

I AM the Football Star #Chapter 17 - 7: Attacking Defender, I Just Want to Win! (Part 2) - Read I AM the Football Star Chapter 17 - 7: Attacking Defender, I Just Want to Win! (Part 2)

Chapter 17: Chapter 7: Attacking Defender, I Just Want to Win! (Part 2)

"The defensive coordination between Morici and Lu Yang is simply telepathic. He even helped Lu Yang complete a central defender's replacement."

"In terms of offense, apart from that lightning attack at the beginning, almost all of San Remo's threatening attacks in the second half were initiated by Morici. His passes are very accurate!"

"The only pity is that Vedian's condition in this match wasn't very good. The opponent's right back was marking him throughout the game and constantly using physical play. Vedian's weakness is physical confrontation."

The commentator enthusiastically explained, and the coaches, coaching staff, and even fans of both teams could see the situation on the field.

Since Lu Yang and Morici came on, San Remo's defense has changed drastically. It's not impenetrable, but with Avellino's attacking power, they find it really hard to break through the defense led by Lu Yang.

After all, Avellino's offense isn't excellent; otherwise, they wouldn't be ranked 14th in the league.

However, similarly, as a match in the second half of the season, each team has a certain understanding of their opponents, making the second half often harder to play than the first.

This is particularly evident for Vedian.

Avellino completely froze Vedian.

And Vedian is currently the only threatening player on San Remo's front line.

Both sides lost their offensive capability!

As for Morici, although his passing is excellent, offense is different from defense. Defense is about destruction and can show results in a short time. But offense, especially organizing and initiating attacks, requires a lot of coordination and familiarity.

Morici does not have the capability to completely change the situation.

If Morici were not a midfielder but a forward, perhaps he could single-handedly transform San Remo's attacking strength, but he isn't!

This match, unsurprisingly, may very likely end in a one-to-one draw.

From both teams' performances on the pitch, clues can be observed.

Moreover, both teams' coaches and fans seem to be able to accept this result.

After all, in the first half of the season, San Remo lost the last four games. To draw now is already akin to having soup.

And Avellino is in a similar situation. As a direct competitor for relegation, grabbing a point is also not bad. The ones who truly get relegated are often the weak teams that easily give away three points, not the ones that fight for every single point.

Soon, the match progressed to the 88th minute.

Although there were no goals in the second half apart from at the start, this match was not unattractive.

Lu Yang's every rescue made adrenaline surge, and then his ball control was a bold art.

Similarly, although Vedian kept rolling, every time Morici sent him a brilliant pass, everyone still held hope.

The match was about to end.

Normally, both sides would aim for stability at this point, taking one point if they could.

But for those with a vested interest, the last few minutes are crucial.

"Morici!" Lu Yang shouted to Morici.

Morici turned his head to look into Lu Yang's eyes.

He understood Lu Yang's intention.

He nodded, then dribbled forward a few meters before passing the ball.

Seemingly still a passive pass, but after several times, everyone soon discovered that San Remo had already pushed their control range to Avellino's half. And San Remo's own defense line also reached the midfield.

As a counter-attacking team, it is rare to push the control area into the opponent's half.

This is unfavorable for the home forwards to sprint, as there is too little space, and speedsters can't fly.

Secondly, their defense line position is too high, making it easy for the opponents to counterattack.

This kind of mistake is not what a mature head coach should make.

Tom looked towards Sotu, noticing that Sotu showed no sign of anger but rather clenching his fists with excitement, seemingly anticipating something.

He murmured, "Yes, exactly like this. This is our football. To win, you have to dare to win. You have to dare to think!"

Listening to Sotu's mumbling voice, Tom covered his forehead.

This head coach seems somewhat abnormal.

Morici's press created pressure on Avellino's players.

Their midfielders tried to push Morici back, telling him, "Hey, kid, the match is ending; one to one is fine. Don't move forward; I still need to go home and tutor my kids after the game."

But unexpectedly, Morici didn't retreat at all. Instead, he maneuvered around them.

At the same time, Vedian quickly advanced in front.

The rest of San Remo's midfield and forward players had been alerted by Morici in earlier passes and all simultaneously surged forward at this moment.

A killing intention emerged abruptly!

Avellino's backfield descended into chaos.

Morici, after passing his opponent, found no obstacles on his way and once again arrived at the spot he reached at the start of the second half, the right edge of the arc of the penalty area.

Unfortunately, when he got there before, there was no one in front; he had ample time to shoot.

But this time, there were two central defenders ahead.

One lunged, and the other guarded against Morici's long shot.

Likewise, there was a midfielder chasing him from behind.

Morici was locked down.

"What a pity. Morici had a great idea. He didn't want to lose, and we could feel his unwillingness. This is the fighting spirit of young players!"

"But similarly, such behavior incurs a price. Now San Remo's defense line is too high. Once Morici loses the ball, Avellino can launch a counterattack. San Remo is in danger."

The fans were also discussing.

"In Morici's bones, there is an adventurous gene. Such a person is unsuitable to become a real midfield commander."

"Sorry, I disagree. I will always appreciate such indomitable players."

"But we need every point now!"

"Morici is excellent but too young; he still needs honing."

"San Remo has no time to polish him; we are about to get relegated!"

At that moment, Morici made his choice.

He pushed the ball to the left behind him.

The ball rolled to the left three meters outside of the top of the penalty arc.

There were no defenders there.

Morici attracted two central defenders and one midfielder.

Vedian drew away the opponent's right back and another midfielder.

Similarly, there were no San Remo players there either.

It looked like a useless pass intended just to avoid losing the ball, but it would inevitably end with the opponent's center-back picking it up in three seconds.

The center-back of Avellino who pressed forward turned to run towards the ball.

However, a scream made him shiver all over.

"Careful!" 11th midfield player following Morici issued a warning.

For a flash had just passed by him!

"My God, there's someone there, someone indeed!"

"Who is it? San Remo's midfield and forward players shouldn't have anyone left."

"It's not a midfield or forward player; it's a defender, a center-back! It's Lu Yang!"

"What? But he's a center-back; why is he here? Isn't he afraid of losing his position?"

"Does Sotu permit this tactical discipline?"

"How will Lu Yang deal with this ball?"

"Does he dare to shoot? No, he won't. He's just a center-back; he doesn't have that kind of shot."

"Maybe he'll pass back to Morici so that Morici can shoot?"

"Or perhaps pass to Vedian, and the latter tries his luck with a cross?"

Bang!

Under the eyes of countless people, Lu Yang fired a powerful non-stop shot, putting an end to those flights of fancy.

The ball soared high with great speed, full of power, and within the goalframe.

This was a high-quality shot, especially for a center-back.

But... the nearly thirty-meter distance made the shot easy to block, especially without anyone affecting the goalkeeper's vision.

The Avellino goalkeeper had already made his calculation and flew to save the shot.

This ball, he was definitely going to block!

But soon, his pupils contracted into a small dot.

He saw the ball suddenly drop in mid-air, pass under his arm, bounce off the ground, and head towards the net.

A white wave soon followed.

The next moment, the whole arena erupted in cheers!

"GOAL!!!"

"A world wave!"

"Lu Yang shoots, the ball is in!"

"This is a Rapid Descent Shot. The ball suddenly dropped in mid-air, the goalkeeper made a wrong judgment and couldn't stop it at all!"

"Spectacular, it's a deadly finish!"

"He killed the match. Let us shout his name... Lu!"

Everyone shouted: "Lu!"