

Football 190

Chapter 190 Penalty Shootout

IMG 1 : Eagles 1

Max didn't even watch the ball enter the net choosing to blow a kiss to the girl instead. After that, he shouted in ecstasy waving his arms in happiness seemingly remembering what was at stake. With a bright smile, he sprinted back to his team wanting to relish in their praise.

However what met him where a stunned gaze before being chased by Ben Walker and Blake. They exclaimed something about almost having a heart attack and Max playing too much at such a risky time. "Ahem let's focus up lads, and don't let me catch any of you doing that," Cocah Bauer said from behind the line of players stopping the ruckus.

The next was another IMG player wearing the number 6, who wasted no time setting up for his pen. The ref blew the whistle and he sent Mike the wrong way with a steady shot. All this seemed to be routine for the boy as he didn't even hesitate to put his team 2:1 in the lead.

Ole was next to take his penalty and he also converted the penalty putting things back on level terms. The way he easily converted the setpiece made some wonder why he didn't volunteer to take it in the first place. Anyway, a goal was a goal and no one would complain instead they celebrated him.

2:2, Taking on the third setpiece was the IMG's number 3 who was arguably their best player during today's finale. Unlike the previous two shooters, he took his time locked in an intense staring contest

with Mike. When the ref blew his whistle he closed in on the ball before rifling a shot to the top right corner.

Mike guessed right jumping after it but he was too late as the ball pierced his net 3:2. On the side of the Eagles Tom stepped up also converting with a powerful shot towards the left side of the net. Before the IMG number 1 could react the ball was in the back of the net 3:3. He seemed to have channelled all his power into that shot after picking his side not hesitating in the slightest.

The IMG's number 10 was up next and he calmly took his shoot. Taking a measured run-up, putting enough power behind his shot aimed at the right side. However, his heart quickly sank as he watched Mike diving in the right direction punching the ball away. The score was still 3:3 and he failed to score putting his team in a precarious situation.

He could only drop his head in disappointment trying his best to hold back his tears. The eagles didn't care about this though as they burst into cheers celebrating Mike's achievement. Now all focus was on Lucas who found himself on the hot seat, having the opportunity to bring his team ahead.

With a confident gate, he walked up to the setpiece picking up the ball with a smile. He had his chance to be the hero and wasn't about to waste his chance. Placing the ball on the spot he eyed the IMG number one with a fierce gaze. Both players tried to get into each other minds seeking to know the other's attention.

He looked to the right and the keeper pointed left, he smirked and the keeper grinned wildly. With every action they tried to get the other to lose their cool and only the refs whistle broke this stalemate. Lucas waited 3 seconds before closing down on the ball. He forcefully swung his leg firing off a powerful shot towards the right side of the goal.

With a soft thud, the ball left his boot sailing into the air as the keeper reacted within a split second. He guessed the direction correctly jumping to his left with his hand stretched out ready to block the ball. However, the ball never arrived at his goal as he watched it flash wide past his goal post heading into the stands.

Loud groans were instantly heard by those in the audience supporting the eagles. They had the chance to take advantage in this penalty shootout but it was wasted by a poor shot taker. Lucas was the most disappointed standing at the spot in shock unable to believe that he missed. What makes matters worse he didn't even hit the target completely wasting the set piece.

With turbulent emotions, he could only return to his team in disappointment trying not to make eye contact with anyone. Especially not the IMG players who were thanking him for missing his penalty. Some of his friends tried to console him but none of that reached him as his focus was on the final IMG player taking his penalty.

The player was their striker wearing the number 9 confidently stood behind the ball. Following the Refs whistle he made an angled run towards the ball and unleashed a heavy shot towards the goal. He didn't look like he would miss and he didn't disappoint as he drilled the ball into the bottom right corner.

The shot was so precise and powerful that it left Mike no chance of reaching the ball. 4:3 was the score shifting the direction of the shootout causing the home team to shout in celebration. They acted as if they had already won completely ignoring Rakim making his way to the box.

The young winger wasn't worried about them though as he calmly entered the penalty box. Picking up the ball he placed it on the spot making sure that there wasn't a dip in the grass. Only then did he eye the keeper in between the sticks who had been trying to make conversation.

Nodding at the ref he took five steps back until his heels touched the edge of the penalty box. With his hands on his hips in a straight line with the ball, he decided where to place this shot. [Fweet] Not rushing his shot after hearing the refs whistle he closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

When he opened his eyes his feet moved with practised efficiency. Taking 3 side steps to the left he took a long step forward before taking 3 quick steps, speeding up his run up. Just before reaching the ball, he took the last jump step with his left before smacking the ball with his right.

The ball left his foot with a dull thud piercing the top left corner the very next moment. IMG's number one was sent the wrong way not expecting him to send the ball left at that angle. The crowd erupted, a mix of cheers and groans filling the air as the score was back on level term 4:4.

Rakim simply jogged back to his team as a bright smile appeared on his face. He had scored meeting the expectations placed on him by his team. Greeted by high-fives and pats on the back Coach Bauer gave him a nod of approval like he did for all his setpiece takers. There was a renewed sense of energy among the players, a spark of hope that hadn't been there moments before.

Now that they were still tied after 5 penalties it was down to sudden death rules. This meant they couldn't miss as long as the opposing team scored. As the next player from IMG prepared for their shot, they quickly settled down hoping that Mike would make a save. The crowd also hushed focusing their attention on the Midfielder.

The striker took a few steps back, his gaze locked on Mike who bounced on his toes, trying to appear confident, but the beads of sweat on his forehead betrayed his nerves. The whistle blew, and the midfielder launched forward, striking the ball with incredible force. It glided along the ground, heading straight for the bottom right corner.

But Mike was ready this time. He dived with all his might, his fingers just grazing the ball. It wasn't enough to divert it too much as it impacted the post and lodged itself in the back of the net. Mike's heart sank as he heard the ball bulge in the net behind him. He was so close to being his team's hero, just an inch more and he would have had it.