde in left back.

While FC Barcelona tweaked its formation, Real Sociedad did not take any chances as they started with their best lineup for this game.

Unlike the Catalans, the San Sebastian club started with a 4-1-4-1 formation.

Alex Remiro started in between the posts for the home side while ahead of him stood a quadruple of Aramburu, Zubeldia, Pacheco, and Munoz in defense.

Standing as the sole pivot in this game was the maverick midfielder who was the envy and transfer target of a lot of big clubs in Europe, Martin Zubimendi.

Ahead of him was the balanced attacking quadruple of Tite Kubo, Turrientes, Olasagasti, and Sergio Gomez. Ahead of them was Mikel Oyarzabal starting as the sole striker in this game.

FWEEE!

As soon as the referee's whistle sounded, a balanced game started in the Reale Arena as Real Sociedad surprisingly matched FC Barcelona's intensity and play in the first half of this game.

Clearly, the home side had a concrete game plan to win.

To the surprise of onlookers, at some point, it was like the home players were running FC Barcelona ragged with their immense work rate.

Barca did not falter though as they met their intensity pound for pound, staying compact and playing their own game.

It was an end-to-end game throughout the first half.

The FC Barcelona attack got to shine in this game again but among the quadruple of attacking players, one of them seemed to struggle this game.

After playing 3 straight games consecutively since the new La Liga season started, Robert Lewandowski seemed on his way to having his first stinker of the season as his age finally seemed to show.

Just like any great player, age was finally catching up with the Polish striker.

His loose touches, his mis-controls, the uncharacteristic poor positioning, Lewandowski was off it this game and it affected the rest of the Barca attack.

The remaining attackers toiled in his absence, trying to lift their game and lift him along but they were struggling.

In the struggling was where Sam thrived.

In a game this hard, Sam's talent finally shone through as he dominated.

When Real Sociedad got the ball and were about to go on their dangerous attacking raids, Sam was like a sledgehammer that consistently stopped the threat early before it could become too dangerous.

In attack, he was also a menace as he consistently thread accurate passes through the tiny spaces and boxes that the Real Sociedad players left behind, unable to cover.

Despite it, the goal failed to materialize.

For the 2nd straight game, Barcelona failed to score in the first half and just before half-time, the Catalan visitors were stunned.

For just one moment, the Barcelona defense was caught napping and that was all Real Sociedad needed as rising above every other player, Mikel Oyarzabal planted a firm header from a cross into the bottom left corner.

Inaki Pena dived but the ball just snuck past him and into the net.

"GOALLLL...!!!" The Reale Arena erupted!

Just like that, FC Barcelona trailed.

The first half came to an end with Barcelona losing 1-0.

...

During half-time, Hansi Flick had a very calm talk with his players, making a few tactical tweaks before sending them back into the pitch. Despite the tactical tweaks, the German coach did not make any substitution.

As soon as the FC Barcelona players entered the pitch, it was clear that they came with a different energy, an energy of defiance.

"BOOOO...!!!" The home fans quickly booed, hoping to kill their energy.

FWEEE!

It didn't matter much though because as soon as the referee's whistle sounded, FC Barcelona started a dance of Dragons.

They raised the intensity immediately.

Bam! Bam!

Raphina, Lamine Yamal, Pedri, Sam, even Lewandowski, they all raised their level in this 2nd half as they started overwhelming Real Sociedad.

But the home side was not caught off-guard.

Having expected Barcelona's increase in intensity in the 2nd half as they chased after the equalizer, the Real Sociedad coach cleverly changed his strategy, switching to all-out defense.

Against the rampaging Catalans, as soon as their onslaught started, Real Sociedad parked the bus in front of their defense.

The home fans didn't react angrily to this decision by their coach though, rather, they applauded it as they cheered their team on.

In this game, it was not just the Barca players vs Real Sociedad players; it was the Barca players vs Real Sociedad players vs the Real Sociedad fans.

Despite this, undeterred, the relentless Barca onslaught of attacks continued.

Barca attacked but a stalwart Real Sociedad defense gave them no easy path towards goal as they staunchly defended their goal.

Sam tried to take outside the box shots but clearly wary of his threat, a player was tasked to close him down immediately he revealed his intent to take a shot.

This was another factor in his adaptation.

Having heard of his reputation in the premier league already, no club in Spain wanted to give him the spaces that he loved to wreak havoc. They've observed, studied, and dissected his game, creating measures to best thwart him.

It was the same thing that Kylian Mbappe faced during his early weeks and months in Spain, Sam was facing the same treatment.

And again, that was materializing in this game.

Sam was playing at an elite level with his fellow attackers but against Real Sociedad's low block, the goal failed to materialize.

They were dominating in possession, chances created, shots taken, everything, but they were being frustrated because they were losing.

50 minutes passed, no goal...

60 minutes passed, no goal...

70 minutes passed, still no goal...

And that was when it happened, a tragedy.

During another FC Barcelona attack raid, Pedri held on to the ball for far too long, enabling the opposing midfielder, Martin Zubimendi to steal the ball.

"...!" Instantly, the whole Barca team went into panic mode.

This was because of the player holding the ball.

Bam!

Their panic was warranted as despite Gavi quickly closing him down, Martin Zubimendi calmly rotated past the Spanish midfielder, spraying a deadly pass towards the right and cutting an overzealous Barca team open.

Since most Barca players were up field, attacking and trying to score a goal to bring the game level, that one pass dissected the full Barca defense open like a hot knife through butter.

Gerard Martin, Barca's right back was caught out of position.

But as soon as the ball was passed, the young defender panicked as he quickly engaged in a sprint, desperate to recover and make up for his mistake.

Somehow, due to help from the shadow defending of other defenders, Gerard Martin's speed won as he closed Tite Kubo down, restricting the winger to just outside the Barca 18-yard box even as other Barca players fell back.

The threat was already diffused, no need for any reckless action but in a moment of madness, as soon as Tite Kubo entered the 18-yard box, losing his head, Gerard Martin dived in on a sliding tackle.

The tackle was far from perfect as catching Kubo's ankle, he brought the Real Sociedad winger down.

FWEEEE!

The referee's whistle sounded immediately even as he awarded a penalty to Real Sociedad in the 71st minute while showing Gerard Martin a straight red card.

The Barca players didn't even try to appeal the red card, it was just too obvious. The young right back dejectedly trudged off the field.

Barca trailed behind, and now, they got an even bigger disadvantage.

Mikel Oyarzabal stepped up to take the penalty, his last action in this game before being taken off and he didn't miss a step, sending Inaki Pena the wrong way as he coolly slotted into the bottom left corner.

"GOALLLLL...!!!" The Reale Arena erupted again in ecstasy.

And in that moment, all hell broke loose, Hansi Flick finally lost his composure.

His team was losing 2-0!

Having decided to be conservative since, the German coach finally decided to be ruthless. He took a drastic decision, making the bold decision of taking off Lewandowski as he introduced Fermin Lopez.

It was not the substitution that was his craziest decision, rather, it was his tactical and formational change.

Hansi Flick decided to play Sam as a striker!

More precisely, a false 9.

Chapter 302 Debut as a false 9

72 minutes, 2-0...

FC Barcelona was trailing by 2 goals in the Reale Arena.

BOOM!

