

## Football 187

### Chapter 187 Cup Finale (7)

The match resumed in the 55th minute with an IMG Kickoff as Jake wasted quite a bit of time getting treatment. Blake replaced him on the field moving up to midfield as Damian the Defensive mid-slotted into the defensive 3. The ref made sure to stop his watch so he could add the appropriate minutes to the game.

They didn't waste much time in launching an attack the moment the match restarted. One of their midfielders dribbled the ball forward quickly crossing into the enemy half. Dancing past the charging Tom he quickly played a one-two with his midfield partner getting past Finn. In a matter of moments, he was barreling down on the Eagles box with only the defensive line in his way.

Henric stepped up to the challenge forcing the midfielder to slow down slightly. However Henric breaking the defensive line is what he was waiting for, nudging the ball a little as the defender closed him down he unleashed a precise pass past the defender. Immediately his team's number 9 latched onto the ball looking to shoot the next moment.

Not wasting time he drew his leg back and fired off a shot but it didn't get far as Ole's outstretched boot deflected it. The danger wasn't over though as the IMG right winger picked up the loose ball before it could go out for a throw-in. He didn't get far though as he was closed down by Rakim who stood his ground despite the winger's attempt to get him to bite at his feints.

Frustrated after not being able to beat him he nudged the ball down the flank and immediately chased after it. His touch was too strong though sending the ball more than a meter away from him. Just as he was about to take back control of it a red 22 appeared in between him and the ball. Taking a quick stop in his tracks Rakim let his body bounce off the midfielder, allowing him to use the clash to create some separation.

He tried pressuring the opposing winger in front of him using his strength but the smaller boy surprisingly remained steady. In the next moment, Rakim stepped forward swinging his right foot towards his own goal and performed a swift Cruyff turn back towards the touchline.

The opposing winger bought his feint stepping to follow him into his own box and before he could react Rakim nimbly by-passed him. He wanted to use his hands to hold onto the winger already knowing how deadly he is once he gets going. However, his hand could only brush the trim of his jersey as the winger accelerated forward.

With strong fast strides, he quickly ate up yards crossing the halfway line in a matter of moments. Only then did one of the IMG midfielders come to close him down. A quick faient to the left and a pass into the middle is all he needed to get by him. Finn was the one to receive the ball but the intended through ball Rakim had been expecting didn't come.

The newly subbed-in midfielder didn't even bother looking his way as he drove forward through the middle. Maybe it was due to the fact he wanted to prove his skill in today's final, or he let his grudge against his teammate affect his decision-making. Whatever the case he had no plans of passing him the ball as he only had the goal in his sight.

Finn powered past a defensive midfielder with a mix of footwork and strength before continuing towards the final third of the field. Like a mobile tank, he marched through the middle aiming his barrel at the IMG goal. He wanted to go all the way and he did as he dodged a tackle from one of the centre-backs.

With a soft nudge of the ball, he readied the ball as a shooting lane opened up for him. He had the option to pass as Max beat his marker on the right flank piercing into the box, and the same was valid for Tom and Rakim. However, he didn't even think of trying to assist as his gaze was only focused on the goal. In the next moment, he drew back his leg firing off a shot from the edge of the box.

With a dull thud, the ball rocketed off his boot racing towards the right side of the goal. The keeper who had been on edge in his six-yard box suddenly relaxed after noticing the elevation of the ball. The ball sailed way over his head looking as if it wanted to pierce the sky as it sailed two meters above the bar.

"Bro what were u aiming at," the defender Finn had just beaten asked after realising he had desperately chased after him for nothing. Hearing his question the boy's teammates who overheard them burst into light laughter as they left to restart the match.

Finn could only stand there in embarrassment trying his best to hide the blush bubbling up. However, the questioning looks from Rakim and Tom didn't make things easy. Both attacking players had made excellent runs looking for an assist but he had been selfish. Max also made a good run but the winger wasn't as bothered as the other two as he promptly returned back to defence.

59 minute, of regular time IMG managed to create a clear goal-scoring opportunity. The build-up play was initiated by their left back who suddenly decided to go on a run. After receiving a rushed pass back from one of his midfielders he took a heavy touch.

This touch baited Max who had been zone-marking him to speed forward-looking to steal the loose ball. However in inspiration to make up for his blunder he turned on the jets performing a hasty Marseille turn to beat the winger. Feeling the adrenalin of his successful move he immediately charged forward.

He quickly ate up yards as he went full-throttle down his left flank. Lucas came to close him down around the halfway line but a quick give-and-go with his midfielder was all he needed to get by the attacking midfielder. The centre mid didn't hold onto the ball sending a through ball into the left-backs run.

In a matter of moments, he entered the final third looking to create a goal-scoring opportunity. His speed slowed slightly as he surveyed his surroundings for the first time since starting his run. Out of the periphery of his vision, he saw a red figure sliding towards him.

That coupled with the scraping of boots on the grass was all the warning lights he needed. Performing a sudden L-turn with his left foot he changed direction inwards. Just then the sliding Finn skirted past him causing his already racing heart to beat louder.

Circumventing the midfielder he sent a weighted pass to the edge of the box where his team's left winger had drifted to. The winger calmly received the ball under the pressure of Damian holding him back with his hands. He didn't have to hold back his marker long as their teams left back wearing the number 3 provided him with an option.

After playing the pass he charged back down the wing and his efforts were rewarded. The left mid flicked the ball down the flank for him to run onto allowing him to receive it in stride. The number three deftly pushed the ball forward for half a yard before swinging his left foot like a whip. He let loose an arced cross into the box looking for his team's striker to run onto.

The ball cut a sharp arc across the eagle's box only dipping around the penalty spot. His team's number 9 followed by Ole Rose into the air ready to fight for the ball. Both boys fought hard but the number 9 came out on top bringing his head to the ball and directing it towards goal.