

Football God 36

Chapter 36: On top of the world

[You have completed matchday system mission: Win the game!]

[You played 45 minutes of this football game as a substitute!]

[Calculating reward..., please wait...]

[Calculation complete!]

[You have been rewarded with 1 Skill Point!]

[Available Skill Points: 3]

...

[You have completed matchday system mission: A-ranked performance!]

>Despite coming in as a substitute, you managed to turn the fate of a draw for your team around, putting on an incredible player of the match display by chipping in with the game-winning assist and a goal. Your incredible performance has been ranked by the system as A<

[Calculating reward..., please wait...]

[Calculation complete!]

[You have been rewarded with 3 Skill Points!]

[Available Skill Points: 6]

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In the dressing room with his teammates who kept on congratulating him despite the fact that the game already ended a few minutes ago, Sam felt on top of the world. Was there any feeling better than this?

This was the perfect game that Sam could hope for. Giving an assist and a goal; even in his dreams, it was not this perfect.

He was literally drenched in euphoria at this moment.

Like his teammates and his coach though, at this moment, they paid attention to the television where Austin as the captain of Enyimba FC again gave some time to the reporters for the post-match press conference.

"Austin, for the second straight game since the season started, your team managed to grind out a winning result. What do you think about your team's performance today?"

Hearing that question, Austin shrugged. "Well, what can I say, I dare say that we have a generational talent in our hands here".

The male reporter smiled. "You mean the boy?"

"Yes, and you better remember his name, he's Samuel Moses," Austin grinned. "Sam is definitely destined for the top of the football world".

"Do you feel he has what it takes to make it outside Nigeria?"

"Not just outside Nigeria," Austin grinned. "Sam is made of the stuff to play in the elite European leagues, the boy has that much potential".

"If that 45 minutes' cameo didn't convince you, I don't know what else can".

"Anyways, for your headline," Austin smiled mischievously. "You can write that 17-year-old Samuel Moses drags Enyimba FC to victory in just his 2nd professional football game".

The reporter laughed. "That would indeed make a nice heading".

"Anyways, thanks for having me captain, do have a nice day".

"You too". With that and a big smile still on his face, this captain finally walked back to the dressing room where he met his coach by the corridor.

"Oh, are you done?" Coach Yemi Daniel looked at his captain.

"Yeah," nodding, Austin followed his coach in. As they walked, he could not help but ask. "Why?"

"Huh?" Coach Yemi looked at his captain.

"Why did you start him on the bench today? From his performances in the past 2 training games, Sam already showed that he's in incredible form, why didn't you start him from the first minute of the game?"

Hearing that question, Coach Yemi Daniel grinned. "Well, Austin, what do you think is the greatest threat to promising young talents?"

"Umm," Austin scratched his hair. "Laziness? Bad influence?"

"Close but not quite the truth," Coach Yemi smiled. "You see, to young aspiring players like Samuel, the worst thing that can happen to them is arrogance".

"Entering a team like Enyimba FC and starting from the get-go in the starting 11 can easily get in the head of a youngster like him".

"The boy may play like a pro on the pitch, but he's still just 17. Besides," he smirked. "I know his type of personality already".

"He's the type that lets his emotions override him most times. It's good, footballers like that find it easier to enter the zone state but at the same time, it's easier for them to be corrupted by all the hype".

"You see, Sam is a prized possession that I have, the last thing I want is for him to be corrupted by giving him prominence too early".

"You mean you didn't start him just to make him humble".

"That's right". This coach grinned.

Austin shook his head. "What if we drew, or even worse lost?"

"Then we lose," he waved his hand dismissively. "Losing 1 game is not the end of the world. Competing to win the league is a marathon, not a sprint".

Hearing that, Austin finally smiled. "Got it, coach".

Entering the dressing room, Coach Yemi Daniel said a few words to his players before finally dismissing them as they returned to their apartments.

Unlike with players in Europe, the fame of these players was not through the roof yet, which meant that no fans were asking for their autographs. This also meant that Sam could casually take the pedestrian lane and trek home.

Getting home, since it was Wednesday and it was already late, he guessed that his mom was already home from work though he was certain that his dad would still be in the office. The first thing that Sam did was put a call home.

"Hey, Sam! We watched your game!" The excited shriek of his sister was the first thing that attracted his attention.

"Sam, you were so incredible!"

"You're awesome!"

Sam was stupefied, he never expected his sister to become his first fangirl. 'Damn, this change... was fast'.

It was a welcome change though, he grinned. "Thank you, thank you," he replied in a theatrical manner as his mom chuckled.

"Sam, you're truly making me begin to like this football game," his mom finally spoke. "If the game is this sweet and exciting, I wonder how when you were younger, it was always so full of bitterness".

Paul paused on hearing that, he hesitated slightly before replying. "Mom, football is not always bed and roses like this".

"Even in the professional stage, even players abroad, they get injuries".

"What?!"

"Calm down mom," having expected this reaction, Sam also reacted fast. "Mom, injuries are part of football but because of our contract, our football clubs foot every hospital bills this time".

"I'm not scared of injuries, recovering from them is what matters and when that time comes, I'll need all of your help".

"Please help me when the time comes, I promise I'll make it to the top of the football world".

"You'll drive on a Rolls Royce with my money someday".

Hearing that, Mrs. Moses blushed, she tried hard to hide it to no avail. She waved her hands dismissively. "Anyways, I pray you don't get injured".

The family of 3 engaged in more conversations, Sam especially noticing Sophia's insistence to keep on asking about Austin. He threw a suspicious glance at his sister. 'This better not be what I think it is'. He thought.

After a 30 minute talking session, he finally brought the call to an end.

Laying down on his bed after taking his bath, Sam had a big grin on his face as he looked at the ceiling. 'I feel on top of the world'.