

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 145: Deno's Brutality

"Medic!" Rana's shout was heard even from that far away. Jim was already too exhausted plus deeply injured in his legs.

Yet he stood up, slowly depending on Pat who was the fastest to reach him first before others.

"Are you ok?" Pat was worried, "shouldn't you move? Shouldn't you rest?"

"It's alright," Jim smiled, "at least we got our goal."

"It's you who did it," Kro said before everyone started to gather around their captain, "you shouldn't have taken it this far."

"I had to," Jim glanced over their shoulders towards the angry looking silver Tankoss players, "they are deeply frustrated now."

"But you were reckless," Rana reprimanded, "how can we play now? Your injury... let me check it."

She turned fast to check his exposed knees. There were two big blue bruises starting to appear. "I'm not an expert but this is looking slightly awful," she muttered.

"Can he play?" Deno asked.

"Can he walk again?" Ashley asked with a few tears swelling up her eyes.

"Don't think useless matters now," Rana stood up as she added, "he is standing on his own despite the injury... I believe he just needs some rest."

"Then we should forfeit the game," Rick firmly said.

"No way," yet Jim answered in a firmer tone, "I didn't take all that trouble to just abandon the game. I wasn't trying to prove anything to anyone, I just wanted to win the game, and we will win it at any cost."

"But..." Ashley said again in a stuttered tone.

"Please land on the ground," two masters with red hair with fire sparks appeared from there. "Let us check you first."

Rana nodded to them before pushing everyone a couple of meters to the back. The referee came and glanced in silence towards Jim while the male and female medic masters started to check the bruises before they exchanged looks and nodded.

The next moment they carried him and went outside the field. "We need to treat his injuries fast so he can play," the male master said, "give us five minutes."

"And the game?" Rick turned to the referee while Saga asked in urgency:

"Is he going to be alright?"

"He is deeply hurt, but we'll do what we can," the female master said before the two went far towards the end of the field.

"You have two minutes before starting the game again," the referee said before turning around.

"Stop right there Mollack," Rana shouted, "my boy was hurt and you won't even give him the proper time to heal?"

Mollack stopped for a second before continuing to walk, "despite admiring his brave actions and marvelous play, they didn't break any rule to be punished and I have to follow the rules to the letter... two minutes Rana and try to stall time for your ace to return."

Rana stood there with a burning face before glancing at the other team with deep hatred. "Listen up," she suddenly turned to her team, "he gave us one point and until he returns this point won't be lost... Do you understand?"

The team felt a wave of heat erupting magically inside their bodies and they all shouted in unison:

"Aye aye coach!"

"Good," Rana turned to walk towards the direction the two masters took Jim to, "I'll make a switch and we'll play with a compact defense formation."

"Leave it to me," Rick shouted in confidence before turning to his teammates, "you

heard our coach, and saw what our captain did for us... we'll show him we aren't losers and make all his efforts to be for nothing."

"I will defend that damned line like I'm fighting for my life," Deno said in a strong tone and strangely intimidating aura.

"Well said big man," Tina said before giving everyone a deep glance, "we will cheer you all, and make sure if they scored a single goal I swear I won't stop until Jim kicks those responsible off our group!"

Her words were followed by a unified nodding from the other three girls while Linda stood to the side, watching all this with conflicted emotions and deep frown over her face.

"You don't need to do that," Kro said in savage tone, "if anyone failed us here I swear to kick his ass myself until the end of the academy walls!"

"Me too!" Deno swore and everyone else just nodded.

"And the Fairesse team is returning to the field... believe me folks, we aren't watching juniors entering the game field... they are dragons walking directly to a war," the commentator screamed the moment the team entered the field.

He wasn't exaggerating, as from their looks anyone could tell they were going to a war not a mere game.

"Are the two teams ready?" the referee asked before throwing the ball high, "start!"

This time the ball acquiring battle was intense, not passive and easy like the first time. The giant of the Tankoss team jumped high while Kro didn't give him the chance to seize the ball without a fierce competition.

"Stay away you weak brat," the other player shouted in rage while using his body to press hard over Kro, yet Kro didn't surrender to his pressure and pushed with all his might.