The energy of the home fans in this stadium was extremely exuberant even as they celebrated the fortunate circumstances of their team.

Against a high-flying Barca side, to be leading 2-0 at home, this was a big cause of celebration and they did not hold back in their celebrations.

And when Lewandowski trudged out of the field after being substituted, instead of booing like they've been doing for majority of this game, they rather cheered, applauding loudly around the stadium.

They didn't applaud out of respect; their applause was their way of taunting the Catalan giants for collapsing in their home stadium.

These reactions made the atmosphere in this stadium even more hostile.

After dominating for most of this game, 2 incredible counter-attacks was what did Barca in, making them trail by 2 goals.

They were truly unfortunate this game, luck was not just on their side.

Having tried their best for almost 80 minutes of this game, giving their all to attack and score a goal, despite dominating for the majority of the game, FC Barcelona finally collapsed in Real Sociedad's home.

From the reaction of the away supporters, it was clear that they already gave up in their team getting a reward from this game.

In the touchline, Hansi Flick was also calm.

Clearly, he already gave up in getting a result from this game but since he already gave up, why not switch things up?

Why not try a strategy that he's been thinking of for some time?

Yes, Hansi Flick have been thinking up a new and extremely radical strategy since the very first day that he watched Sam train in an FC Barcelona jersey.

Robert Lewandowski was a lethal striker, one of the best of his generation but like every great player, he was dancing to the tune of the omniscient influence of father time. Even he could not fight the depreciation that comes due to age.

This was why wearing the lens of a radical scientist rather than that of just a coach, Hansi Flick observed his new signing in training.

'A tall 1.84 frame..., powerful in the air, a good header of the ball, a great mastery over his center of gravity, good at scoring goals, a literal perfect ball technique, and natural talent...'

'...what else is needed to create a natural striker?'

'He's the perfect striker!'

'A perfect false 9!'

FC Barcelona was broke! That was the reality of the Catalan club.

They were still caught in a debt in the figures of billions of Euros, all they were doing at this point was trying to keep the club afloat.

This was why Hansi Flick did not expect the club to buy any of the hot striker prospects in the market at the moment, and this was also what forced the German coach to become a scientist to seek another alternative for his aging striker.

All his life, Sam had played as an attacking midfielder but even at the highest stage of football, it was not totally strange for an elite player to change his position.

Even here in Barcelona, the Spanish fullback, Alejandro Balde once started in the Spanish club as a winger and not a defender.

Xavi Hernandez, Hansi Flick's predecessor was the coach who converted the young Spaniard into the proper left back that he was today.

All this while though, it had only been an idea in the German coach's head.

He had never told his assistants, nor did he ever tell Sam but since this game already spiraled out of his control and his club's inability to seize the game was largely due to Lewandowski's lethargic play due to his age, Hansi Flick took the radical decision to switch things up.

'No risk, no reward!'

With that mentality, the German Coach made the crazy change.

He turned Sam into a false 9!

After that decision by the German coach, all hell broke loose, even the commentators were confused.

"What the hell is going on here?"

"Am I seeing well? Is Sam going to play the remainder of this game as Barca's striker? What a weird change!"

"Did Hansi Flick hit his head or something?"

"I think this decision is motivated by desperation more than anything," the commentator's commentary partner chuckled. "Sam has played as an attacking midfielder all his life, despite his height, I don't think he has the experience to play as a striker, even as a false 9".

"If it was so easy to convert players to new positions for them to thrive, a lot more players would do it at the highest stage".

"Will this decision pay dividends for the German coach? I doubt but we can only watch the result of Hansi Flick's radical decision".

That decision from the German coach was like dust, and fueled by the current embarrassing scoreline, it spread, ruffling feathers, creating chaos and turning the battlefield in Reale Arena muddled.

The game changed...

Having held their cool against the tight low block of the Real Sociedad defense for over 70 minutes, the Barca players finally started losing their nerves and their opponents were fanning the flames.

Having received instructions from their coach, even as the Real Sociedad fans kept on trying to enter the heads of the visiting Barcelona players, the Real Sociedad players on the pitch also started engaging in the dark arts.

They employed annoying time-wasting tactics, playing dirty football, trying everything in their repertoire just to run the clock down.

The Barca players could only be patient for so long.

"Bastardo!" Gavi erupted first, cursing angrily.

"Bastardo, callate!"

FWEEE!

The referee did not hesitate, brandishing a yellow card to the young Spanish midfielder immediately. Gavi was lucky to not receive a straight red card.

For the moment, Hansi Flick's tactic was not working.

Playing in an unfamiliar position that he was not used to and never thought of playing in before, Sam felt like a fish out of water.

He struggled to adapt, limiting his impact in this game even more.

He constantly drifted back into midfield before remembering that he was supposed to play as a striker. And by the time he got back, the Real Sociedad low block already disrupted the Barca attack.

'F*ck!' Like the rest of his teammates, Sam was frustrated.

But he didn't give up yet...

...in the midst of adversity, the Black Mamba in him reared its head.

'Win!'

The demon in him slowly awakened.

'Win!' 'Win!'

The voice roared in his head.

'Win!' 'Win!' 'Win!'

Before Sam knew it, he entered the state of flow!

Chapter 303 In the flow...

In the face of adversity, man is presented with either of 2 options, evolve and win or fail to evolve and lose.

Sam did not want to lose.

He hated losing, he dreaded losing, and this was why his dark side awakened.

'Win!'

The demon in him slowly awakened.

'Win!' 'Win!'

The voice in his head roared.

'Win!' 'Win!' 'Win!'

And before he knew it, he entered the state of flow!

FC Barcelona splurged 80 million Euros to secure his signature from Fulham, this was despite the mounting economic problems of the club.

This was despite the fact that the club was broke!

'Is this how I am going to repay their faith in me?'

'Is this how I am going to repay the President's faith?'

'Is this how I am going to repay the faith of the fans?'

'NO!' Sam was defiant.

'I have not started...'

His eyes widened, drool gathering in his lips even as his eyes burned with fire!

'I've not started...'

'...I'm just starting!'

Sam was already in the flow state due to his incredible yearning to help his team comeback and win this game.

It was already past the 80th minute but Sam didn't care, all he cared about was the fact that he was still in this game and that there was still a chance to win.

The rest of the Barca attack was not clicking due to Real Sociedad's dark arts and their valiant defensive display.

As the striker of the team now, Sam was expected to wait for chances.

But this would not work!

If Sam decided to stay passive and wait for chances to be created for him, he was 100% sure that the game would end like this.

'I'm not satisfied!'

He decided not to wait and hope for luck.

Instead of waiting, he would go out there and get his own luck!

BZZZ!

Having won back the ball back from Lamine Yamal, the Real Sociedad players were passing in the back, looking to start another counterattack against Barca when Sam erupted, jumping into action.

The sound of his feet hitting the field as he ran reverberated like the hooves of a mighty Horse engaged in a sprint.

"...!"

The Sociedad player with the ball heard his footsteps and panicked, but the player was not fast enough to react as Sam arrived the next moment.

Bang!

Abusing his physicality, Sam barged into this player with force shoulder to shoulder, outmuscling him and shoving him to the side!

Thud!

The Sociedad player collapsed helplessly to the pitch but immediately, he sat up, looking at the referee in silent protest.

