

Football 146

Chapter 146 Vs St Arthur's Prep (2)

The number nine promptly angled his run from the left side of the box not bothering to wait for Logan to catch up. Ole was there to meet him ready to close him down blocking off his path to the middle of the box. The St Arthur's number nine didn't mind the extra pressure as he promptly swung his foot sending a powerful shot at the near post.

The ball drew a sharp angle just narrowly missing the outstretched feet of Ole who came sliding in, in the hopes of stopping his shot. The ball flew at an awkward angle heading straight for the top left corner of the goal. However, Mike who was already guarding his near post easily managed to bring his gloves to the ball deflecting it out for a corner kick.

A Burst of relief could be heard by the home team players and supporters after having survived that dangerous situation. The danger wasn't fully gone though as the Saints quickly got set for their corner kick. Almost all of their players flooded the Eagles penalty box leaving only two defenders at the halfway line to watch out for a counter.

It didn't take them long to get set for the corner kick and chaos started to brew within the Eagle's box as both team's players fought for favourable positions. The one to execute the set piece was the opposing team's left back who promptly raised his hand upon getting the officials go ahead. The next moment he sent a curved cross into the box along the six-yard line right into the mass of bodies in the box.

Jake Smith who was close to the front post was the first player to rise into the air to meet the oncoming ball. Outmuscling his marking assignment, he stretched out his neck as far as he could trying his best to connect with the ball. However, he came up just a few inches short missing the ball by a hair breath.

The ball took a sharp descent after passing over the head of Jake entering the pack of players as chaos ensued. Bodies of players wrestled with each other trying their best to be the first to reach the ball.

With a stroke of luck, the Saint's number six close to the back post was the first to get to the ball after it bounced off a few guys in the middle.

It was like a pie had fallen from the sky as the ball appeared in his path for his taking and all he had to do was shoot. Not wanting to take a touch since he could practically feel everyone's eyes focus on him, he promptly swung his foot at the oncoming ball. However just as his foot made contact with the ball, he felt something jerk his shoulder causing him to lose his balance and fall to the ground.

Only when he landed on the ground and watched his shot go wide did he make eye contact with the culprit of his slip-up? Looking down on him was Ryan who was raising his hands to indicate his innocence. His superb acting almost convinced the saint's number six that maybe he imagined the tug on his shoulder. However, his mood quickly turned sour upon remembering the sitter he had just missed.

Jumping up from the ground he angrily pushed Ryan back forcing him to take a few steps back. One could clearly see just how angry he was, and Ryan's pleading didn't help matters only serving to enrage him further. Before the situation could escalate any further the referee blew his whistle warning the players to calm down unless they wanted to risk punishment.

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"Ref that due is crazy, I swear I didn't do anything, and he just went ballistic, I think he might have mental problems," Ryan exclaimed with clear distress on his face as he quickly approached the stern-looking official. The number six and the officials who were involved in this incident had completely different reactions to his words.

The ref was stupefied by his words not expecting the child in front of him to start rambling after he called them over. In his years of experience of officiating youth matches, never had a child so

convincingly spout nonsense in front of him. However, the more he listened to his words he subconsciously started to question the validity of the boy's words.

Whilst the official was having an inner battle the saint's number six was livid, after all, Ryan was blatantly insulting him. Already angry at missing the open goal because of this guy and now he was listening to him insult him. It took all his self-control to not outright punch him in the face. Better judgment won over him as he bowed his fist with all his strength using the slight pain to keep him from escalating the situation.

"Maybe it's not safe with such a player here he might lose it and start a brawl." Ryan continued speaking not noticing the weird atmosphere he was creating. However, he instinctively took a step away from the number six to further display his worries.

He wasn't done speaking though as his worry-filled expression intensified to panic as he quickly escalated his warnings. "I better call the police just in case, do you think they would let me pre-book a room in the hospital since I don't know how to fight." Upon hearing his words, the saint's number six finally lost it jumping to wards Ryan ready to give him a piece of his mind. Luckily for Ryan, the ref was quick to react separating them before it could get physical.

"See what I mean?" Ryan commented after being spoked by the number six seemingly not expecting him to suddenly attack him. Seeing Ryan's innocent look as if he had seemingly unveiled a secret the ref fought back the urge to slap himself to check if he was dreaming. "Kid stop talking, you are getting a yellow be more careful in your actions," The official told Ryan with an exasperated expression. He didn't want to talk with this troublesome kid any longer as he could feel a migraine coming about.

Quickly taking out his card he gave Ryan a yellow card and the number six got a warning from him. Not planning on delaying the match any longer he quickly shooed away the players who had gathered and signalled for a saint's penalty. The Eagles players tried to argue with the ref with Ryan being the most vocal, but he was having none of it.

A few moments later the saint's number nine stood over the ball in front of the penalty spots intently focusing on Mike in-between the sticks. The keeper himself was frantically jumping around and waving his hands attempting to put him off. Taking a deep breath, the striker confidently took a couple of strides back.

[Wheeeet]

With the sound of the whistle, the number nine speedily closed in on the resting ball looking to fire it into the back of the net. That was exactly his plan as he forcefully swung his right foot sending the ball towards the right side of the goal. The ball left his foot in a straight line like an arrow that left its string. Before Mike even had the chance to react the ball recreated against the inside of the right post and curled into the back of the net.

With a goal scored the Saint's players immediately took off celebrating the fact they had taken the lead in the first ten minutes of play. The supporters of the away team also let their support be known as they cheered for their players. Whilst this was happening the eagles could only hang their heads in disappointment. .