

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 135: Passive Play

"What are you doing here?" Rana crossed her arms in a way to control her impulsive emotions right now.

"I'm the current coach of this team," Pol shrugged, "I've volunteered to lead such a glorious team to the league. Do you have a problem with that?"

"..."

Rana didn't give him any attention while turning to glance at the referee. "It happened right after scoring a goal and clearly this was intentional."

"Your boy needs to learn how to control himself after scoring," Pol sneered as he talked again instead of the referee, "this isn't a child's game y'know."

"Humph, I wasn't speaking to you," Rana said before turning to the referee, "and I didn't yet hear the call of you."

"It's a foul," the referee firmly said, "but it requires only a warning," he turned to the player who did that and added, "this is your last warning, any more of these underhanded actions and I'll have to send you off."

"Sorry referee," the ace said with zero honesty, "I promise to watch out next time."

"You better do," the referee said, "now check your ace and if he can't continue then you have a decision to make. You got five minutes."

Rana kept glaring at the referee while Pol moved with his face towards her while raising five fingers with a wide smile over his face.

"Oh fairies! How much I'd love to punch that dirty face and slap it now!" Rana gritted her teeth before turning to her team, "go and check over him, I doubt such a fall would cause much harm to him."

In fact she knew he was fine, only acting over there while giving her the chance to crush the other team. However this came in the total opposite result and the ace just got away without much punishment as Jim and she hoped.

"Is he... really fine?" Rick asked in much doubt while glancing over the motionless Jim.

"He is just playing dead," Rana sighed, "go and shake him a little and show some concern before he could return to the field again."

The team was speechless for a moment before Deno and Rick moved first before others. "I never thought he was feigning it," Kro sighed.

"The best trick is the one your closest would believe," Rana said before turning her gaze towards a certain direction, "it's bad that the damned giant appeared to spoil the fun."

Kro didn't know what to say and she only motioned him to move on towards Jim.

Jim was playing dead on the ground yet he heard every single word that was said back there. He was enraged by Pol's actions yet he couldn't do a thing to him.

And his little play that he perfected at the right time didn't earn him much.

'At least he is warned,' he sneered, 'next time I'll make sure he will be suspended for half a match at least.'

'That giant is funnier than what you think,' the old man suddenly said, 'you need to prepare yourself for a bitter match.'

``I'm ready for losing this match, old man," Jim muttered, ``but I would gladly accept that on condition of raising the morale of my team.'

'If I were you,' the old man suddenly started to talk more than before, 'I would focus on forming a pattern of play here.'

'A pattern of play?'

'Like starting with the tankers and passing the ball to the hitters, or using the decoys first then tankers then hitters. This is a pattern, and pattern birth habit and a sense of familiarity for your team players to reside when things go south at any time.'

'Hmm... is it like a tactic?'

'Tactic is meant to score goals,' the old man said without giving a clear answer.

'And this pattern?'

'It provides security and a sense of superiority in the game,' he said, 'but without proper tactics this pattern is useless.'

'I have a tactic.'

'And it's a good one indeed,' the old man laughed, 'but you lack a pattern and now you need to think of one.'

'I'll... just improvise it then.'

'Good call,' the old man said and then went to his hiding place once again.

"Are you alright?"

Jim opened his eyes after three minutes of being surrounded and checked by his team. He glanced at the doubtful face of Deno and nodded. "Sorry to make you worry," he simply said these words, "it's time for us to go back and play."

"Damn... I swear I'll hit you when we return home," Kro was still enraged, "you made me sick, worried over you man!"

"It had to be done," Jim said. "After all, if their ace is expelled for half a match then they are forced to defend for the entire period."

They all got his meaning and suddenly their clouded minded lit up with the realization of his goal from the beginning.

"That giant... I really hate him right now!" Rick turned to glance at Pol who stood outside the pitch, surrounded by the opponent team players while speaking in strange excitement to them.

"What could he possibly do?" Deno sneered, "we are now tied and the game returned to the start point once more."

"And we really outdid them in this goal," Gordan laughed and the others nodded in agreement.

"Don't underestimate this sly giant," Jim stood up, "I'm pretty sure he would give them really dirty plans to use against us."

"Like they did to me and you," Pat said while touching his head, "that hit still aches me."

"We need to be extra careful from now on," Jim said, "follow my lead, we'll first absorb their impulsive attack and draw them to our half of the field."

"Then?" Rick asked, "this way our tankers will be much pressured."

"Don't worry about that," Jim said, "I have a plan already."

He was bluffing, but they all believed in him. He saw the hope rising exponentially in their faces and that was what he hoped to see.

"I just pray this won't backfire on me," he sighed before returning to the game field once more under the excited screams of the commentator.

"The ace just stood up and walked directly back... he is fine, he isn't hurt, he is back in the game and now the true game will start after five minutes of pause."

"What now?" Lim asked.

"Just attack normally and try to get the ball," Jim said while glancing over the formation that didn't change much from before... Two hitters, seven tankers, and one ace.

As for Jim's team they had the initial line up they started the game with according to Rana's arrangement.

"They don't use a decoy," Lim said, "are they going to defend again?"

"I doubt they won't," Jim glanced shortly at Pol, "that man doesn't like direct plays and enjoys games so much."

He recalled everything he knew about Pol and started to link the dots. A man who was so savage yet a very fan of toying with his enemies... that was what he had in mind about Pol.

"So... this is a fake plan?" Kro asked.

"Just attack regularly and try to take the ball back," Jim said before meddling in between the three decoys here.

"Shouldn't we bring more hitters then?" one of the decoys asked.

"No need, they are enough. Now listen..." Jim started to tell the three his entire plan and the next moment he started to whisper to the three what they were supposed to do.

"Start!" the referee shouted and the next moment the ball moved back from the ace who sent it towards the rear tankers.

"They want to draw us to their side," Jim smiled, "bad for them we won't fall for that trick."

The three hitters moved fast towards the front while the ball kept bouncing from one side to another, never moving an inch outside the tankers' zone.

"Should we move to help?" Rick asked while the four Jims turned to him and said in unison, "keep yourself there for now."

Rick raised one eyebrow in surprise to that weird response while those watching this scene felt real amused.

"Who is the real ace? Who are the decoys? Can anyone tell? Good move coach," the commentator shouted in excitement while he was truly amused by this trick. "And the ball is still captive at the tankers' zone... are they planning to stand there all day or what?"

The three hitters were trying their best to take the ball, yet the number of the tankers made their task nearly impossible.

"Should we call them back?" Deno asked and the next thing he got was for the four Jims to say: "keep yourself there for now."

"This..."

It was obvious now that anyone asks anything for Jim, the four Jims will respond with this fixed answer. Despite it making it hard to tell who the real Jim was, it made the scene look more hilarious to the audience and that commentator.

"I ask for a warning for passive play!"

All of sudden Rana shouted from the sideline, "they took too much without trying to score, it's passive play referee."

"They are tankers, their role isn't to score," Pol shouted.

"It's not our problem coach," Rana sneered, "you should replace them and make hitters enter and play like any proper team would do."

"Humph."

"A warning is given," the referee stepped in before Pol could turn this into another scene, "Coach of the Geritemesse team is warned, your team will have the ball for only twenty seconds starting from now. If they don't aim to score and continue to play passively, the ball will be lost to the opponent team."