"Ref! Referee...!" He called but the referee paid him no heed, indicating with his actions that the ball was won back fairly.

The other Real Sociedad players also wanted to protest but they were elite professional footballers. They knew that if the referee did not stop the play, they had no right to stop playing.

But that moment of hesitation as they looked at the referee was all a certain midfielder turned striker needed...

'Chance!' Sam's pupils dilated in extreme focus.

Thud!

A Real Sociedad player closed him down but with the outside of his boot, he pushed the ball to his nearest teammate.

Whoosh!

Immediately after pushing the ball, like a ghost, Sam literally left afterimages behind as he rushed behind the player, charging behind the defense.

Lamine Yamal read his intentions perfectly.

"Stop him! Block the pass...!" The Real Sociedad captain roared in Spanish but Lamine Yamal already executed what he intended.

As soon as the ball rolled towards him, he hit it with the inside of his boot, raising it above the Real Sociedad defense.

Bam!

Sam barely beat Real Sociedad's offside line.

As he ran, his eyes tracked the ball, following it with single-minded focus even as it levitated above the defense, coming towards him.

Thud...

The Real Sociedad goalkeeper reacted immediately, charging out...

Bzzz!

Sam's brain geared into overdrive immediately even as his eyes flickered, alternating between the ball and the onrushing goalkeeper even as he ran.

In that moment, lessons that Sam learned in secondary school that he already thought he forgot swirled in his head in this state of flow.

Mathematical formulas and logics that were complicated to him before became so easy that Sam felt like a genius.

In a fraction of a second, he calculated the distance between the ball, him, and the goalkeeper, including its movement speed, correlating it with his own movement speed and that of the Real Sociedad goalkeeper.

'He'll get it first!' He arrived at his mathematical answer.

And so, Sam improvised...

If things continued the way it was going, the goalkeeper would catch the ball before he could get to it and so, he improvised.

Before the goalkeeper could get to the ball, he would intercept it!

The first thought that came to Sam's head was Maradona's iconic Hand of God moment in the World Cup decades ago but it wouldn't work. Afterall, this was the age of VAR where every single play was heavily scrutinized.

His eyes gleamed..., the only way was breaking his limits.

'I need to jump!'

'I need to jump high!'

'I need to break my limits and jump so high that I'm able to intercept the ball in mid-air as it flies above me..., that's the only way!'

There was no time to waste.

As soon as he thought of it, he did it.

Thud!

Kicking the ground, Sam jumped, propelling his tall frame into the air like a prime LeBron James about to perform an iconic dunk in a basketball court.

In that moment, Sam exceeded all his previous jumping heights..., rising as high as 3 meters above the ground!

...high enough for his head to barely hit the ball, tipping it away from the grasp of the onrushing goalkeeper.

Whoosh!

The Real Sociedad goalkeeper rushed past, mis-catching the ball.

'This is it!'

Thud!

As soon as Sam landed back on the pitch, he felt the shock of inertia go through his legs like electricity, briefly freezing him but the Black Mamba in him reared its head again.

'Move...!'

Sam commanded his body and it moved!

He moved, sticking his right leg out and kicking the ball just as it was about to go out for a goal kick, directing it into the net.

..

..

".....!"

A deafening silence befell the Reale Arena, but then...

BOOM!

The away stands of this stadium erupted.

"GOALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!" The FC Barcelona fans screamed at the top of their lungs like they just won the UEFA champions league final.

Chapter 304 An electric Sam display in Reale Arena!

The ball rolled inside the net.

" " "
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".....!"

A deafening silence befell the Reale Arena, but then...

BOOM!

The away stands of this stadium erupted.

"GOALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!" The FC Barcelona fans screamed at the top of their lungs like they just won the UEFA champions league final.

Buoyed by the loud noise of celebration being made around this stadium, Sam sprang back up to his feet, his blood-red pupils filled with blood veins glaring at the Real Sociedad fans as he jumped, planting his feet firmly to the ground as he pumped his fists at them.

The veins in his throat stretched, straining his guttural muscles, and then...

"COME ON...!!!" He screamed at the top of his lungs.

After that, quickly running into the net, Sam brought the ball out, taking it back to the halfway line to restart this game.

It took a moment for the Real Sociedad players to finally react to what just happened, including the commentators as the commentators finally raved about the brilliant moment of magic that they just witnessed.

"My God! What a moment of magic from the young Nigerian!"

"Out of nowhere! No one saw it coming!"

"Such defiant energy, damn, his demeanor on the pitch is really like the main character of a movie!"

"Can he be the protagonist of today's match?"

"Let's see..."

FWEEEE!

Real Sociedad restarted the game but it was clear immediately that despite the fact that FC Barcelona just scored a goal, they had no intentions of attacking still. Afterall, they were still leading.

Real Sociedad was content with defending their lead.

For the rest of the 90 minutes, the staunch home side frustrated the FC Barcelona players even more as they turned this game into a slugging affair.

They took any tip that they could out of the Jose Mourinho playbook, dragging this game out and turning it into a contest of who was better at interrupting the play even as they annoyed the FC Barcelona players.

Of course, all of this did not escape the notice of the referee either even as he started brandishing yellow cards left and right.

Not just for the Real Sociedad players, but for the frustrated FC Barcelona players who could not hold their cool anymore, lashing out at the dark arts being employed by the Real Sociedad players.

This game was not done, not close.

There was more drama!

FWEEE!

In the 87th minute of the game, one of the Real Sociedad attackers finally got a red card for time wasting after receiving a second yellow from the referee.

The Real Sociedad players heavily protested the decision, wasting even more time in the process but the player eventually walked off the pitch.

That evened the game a bit but only for a few seconds...

FWEEEE!

In the 88th minute of this game, a certain player's nerves finally spilled over as unable to control it, Gavi lashed out again, attracting his second yellow card of the game as he was also sent off.

As soon as he saw red, Gavi lost it.

"Bastardo!"

He insulted everyone, including the referee, totally incensed.

It was clear at this point that the referee already lost control of this game.

In the aftermath of Gavi's red card, losing his emotions negatively for the first time in his career, Sam also got involved in the skirmish that followed, resulting in him getting his first yellow card in Spain.

His teammates' emotions were getting to him.

It continued like this till the 90th minute.

Real Sociedad's plan was working. In the end, after everything, they were still winning this game 2-1.

The referee added 6 minutes of additional time to this game, 6 minutes of war and more drama.

Bam! Bam!

Both sides kept on doing their thing, Barca attacking with aggressive intent while Real Sociedad defended with their lives, wasting time and employing the dark arts without fail anytime that they succeeded in winning the ball back.

In the 90th plus 5 minute, Barca's overzealous approach to attack finally backfired as Real Sociedad finally got a juicy counterattacking opportunity.

Whoosh!

Like a rocket, after getting the ball, one of the Real Sociedad wingers erupted down the left wing, beating Jules Kounde for pace.

In no time, this winger was left one-on-one with Inaki Pena.

"...!" The hearts of countless FC Barcelona fans watching around the world stopped even as the winger finally raised his leg to take his shot.

Bam!

As soon as the ball was hit, Inaki Pena reacted, falling to the ground and making his body big and then, in a moment of luck, his trailing leg intercepted the ball...

