

I AM the Football Star

#Chapter 5 - 2: Iconic Goal Scene, Logging-Style Shooting - Read I AM the Football Star Chapter 5 - 2: Iconic Goal Scene, Logging-Style Shooting

Chapter 5: Chapter 2: Iconic Goal Scene, Logging-Style Shooting

"You guessed it right, our team conceded a total of forty-six goals in the first half of the season." As a central defender, Lu Yang paid a lot of attention to the first team's defensive performance, casually quoting various statistics.

"Hahaha!" Sotu laughed wildly again, even bending over with laughter.

Watching Sotu's unrestrained and arrogant laughter, Lu Yang and Maniero exchanged a glance, both wanting to tell Sotu, buddy, you're about to become the fool. Concede forty-six goals in half a season, are you ready to tremble?

But they held it in.

Because sometimes, only the cruel truth you discover for yourself is truly cruel.

...

Ninety minutes of match time quickly passed.

The Butcher Team began to shrink back into their half, no longer launching attacks.

Firstly, it was because they lacked a powerful and excellent attacking core like Maniero.

Sotu wasn't up to the delicate task.

Secondly, because playing defense exhaustingly requires a lot of energy, while the traditional possession play conserves energy.

Sotu was already old, and in the second half, his area of defensive sweeping clearly shrank, thus liberating Maniero to start controlling possession and managing the game.

Thirdly, it was because of Sotu's yellow card.

Fourthly, as it was just an exhibition match, a 2-2 score was quite perfect, and nobody would lose face. Since it wasn't a life-or-death match, why fight to the last minute?

Soon, of the three-minute injury time, one minute had already passed.

At this moment, Maniero and Lu Yang, who had proactively returned to support in midfield, exchanged a glance.

"You know, in my encounters with Sotu, I was almost always the winner. Even during the most miserable times when he blocked me, I never lost." Maniero said, "But in the last match of my career, Sotu won against me."

Lu Yang looked at Maniero and understood what he meant: "You want to win back?"

Maniero nodded: "If you can help me win this match, I will persuade Sotu to let you join the first team for official matches! Only by participating in real matches can you be called a professional player!"

Lu Yang's pupils shrank.

He was tempted.

Although he was confident he could move up to the first team next season without Maniero's recommendation. After all, through this match's test, he had a good understanding of his own God's Perspective, foundational teamwork in defense, ball control basics, and basic tackling.

Once he mastered these things, he could quickly become a rock-solid budding central defender star.

There's no reason he couldn't make it.

Even if he was slightly shorter, as a full-back or defensive midfielder, he should have a place in San Remo.

But if he could join the first team in the second half of the season, why wouldn't Lu Yang make a bid for it?

"You said it!" Lu Yang winked at Maniero, then gestured for Maniero to pass the ball over.

Maniero's eyes asked, are you sure?

You have someone behind you!

Lu Yang gestured reassuringly, just pass it with confidence.

In that split second, with a snap, the Messi Moment Card in Lu Yang's mind shattered.

In an instant, a force surged into Lu Yang's body, giving him unprecedented control over his body.

Not only his body, but even the soccer ball about to roll over felt like a part of his body.

At the same time, Lu Yang also realized which classic moment this Moment Card of Messi's he had acquired referred to.

In the early morning of September 24, 2018, Barcelona VS Girona!

"Have you heard of Messi?" Lu Yang asked.

Maniero looked puzzled, what Messi, is there such a person in football?

He shook his head.

"Well, you better watch carefully, because from now on, it's Messi's showtime!" Lu Yang said, then lifted his heel and tapped the ball.

The soccer ball nutmegged Sotu's legs, who was rushing in from behind.

At the same time, Lu Yang spun around and sprinted past Sotu.

Nutmeg spin and dash!

"F*ck! This kid can really see behind him!" Sotu cursed angrily, quickly chasing after him.

Due to his missed position, the Butcher Team's midfield was completely exposed.

Lu Yang charged straight ahead and soon reached the position right in front of the top of the penalty arc.

From this position, defenders dared not recklessly slide tackle.

"He can shoot with his left foot!"

Sotu reminded his teammates from behind.

Meanwhile, Lu Yang's dribbling rhythm swiftly slowed down.

His dribbling wasn't good, previously he dribbled with big gaps, kicking the ball far ahead and then chasing it, devoid of technical skill.

So when he slowed down, it only meant one thing.

He was going to shoot!

Sotu now regretted his earlier lessons to Lu Yang, why did he encourage him to shoot decisively.

At Lu Yang's skill level, one more dribble and the ball would definitely get lost.

The Butcher Team's left-back immediately flopped down, ready to block the shot.

This is the professional quality of an excellent defender, even if long retired, when facing the opponent's shot, the first instinct is always to use the body to block the gun's line.

pe...

That anticipated bang sound did not occur.

Because... Lu Yang did not shoot!

He was just dribbling sideways, looking for a shooting opportunity.

His slowing down was just changing his dribbling rhythm from wide dribbles to tight control, step by step.

Every step could touch the ball, yet not necessarily did each step make contact.

This peculiar dribbling rhythm made the defenders' hearts tighten.

Could he be a master?

Approaching the top of the arc position.

Lu Yang's shoulder suddenly dropped, his steps slightly larger.