For the audience this simple jump looked like a mighty fight between two giants. Strength was in favor for the giant player but Kro was already filled with an immense amount of adrenaline and endless desire to win.

"It's mine!"

The ball finally was seized by Kro who simply touched it using his sword, sending it off fast towards the backline.

"Screw you loser," the other player didn't reside to this result and the next instant he moved fast after the ball.

And he wasn't the only one doing so, as everyone else moved after him from his team, following his steps and finally attacking.

"It's one of the rare times I ever saw the Tankoss team of the old attacking... this is a rare occasion and that tells it all about how they are feeling right after being scored with that brilliant solo performance of my boy," the commentator shouted in mockery while massive boos came from the audience the next instant.

"Keep it rolling," Rick shouted as the ball reached Deno.

"Not yet," yet he didn't follow his orders and started to sprint fast.

"What are you doing?" many shouted, including the commentator yet Deno was already not hearing any of their shouts.

He decided to act and this was one of the rare times for him to stand for something, or someone... he never did so even for himself.

"Deno... pass the ball," Lim shouted as he tried to move fast to aid him.

However Deno was already passing the first quarter of the field and that made him be the entire focus of the entire Tankoss team.

"What is he planning to do?" the commentator asked, "I hope he doesn't get hot headed by what happened to my boy... but frankly even I was pushed over the edge by what just happened, imagine what his friends are feeling right now."

"This ball is mine!"

A giant hitter appeared in front of Deno while waving his big mace-like weapon towards Deno's head. For everyone they imagined that mace decapitating Deno's head and that pushed fear deep inside their souls.

Yet Deno had another opinion...

"Stay the hell out of my way!" he suddenly had his muscles bulge all of a sudden and a strange and ancient strength was summoned at this brief moment.

In front of the descending mace and the giant, Deno pushed them all like an indestructible rock and slammed heavily to the player's chest, sending off flying while

he kept himself running.

"Let's score a goal," he suddenly roared and even the entire audience reacted with a mighty wave of a deafening cheer, "let's score it in our captain style."

His sudden shout made the entire team jolt awake and realize his aim. "Yeah, let's do it," Rick yelled while raising his fist in the air and started to run after Deno.

"That tanker... this team... on I'm feeling happy for my boy to have such team alongside him," the commentator said in deep appreciation before screaming with a very loud tone all of sudden, "they are going for a g- o- o- o- o- o- oal! Did you hear that, my boy? They are valiants, no less than you!"

Jim was on the sideline watching what his team was doing. "They are getting infected by your rashness," the male master said, attracting Jim's attention, "yet that rashness is something any great team should have."

Jim smiled for this praise and didn't speak. He watched Deno moving as fast as he could and this time two tankers moved to intercept him.

"Stay the hell away!" Yet he screamed again, summoning his deeply sealed strength and bringing a terrorizing might that vanished from the face of this world for so long.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

The two defenders were thrown into the air without being able even to stop that train.

"A Bulltor is showing off his ancestor's might... a legend we all heard and feared of their scary night time tales is showing itself in front of us right now," the commentator screamed in extreme excitement, "call me crazy but right now I'm feeling excited and very happy to see such strength coming forth again in this game!"

The audience started all of a sudden to cheer out loud the name of Deno. The name reverberated all over the stadium, shaking even the depth of soul of Deno and moving something buried deeply there.

"Stay the f*ck out of my way!!" He kept shouting every time he faced a player of the other team.

"Pass the ball, dammit!" Yet Kro was running now beside him, "you aren't the only one who can do it."

"Show me then," Deno threw the ball all of sudden, "no, show him," and he pointed towards the half sitting Jim out of the pitch.

"For Jim... For our team... For our captain!" The moment Kro was faced with a tanker he screamed with these mottos before starting to take wide jumps all of sudden then he slammed heavily towards the tanker like a cannonball.

"Boom!" and that player was sent flying like others alongside his shield while Kro continued to run the moment his legs landed on the ground.

"Yeah, go for it... go for a goal!" and the commentator seemed to be flying in the air from what he was seeing on the field.