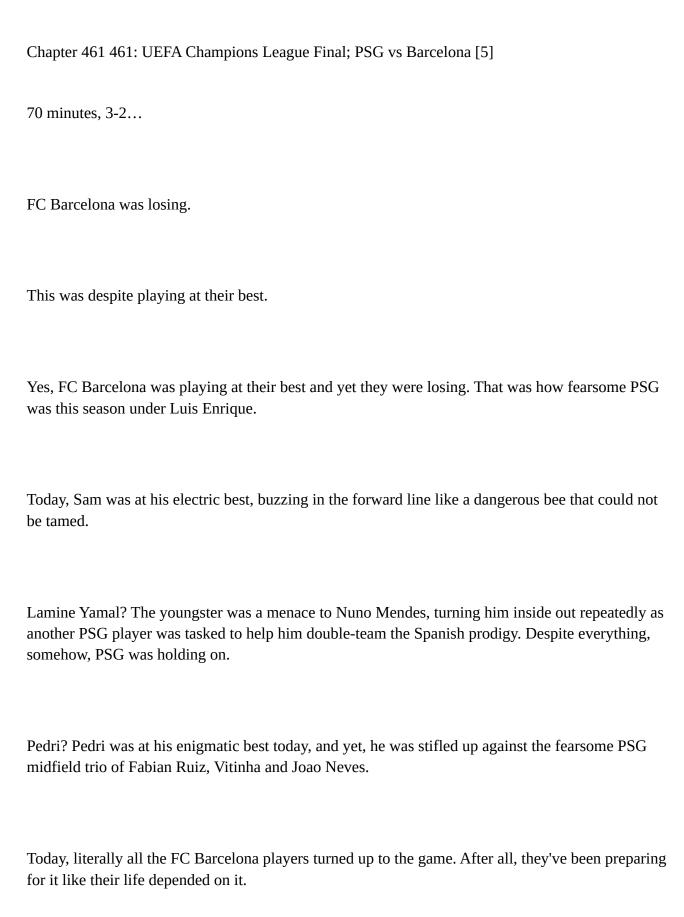
Football God 461



Well, their happiness depended on it.
And to them, their happiness meant everything. It's been more than a decade since FC Barcelona last won a UEFA champions league title. And to these players, winning the UEFA champions league again and bringing the trophy back to Barcelona meant more than the whole world.
This was why even as they were being outplayed, outfought, outscored by the Parisians, they didn't give up.
Sam and Raphinha kept on leading the press from up field with relentless energy. At times, the PSG defenders and midfielders toyed with them, passing around them in triangular patterns.
And yet, despite the humiliation, Sam nor Raphinha didn't give up.
They kept on pressing. They kept on running.
They kept on pushing.
And then, in the 77th minute, when the feeling among the FC Barcelona fans was already becoming one of gloom, fragmented memories of Rome and Anfield flashing back in their mind, reminding of past heartbreak, that was when it happened, silencing the Allianz Arena.
77th minute, GOAL! Samuel Moses!

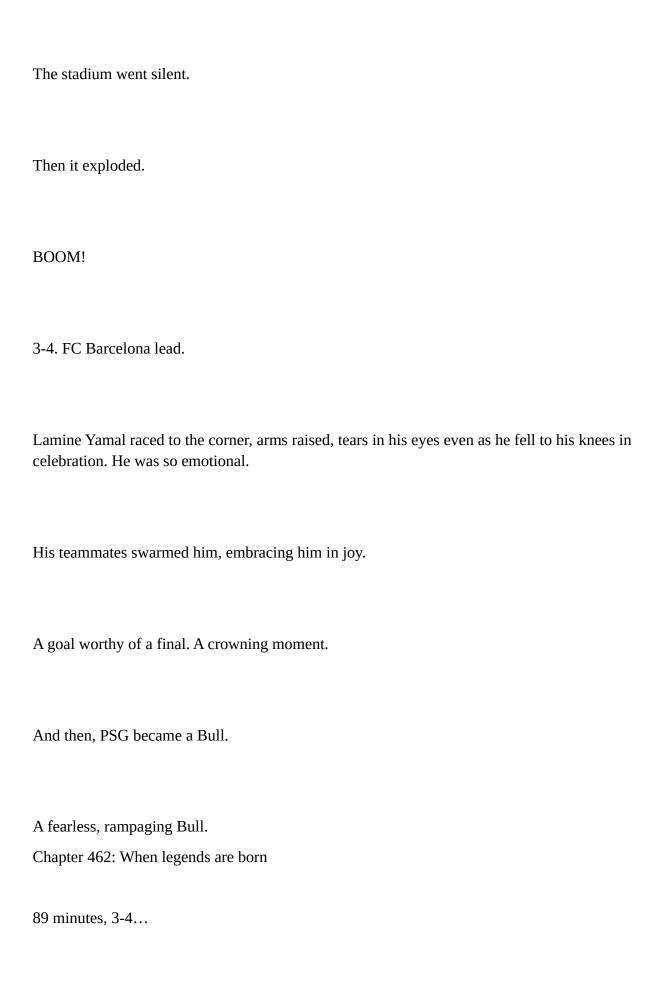
Pedri floated a diagonal pass to the far post where Raphinha got to it before knocking it back first-time across the face of goal. There, Sam, unmarked, a mistake he enforced, like a ghost dashed into space and buried it in.
BAM!
That sound it sank the heart of PSG fans worldwide. Their team just had to hold on for 13 more minutes till the end of the game.
As for FC Barcelona fans? Euphoria. Ecstasy.
BOOM!
The Allianz Arena exploded, FC Barcelona fans roaring at the top of their lungs, jumping for joy, hugging strangers with endless ecstasy, pulling their shirts and waving it in the euphoria of the moment.
As for Sam? That was his hattrick of contributions in the UEFA Champions League final, in his first ever UEFA Champions league campaign.
And with that goal, his second goal of the game, he went 2 ahead of the legendary Portuguese, Cristiano Ronaldo as the player with the most goals in a single UEFA Champions League campaign with an incredible tally of 19 goals.
3-3.

FC Barcelona was not winning yet, the game was still very much on.
Sam didn't think about the little details though. For now, all that mattered was that he just scored the equalizing goal for his team when his goal needed it the most. Filled with euphoria, Sam whirled off away in celebration.
With eyes dilated in passion, Sam pumped his fists excitedly, charging down edge of the pitch before sliding in celebration even as his teammates swarmed him. And then
"Sam!" "Sam!" "Sam!"
The Sam chants started in the UEFA Champions League final.
The commentators screamed with shrill voices.
"He's struck again!"
"ZINEDINE SAM! THE KING OF CATALAN! LORD OF THE SPOTIFY CAMP NOU!"
"Cristiano Ronaldo was Mr. Champions League, King of the UEFA champions league but in just one season, his first in the UEFA champions league, Sam has done what even the Portuguese G.O.A.T could not do".



In the 80th minute, Luis Enrique made a change, taking off Desire Doue and introducing Bradley Barcola even as he took Dembele to a false nine role, mimicking Sam's work for FC Barcelona.
Just a minute later, in the 81st minute, Dembele set up Kvaratskhelia whose shot kissed the outside of the post before flying outside.
Groans filled the stadium from the fans even as Kvaratskhelia grabbed his head in disbelief, knowing just how much it would have impacted the game and PSG's season if that ball entered the goal.
In the 84th minute, Dembele hit the side netting.
Just a minute late in the 85th minute, Donnarumma pulled off a massive instinctive save from Sam's header from a Lamine Yamal cross.
Raphinha drew another miracle save from Donnarumma in the 87th minute.
And then
In the dying minutes of this game, a legend was born.
Lamine Yamal, just 18, received the ball near the edge of the box from a Dani Olmo pass.
Tap!

It was a delicate touch, like a babe's caress.
He cut inside.
Paused.
And then
Bam!
He curled it gently, with soul, into the far corner.
"!"
For a brief moment across the Allianz Arena, time seemed to freeze as tens of thousands of fans rose up to their feet.
And then
The net rippled.