...the ball ricocheted off Inaki Pena's body!

Ronald Araujo, the FC Barcelona defender arrived at the loose ball first and without hesitation, he cleared the ball high up field and in so doing, Real Sociedad was opened for the first time in 95 minutes!

"...!"

Originally, once the Real Sociedad winger broke off on the counterattack, everyone expected it to be the last act of this game.

No one expected Inaki Pena to pull off such a life-changing save.

While the counterattack started, a few Real Sociedad players charged up field, opening their compact low block up and when Ronald Araujo cleared the ball up field, they were exposed.

One of the Real Sociedad defenders rushed forward, jumping to head the ball back but someone clashed with him.

...Samuel Moses!

Bang!

Sam jumped after the defender, squaring against him shoulder to shoulder and in a sheer moment of willpower, he overpowered the hefty center back.

"Can you believe it?!"

"Sam won the physicality battle! He has the ball!"

"He managed to kill the ball's momentum with his head!"

"What control despite the collision!"

Thud!

As soon as Sam landed back on the pitch, electricity seemed to surge through his body as he swiftly turned around.

With his head, he controlled the ball and turning around, he had only one opponent remaining in front of him..., Real Sociedad's goalkeeper.

From one end of the pitch to another, in just seconds!

Sam was one-on-one with the goalkeeper!

Real Sociedad's goalkeeper charged out, making himself big but keeping his cool, Sam taught a certain winger a lesson in shooting.

BAM!

He rifled the ball past the goalkeeper, straight into the top right corner!

The ball nestled into the net, and then...

"GOALLLLL...!!!"

All hell broke loose as the away stands in the Reale Arena erupted, the FC Barcelona away supporters roaring and celebrating at the top of their lungs.

Immediately, Sam removed his jersey, charging towards the corner flag in ecstasy even as he slid on his knees in celebration, pumping his fists exuberantly.

When he rose back to his feet, he showed his name and number at the back of his jersey to the Real Sociedad fans who forgot to boo him.

{Samuel Moses}

{No. 11}

...

The commentators were lost for words. "What... a game!"

"This game should be known as the Sam game!"

"What an electric display from the young Nigerian maverick in Reale Arena! What a performance!"

"I-I'm just lost for words!"

Chapter 305 El juego de Sam!

{+6 additional minutes!}

Scoreline at the 90th plus 4th minute, 2-1...

After a moment of absolute chaos, individual brilliance, and sheer defiant willpower by FC Barcelona's new superstar, the scoreline changed.

Scoreline in the 90th plus 5th minute, 2-2...

"..."

"..."

".....!"

The Reale Arena in San Sebastian, Spain was silenced.

The home supporters were as silent as a church mouse, leaving the stage for the few away supporters who let loose, letting their voices heard in this large stadium as they roared and celebrated at the top of their lungs.

FC Barcelona fans celebrated; Real Sociedad fans were mortified.

'What... did we just witness?' They thought, still not believing the sequence of events that happened in the last 10 minutes of this game.

They were speechless, they were lost for words to say.

Even the commentators were also lost for words to say but they were not paid to stay mortified and quiet, they were paid for their commentary and so they spoke, letting their rampaging emotions to overflow.

"What... a game!" They raved.

"This game should be known as the Sam game!"

"What an electric display from the young Nigerian maverick in Reale Arena! What a performance!"

"I-I'm just lost for words!"

"El juego de Sam!"

"That is what is should be called, the Sam game!"

While the rest of this stadium reacted, from the home fans to the away fans and the commentators, reacting in their own different ways, the players on the pitch also reacted as the Real Sociedad players collapsed to the pitch in tiredness.

In those last few minutes, they gave their all, utilizing the best of the dark arts to keep FC Barcelona at bay, to think the Catalans still equalized.

Besides, it was at such an agonizing time when victory was already within reach and was so close.

If Barca scored at the 88th minute, they won't feel this much pain. A 90th minute equalizer, even any other additional time equalizer wouldn't pain so much, this one stung so much because it came in the 90th plus 5th minute, mere seconds away from the fulltime whistle!

"...!" The Real Sociedad players could only gnash their teeth in regret and rue their luck, while also ruining the talent of that freakish midfielder turned striker.

While the Real Sociedad players reeled in tiredness and regret, the remaining 9 FC Barcelona players on the pitch felt on top of the world.

Sam led the charge.

As soon as the ball entered the net and as the away fans started roaring at the top of their lungs, immediately, he removed his jersey, charging towards the corner flag in ecstasy even as he slid on his knees in celebration, pumping his fists exuberantly.

When he did that, his teammates swarmed after him, jumping all around him excitedly as a number of them also slid after him in celebration.

When he rose back to his feet, he showed his name and number at the back of his jersey to the Real Sociedad fans who forgot to boo him.

As he did, Lamine Yamal jumped into Sam's back, pumping his right fist excitedly in celebration and one of the cameramen did well to capture this iconic moment, recording it in the annals of history.

The celebrations were wild and unrestrained by the FC Barcelona players.

Having been tried, tested, and pushed to the brink by the hostile atmosphere that was created by the Real Sociedad fans and the dark arts employed by their players, to eventually equalize the game, few things in the world could equal how ecstatic they felt.

They continued celebrating for over a minute but as the celebrations eventually died down, the referee trudged towards their corner with a poker look on his face before brandishing a yellow card towards a certain FC Barcelona player.

"...!" Sam was mortified as he stared at the referee.

This was when he remembered that he removed his jersey in celebration, too overwhelmed by the emotion of the moment to care. 'Oh sh*t!'

It was too late though.

By brandishing a second yellow card, added to the first yellow card that Sam got earlier when he got involved in the Gavi bust-up, it was upgraded and he earned the second red card of his career, the first of his club career.

FWEEE!

The referee blew his whistle, directing him out of the pitch.

Sam shook his head but, in the end, chuckling with a big smile on his face, he took his time trudging out of the field.

He walked extremely slowly.

He was paying the Real Sociedad players in their own medicine. They've been time wasting for most of this game, Sam completed it for them.

Frustrated, a few Real Sociedad players rushed up to him, trying to push him and make him walk faster but they couldn't out of fear of retaliation by the referee.

The referee could do nothing else to Sam, after all, he already received the biggest penalty that a referee could give, the red card.

Seeing the look on the Real Sociedad players' faces, Sam grinned. 'An eye for an eye...'

'...a tooth for a tooth!'

As he walked, the FC Barcelona fans decided to spice this moment up even more as his actions excited them.

"Sam!" "Sam!" "Sam!"

The Sam chants erupted for the first time in Spain, in the Reale Arena.

The cameramen captured every single moment, not missing any as they recorded this iconic walk in the annals of Spanish La Liga history.

Walking towards the direction of the away stands, Sam casually threw his black away jersey towards the fans. A lucky FC Barcelona fan, a teenager caught it and immediately, a big smile blossomed on the teenager's face.

Seeing that smile, Sam grinned. 'I'm glad'.

FWEEE!

With him off the pitch, the referee's whistle finally sounded to kickstart this game but after a few skirmishes and a few clearances of the ball, the referee's whistle sounded again, finally bringing this game to an end.

Incredulously, despite trailing 2-0 for majority of this game, in the dying minutes, FC Barcelona managed to orchestrate a comeback, ending the game 2-2.

