

Football 186

Chapter 186 Cup Finale (6)

With his marker following closely, he dribbled up the flank trying his best to outrun him. Like Deja Vue, the spectators watched as yet another of the Eagles wingers led a counter after a failed setpiece attempt. The wing used his legs to the fullest managing to reach the halfway line before his marker caught up to him.

Now side to side with each other Max had a sudden bout of inspiration. He nudged the ball forward before jumping into the air slightly going into a similar Ronaldo chop that led to his goal a few minutes ago. The defender racing beside him came to a sudden stop not willing to lose to the same trick twice.

The expected chop didn't come though as Max used the momentum of his right foot to propel himself forward. Pushing the ball across the player with his left he charged into the middle. Continuing forward he was met with one of the two holding defenders but he didn't take them on this time.

Sending a swift pass past the oncoming defender he circumvented him as he called for the ball back from Tom. However, the striker nearly faked a pass before turning in the other direction duping his marker. He didn't get far though as he felt a strong tug that sent him tumbling to the ground.

[Fweet] Showing no nonsense the ref blew the whistle and immediately booked the defender. Being the last man his only getting a yellow card was already merciful on the official's part. Tom on the other hand could only complain inwardly at his chance at a goal being wasted by this defender.

He still got up ready to resume the match only to overhear Ryan and Max egging on the ref. "Ref he almost sent our striker into another dimension," Max said looking quite worried as if Tom had been seriously injured. "Yeah, our fragile Tommy got the wind knocked out of him, look at his shaking legs he can barely stand," Ryan chimed in trying to drive the point across hinting at the ref to send off the defender.

He could feel his anger rise the more the two indirectly mocked him as they tried to help. "Hey who did you say is fragile?" he asked as he appeared behind them cracking his knuckles as a menacing grin appeared on his face. "Since when do I need the two of you to defend me?" he continued ignoring the stupefied ref as he put the two smaller boys in a headlock and dragged them away.

Not sure what happened but when they returned the two troublemakers quickly apologised to the referee before going to take up their position. Play couldn't be continued though as Coach Bauer called for a substitution. He took off Ryan for the defending midfielder Damian changing the back line from a 4 to 3.

Lucas was also subbed off bringing on Finn as he looked to create a more stable midfield. Blake was also warming up on the side of the field but he wasn't put on yet. His solo antics in the previous game made him apprehensive about whether to sub him on. Right now there was a delicate balance and a change in the striker could drastically change his team's attacking effectiveness.

However, he hoped that the fact Blake was warming up would light a fire in his number 10. Tom played well positionally but he hasn't been too involved in today's match. It is largely because he has been tightly marked but coach Bauer knows that he can do better.

~~~

[MC POV]

"You want to take it or should I?" I asked Damina who had just come on the pitch. Since Tom got fouled just a couple of yards past the centre circle there wasn't a good chance for a direct shot.

"How about you swing it in from the left flank," He suggested as he explained that he would lay off the freekick down his flank for him to cross it in. Since It was an indirect free-kick crossing it would be the best choice.

[Fweet] Following the referee's whistle to begin the reset piece the group of players at the edge of the box became rowdier. Ole standing a couple of yards away from the ball calmly approached the ball. He didn't send the ball into the air instead choosing to send a measured pass to the right.

The waiting Damian deftly took control of the ball dodging his marker as he dribbled forward. The group of players ahead of him became rowdier as two IMG players charged at him looking to stop him before he could shoot. He didn't plan on shooting though sending a sharp pass to his left into my waiting feet.

I had drifted to the wing after the set piece was taken completely escaping the notice of nearby players. They were too busy following the ball as Damian drew in all their attention. Now looking at the empty wing I have the urge to race down it but I held back choosing to follow the plan. Scanning the happenings in the box multiple possibilities presented themselves.

My passive skill goal sense seemed to react with my improved vision instantly giving me the answers I was looking for. Thus I didn't hesitate in nudging the ball slightly before swinging my left foot. A sharp but arced cross left my boot as the ball sailed forward and into the air. Looking at it fly I held my breath hoping it would meet its destination and that my teammates would utilise the chance.

Sailing through the sky the ball dropped right around the penalty spot as it continued to curve right. Different figures wearing blue and red jerseys rose into the air trying to get a touch on the ball. Henric and Jake were in the middle of the bustle fighting against 3 blue figures. The five of them swung their heads at the ball only to end up missing.

The unlucky ones even ended up head-butting someone in the shoulder or chest. However, Jake who received a head but to the chest remained composed enough to follow through on the oncoming ball. With a muffled bang, he tried his best to point the ball down as he guided it towards the goal.

It was only after the ball left his now stinging head that he registered the impact to his chest. All the wind was knocked out as his eyes water not allowing him to see how his header turned out. He wasn't left guessing long as by the time he fell to the ground the loud cheers of the spectators entered his ears.

"Goal" he heard someone shout but he was still trying his best to gather enough air to stabilise his breathing. In the chaotic celebration, his teammates rushed towards him full of smiles and laughter. The score was now 2:3 meaning they had finally taken the lead and they wanted to fully celebrate.

However, when the first few reached his location they noticed him wheezing for air. This instantly drowned the celebratory mood as they started to check on him. "Jake you okay?" The nearby Henric asked him after noticing his laboured breathing.

Jake didn't answer right away though holding alternating from holding his stomach and chest. "I (hicch) C'can't (hicch,) breath," He responded trying his best to catch his breath but struggling to do so. "Take your time you just got the wind knocked out of you," Tom said as more and more of their teammates joined them after noticing the commotion.

The ref realised the situation and quickly called for the medical team of the Eagles squad. Trainer Oliver jogged onto the pitch with his med kit not wasting any time to check on the still downed Jake. He started feeling better after Oliver gave him some room to catch his breath, but his breathing remained laboured.

Seeing this Oliver signalled Coach Bauer that he would have to come off, especially after seeing the wedding bruise on the boy's chest. He seemed to have caught an elbow to the stomach too as his pale skin was already forming a bruise. Luckily Jake didn't need a stretcher managing to walk off with the assistance of Oliver.

He made sure to take his time as when walking off wasting even more time. Safe to say the IMG players were not pleased but the referee could do nothing about this. The player was injured and he had seen the forming bruises which caused him to wince slightly.