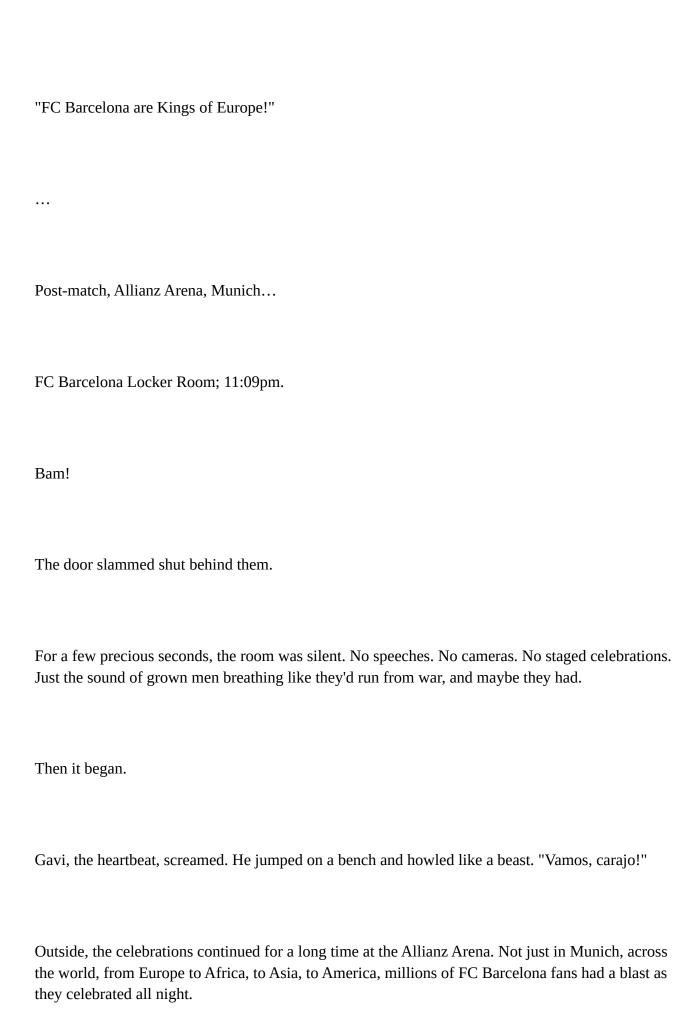


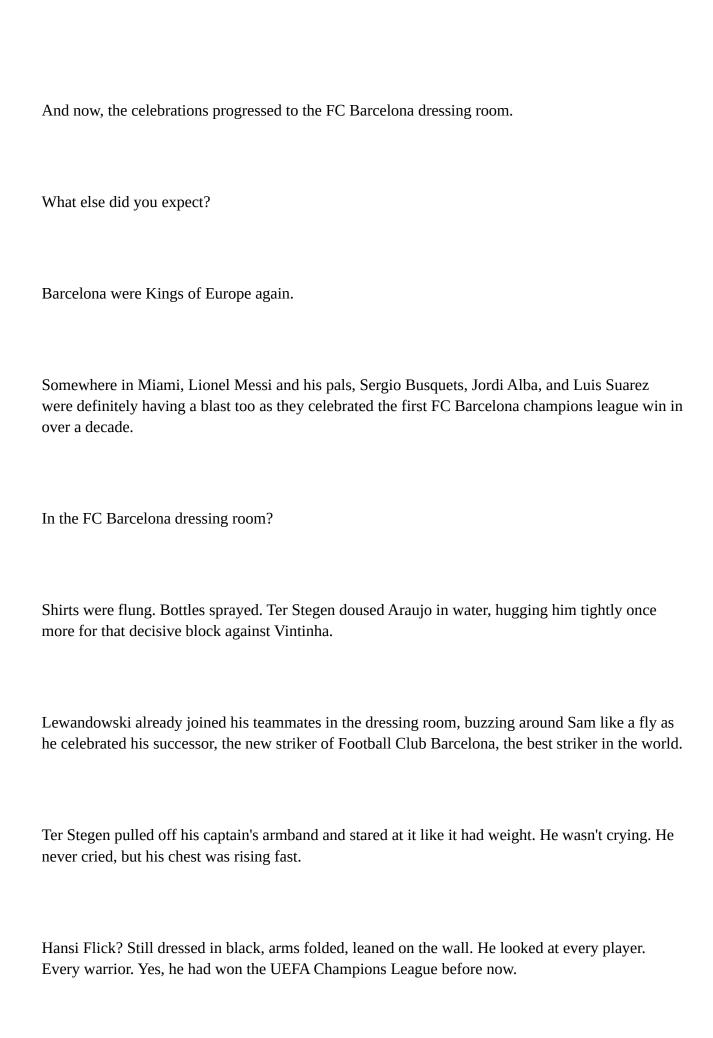
FC Barcelona was leading.
Lamine Yamal scored a crazy goal in the 89th minute of this epic game, a goal that pierced the heart of millions of PSG fans worldwide, sending them into a crazy whirlwind of self-reflection and sorrow.
But it was not over yet.
It was already 90 minutes of this game. But it was not over, simply because the referee gave 5 minutes of additional time to this epic game.
And Luis Enrique's reaction?
He pushed his team forward, urging them to abandon defense in favor of all-out offense. It was now a desperate gamble, either score or score. Nothing in between. That was the only way for PSG to survive.
And so, all hell broke loose.
BOOM!
PSG threw everything. Nuno Mendes and Achraf Hakimi, the fullbacks went up field, turning into makeshift wingers as they bombarded the FC Barcelona defense with an endless tide of rampaging attacks.

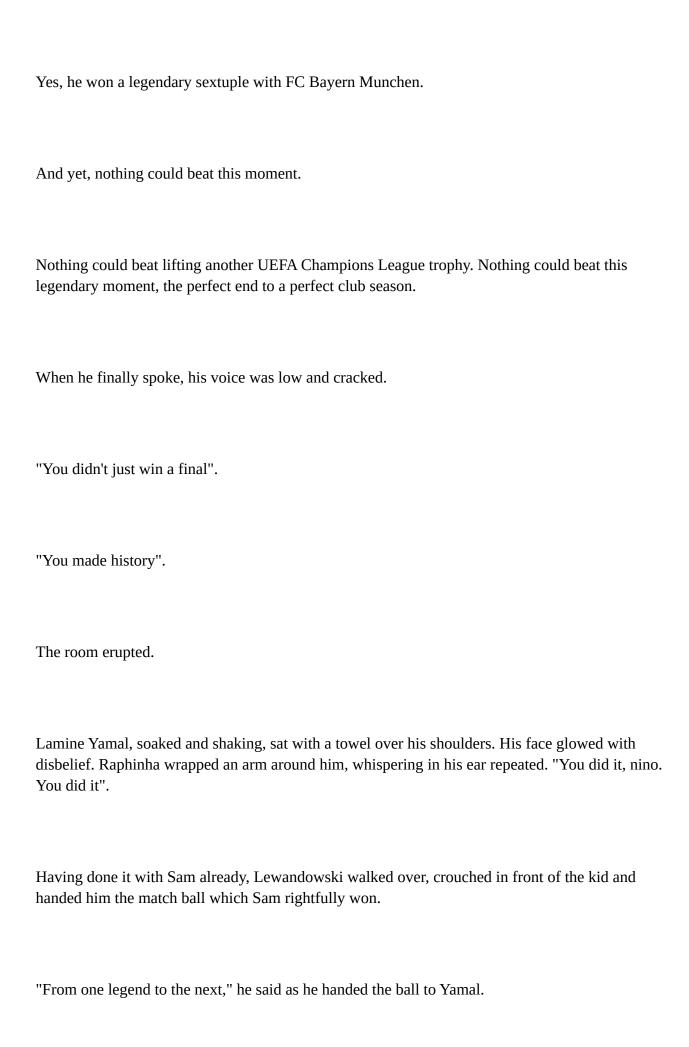
Dribbles, direct shots, outside the box shots, PSG did everything. Not just that, they also tried crossing tactics as even the center backs pushed forward.
Marquinhos pushed forward, become a makeshift striker as crosses rained into the FC Barcelona box.
And yet, somehow, FC Barcelona remained alive, holding on desperately.
In the 90th plus 2 minute, Vitinha had one final chance. Kvaratshkhelia cut in after another silky dribble, faking a shot before pushing the ball to the free midfielder who already built a reputation for his outside the box shots.
POW!
Vitinha hit his shot with power and accuracy and yet, it was blocked.
During the final minutes of the game, already reading his opposition coach's intentions like a book and knowing how dangerous it would become, Hansi Flick made defensive changes, something he rarely did.
He introduced Ronald Araujo to the game, morphing his team's backline into a 5-man defensive unit that now weathered the PSG onslaught.
Ronald Araujo was the one who blocked the shot.

The Allianz Arena exploded in cheers, the FC Barcelona faithful celebrating the block like it was a goal.
Heroic.
Iconic.
And then, to the agony of PSG and Real Madrid fans around the world, the final whistle finally sounded.
FWEEE!
The Allianz Arena literally shook.
Tears, screams, collapsing bodies.
Sam dropped to his knees right where he was, too emotional to move as he broke down in tears. Gavi punched the air, charging into the pitch and towards him. Pedri raised his arms to the heavens in celebration; Lamine Yamal wept.
Barca were kings of Europe.
In the greatest final of the modern era.

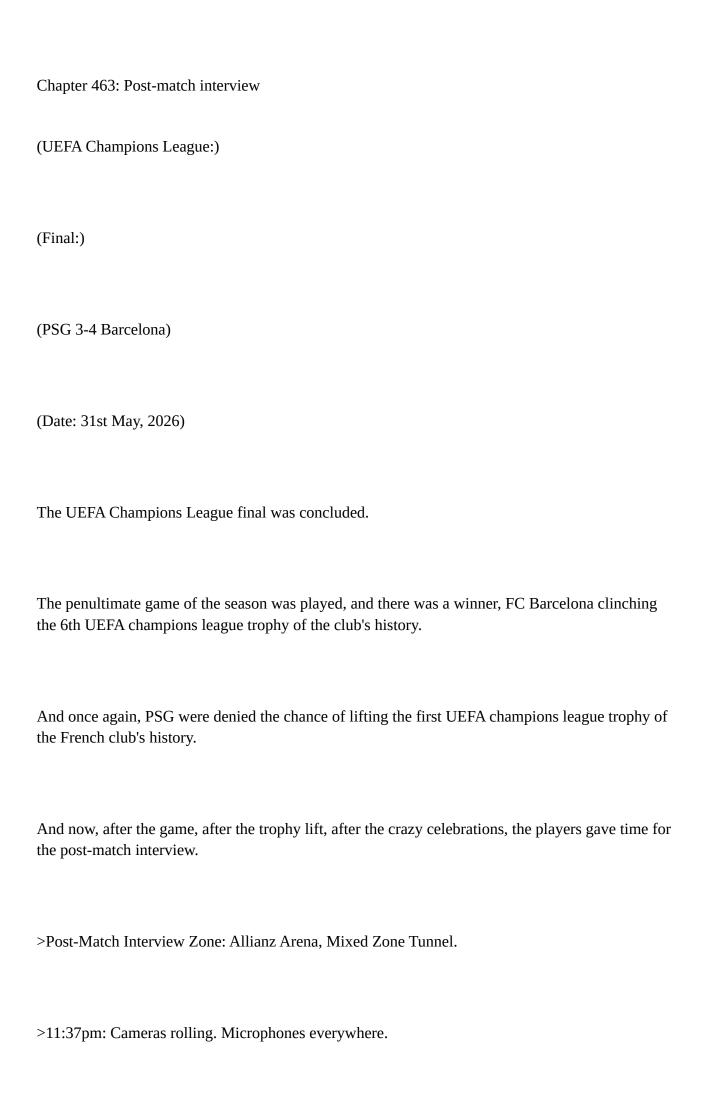








Yamal just stared at it. Then smiled. Wide, unfiltered, pure.
Pedri and De Jong clashed their foreheads together, grinning like lunatics. Ferran was already posting on Instagram, half-dressed, yelling at everyone to smile. Even Kounde, who never sang was belting out Barca chants in his thick French accent.
The Champions League trophy sat on the central table now, untouched. Not yet lifted. Just waiting. Gleaming. Holy.
Then Hansi Flick nodded. Ter Stegen turned, and together, they approached it.
Hansi Flick lifted the trophy.
The room detonated.
Blue and red.
Tears and sweat.
Victory and vindication.
FC Barcelona weren't rebuilding anymore. They were reborn.



