

## Football 147

### Chapter 147 Vs St Arthur's Prep (3)

In the 12th minute, the Eagles restarted the game with a quick kick-off as Tom calmly sent the ball back to his midfielders. Max was the one to receive it and he seemed to be debating whether to initiate a quick attack or to play it safe with a pass back. His indecision turned into determination upon spotting someone on the sidelines.

The someone he spotted was a beautiful redhead girl sitting at the side of the field in the front row with an older woman with similar looks. That seemed to be all the encouragement he needed as he scooped up the ball with his foot and charged forward. He nimbly manoeuvred past the approaching striker who had charged at him officially announcing the start of his attack.

Tom seeing Max charging forward followed suit looking to provide a passing option for the winger. Max didn't seem to be looking for a passing option though as he dribbled the ball diagonally towards his familiar right flank. Before he could pick up speed through one of the Saints midfielders came sliding into his path with both legs outstretched.

Luckily for Max, he seemed to be able to anticipate the boy's action and reached just in time to stop the ball and move out of the midfielder's path. Displaying some quick thinking he moved the ball to his left foot and manoeuvred around the midfielder. Continuing on the speedily dribbled the ball forward looking as if he wanted to go all the way.

However just as he was about to reach the edge of the box, he was forced to change direction. The saints left back who had been slowly backing off chose to stand him up thus forcing him to perform quick evasive manoeuvres. Using a quick step over and a change of direction he turned toward the top of the key.

Spotting Tom there with his back to the goal he played a quick pass as he continued running looking for the pass back. The pass back arrived as he had anticipated allowing him to continue his run if he so chooses to. But unlike what most were expecting he didn't continue his run and instead opted to take a shot.

Not bothering to take a touch to adjust he let loose a powerful shot sending the ball flying towards goal. With him already being at the edge of the box it didn't leave much time for the keeper to react. This showed as he was let glued to his spot as the ball rifled to his top left corner. Luckily for the saint's keeper and his teammates, the ball veered a little off its intended trajectory as it ricocheted off the bar and headed out for a goal kick.

A Burst of exclamations and sighs could be heard all around as those who were spectating had already seen the winger score the moment, he let loose a shot. Their frustration was nothing compared to Max who was staring at the goalpost in disbelief and seemingly questioning reality. In the end he could only sigh in disappointment and head back to his position and look for another chance.

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15th minute the Saints maintained possession for the past two minutes opting to retain it in their own half. This was made largely possible due to the Eagles choosing to let them play in their own half rather than wildly chasing after them. This created quite a peculiar scene whereby the team that was leading was finding it hard to cross the halfway line with the ball.

With the eagles holding a compact formation they would surround the saint's ball carrier like bloodhounds the moment he crosses into their half. The only eagle player that provided a modicum of pressure on the Saints backcourt is Tom who actively closed down passing lanes. This pressure brought on by the Eagles strictly following their manager's tactics subconsciously made the Saints players panic whenever they got too close.

This came to a boiling point when their number 8 a boy with a striking red mohawk suddenly went ballistic. Seemingly having enough with the slow pace, the game had taken he requested the ball from his left back the moment he reached the halfway line. His teammate didn't keep him waiting and sent him a weighted pass to his left foot.

Normal players would have trouble receiving the ball with their left foot and that was made thrice as hard by Finn who put pressure on him. Just the light contact of their body was enough to let the Saints midfielder know the danger he was in if he lost the ball. But he wasn't a normal player as he didn't panic in the slightest and comfortably received the ball with his left foot.

You see unlike most players the number 8 is left-footed and is what most people in the football world would call an early bloomer. This was showcased in the next moment as he shimmied his shoulder to the left teasing a turn to his left. However, in the next moment, he scooped up the ball with his left foot and turned in the opposite direction.

His actions left Finn a second too late to react allowing him to widen the gap between them as he took off running. Like a spear, he pierced into the eagles from the centre quickly picking up speed. As if a switch had flipped the nearest Eagles players immediately converged on his location. The first to reach him was Jake, who promptly reacted to the midfielder's sudden actions.

He wasn't the only one though as Ben and Max pincerd him from his side, but the number 8 remained composed. Performing a couple of step-overs he made the fast-approaching Jake takes a more cautious stance. Using his hesitation to his advantage he quickly turned to the right looking to break free through the gap between Ben and Jake.

Ben who had just arrived was quick to react as he nimbly jumped into the path of the midfielder. However, the expected confrontation never arrived as the Saints midfielder managed to perform yet another sudden turn. Like a nimble snake, he slithered in between the three of them and eventually got past their defensive efforts.

His outstanding ball control and ability to slip through traffic left the spectators astonished. His display of personal skills didn't end there as he continued forward leaving the three Eagles players in his wreck. Now the only person in his path with any hopes of stopping him was Ole.

The defender remained composed not jumping forward and calmly waited for the midfielder to get closer. Smartly angling his body to the left in hopes of forcing the midfielder to use his weaker foot. Taking a quick step forward when the distance reached less than two meters, he abruptly narrowed their distance.

Seeing Ole's movements, the saint's number 8 was quick to react performing a quick step over. Simultaneously he dipped his shoulder to the right seeming ready to follow the path Ole had set. However, his movements were just a feint as the moment Ole shifted his weight, he turned in the other direction.

He didn't have the chance to blow by Ole though as the defender smartly shifted his body weight forward. Feeling Ole's weight on him just as he was about to escape his defensive pressure all his momentum came to a sudden halt. Not planning on giving up after coming this far he nimbly moved the ball to his left away from Ole's grasp. Without hesitation, he powerfully swung his foot connecting with the ball's sweet spot. .