

Football 132

Chapter 132 Eagles vs Crocodiles

The game soon restarted after the Eagles changed the score sheet in a matter of seconds. The Crocodiles players although slightly shaken, didn't take long for them to enter their own rhythm. With their 341 formation, they utilised their numerical advantage in midfield and started becoming more aggressive.

Their tackles were hard and sharp letting their opponent know that they meant business in this game. The referee didn't see the need to control the rising tensions of the game as all tackles remained fair. The Eagles were not to be outdone though as the midfield trio kept a compact formation forcing the opponents to use the flanks.

It was during one of their failed attempts to break through the middle, that the Number 7 of the east river crocodiles decided to go on a run along the left wing. Grabbing the loose ball after Ben blocked a through ball from his team's captain he immediately headed wide towards the flank. In the first five minutes of the game, he had noticed that the opposing team's number seven's defensive coverage was pretty small so he accelerated down that flank.

True to his expectation a quick stop-and-go was all that he needed to get past him. Dribbling down the flank he met the defensive charge of Logan side-stepping in an attempt to guide him down the flank. However, at this point, he had already built up enough speed that the defender might as well be a moving cone.

Just as Logan reached within a meter of him and stretched his hand out to make contact with him he dragged the ball back with his left foot. His movement came to a sudden stop, and he feint going across the defender with a dip of the shoulder forcing him to readjust his stance. However, that was only a bait to create an opening for him and it did the trick as he accelerated down the wing after knocking the ball that way with his right foot.

Logan could only watch the number seven-run past him as he tried his best to regain his balance. None of this mattered to the winger though as he quickly reached the edge of the box ready to mount an attack. Looking in the box he spotted his team's striker tightly marked by one of the opposing team's defenders.

Knowing that it would be tricky for his cross to connect with his teammate he chose to go all the way as he entered the box. However, he quickly changed his mind after noticing how close the eagle's central defender had gotten to him. Knowing that he couldn't utilise his speed to accelerate past him since there wasn't enough space he chose to bet on his teammate.

He faked a shot in an attempt to throw off the defender, then played a quick pass to his teammate, who had darted towards the penalty spot. The striker took one touch to control the ball and another to shoot whilst doing his best to hold off Ryan. But his attempt didn't reach its intended goal and was blocked by the keeper's outstretched leg.

The ball ricocheted high into the air back towards the edge of the box. The winger, who had continued his run was presently surprised to find himself in a favourable position. Knowing he had to act fast as two defenders closed in on him, he took a chance and attempted a scissor kick.

The Ball sliced through the air as the winger executed a sloppy scissor kick. However, the adrenaline he was feeling allowed him to connect his right foot with the ball. But the shot he was expecting never appeared as he swung his foot with too much power sending the ball out of the pitch.

The crowd groaned as the ball flew out of bounds, but the winger couldn't help but giggle at his own blunder. He turned around to face his teammates with a sheepish grin and shrugged his shoulders. His teammate gave him an encouraging thumbs up, though he could see the disappointment in their eyes. They had come so close to scoring, and he wasted it by trying something he wasn't ready for.

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Following the dangerous chance that the opposition had created the Eagle's player started to pay more attention to the defensive end. This resulted in the midfield becoming more congested with Rakim often dropping back from the front to link up with his midfield.

Often times possession of the ball would change as soon as it crossed the halfway line. It was during one of these moments of chaos that Finn took control of the ball. After performing a borderline risky slide tackle, he managed to steal the ball from the crocodile's left midfielder.

Springing up from the ground he charged forward looking to create a chance for his team. Skilfully sprinting past an oncoming midfielder, he let his adrenalin-fuelled instincts guide him. Both Tom and Rakim sensing a potential opportunity for their team to score another goal quickly sprang into action.

While Finn's eyes were fixated on heading towards the goal, Tom decided to stay central and look for a chance to get involved in the play. Whereas Rakim chose to peel off towards the left wing dragging a defender with him as he waited for an opportunity to pierce into the box.

As Finn reached the edge of the box, he spotted his Tom, making a run towards the penalty spot. With a swift pass before one of the opposing midfielders could interfere, he delivered the ball to his feet. Tom, with his quick reflexes, managed to control the ball adeptly despite the pressure from the crocodile's defender.

Knowing he didn't have much time in this situation he turned his head to quickly gauging the situation. In an instant, he decided to go for the goal, especially after noticing that none of his teammates were in an advantageous position. Plus, with the goalkeeper rushing towards him and narrowing the angle he knew he had to act fast.

Without a moment's hesitation, he half-turned and unleashed a powerful shot towards goal. The ball left his feet flying towards the top corner of the net, at a tricky trajectory that seemed destined for a goal. However, the goalie dressed in yellow had other plans showcasing unnatural levels of agility as he lunged after the ball.

In a stunning display of athleticism resembling a cat, he leapt into the air stretching his arms to the fullest, enough for his fingertips to just grazing the ball. This little touch was enough to offset the ball's flightpath as it ricocheted off the crossbar and then bounced harmlessly outside the goal line. Seeing the ball not go in the east river players heaved a sigh of relief knowing they escaped falling further behind in this game.

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'Hey Eva, where do you think I should place this cross,' I asked her after placing the ball on the corner spot. It's more or less the tenth minute so it's not like this is a crucial set piece but since the system wants me to assist three goals I might as well make the most of it.

[Y'know I'm not going to tell you that so why do you bother to ask?] She responded unimpressed at my attempt to get her to help me. Then again, it's not like I really need her advice as my goal sense coupled with a bird's eye view is acting up at this moment.

In the box, Ole and Tom drew the most attention with how tall they were and if it was anyone else, they would probably send the ball in their paths. However, in the corner of my view, I spotted Max close to the edge of the box, ready to make a run-in. Knowing his habits to run towards the back post when it comes to corners it linked perfectly to where my goal sense is luring me to.

Taking three steps back I raised my hand to signal that I was ready but the players in the box didn't care as the chaos in the box only intensified. Ignoring them I took a deep breath before quickly closing up on the ball. In one motion I swung my left foot similar to the snapping of a whip towards the ball.