The white backdrop behind the players shimmered with Champions League and UEFA logos. Reporters from every major outlet crowded in behind barriers, jostling for position.

The tunnel buzzed like a hive; from snapping camera shutters, to frenzied questions in Spanish, English, French, and Catalan.

First to step up was Marc Andre Ter Stegen, FC Barcelona's captain in the night, still in partial kit, hair damp, eyes sharp with adrenaline.

A CBS Sports Reporter faced the team captain. "Marc, congratulations! You've just won the Champions League in one of the most thrilling finals ever, your first as the captain. How do you even begin to describe what happened out there tonight?"

Ter Stegen smiled faintly, ruffling his hair. "I've played football for over a decade. I've seen finals, goals, heartbreaks... but this? This was something else. They kept on scoring, and yet we refused to break. And that... that's Barca".

A Sky Sports reporter got her turn and with a smile, asked. "They call Sam the best player in this FC Barcelona squad. And tonight, he definitely provided the goods. What do you think about his performance?"

Hearing the reporter ask about Sam, Ter Stegen's face bloomed into a big smile. "Sam?" He shook his head, smiling. "The boy's a menace. He's an FC Barcelona legend already though this is just his debut season".

"It excites me to think about what he'll go on to achieve with the club in the future. My advise to the club President is to give him a 100 billion dollars release clause as soon as possible". He chuckled.
"As for his performance, I have nothing to say but magnificent. Like usual, he showed up in the crucial moment. He was clutch. Just magnificent. He deserves his man of the match award".
"And of course, he definitely deserved the MVP award for the UEFA Champions League season".
"19 goals in a single UEFA Champions League campaign? In your debut season?" He shook his head, shivering animatedly. "It's scary man. Even Ronaldo and Messi never got numbers like this in a single season".
Thinking of something, he added with a bashful smile. "Surely, he's the front runner and guaranteed leader in the ballon d'Or race this season".
An ESPN reporter approached next. "And that final goal from Lamine Yamal what does it mean to you?"
Ter Stegen smiled again. "Like we expected, PSG were dangerous. They have a truly deadly attack. I saved shots today, yes. But what Lamine did that was magic. That is what this club's future looks like. He deserves the world".
He moved on, greeted by applause from some of the press.
Next up, Lamine Yamal stepped before the media.

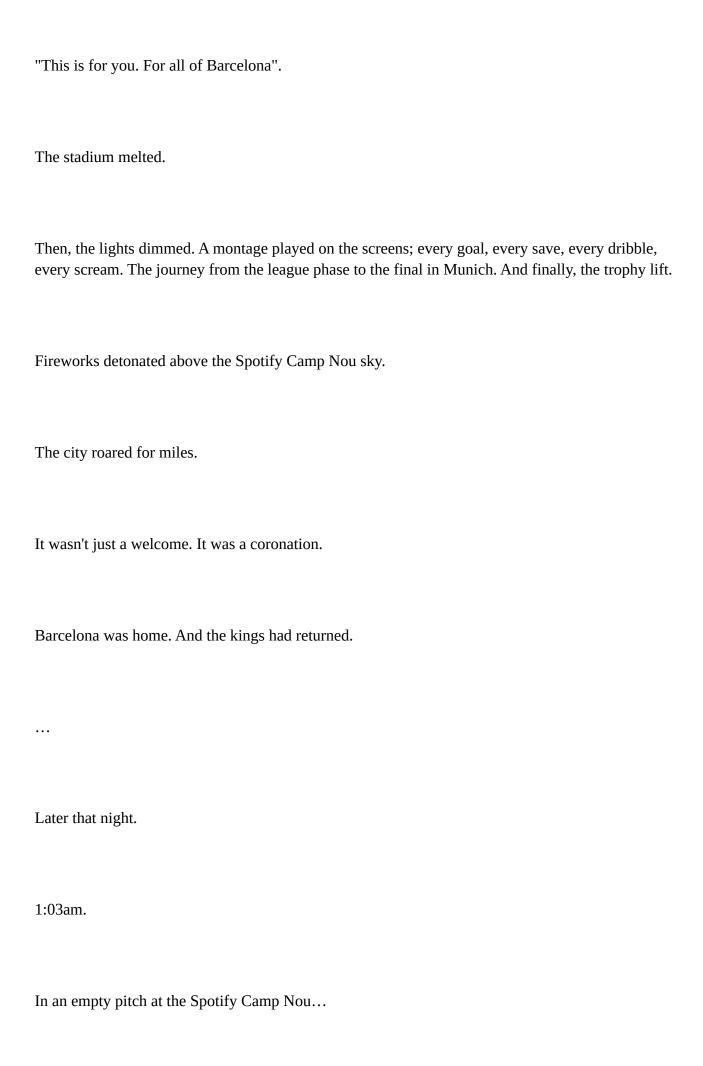
Draped in a Barca flag, the match ball which Lewandowsi snatched from Sam still tucked under his arm, he faced the media, his face still flushed with disbelief.
La Liga TV approached first.
"Lamine, 18 years old, scoring the winning goal in a Champions League final. How are you feeling?"
Yamal rubbed a hand through his face and replied, voice trembling. "I don't know if this is real. Yes, I've scored goals in the Euros semifinal, but this? This was honestly different".
He hesitated. "I used to watch these nights on TV with my brothers. Now I'm here. I scored in a champions league final. For Barca. It's like I'm dreaming".
A Marca Reporter approached next. "We saw the video when Lewandowski handed the match ball won by Sam to you. What did Lewandowski say when he gave you the ball?"
Smiling, Yamal answered. "He said, 'From one legend to the next'. I almost cried right there".
After Lamine Yamal, the man of the moment finally stepped up, Sam.
This time, the reporters literally scrambled between themselves for his attention. In the end, another Sky Sports reporter got to question him first.

"Sam, you're 20 this year, and your trophy cabinet and personal achievements are already enough to leave legends wallowing in envy".
"Tonight, you not only broke Cristiano Ronaldo's champions league goal record, you also won the man of the match award of the game, and the MVP award of the UEFA Champions League campaign. You also lifted the story; so many positives in one night".
"Most are already calling you a Football God, the G.O.A.T of the new generation, at just 20". The reporter smiled. "How do you feel?"
Sam smiled, hesitated, tears welling in his eyes. "To be honest, 4 years ago, I would have never imagined myself in this position".
"My mother hated football because I always struggled with injury".
"At some point in my life, I was banished from playing football entirely. To see myself in this moment now, fulfilling a dream I once thought impossible," he sighed. "Honestly, all I feel is gratitude, endless gratitude to God".
"I feel blessed".
Then came Hansi Flick. Calm. Resolute. Legendary.
The Catalunya Radio approached him. "Coach, there were moments when it seemed like PSG had it. What gave you faith?"

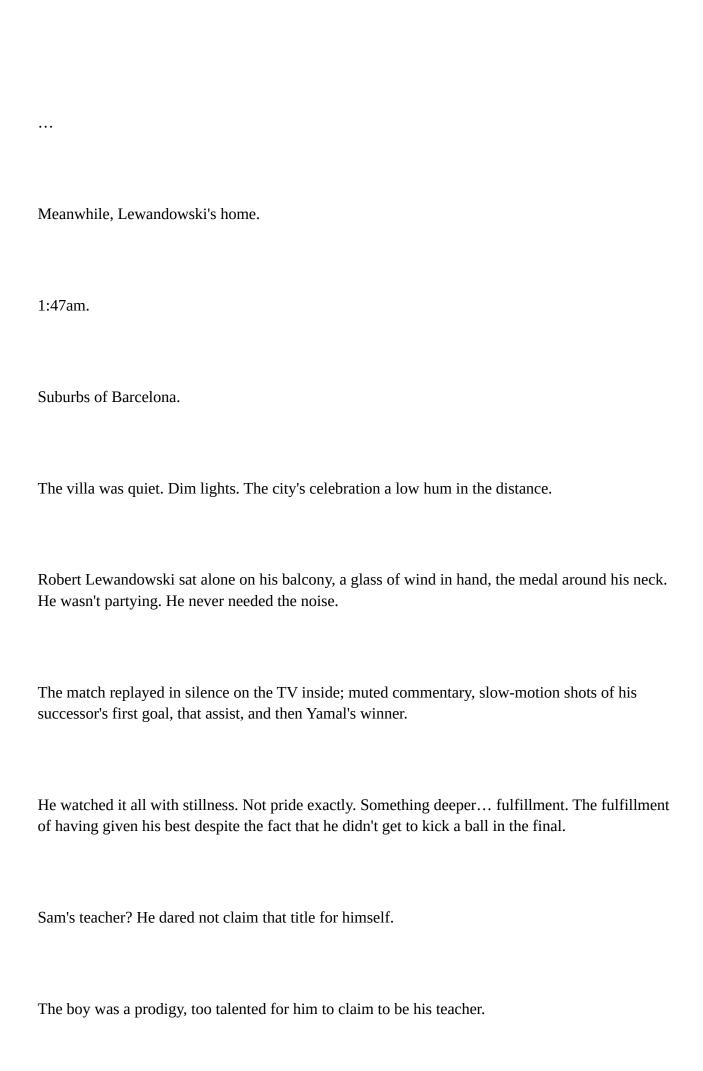
Hansi Flick stared at the reporter with a slight smile on his face. "This club has always been about belief. In the system. In the talent. In the Barca way".
"We suffered, yes. But suffering is part of greatness".
ESPN approached next. "Does this vindicate your project? Your style? Your trust in the youth?"
Hansi Flick nodded firmly. "Tonight, the world saw what we're building. This wasn't just a win, it was a warning".
"Barca is back".
The press room fell into silence as the UEFA official announced.
"Player of the Match: Samuel Moses".
A thunder of applause followed. The youngest MOTM recipient in Champions League final history. Chapter 464: Catalan legends
Next day, late afternoon.
Spotify Camp Nou, Barcelona

[Benvinguts, Campions!]
The sun hung low over Catalonia, casting long golden rays across a sea of humanity. Over 90,000 fans filled the Spotify Camp Nou; not for a match, but for a homecoming. An historic one.
Flags waved like wildfire. Red and blue everywhere. Scarves, banners, tears. From the old socios to the children on their fathers' shoulders, the cules had gathered in full voice.
The stadium trembled. Not from footsteps, but from emotion.
Drums. Chants. Flares lit the sky. A deafening roar thundered the moment the giant LED screen lit up:
[Campeones d'Europa – 2026]
And then, the team bus rolled in; wrapped in glory, covered in confetti, gold-lettered across the side:
[Visca Barca. Campions.]
The players emerged one by one onto the makeshift stage build at midfield.
Marc Andre Ter Stegen, the team captain held the trophy aloft once more, and the noise that followed in the stadium was earth-shattering. Gavi, arms wide, led the chant.