Sam won the man of the match award, his first in Spain.

Chapter 306 First post-match interview in Spain

"El juego de Sam!" The beautiful female reporter brandished an enchanting smile at Sam as soon as the interview started. "The Sam game," she grinned. "That is what everyone is calling it!"

Sam smiled back at her. "Really? That's great".

For his first post-match interview in Spain, the officials had mercy on him, sending an English-speaking reporter to take charge of it.

"Sam, what a game you played today!"

Sam only smiled, wiping away his sweat even as he breath heavily.

"Starting the game as an attacking midfielder and ending it as a striker, how does it feel like? Was it premeditated?"

Hearing that, Sam scratched the back of his head, his face an expression of confusion. "If I said I knew I would play as a striker today, then I would be Loki, the God of Mischief". He chuckled.

"Honestly, I never knew the coach would take such a drastic decision".

"I've never played as a striker in my whole life, none of my coaches have ever used me as a false 9, and I've never even thought of it before today".

"What's most crazy is that the coach never told me of it. When I heard his instructions, I had to double check to make sure that he didn't make a mistake".

"Wow!" The female reporter's eyes widened. "You mean you didn't even know about it? And yet, despite being caught off-guard like us, in an unfamiliar position, you still did what you did today on the pitch?"

Her jaws dropped in shock; this was not acting; she was honestly flabbergasted. "You are a different specimen man!" She laughed.

"Today really is El juego de Sam!"

After regaining her composure did she finally continue. "Sam, you were able to score a brace today after an incredible all-round performance, your first goals in Spain since completing the move from Fulham, what are your thoughts about it?"

Sam rubbed his chin, going over his words carefully before replying; he smiled. "I knew that part of the reason why the club bought me was for my goals".

"I'm used to scoring goals and creating assists so I was not really panicked, I knew that eventually, the goals and assists would come".

"All I needed was to go through a little period of adaptation".

"I'm still finding my feet but yeah, I'm ready for the challenge".

"Talking of your adaptation, after the 2 goals today, you still feel that you're yet to find your feet? You're still adapting?"

Sam chuckled. "Scoring 2 goals does not mean I've completed my adaptation; it was all in the moment. I don't know if you know but I'm more of a moments' player, I create my moments and try to steal the show with them".

"Today was a perfect example but no," he shook his head. "I feel that I still need a few games to perfectly gel with the team".

"Besides, today, I created my moments from an unfamiliar position".

"First, I'll have to hear the thoughts of the coach from here on which position I'll be playing in. It'll help a lot in my adaptation".

"Does that mean you're open to the idea of playing as a striker?"

"..."

Sam took his time to answer this time, he laughed. "I can't really tell yet, it's all still so muddled to me," but then he grinned. "Playing as a striker was closer to the goal though, which meant more explosiveness for me".

"I won't lie," he chuckled. "I kind of enjoyed it".

"That's what I'm saying!" The reporter laughed.

At that moment, she smiled again. "It's your first man of the match award in Spain Sam, I wish you many more in the colors of FC Barcelona".

"Thank you".

"And thank you too for having us..." The reporter was interrupted just as she was about to complete her sentence.

One of her assistants showed her an iPad.

Smiling apologetically at Sam, she looked at the iPad and what she saw made her face change immediately.

Sam noticed that change, he also noticed that the eyes with which the others in this interview stand looked at him changed too.

'What happened?' He thought.

Slightly excited but showing caution, the female reporter looked at Sam again, asking. "Sam, an unrelated question, but did you once have a girlfriend in Nigeria before making the switch to Europe?"

"Huh?"

...

About a minute later when Sam walked back to his team's dressing room, he could not help but think back to the female reporter's question.

'What a weird question'.

'A girlfriend in Nigeria?' He scoffed. 'I was a miserable single mother*cker then, those materialistic money-driven ladies won't settle for me!'

Thinking, he walked into the dressing room.

Sam could not help but notice..., the looks that his teammates gave to him was not what he expected after such a performance from him.

'Hmmm..., are we not supposed to be celebrating?'

...

(ESPN News:)

(El juego de Sam!)

(Sam steals the show in matchday 4 of the Spanish La Liga! In a game when Barca needed their new talisman the most, the attacking midfielder showed up as a striker, saving Barca's blushes and rescuing them a point in the Reale Arena!)

(Click this link to watch highlights of Sam's performance=)

...

(Supersport News:)

(Samuel Moses is a striker!)

(2-2 as Samuel Moses runs riot in the final 10 minutes of the game in Reale Arena, rescuing a point for FC Barcelona and ending the game in a stalemate!)

(Click to watch the best moments of Sam's performance in the Reale :)

(Is Samuel Moses the rock upon which Barcelona must build their hopes for a Robert Lewandowski replacement? Can the young Nigerian midfielder transform into a lethal striker?)

...

(Barca Blaugranes:)

(A Sam masterpiece in Reale Arena!)

(A 2-goal man of the match display in Reale Arena! Watch the best moments of our new superstar=)

A lot of posts like this dominated social media immediately after the game in Reale Arena in San Sebastian but amid the mountain of congratulatory news, a certain news was building momentum, an extremely controversial one.

(BBC News:)

(Sam, the maverick footballer, or a notorious sexual assault?)

(Videos and images attached=)

A storm brewed online.

Chapter 307 A scandal [1]

The world of football was supposed to still be reeling from Sam's iconic display in Reale Arena as a false 9, but instead of that, borrowing the momentum of his big name, another extremely controversial news took momentum.

A storm brewed online...

(BBC News:)

(Sam, the maverick footballer, or a notorious sexual assault?)

(Videos and images attached=)

It was just 10 minutes after the conclusion of the Real Sociedad game that the videos and images were posted at first, and it was posted by a Nigerian Instagram account going by the username of Amaka Glimz.

At first, it didn't gather much momentum on the internet but after a stroke of coincidence where BBC reposted the Instagram videos and images, broadcasting it in their news did it blow up.

It blew up, attracting a storm in its wake.

At first, people refused to believe what they saw but trust online keyboard warriors, research was part of their job description.

They helped in fanning the flames from the shadows.

All it took was for the people who first saw the videos and images to do some research and they discovered that the so called Amaka girl's claim was right, she did attend the same Secondary school with Samuel Moses.

And automatically, that gave some credence to her claims; the video and image evidences that she posted gave her words even more credibility.

In one of the videos, the beautiful Nigerian girl, Amaka Glimz claimed that she was Sam's original girlfriend before he dumped her for Kayla.

But that was not her reason for making the video, rather, in tears, she made the video as a warning to others and an accusation; the main point of her video was the true nature of Sam.

What sent the internet aflame was her claims that Sam assaulted her physically and sexually during a public-school event.

She was in tears while she made the video, adding an extra layer of emotion to the video, making it an easy trigger for the hot-blooded viewers.

Apparently, during their final Secondary school year, their school organized a dinner party for the graduating students. Amaka claimed that during the dinner party, Sam assaulted her sexually before escaping.

It was not just words; she backed it with a video.

In the video, a younger version of her could be seen wearing a tight short black gown while Sam was dressed in a neat corporate attire. During the dinner party, it was clear that both of them were closer than normal.

