

## Football 151

Chapter 151 Vs St Arthur's Prep (7)

{You should probably focus on the match now,} Eva told me bringing me out of my musing as I jogged to my position on the field. Our formation changed yet again from a balanced 3-4-1 to a more compact 3-3-2.

"You are right let me see my stats though," I answered her seeing that I had some time as the other team was also making changes. Looks like they are taking a more defensive stance in this match looking to hold onto the lead.

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[FOOTBALL SINGULARITY SYSTEM]

USER: Rakim Rex

AGE: 6yrs

TALENT ASSESSMENT: Grade- B

Singularity Points: 880

Position: Winger

(Evaluation: A boy with a wealth of untapped talent and enormous potential for becoming a professional soccer player,)

[ USER STATS]

>Physical Fitness: C -> B

Balance and Coordination: C -> B

Speed: -B (70) -> -B (72)

Agility: C+ (67) -> C+ (69)

Strength: D+ (57) -> -C (64)

Stamina: C+ (68) -> -B (70)

>Football Technique: B- -> B+

>Game Intelligence: D+ -> C+

>Mental Ability: S

>X-Factors: -

>Singularity Skills

\*Bronze Level Goal Sense (Passive)

\*Bird's eye view (Passive)

\*Bronze Level Comeback Kid (Active)

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Looks like I've made quite the steady progress throughout the past three weeks. I'm most proud of my leap in strength and speed stats which I've spent most of my time on. Although my improvement in

speed stats may not seem like much, the difference becomes apparent when I'm running down the wing.

Every point that I gain feels like adding feathers to my wing allowing me to zoom past players. Now I just need to hit my growth spurt and I can achieve my goal of becoming a speedster. My game intelligence has also shown some growth but that's to be expected. With the amount of game tape, I've watched it's only natural to gain the corresponding game intelligence.

"Goo Rakim!!!" Came a loud shout from the stands snapping me out of my musing. Looking over I was met with Emma and her friends cheering for me. Surprisingly, Reece was also here for some reason which I found weird since we are not exactly friends.

Smiling at the girls and Liam I refocused on the game after giving them a quick wave. We are still a goal behind, and I only have fifteen minutes to do something about it. The game restarted with a Saints throw close to the halfway line on my left flank.

For quite a while both teams entered a stalemate as we continued to press on. Trying our best to achieve an equaliser we had no intention of letting the saint achieve an easy victory. However, our opponents remained steadfast in their defensive actions.

Possession of the ball was exchanged between both teams a couple of times. Only in the 52nd minute, a change occurred after the saint's number 8 managed to intercept a dangerous pass that was intended for Tom. Not holding onto the ball, he sent it wide in hopes of alleviating the pressure and hopefully launching a counterattack.

Rushing forward I quickly closed down the saint's number seven who had just received the ball. With his back to me, he used his body to block my path to the ball forcing me to play it smart. Taking a half step back to create some separation I jumped to his right blocking off his path to the centre of the field.

Seeing this the number seven swiftly turned down the byline looking to speed down the flank. Seeing my plan succeed I cautiously pressured him from the side as I followed after him. Now usually, I would be a lot more aggressive in my approach but for some reason, I'm a little sluggish.

It is probably due to the cold that I have or God trying to even out the playing field for my opponents. Whatever it is I hate this feeling of being a step behind of what I should be. Ignoring the message my brain was trying to send me, I continued to guide the number seven towards the corner flag.

Just as we reached the area close to the box the winger came to a sudden stop almost catching me off guard. However, a simple jab at the ball as I came to a stop was all I needed to buy some time. Whilst the ball bounced off his shin guards I came to a stop and lunged my right foot to the ball.

Poking it free I followed after it by taking off my standing foot, but I was met with the harsh shoulder of the number seven. The contact sent both of us off-balance falling onto a keen as we chased after the ball. Our legs clashed yet again as we sought to take control of the ball.

Not giving up because of a little confrontation I pushed off my other leg chasing after the ball. The guy next to me had the same idea as clashed yet again but this time it was our shoulders. However, I didn't bother jumping back up again this time instead choosing to brace my fall with my hand.

Using my hand to steady myself, I stretched my foot forward scooping up the ball and pulling it into my control. Quickly spinning on the ground to avoid the number seven I promptly sprung up to my feet. With my back to him, I quickly passed Damian in the middle and immediately charged forward.

Not bothering to look back I dashed down my left flank knowing my teammate would find me. However, after running for a bit the pass I was expecting never arrived. Glancing back to see what happened I spotted Blake flicking the ball to his left.

There to meet the ball was Tom who instinctively latched onto it before one of the Saints defenders. He didn't force a breakthrough, instead sending a through ball towards the left corner flag. Seeing that the pass that I'd been waiting on had finally arrived, I gritted my teeth hoping my legs would move faster.

I wasn't the only one chasing after it though as the Saints right-back who had been side-stepping followed at my side. Running side by side a weird sensation arose over my chest as a warm feeling arose. Almost instantly my breathing became laboured as I struggled to speed up further.

Throwing the weird feeling aside I continued racing forward doing my best to maximise the little gap between me and my marker. Seeing the ball rolling half a meter ahead of me I had no intention of stopping it. Adjusting my right foot to steady myself I quickly swung my left foot in one fell swoop.

With a dull thud, the ball left my foot flying into the box in a rainbow-like arc. A second later the outstretched foot of my follower slid past me scuffing the side of my boot. Not caring about that though I watched with anticipation as chaos descended in the Saints box.

Due to the odd arc in which the ball travelled the keeper who had been close to the front post found himself in an unfavourable position. So, whilst he was scrambling to readjust his position four-tall figures rose into the air ready to meet the ball.

Tom and his marker rose into the air close to the penalty spot battling for aerial superiority. However, their battle was for nought as neither of them was destined to reach the ball. This didn't matter though as two meters behind them close to the back-post Blake and the Saint's number five rose into the air.

Both of them were tall and had decent athletic ability which was on full display at this moment. Neither of them managed to gain an inch in the battle of strength. However, Blake who was more rested than his opponent managed to rise higher giving him the advantage in their confrontation.

This was proved in the next moment when he swung his head connecting cleanly with the ball. With practised ease, he sent the ball toward the net not minding the head that impacted his chest. All his attention was glued to the ball as it entered the net not even his falling figure could distract him.