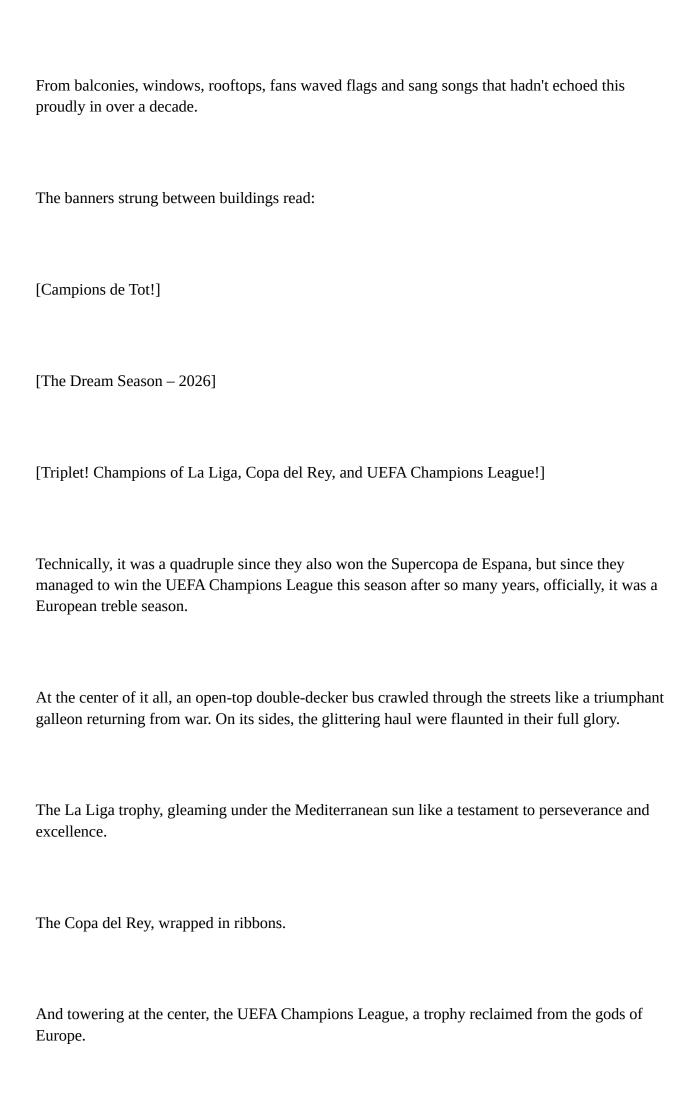
The crowd was gone, the lights dimmed. Confetti still clung to the grass like whispers of the war just won.
Hansi Flick stood alone near the center circle, hands in his coat pockets. No cameras. No journalists. Just the echo of ghosts; of Cruyff, of Guardiola, of Luis Enrique himself, his rival yester night, of the illustrious history of this club silently cheering him on.
He looked up at the stands, now still, once deafening.
"You'd be proud," he murmured. "We did it right".
His eyes darted to the sky. He wasn't crying, but the weight in his chest wasn't just pride, it was release. The scrutiny, the doubt, the endless headlines that called him a relic, his tactics a risk. All of it washed away in that 4-3 war in Munich.
Behind him, the Champions League trophy sat alone on a pedestal. Hansi Flick walked to it; rested his fingers on the cool silver.
"You came back," he said softly. "Home".
Maybe he was referring to the fact that it took more than a decade for the club to win the trophy again, or maybe he was referring to his own drought since his 2018 win with FC Bayern Munchen.
Then he turned and walked away, his silhouette fading into the tunnel like a shadow from a dream.

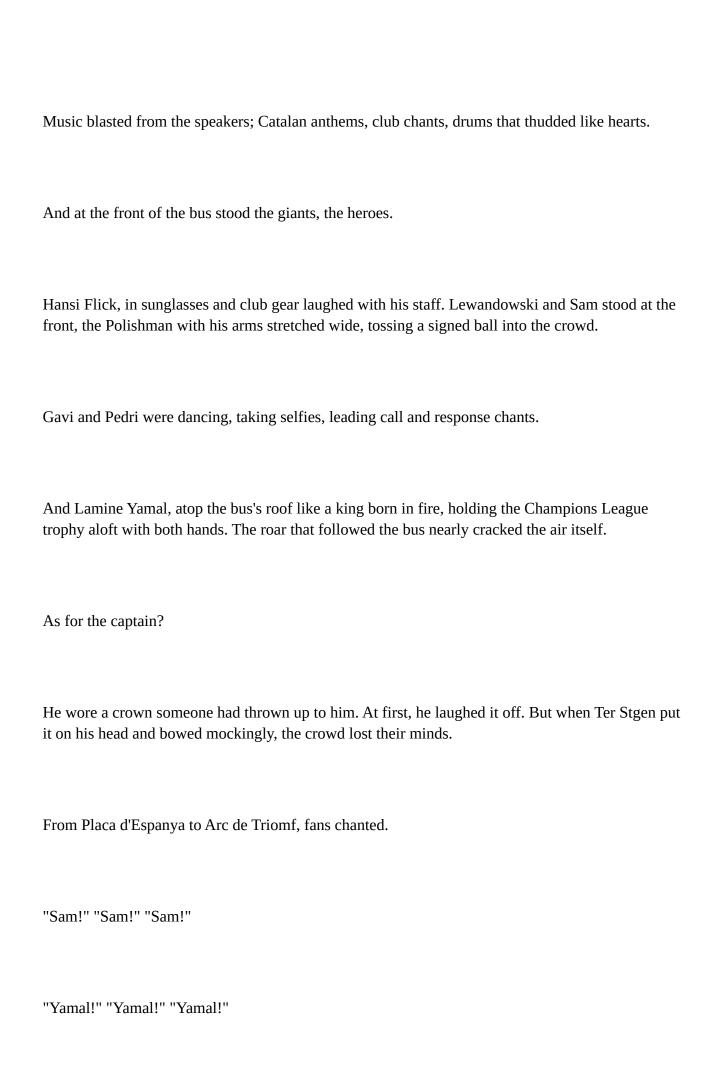


But his mentor? Someone who guided him to become a better footballer? A better striker? Lewandowski could shamelessly insert himself into that enviable role in the young striker's life and career.
He still vividly remembered the day that the young Nigerian was announced to have been signed by his club, as an attacking midfielder.
He still remembered his presentation like it was yesterday.
He remembered his first training session, how effortlessly playing with a football was for him. How gracefully he carried himself in training with the ball, how tirelessly he pursued the ball when out of possession.
Then, he thought. 'This boy has something'.
He saw potential. And yet, even he, as experienced as he was never guessed how good Sam would grow up to become within just his debut season for the club.
He never guessed that he would get to taste the UEFA champions league trophy again in the twilight years of his footballing career.
He never guessed how versatile the young Nigerian would grow up to become, to become the most lethal striker in the planet.

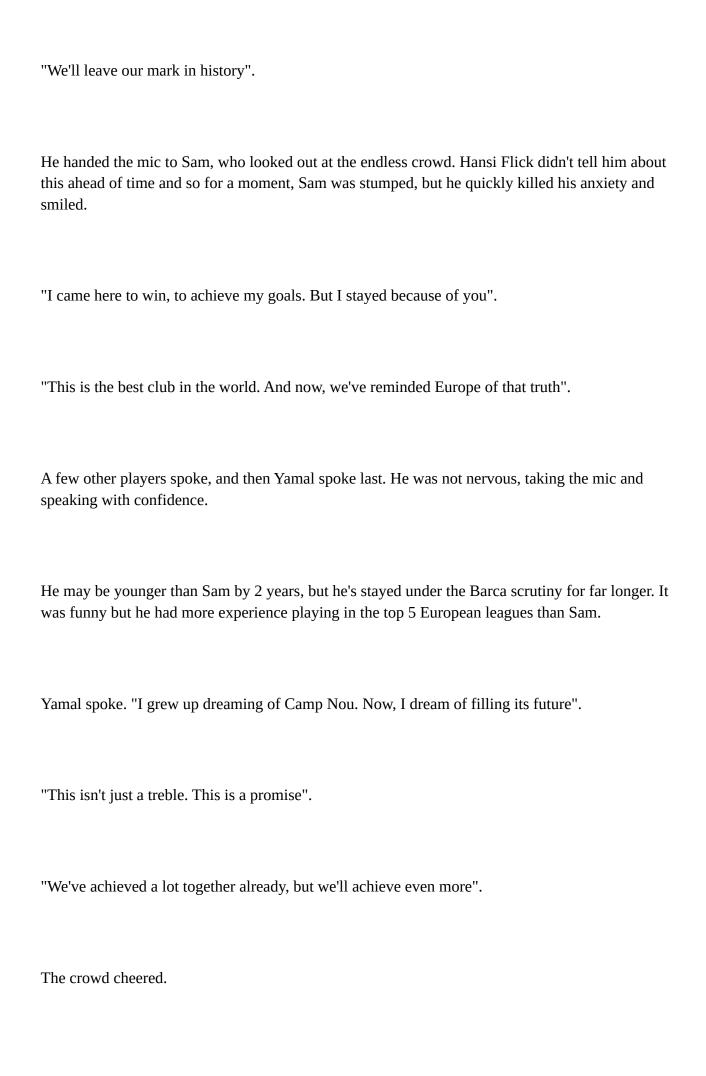
He sighed, sipping from a cup of warm tea.
He felt like his work in FC Barcelona was over, done. This was the perfect time to say goodbye to the Catalan club.
In the corner of the room, his daughter slept curled up on the couch, wearing a tiny Barca jersey with "Papa" printed on the back.
Lewandowksi smiled, leaned back in his chair and exhaled.
"One last dance," he whispered to the stars. "And what a finish".
He already made his decision.
The camera would pull away here.
From the man.
From the city.
From the season.