And then in one of the video frames, a younger Sam and Amaka could be seen walking out of the event hall as they went to the restroom together.

Sam seemed drunk.

The video was cut off there, but it was clear what it insinuated.

And in another video, Amaka was recorded in tears even as a bruise was on her hand. Her words in alignment with the video suggested that Sam was the one who violated her physically; not just that, sexually too.

Trust social media, a storm brewed immediately.

BOOM!

The scandal exploded like wildfire in a dry harmattan.

{Comments:}

>Chrollo-Lucifer: Is that really Sam? I find it hard to believe that he can do that kind of thing but who knows? I don't know him personally; I only know his football. I'm so disappointed<

>Just-a-fan: I can't believe it's Sam. I've followed his career for a long time, the boy is extremely talented and I have high hopes for his career but I never knew he was this kind of person. It's disgusting, he should be arrested!<

>Chirakrov-lily: Don't jump into conclusion guys, this is just one part of the story from one side. Besides, they were teenagers then! Which one of you can claim to have lived a perfect teenage years?<

>Freedom-fighter: Sam should be arrested!<

>Enlightened-holy-grail: In the end, talent amounts to nothing if you have a personality disorder. Sam is a threat to society; he should be arrested<

>Save-as-john: Wow..., I just did my research and its true. Apparently, they both attended the same Secondary school back in Nigeria. It's not confirmed if they really dated but it was clear that Sam loved the girl romantically then, to think he would do that just because she refused to date him. Despicable! Now, I hate Sam<

>Freedom-fighter: Sam should be arrested!<

>Blossom-rose: This is why I hate the idea of spoiled and overpaid teenagers just because they're high-profile athletes. They should be held accountable for their actions, just because you're a professional footballer does not mean you're above the law. Sam should be arrested and prosecuted! It doesn't matter that he plays for FC Barcelona, he should pay for his actions!<

>Thieving-heaven-gifting-hell: It's a pity honestly, and I really liked him. Too bad he's just one of those guys, what a deplorable act<

>Freedom-fighter: Sam should be arrested!<

...

Sam didn't even arrive back in Barcelona before he got the news.

Right when he was still in the team bus with his teammates returning to Barcelona was when he received a call from Emile Smith Rowe. At first, he thought it was a call to congratulate him on his first goals in Spain till his friend told him to check social media.

At first, Sam was baffled but hearing how urgent Smith Rowe's tone was, he respected his friend's wishes and checked social media.

Right there in the FC Barcelona team bus, he froze...

'What...?!'

His teammates stole glances at him but none of them spoke. Clearly, they also already heard about the situation.

"...!"

Sam was so shocked by what was happening that he couldn't even think straight until he arrived in Barcelona with his teammates.

But as soon as they arrived, they met more drama.

Right there at the Spotify Camp Nou, a group of people already gathered with banners against Sam, rioting for him to hand himself over to the police.

"Legal justice is universal!"

"Say no to sexual assault!" They screamed in protest.

The situation already blew out of proportions.

As the players came out of the team bus, security guards had to be deployed just to protect Sam from the angry mob of people.

A group of guards protected him, guiding him to where he parked his car in this massive stadium but on the way, they were stopped.

A group of Spanish policemen intercepted them.

Presenting an arrest warrant and showing it to Sam, they grabbed the FC Barcelona player. "Mr. Sam, please you have to follow us". They said in Spanish.

"You're being detained for questioning".

"...!"

Sam was so shocked that he did not even know how to react to the current situation, he was just confused and in a muddled state of mind.

The stadium officials tried to intervene but the policemen were determined.

That evening in Barcelona, Sam was arrested!

Chapter 308 A scandal [2]

(Samuel Moses arrested at the Spotify Camp Nou!)

(The FC Barcelona talisman was intercepted right at the Spotify Camp Nou in Barcelona just hours after his game in San Sebastian against Real Sociedad. The situation is still unclear, we're yet to hear from the police!)

...

(FotMob:)

(Samuel Moses; an antagonist or a protagonist?)

(The young Nigerian midfielder have had a relatively quiet time since arriving in Spain, going 2 games without a goal and just as he broke the drought, he was arrested by the Spanish police! Is Sam guilty or innocent?)

...

(BBC News:)

(Prosecutors in Spain have opened an inquiry into a case of alleged rape which media have linked to Nigerian football player, Samuel Moses.)

(Villanova Marco of the Spanish Prosecution Authority said an investigation into the alleged attack have taken place. And till conclusive evidence is found, Samuel Moses is to remain in police custody.)

(The FC Barcelona player, one of football's high-profile star's case has been appealed by lawyers from the Catalan club but the police remain adamant to hold on to him until conclusive evidence is gotten from their investigations.)

(This morning, September 1st, a day after he was arrested, Sam's lawyer said her client is preparing to clear his name with a claim of defamation. Sam faced the media this morning and described the reports as "fake news".)

(Stay tuned for more updates on this topic.)

...

31st August, 2025, Sam was arrested in Barcelona...

That same evening in Spain, FC Barcelona mobilized its rich legal resources as the club lawyers responded immediately, instantly reacting to the case and approaching the court to defend their player.

Of course, legal matters most times could not be rectified so fast.

The police remained adamant in holding custody of Sam till their investigation was done to get conclusive evidence, but the lawyers were able to negotiate favorable conditions for their star player.

Sam was to be kept in the best environment possible till the end of the investigation and if necessary, till the end of the court hearing.

Just like that, Sam's life turned upside down.

From celebrating his first 2 goals in the blue and red colors of FC Barcelona, Sam was suddenly faced with a case of rape and sexual assault.

He was just barely recovering from his mental problems caused by his lack of goals and assists in the Spanish La Liga, and now this?

Sam felt frustrated, but there was nothing he could do.

1st September...

That morning, he was finally let out by the police to face the media where he gave answers to a few questions.

Sam had only one answer to all of the inquiries. "I'm being framed".

"I'm being framed," he repeated. "I don't know what she wants but I'm being framed".

...

1st September...

In the afternoon, Kayla arrived in Spain, Barcelona.

After the appeal from the FC Barcelona lawyers and due to their influence, despite being detained, Kayla was allowed to go inside the building where her boyfriend was being held.

As soon as she heard of the news, Kayla didn't even think about it, she took the next flight to Barcelona.

As soon as she arrived, she went straight to the building where he was being held by the police.

As soon as she entered, finally meeting her boyfriend, the first thing that she noticed was the eyebags.

She grimaced; clearly, Sam didn't sleep well the previous night. This was despite playing such a grueling away game at San Sebastian.

"Oh come here my love," she accelerated her steps, walking briskly till she hugged him.

Sam never knew how much a hug could mean to him till this moment.

He hugged her tightly, sniffing, taking in her scent hungrily, all of it was spiritual healing to the mental fractures in his mind.

As soon as they broke out of the hug, Sam looked into his girlfriends' eyes. "Kayla, please believe me, what happened..."

"I believe you," she interrupted him, smiling.

Sam was stunned. "Really?"

"Yeah," she chuckled. "I took your virginity, so I'd know".

"Ah," Sam scratched the back of his head, awkwardly looking around. "Yeah, that too..."

In that moment, Sam could feel himself falling in love with Kayla all over again. Afterall, this was a sexual scandal.

