

Football 152

Chapter 152 Vs St Arthur's Prep (8)

There was a moment of silence on the pitch as black and the defender fell to the ground. However, that quickly ended the moment the ball reverberated in the back of the net. Seeing their team finally score the equaliser the home fans jumped up from their bleachers cheering with joy.

They had been on tenterhooks ever since their team went a goal behind and now, they had finally levelled the game. Although they hadn't won yet and would need to work hard for another goal, they were content with their goal. Happiest of all was Blake the goal scorer who screamed with excitement as he jumped up from the ground to celebrate.

He was venting the built-up frustration that he had unknowingly been carrying within him. Having his teammates doubt his skills and question whether his addition to the team was due to his dad's sponsorship rather than his ability weighed heavy on his confidence. The fact that he had been struggling to deliver a good enough performance since the start of the season only served to fuel this.

Now that he had become the hero who had scored the goal that delivered his team from the brink of a loss, he felt much better. The joy of living up to his dad's heavy expectations and contributing to his team exhilarated him. He loved the feeling of recognition when his teammates came to congratulate him. Fulfilling the trust, they had placed in him gave him a feeling of Joy and he yearned for more of that feeling.

With a wide smile on his face and a pep in his step, he quickly made his way back to his team's half. He was riding a high at the moment which gave him the confidence to do better and unleash his full potential. At a high spirit, he retook his position eager for the match to continue so he could try his hand at scoring another goal.

The feeling of being his team's saviour spurred him on as he charged into the opponent half the moment the game restarted. Chasing down the ball handle in a matter of moments he was ready to win the ball. Maybe intimidated by his sudden charge or the slightly psychotic look in his eyes the saint midfielder promptly passed the ball away.

Blake wasn't distraught about his opponent being too scared to take him on and instead used him as a springboard as he charged past him. By using his arms to get past the player he efficiently managed to change his direction without expending too much energy.

Following his lead, the rest of the Red Oak players supported him in his charge wanting to make use of the momentum to overturn the score. The saints seeing this started to panic a little noticing that the momentum of the game was changing. This led to one of their right back panicking and booting the ball up the field upon facing the defensive pressure of two Eagles players.

Sending the ball up the field allowed the Saints to have a moment of relief and escape the pressure. The coach wasn't happy about this though as he could be heard on the sidelines shouting instructions. His team seemed to respond to his instructions as they gained a measure of composure. No longer shying away from confrontation they pushed back at the Eagle's players bringing back some competition in this game.

With a fierce fighting spirit, the saint's number 8 managed to break through a group of bodies both teammates and opponents. The small scrum was formed on the right flank when Max and his marker couldn't win the ball. Both parties were soon joined by their nearest teammates hoping to help them which only resulted in making the situation worse.

That's when the number 8 stepped in and swam like a fish in water through the chaos of legs and snatched the ball away. After breaking free from the crowd, he charged forward heading diagonally to the middle of the pitch as he went looking for a goal. Speedily heading forward, he was promptly met with the robust figure of Damian who stood in his way like a sturdy tower.

Doing a couple of stepovers and a body feint he managed to sneak past the sturdy midfielder. He didn't get far though as Damian came swinging around with a slide tackle cleanly winning the ball as he sent the midfielder falling to the ground. The referee didn't blow his whistle and Damian didn't bother waiting for him to reconsider as jumped up from the ground.

Dribbling the ball forward a couple of steps he pointed his arm towards the Saints goal before launching the ball forward. The ball dropped close to the edge of the box where Blake deftly controlled it using his chest while holding off his marker. With no intentions of letting this opportunity go to waste he forcefully turned to the right whilst using his arm to hold off the defender.

The easier option would have been to flick the ball to his left and let Tom run into the box but at this moment he wanted all the glory for himself. After getting a taste of it after his goal he was looking to experience it again. Now having opened up a shooting lane he didn't hesitate in the slightest as let loose a shot putting his whole strength into it.

His shot contained a lot of power, so much power that by the time the keeper could react it had already sailed past him. The only problem is the fact that there was no sort of control in his shot almost like a missile without a guidance system. So, it came as no surprise that his shot cleared the goal by more than three meters. It flew over the fence behind the goal and left to land in the river never to be seen again.

"What the hell was that?" The Saints defender next to him asked his friend seemingly surprised at what he had witnessed. His friend who had come in to help him when Blake took his shot could only shrug his shoulders upon hearing his friend's question.

"Not sure maybe he was trying to hit a bird, I think I saw one fly past," his curly-haired friend answered him with a light chuckle as he scratched the back of his head. He seemed to be seriously contemplating whether his words carried any truth. After all, he had never seen anyone misfire a shot so badly.

"Haha, I think you might be right," The defender exclaimed with a chuckle that quickly turned into a full-blown laugh. Their laughter was infectious as their surrounding teammates joined in. Even some of the spectators in the stands couldn't help but chuckle lightly after witnessing the anticlimactic end to the eagle's attack.

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64th minute brought a palpable tension on the ground as the last seconds of the game trickled down. The game was all but done with a score of 3:3 but at this very moment, the Eagles were facing a considerable threat. After a failed attempt at halting the Saint's strikers charge the official gave them a freekick.

With the game all but done this last set piece would decide whether the game would end in a draw or a Saint's victory. Standing a couple of steps behind the ball was the Saint's number 8 scanning his surroundings with a serene calmness. The tension that hung in the air didn't seem to bother him in the slightest as he waited for the referee's go-ahead.

The three-man wall in front of him looked more serious than the calm midfielder as they knew that all their efforts would be for naught. They didn't have to wait long as the official blew his whistle giving the green light to the midfielder. However, the tension that was supposed to erupt didn't as the midfielder waited another few seconds. He seemed to be waiting for something or maybe he just wanted to annoy the eagles further.

Just as the player in the wall was getting restless the midfielder closed down on the resting ball with speed. With a quick swing, he whipped his foot towards the ball sending it curling over the wall that was too late to react. With a soft swish, the ball sailed towards the right post forcing the keeper who was close to the left to shuffle across his line. In the next second Mike leapt across his line with his gloves stretched to the max looking to parry the ball.