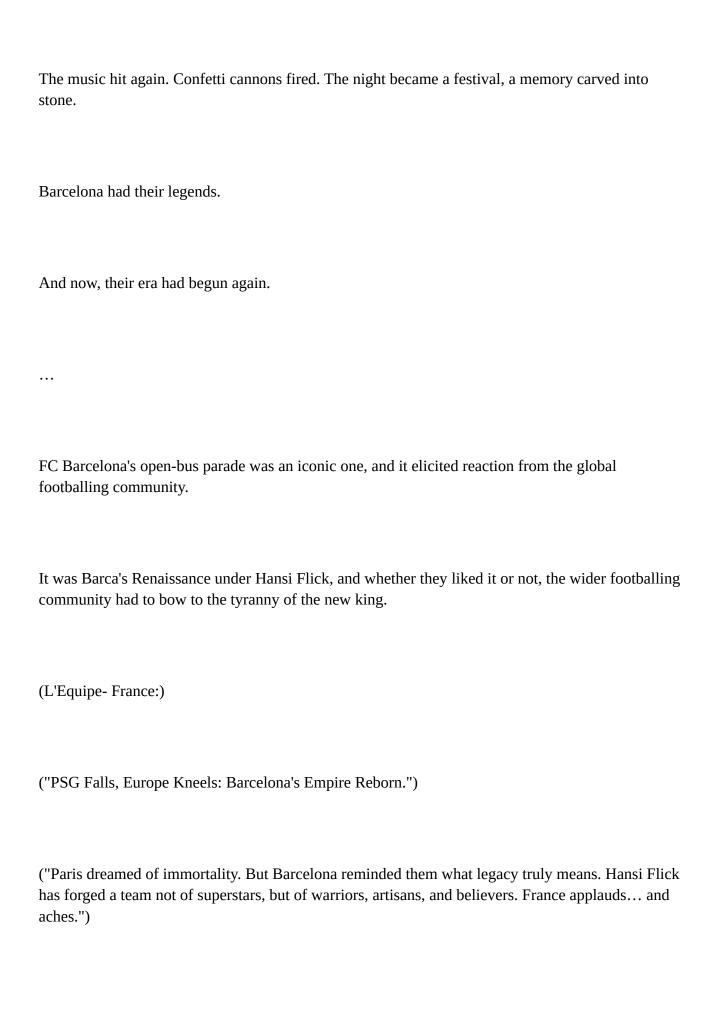
Because some victories don't need parades. Some just need quiet
And a view of the sky.
He grinned. "And yet, this one necessitates a parade".
Chapter 465: The parade of legends
Two days later
Spain, Barcelona.
The day of the parade of legends.
Early in the morning, Barcelona woke up to an iconic moment; a helicopter flew across the city, dragging a gigantic banner in its wake.
It read:
[Temporada de Somni – The Dream Season]
The streets of La Rambla, Passeig de Gracia, and Placa Catalunya overflowed with humanity. Hundreds of thousands, maybe more turned the heart of Barcelona into a roaring sea of red and blue.



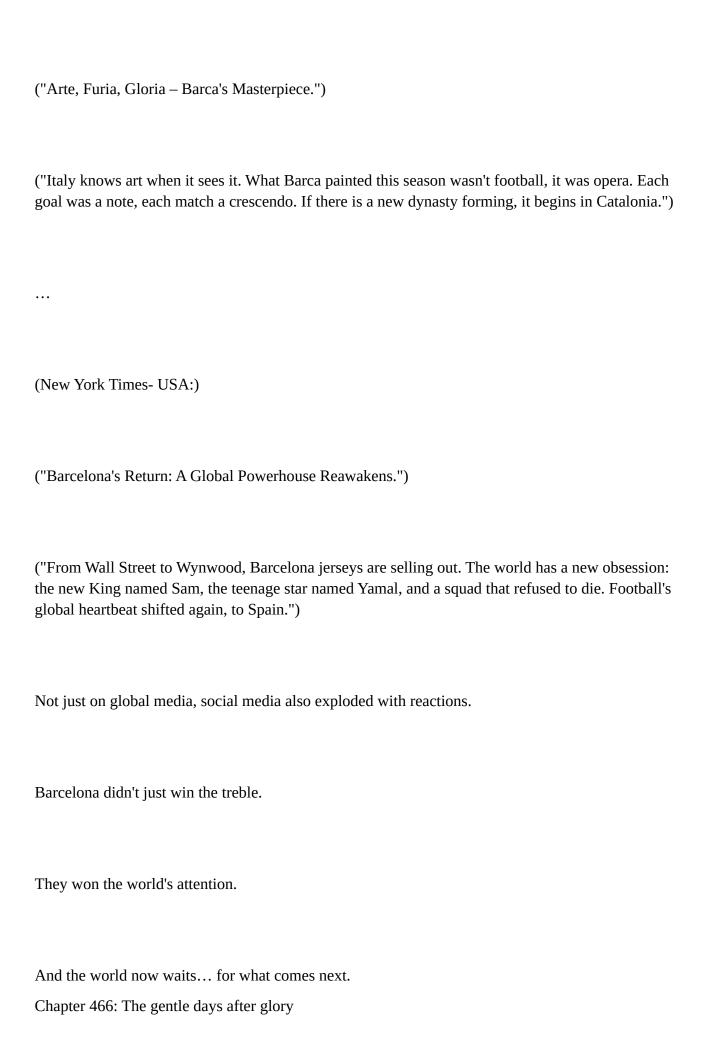












Two days after the open-top parade, when the crowds had quieted and the chants faded into memory, Sam escaped.
Sam escaped; not from the love, but from the noise.
This was the busiest season of his career by a sizeable margin. The UEFA Champions League final made it his 56th game this season.
He didn't just play the games though, he exerted himself, shattering records left and right. After the UEFA Champions League final, Sam's statistics stood at 77 goals and 40 assists in just 56 games!
It was a truly staggering figure, 117 goal contributions in 56 games!
He truly went all out and did the impossible this season.
This is why with Kayla's hand in his, after the open-top parade, Sam boarded a private speedboat from the port of Saint Antoni de Portmany, slipping away to a secluded cove only known to locals and legends.
The sky was painted in soft hues of coral and lavender. The sun, heavy and golden, sank slowly into the Mediterranean, throwing firelight across the waves.
They docked at a Cliffside villa, carved into the rock like a hidden treasure; whitewashed stone, wraparound terraces, infinity pool bleeding into the sea.

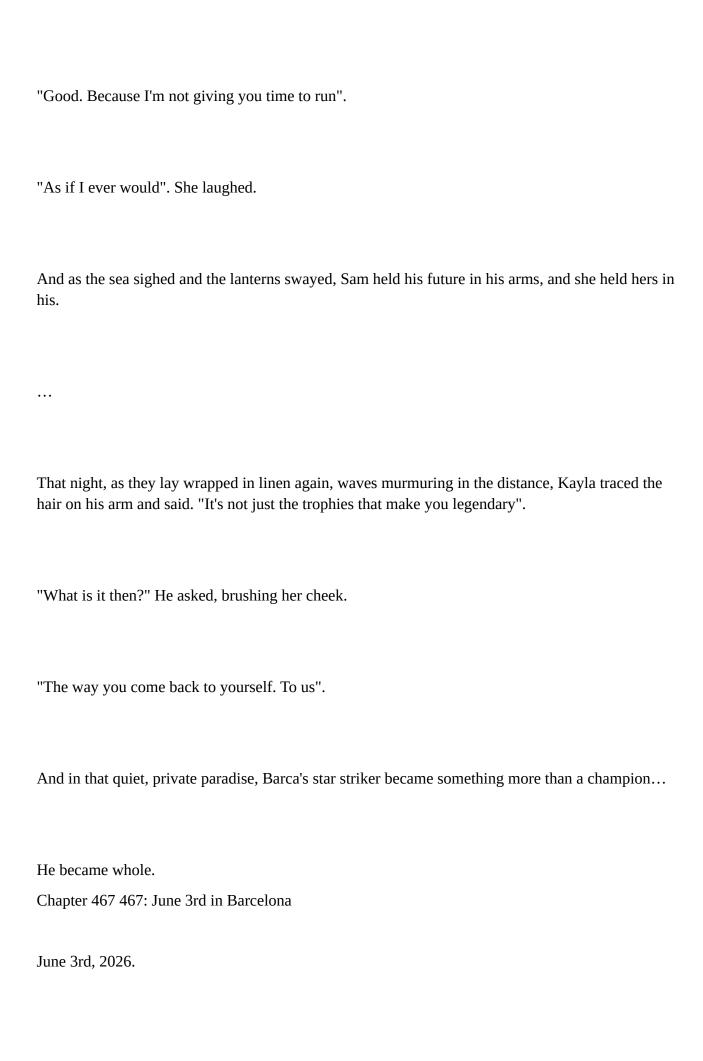


She laughed freely, splashing him with her oar, and he feigned surrender with dramatic groans.
'Gosh I wish it can stay like this forever'.
They dined barefoot on the terrace, a private chef serving fresh langoustines, chilled albarino, and figs drizzled with honey. Sunset bled across the sky as soft Spanish guitar echoed in the background.
After dinner, they sank into the infinity pool, stars winking above them, the sea below whispering secrets to the rocks.
They spoke of nothing and everything; of their future wedding, of childhood dreams, of where to hang his Champions League medal.
She said. "Wherever it doesn't outshine you".
Sam laughed.
•••
Day 2.