At first, he didn't know how Kayla would react to it and that frustration was part of the reason why he could not sleep last night. Her reaction caught him off-guard, and left him even deeper in love.

Sam never paid attention to social media before but due to what happened and his frustration, for the past night, he scrolled through social media and what he saw left him depressed.

Back in Fulham, he's experienced love, unconditional love from fans but the abuse he was receiving at the moment..., it broke him.

Sam could not deal with it, until his girlfriend came.

In her company, as if knowing exactly how he was feeling, Kayla was able to help her boyfriend recover himself a bit.

And before he knew it, regaining his appetite, Sam ate and, in a few minutes, later, he slept.

As soon as he slept, Kayla moved, meeting her boyfriend's lawyer first.

"Tell me the situation". She demanded.

The lawyer nodded, knowing who she was as she explained the situation to her.

Kayla frowned. "How will this affect his career?"

"Until the police conclude their investigation, he won't be allowed to leave which automatically means he won't be able to train with his teammates nor will he be able to play for FC Barcelona".

The lawyer shook her head. "His career is stagnant till he leaves this place".

Kayla's frown deepened but she nodded. "I understand, thank you".

Once the lawyer left, she turned to look at the room door where her boyfriend slept. She sighed, and then she dialed a phone number.

(Outgoing call to Big Bro Ian...)

The phone rang for only a few seconds before Ian picked it up.

"Where are you?" He asked first.

"Barcelona".

"Let's meet up," Ian said. "I just arrived".

Chapter 309 A scandal [3]

Few hours earlier...

Last night, at the building where Sam was held, he could not sleep as he paced around, worrying about a lot of things.

Of course, he worried about his career but that was more or less a distant worry. His immediate worry was related to his system.

~----~

[Active Daily Quest: Mentality Monster!]

[Task 1: 100 push-ups]

[Progress: 0/100 push-ups done]

...

[Task 2: 100 squats]

[Progress: 0/100 squats done]

...

[Task 3: 100 sit-ups]

[Progress: 0/100 sit-ups done]

...

[Task 4: Run 10 kilometers]

[Progress: 0/10 kilometers run]

...

[WARNING: If the daily quest is not completed, penalties will be given accordingly.]

[Remark: With great power comes great responsibilities.]

...

[Time Remaining: 00:23]

~----~

Sam was worried.

Would his system still trigger the penalty for failing to complete the daily system quest?

Did the system not understand his current situation?

Agonizingly, Sam could only wait for his fate in 20+ minutes even as he was under the gaze of the guards who were assigned to watch over him.

In the end, it was not like when he got injured for one month back in England when the system made an exception.

This time, the system showed no mercy.

~----~

[Host has failed to meet the daily system quests on time!]

[You have triggered penalty: Dehydration]

[Duration: 4 hours]

...

The system didn't just stop at giving the penalty though, in a rare moment of accountability, the system gave an adage to explain its decision.

...

[In English Language, there is what they call mobility of Adverbials.]

[Mobility of Adverbials refers to the ability of adverbs to function from different positions in the same sentence.]

[E.g; "Fearfully" is an adverb.]

[a. The boy kicked the ball fearfully.]

[...take the adverb to the front.]

[b. Fearfully, the boy kicked the ball.]

[...now put the adverb in the middle.]

[c. The boy fearfully kicked the ball.]

[Take Home: At every position, the word remains functional and the sentence doesn't lose meaning.]

[Host Samuel Moses, you're no longer a novice that needs to be pampered, you're a veteran of the Ultimate Football System.]

[From this point on in your career, be an adverbial!]

[No matter the position life puts you, remain functional!]

~----~

Sam was facing potentially the greatest crisis of his football career.

But that explanation from his system opened his eyes, making him forget his current situation and to focus on the big picture.

That was why that mid-night, while every other person was already asleep, dehydrated, Sam overworked the guards that were tasked to watch over him as he started working out that night.

Ha! Ha!

Panting heavily due to how dehydrated he was, Sam pushed on, doing sit ups, pushups, and squats even as his guards watched with incredulous expressions on their faces.

'He still has the will to train even in this situation?'

After completing the other tasks, Sam finally faced the jogging. This room was not big enough for him to jog 10 kilometers, and so he substituted for it by jogging in one place.

Thankfully, his system accepted it.

By the time Sam jogged 10 kilometers, due to how dehydrated he was, his lungs were left burning like they were singed by fire.

Sam was facing adversity but for some reason, he felt that he gained from it. 'My stamina... seemed to have improved'.

Completing the daily system quest while being extremely dehydrated seemed to push his body beyond normal. Even as his lungs burned, he still subtly felt that their capacity seemed to have increased.

Even after completing the daily system quest, he still had to live through the 4 hours' penalty of being dehydrated.

It contributed to his lack of sleep and hence why Kayla saw him like that with big eyebags.

After working out, as his body calmed down, he started worrying again but that hug with his girlfriend later in the day eased his heart.

After eating, Sam slept like a baby.

Kayla took charge.

...

"Where are you?" Ian asked.

"Barcelona". Kayla answered.

"Let's meet up," Ian said. "I just arrived".

Kayla was not the only one who moved for Sam. As soon as the news blew up, while Kayla moved from the Netherlands, Ian also moved from England as he responded to his best friend's adversity.

Smith Rowe would have moved also if he didn't have contract obligations with Fulham to fulfill.

He tried calling Sam but his contact was unreachable for the moment.

Kayla met up with Ian at the VIP floor of a restaurant right there in Barcelona, away from the spying eyes of others.

There, she finally asked. "Do you know the girl?"

"Amaka?"

Kayla nodded.

Ian sighed. "Yeah, I know her, we were secondary school classmates".

"Good," Kayla nodded, satisfied.

"Sam took this hard," she looked at Ian. "So I could not ask him. Tell me, who is this Amaka to him and what exactly happened that day?"

Ian looked at Kayla, then he sighed again and leaned back on his chair. "I never thought I'd be the one to tell you about someone like her". He chuckled mirthfully.

"Well, Amaka was Sam's secondary school crush".

Ian paid attention to Kayla's facial expression. Not noticing any negative change, he cleared his throat and continued.

"Nigerian girls..., most of them can be silly when it comes to love".

"Sam was always attracted to Amaka, and she knew. During our second year in senior secondary school, Sam finally confessed his love to her but despite all that, she kept leading him on".

"Behind, there were rumors of her publicly saying she cannot love a boy like Sam but before Sam's face, she kept saying he meant the whole world to her. She kept on feeding him, teasing him, keeping him close but never dating him".

"She led Sam on".

"She would tell Sam to wait for her that she's not ready to date yet, but go around flirting with other guys".

Ian shook his head. "It was a dark period for my friend, Sam was a shadow of himself. He was dying slowly".

"He told her multiple times but she kept leading him on, telling him to wait for her if he truly loved her".

"That continued until our 3rd and last year in senior secondary school, also the year when the dinner party happened".

Thinking of that night, Ian grimaced. "That night..., a part of Sam was murdered".

"They never dated but like usual, Sam loved Amaka and wanted to be close to her during the dinner party".

"You know Sam, he never drinks but that night..., " Ian sighed.

"Amaka was the one who proposed that he escort her to the restroom. There, she told him to go back and call another of our classmates, the most popular boy in class then, Bryan".