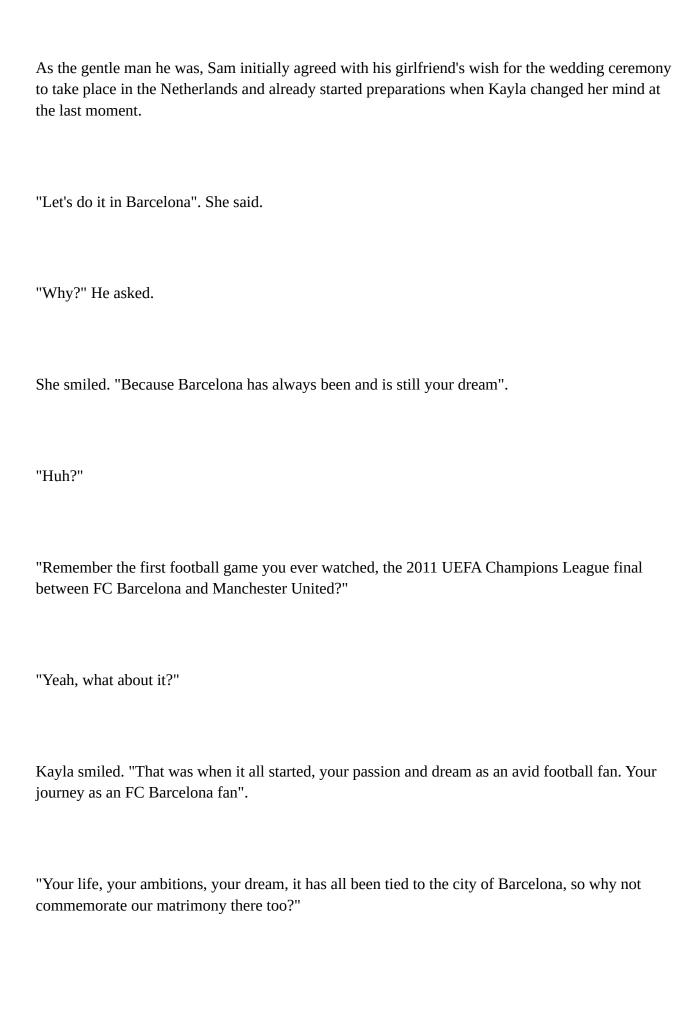
Kayla surprised him with a massage appointment at a Cliffside cabana surrounded by lavender bushes and sea breeze. For the first time in months, his muscles weren't screaming. His mind wasn't racing. He let go.
In the afternoon, they wandered the streets of Ibiza Old Town, Dalt Vila hand in hand, sipping café bombon in a quiet courtyard.
Locals barely glanced at them; to this little town, they were just two lovers wrapped in sun.
They had a great time.
Hours later, the sky above Ibiza had turned a shade of deep violet, the stars crisp and close enough to pluck. From the rooftop of their private villa, the world felt distant; just sea, wind, and love.
Sam had been quiet through dinner. Not brooding, just thoughtful.
Kayla noticed the way he kept looking at her, like he was memorizing something. Like her smile was something he'd need to carry in his pocket.
As the last of the dessert wine was poured, he took her hand and guided her to the terrace. Lanterns flickered around them, their glow soft and golden, and waves murmured far below.
A light breeze lifted her curls as she stepped barefoot onto the cool stone.
"I've got something for you," he said, pulling a slip of parchment from his shirt pocket.

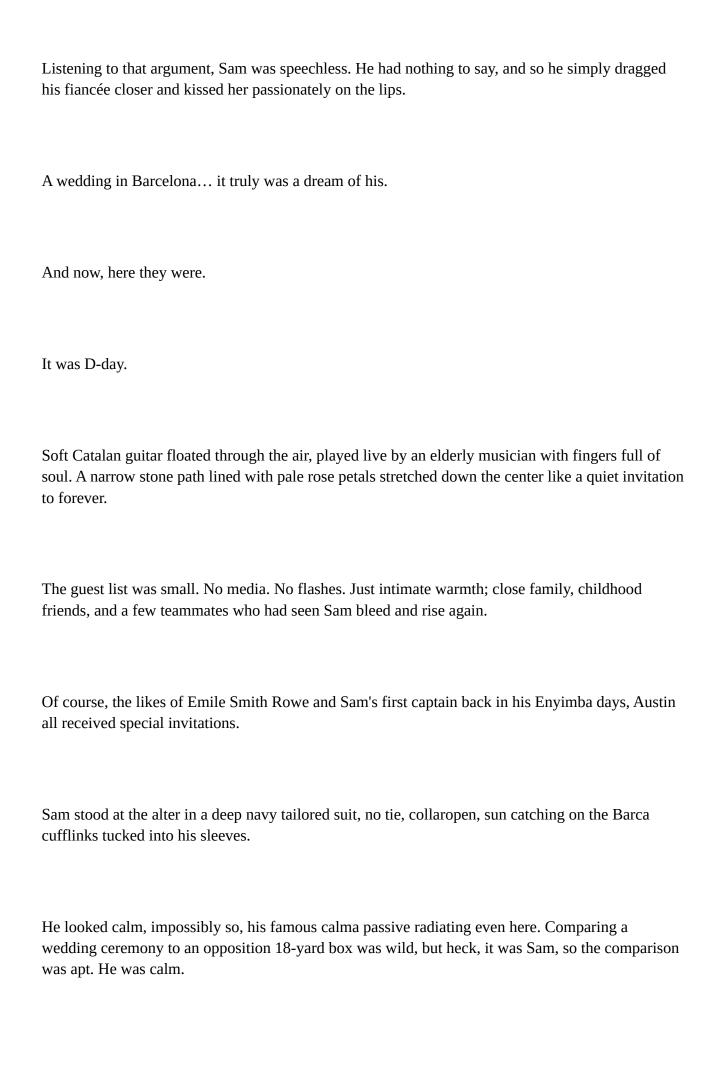
Kayla looked at his hand with curiosity, trying to guess what it was.
It wasn't a ring. She already wore that, had worn it for months now. It was a folded, cream-colored paper, delicately pressed, the kind you'd find in an old bookstore. Her brows rose as he placed it in her hands, his eyes unreadable but full of warmth.
Kayla chuckled. "You're being all mysterious, what is it?"
Sam smiled warmly at her. "Look at it".
She obeyed and looked.
Just seven words, written in his clean, elegant handwriting.
[Our Wedding Day – June 3rd, 3PM.]
Kayla stared. Her lips parted.
Then
"Wait what?" Her voice was a whisper caught between laughter and shock.

Seeing her reaction, Sam was satisfied, feeling a warm feeling rise in his chest. He smiled, rubbing the back of his neck.
"Mom wore me down, always nagging about when the big day would be," he said with a grin. "And I realized I didn't want to wait anymore".
"We've already done the hard parts. You were there through every injury, every slump, every press circus. Hell, all the way from Fulham". He laughed.
Kayla also laughed, tears already welling in her eyes.
Sam looked at her, smiling. "You were there before the trophies. So now," he stepped closer, placing a kiss on her forehead. "Let's just do it!" He said with enthusiasm.
"Let's make it real. Three days from now. In Barcelona. Everything's already in motion".
She blinked, once, twice, then the paper fluttered from her hand as she lunged at him, wrapping her arms around his neck, burying her face in his chest.
"You idiot," she whispered, laughing into his shirt, voice shaking. "You beautiful, sneaky idiot. I would've married you in a parking lot".
He held her, grinning as the stars spun slowly above them.



Barcelona, Spain.
The city still hummed with echoes of glory. Banners fluttered from balconies, fans wore Barca jerseys like second skin, and the air smelled faintly of summer and celebration.
But high above the noise, on the lush terraced gardens of Torre Bellesguard, a neo-Gothic masterpiece by Gaudi, a different kind of magic was brewing.
Here, in this hidden gem nestled in the hills overlooking Barcelona, Sam and Kayla would begin something far more eternal than any trophy
Their wedding ceremony.
It was the most pivotal event of Sam's life, and he didn't hold anything back, going all out to make it one of the biggest and most memorable events of his life.
The garden was transformed into a dreamscape.
Ivory silk drapes billowed gently in the breeze, strung between ancient cypress trees. Rows of white wooden chairs faced a floral arch woven with wild roses, olive branches, and sun-touched lavender, each bloom a quiet hymn to Spanish romance.
Sam and Kayla thought for a long time and where the venue of their wedding would be. At first, Sam proposed Nigeria while Kayla proposed Netherlands.





But when he turned to see her, the mask cracked just slightly.
A few chuckles reverberated from among the audience, eliciting a glare from Sam as he glared at his friends; Lamine Yamal, Pedri, Balde, even Smith Rowe, where they stood reacting to every subtle reaction that he made.
And yet, that was only the prelude.
Because, soon enough, Kayla stepped into view and simply stole the breath from every chest.
She wore a simple, stunning silk gown, off-the-shoulder, the fabric hugging her frame like it had been sewn from moonlight. Her hair was swept into a soft updo, scattered with tiny pearls.
In her hands, a bouquet of white gardenias and dusty blue thistle, tied with a ribbon embroidered with the initials S $\&~\mathrm{K}.$
Her eyes found his, and he forgot every match he'd every played
Badump! Badump!
Sam could feel his heart beating rapidly in his chest; a heartbeat of liberation, of freedom, of Joyboy.



It was from the direction of Sam's close friends again.
Sam registered an urge to glare at the bastards one more time. Rather, he focused on the important thing that left his heart racing again.
Drawing closer, he kissed her before the officiant could finish the line.
The crowd laughed. Lamine Yamal whistled. Mrs. Moses teared up and tried to hide it by glaring at the sun. Even Hansi Flick, seated quietly in the back with his wife smiled like a proud father.
Petals rained from above. Music swelled.
Then, they walked down the aisle as husband and wife, hearts racing faster than a final whistle.
Celebration followed.
The reception was candlelight under the stars. Long wooden tables lined with tapas, cava, laughter, and golden lamplight.
Austin made a toast referencing the good old days, the Enyimba days playing with the young prodigy of then, Sam who already blossomed to become a King now, eliciting cheers from the listeners.
And then Ian, Sam's best friend told a story about how he once patched up Sam's busted ankle with duct tape and pure attitude, eliciting laughter.



But even at that, she knew what she wanted for her son.
Just as her son and his wife envisioned a romantic wedding and implemented it, she also had ideas about how her son's marriage ceremony should be like; Nigerian style, grandiose, and filled with Asoebis.
Aso ebi is a famous Nigerian term, Yoruba language specifically.
It translates to family cloth in English. It's a tradition in some West African cultures, particularly in Nigeria where a group of people wear matching or similar outfits, typically made from a specific fabric at an event to show solidarity and unity.
Mrs. Moses wanted to wear Asoebi for her son's marriage.
Well, Sam also bought into the idea. He wanted to make his marriage and unforgettable one and so he let his mother plan.
It happened the next day after the wedding in Barcelona.
That night, they all traveled back to Nigeria.

4th June, 2026.
The location was a luxury event hall in Abuja, Nigeria, and the theme of the day is 'Unity in Heritage', a grand Igbo-Yoruba, and most especially Isoko celebration with southern elegance.
There were over 500 guest in attendance, ranging from Sam's family to Kayla's relatives, Barcelona teammates, Nollywood and Afrobeats royalty to African footballing legends, and dignitaries.
If Sam still doubted how famous he was in the world, with this event, all his doubt evaporated. Celebrities responded to his invitation in droves.
The venue was an A-Class Park and Event Center, nestled in the heart of Abuja. But for this night, it became a palace of tradition and triumph.
At the gates, horses adorned in royal fabrics stood in attention, part of a northern calvary-style welcome.
Guests walked in on a long red carpet flanked by dancers in traditional attire; Fulani, igbo, Yoruba, and Isoko, all performing different cultural steps to the rhythmic beat of bata, gangan, and ogene drums.
Inside, the hall was transformed.
The décor fused gold, emerald green, and rich maroon, symbolizing royalty, prosperity, and love.

Gigantic chandeliers hung above, surrounded by palm fronds and intricate bead-laced centerpieces.
LED screens played highlights of Sam's season, the legendary UEFA champions league run, and moments with Kayla.
The stage prepared for the couple was shaped like a traditional throne, backed with floral arches and bead-crafted initials; S $\&$ K.
And then, the grand entrance
Sam and Kayla arrived not in a car, but in a traditional palanquin, carried in by men dressed as royal guards to the sound of ululations, shouts of "Ovie!", and drums shaking the ground.
Sam was dressed line an Isoko prince; wine-red George wrapper, luxurious white laced shirt, red cap, and a golden staff. Around his neck, the heaviest coral beads gleamed like war medals.
Lamine Yamal beamed with endless fascination seeing the attire of his friend as he kept on taking pictures with a big smile on his face.
As for Kayla? She wore a dazzling golden blouse, two wrappers; one draped and one wrapped, a head tie, and coral beads.
Her smile? Pure pride and love. She was regal, queen of the continent for a day; it was her day.

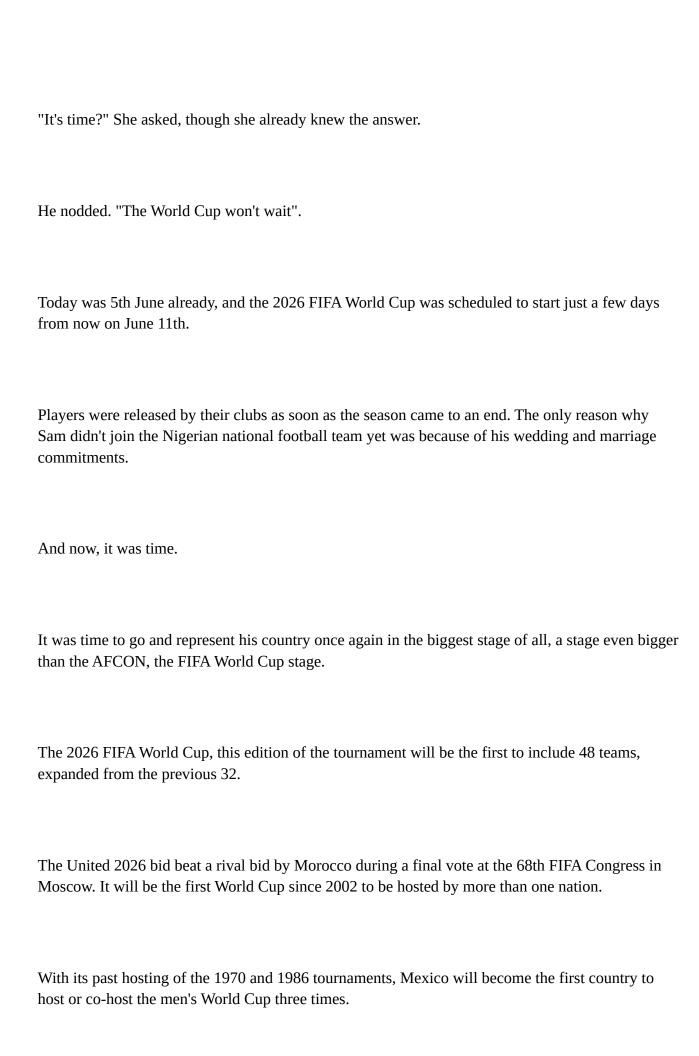
At first, it was uncomfortable but her endless fascination beat it.
She was glad to be Sam's queen of the world for tonight.
They descended to the floor as Flavour performed 'Ada Ada', followed by KCee's 'Limpopo', and the crowd went wild.
Even Barcelona players in attendance; Lewandowski, Pedri, Hansi Flick, and a few others were dressed in custom agbadas and tried their best dancing as naira, dollars, and euros rained from above.
It was crazy, and endlessly grandiose.
And most importantly, it was a feast.
The menu was a five-star buffet that celebrated Nigeria's diverse cuisine.
From the South, there was Oha soup, banga, jollof rice, goat meat, and ukwa. From the West, there was Amala with gbegiri and ewedu, asun, puff puff. From the North, there was Tuwo shinkafa with miyan kuka, kilishi, and masa.
Desserts featured plantain mosa, zobo cocktails, tiger nut smoothies, and palm wine in carved wooden cups.
It was beyond luxurious.

And then, the special guests took the show.
Burna Boy lit up the night with some of his hit songs, 'Last Last', 'Sittin' on Top of the World', and 'For My Hand', dominating the list.
Davido and Tiwa Savage performed a duet remix of 'Jowo'.
Victor Osimhen, Jay Jay Okocha, and Kanu Nwankwo were also spotted spraying cash on Sam and doing legwork to an explosion of cheers.
Nollywood stars like Genevieve Nnaji, Richard Mofe-Damijo, and Funke Akindele also graced the occasion, seated in front row seats.
The highlight of the night was the traditional wine carrying ceremony, where Kayla knelt before Sam with a cup of palm wine and found her husband among the crowd. She offered him the cup; he drank, then lifted her up in joy to the cheer of the entire hall.
Sam's mother gave an emotional speech in Isoko, thanking God, the ancestors, and the land for blessing her son and for bringing Kayla into their lives.
Of course, she spoke of Kayla glowingly.
She always loved her from day one.

Kayla's family responded in English, mixing in some awkward Isoko to laughs and applause from the audience, invoking joy and eternal peace upon the couple.
And then, the finale.
As the night reached its climax, fireworks burst into the Abuja sky, painting it in gold and green. From the heart of Nigeria, Sam and Kayla's love story echoed across the continent.
And a certain YouTube had new content for his YouTube channel.
It was a celebration of roots, unity, and the beauty of coming home.
And deep in Sam's heart, as he looked around at his people, his heritage, his wife it all felt right.
It was more than a wedding.
It was a coronation. Chapter 469: A final embrace in Abuja
The sun rose slow and golden over Jabi Lake, painting the surface of the water in soft amber hues. Mist rolled gently along the quiet shoreline, and birds called lazily from distant palms.
The villa, a private luxury escape nestled in the hills of Maitama, felt far from the noise and fanfare of the night before.



At this moment though, the staff knew to give them space, slipping in and out like ghosts.
After breakfast, they lay in the villa's infinity pool, floating side by side, watching the clouds drift lazily overhead. Kayla reached out and held his hand under the water, her fingers tracing circles on his palm.
"This place feels like a dream," she said softly.
He looked at her, memorizing the light in her eyes. "You're the dream".
She chuckled, blushing.
They returned inside, changed, and curled up together on the massive cream-colored couch. Kayla's head rested on Sam's chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.
Then, a knock.
Their manager entered gently, holding the travel case and the green and white Nigeria jersey with Sam's name boldly across the back and the No. 10.
The moment shattered like glass.
Kayla sat up slowly. Sam took the jersey in silence.