"Being the innocent him, Sam called Bryan, led him to the restroom, left both of them in there and waited outside to have their conversation".

"After waiting for some time, curious, he decided to go inside and peek," Ian's face darkened.
"There, the slut was having it with Bryan".

"Before I got wind of what happened, Sam already got drunk".

"I took him home that night".

Ian sighed sadly. "That was one of the lowest moments I've ever seen Sam in," he clenched his fists angrily. "To think Amaka would dare use it against him now!"

He looked at Kayla again. "After that night, Sam never spoke with her and Amaka never deemed it fit to apologize. After that night, he developed a hatred for women until he met you in England".

Ian leaned on his chair. "That is what happened that night".

Kayla nodded, clasping her arms together as her eyes flickered. "So, this is a blackmail, right?"

"Definitely!" Ian nodded.

The English girl smirked. "I already found an inconsistency in the video," her eyes gleamed. "The video only conveniently showed parts that can incriminate Sam".

She looked at Ian. "But you said Sam went back to lead that Bryan there, why was that part not in the video?"

"Why was the part where Sam waited outside the restroom not in the video?"

Ian's eyes widened. "This..."

At that moment, Kayla's iPhone rang with a new notification sound.

Ding!

Picking up her phone, she looked at it and then her eyes darkened.

Amaka Glimz uploaded a new video.

Chapter 310 A scandal [4]

Click!

In the video, a mature Nigerian girl with her hair tied in a ponytail faced the camera, sniffing.

"Umm..., first of all, I want to thank all of you guys for the support so far since I decided to open up".

"Living with this stigma for years, it has not been easy," she sniffed, wiping away her tears.

"But I forgive Sam".

"In the end, he is still my classmate. He loved me and couldn't hold himself; I can't blame him too much for that".

"Besides, he's making Nigerians proud and I'm happy for him. I wish him a successful football career, I just could not help my grievances, I just needed to voice them out to cleanse the knot in my heart".

She sniffed some more, wiping her tears. "In the end we're all Christians, the bible admonished us to forgive our neighbors who wrong us".

She looked at the camera, a look of determination creeping into her eyes. "Sam, I'm ready to forgive you and let bygones be bygones".

"All I want from you is compensation".

"You ruined my life, dumped me because I'm poor and impoverished for an English girl. I don't blame you, after all, she's better than I am".

"We can't turn back time, the least you can do is compensate me so I can better cope with this stigma in my life".

"If you're ready, I'm ready to talk".

She sniffed one last time. "And I'm ready to forgive you".

The video finally came to an end.

...

At the restaurant in Barcelona, Ian slammed his hands against the table, rising as he pointed angrily at the video. "This slut!" He growled.

"Calm down big bro Ian". Kayla said in a calm voice.

Surprised, Ian inclined his head to look at Kayla. "Sister-in-law, how are you taking this so calmly?"

Kayla looked into his eyes and seeing the look in her eyes, Ian felt his heart briefly skip a beat. "This woman...!"

Kayla's eyes gleamed with devious intention. "This is what she wanted all along huh? Money, compensation," she chuckled coldly. "That's why she put my boyfriend through all of this".

Kayla stood up the next moment, looking at Ian. "We're done here. And from here on, I'll need your help".

"I'll be launching my own personal investigation".

"The jury will release an official date for the hearing here in Spain. Before that day, we have to have conclusive evidence for this case".

She looked at Ian. "Do you understand?"

Ian nodded, thinking. 'This girl..., she's scary'.

They finally left the restaurant.

...

A lot of people watched the new video that was uploaded by Avatar Glimz, and it caused an even greater frenzy online as more people hated on Sam, calling for him to be prosecuted without mercy.

The hate online was crazy.

While all this happened, Mrs. Moses finally got through to her son. She also watched the video by Amaka.

Mrs. Moses remembered her; she was her son's classmate. While Sam was smaller, she also discovered her son's attraction to the girl, this was why this woman did not act up at first, waiting to hear from him first.

Mrs. Moses cleverly started the conversation, checking on her son's wellbeing. "How are you doing?"

"Hope you're eating?"

"Hope you're not overthinking?"

Once she did the customary check up on him, she finally started going deep, asking questions about Amaka.

"Did you date her?"

"Did you ever have sex with her?"

"What happened that night?"

Sam was not comfortable having conversations like this with his mom but considering the current situation, he no longer cared as he told her everything, not hiding everything.

At the end of the call, Mrs. Moses asked calmly. "So, she's doing all of this because you're suddenly big and rich and she regrets not dating you?"

"Yes mom, I don't understand why..."

"Say no more". The Nigerian mother said. "Mom will do her part".

"Mom, wait, what do you want to do?"

Click!

Mrs. Moses disconnected the call without answering her son.

That evening in Nigeria, a new storm was about to brew.

That evening, Mrs. Moses calmly entered her bathroom, took her bath, came out, entered her room and tied her traditional wrapper.

Mr. Moses was already out, trying to use his connections to see if his son's case could be transferred to Nigeria to be handled here but Mrs. Moses was not a literate scholar like her husband.

What she was though was a Nigerian woman, and mother. Though she could not fight with the law like her husband, she had her own means.

After tying her wrapper, she called a few of her old friends in Abraka, Delta State, informing them of her plans.

That evening, she took a flight straight to Delta State on her wrapper!

When she arrived, her old friends were already waiting for her and together, all dressed in the same traditional wrapper and attire, they marched to the home of a certain family in Abraka.

Amaka's family, her parents' home.

Trust Mrs. Moses, she was not a gentle soul like her son and her husband was. Rather, she was a radical woman, a woman of action.

As soon as they arrived at the compound, all hell broke loose.

"Who is in this compound?!"

"That slut of a daughter that you have, bring her out!"

"Let she come and explain herself to this mother!"

"My son is quiet but me, Sarah is not quiet!"

"Amaka, COME OUT!!!"

Mrs. Moses caused so much commotion that the girl's parents came out, trying to calm her down but this woman refused to be calm.

"Bring your daughter out to meet this mother!"

"Bring that slut out!"

She made so much noise and caused so much commotion, creating a scene that people who got to the scene started recording.

That was exactly what this smart Nigerian woman wanted.

She may not know much about the internet but this woman knew that the battle against her son was one fueled by social media.

To fight back, she would use the same social media!

While people recorded, Mrs. Moses created a scene, narrating the whole sequence of events of how her son wooed Amaka repeatedly in school and she refused his advances.

Trust this woman, she twisted large parts of the story, using the elements of truth to paint a villainous image of Amaka as a Jezebel and a slut who did not love her son but only wanted his money now.

She also narrated to that night, giving enough news to the public and social media to give an entirely new opinion to the story.

To a lot of people, this woman's actions were rash and unwarranted but its effectiveness could not be denied.

As soon as the videos started entering online, the narrative changed.

Who was right? Who was wrong?

What if Mrs. Moses was right?

What if Amaka was the one lying?

Afterall, why wait for so many years till Sam secured a move to FC Barcelona and was raking in crazy amounts of money every week before deciding to reveal such a big secret?

The narrative changed and Mrs. Moses was the cornerstone at the center of the change.

This Nigerian mother was ready to give the slut bomber to bomber!