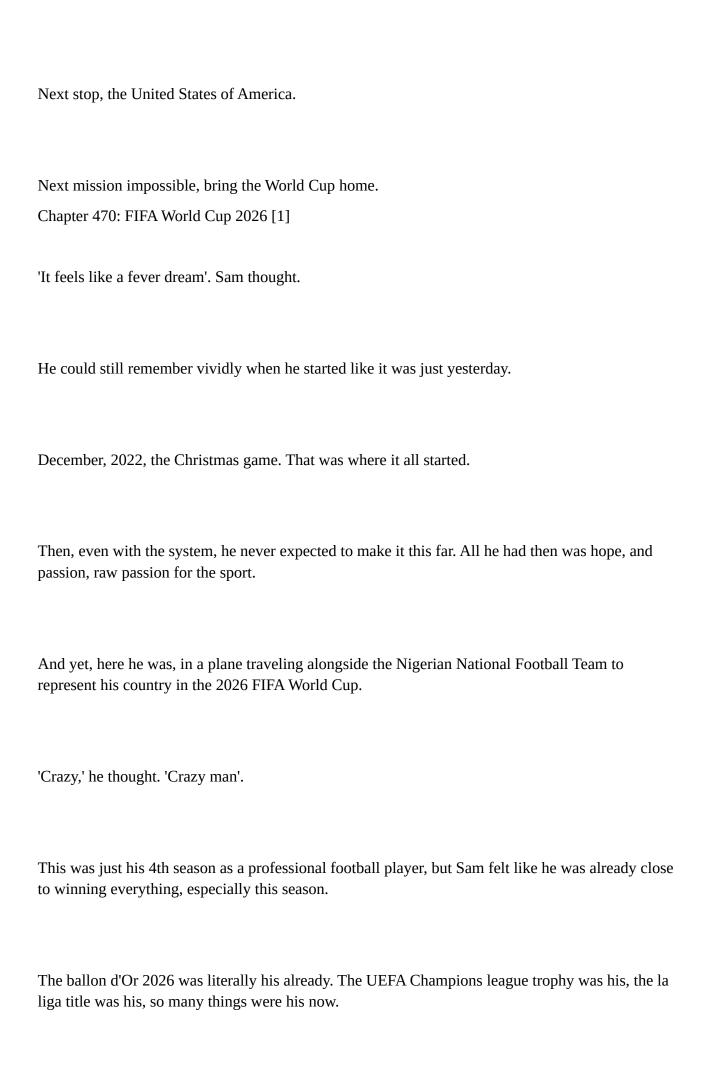


The United States last hosted the men's World Cup in 1994, whereas it will be Canada's first time hosting or co-hosting the men's tournament.
The event will also return to its traditional northern summer schedule after the 2022 World Cup in Qatar was held in November and December.
Kayla wanted her husband to stay with her and not leave, she wanted to enjoy her honeymoon, and yet she understood.
She understood just how ambitious of a man she married.
She knew just how driven he could be, almost making him seem like a mad man at times.
She managed a smile, though he eyes shimmered. "Go win it for us".
Sam cupped her cheek in turn. "For Nigeria. For you. For everything we are".
Their final kiss wasn't rushed. It was slow, intentional. A promise forged between lips. A seal that even time couldn't dissolve.
Then he turned, suitcase in one hand, jersey slung over his shoulder, and walked toward the waiting car. Kayla stood at the villa steps, watching him go, arms folded over her chest, the wind tugging at her curls.

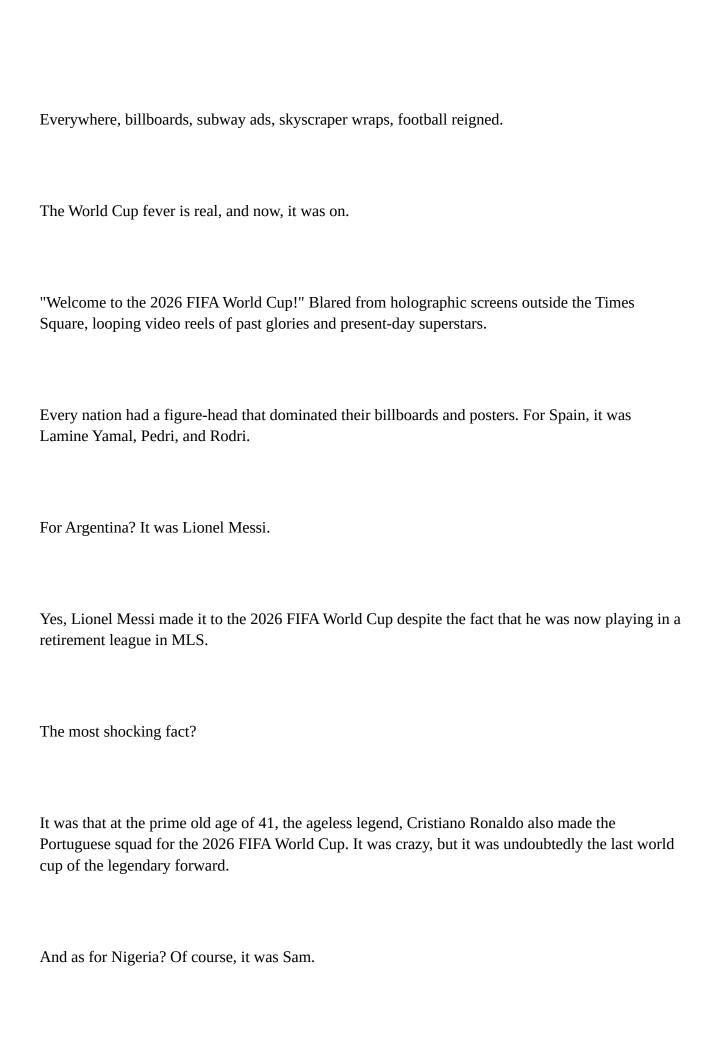
The car pulled away.
She didn't cry, not yet. Because she knew the world would be watching him now. And soon, the name Sam wouldn't just echo in Barcelona or Fulham or Lagos or Abuja.
Rather, it would thunder across the world.
But for now, in the stillness of that Abuja morning, she whispered to herself.
"My champion".
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Nnamdi Azikiwe International Airport, Abuja
The departures terminal buzzed with a quiet but unmistakable electricity. Cameras clicked, media crews loitered behind security barricades, and a modest crowd of fans clad in green, waving miniature flags, gathered to catch one last glimpse of their heroes before they soared toward destiny
Sam arrived in a dark-green tracksuit, his travel duffel slung casually over one shoulder. The familiar glint of the Nigerian Football Federation emblem gleamed on his chest.
The moment he stepped out of the black SUV, cheers rippled through the waiting fans.



He already led this team to win the AFCON already. If that alone was not enough to garner their respect, what he did with Barca this season was enough.
The flight attendants from Air Peace, their chartered carrier lined up respectfully. The boarding call came over the PA system, and a murmur went through the room.
They walked out onto the tarmac like kings heading to war, step by step under the hot Abuja sun, their green and white travel jackets catching the light, national pride stitched into every thread.
The plane was decorated with a bold –[Naija to the World]- emblem, flanked by soaring eagles. As the players boarded, the engines hummed to life.
Through the small terminal window, fans pressed their hands against the glass, singing.
"All we are saying Give us the cup!"
Inside the plane, the mood shifted to focus. Beats played low from a Bluetooth speaker. Some players closed their eyes, some tapped tactics on their tablets, others stared out the windows, watching Abuja shrink beneath them as the plane ascended into the clouds.
Sam looked out too.
One last glance at the homeland.



'Getting it won't be easy though'.
He relaxed on his seat. 'Winning the FIFA World Cup with Nigeria would be the most difficult task of my career, of my existence'.
'Can I?'
Then, he grinned. 'When did I start thinking of what if, if I can or not?'
'It doesn't matter'.
'If it is my will who dares to stop me?'
The moment Sam and the Nigerian squad stepped off their flight at John F. Kennedy International Airport, they were hit by a wave of noise, color, and kinetic energy that could only mean one thing; World Cup fever had devoured the United States whole.
The terminal was bursting with life.
Flags from every corner of the world fluttered in the air; from Brazilian samba colors to German black, red, and gold, to Nigeria's bold green and white, carried proudly by a sea of fans who had made the journey across continents.



'The King', he was dubbed in the banners and posters, his iconic Black Panther celebration frozen in midair, his name now one of global recognition.
The host cities, from New York to Lose Angeles, Atlanta to Houston, Kansas City to Miami were transformed into football citadels.
Fan zones filled public parks where giant screens awaited kickoff, surrounded by food trucks, live bands, street performers, and fans from dozens of nations chanting their country's names.
Hotels were overbooked.
Jerseys were sold out in minutes.
Children dribbled balls on sidewalks. Street corners became impromptu pitch battle zones; Ghanians facing Mexicans, Nigerians just being chill, Argentinians taunting Brazilians, laughter and rivalry in every chant.
In the Nigerian camp's hotel in Atlanta, their base city, a throng of supporters gathered outside.
They wore agbadas printed with Sam's face. Some had painted eagles across their cheeks, and they all sang a unified song, the song of victory. All the while, vuvuzelas echoed down Peachtree Street like war horns.
CNN, Sky Sports, ESPN, and SuperSport Nigeria all broadcast live around the clock. From team training sessions, to personal sessions with players, everything.

Sam's interviews ran in highlight loops.
"We're not just here to play. We're here to win. This is Africa's time".
And yet, at some point after determining that the interviews began to turn into a distraction, he spurned all interviews. He refused to take them, now fully zoned in on football with narrowed focus, will, and determination.
He was already locked in and in the zone state.
All the while, across social media, the world roared. Hashtags like #NaijaRising, #WorldCup2026, #SamTheSavior, and #BringItHome trended worldwide.
For the first time in decades in a world cup, Nigerians found their voice.
Even American networks leaned into the frenzy.
Fox Sports ran an exclusive called "The Super Eagles' Silent Storm," featuring Sam as the face of African ambition.
And yet, he didn't even show up for the show. Sam was focused on football.

While that happened, Nike also released a stirring promo. "From Lagos to Atlanta. From boy to King. This summer, we rise".
The night before the opening match, Sam stood on the hotel rooftop, overlooking Atlanta's skyline lit up in green and gold. Behind him, music pulsed from a celebratory event. Fireworks erupted in the distance.
He closed his eyes for a moment, taking it all in.
This was no longer just football.
This was war painted in joy. This was legacy in motion.
The world was watching.
And Sam?
He was ready.