

## Football 191

### Chapter 191 Penalty Shootout Result

The score was now 5:4 in favour of IMG, and the pressure was back on the Eagles. The crowd's noise oscillated between jubilant cheers from both school's students. The player's parents were having a hard time with the tension-filled action that never seemed to stop.

Henric was the one to take the Eagle's sixth penalty kick in today's final. The tall blond didn't rush to the box untying his long hair redoing the ponytail completely and putting the brakes on the proceedings. The referee didn't rush him as he still maintained his jog to the box. His hair was back in a ponytail by the time he reached the spot and he directly took his run up.

Unlike every other player who fretted over the ball's position, he didn't mind. This again left the keeper stupefied who had gotten used to a certain routine. Not minding this Henric simply nodded at the ref indicating he was ready when he was. He seemed to be telling them to hurry up not at all feeling the pressure of what his miss would mean.

The referee's whistle cut through the now much easier tension like a butter knife. Henric took his run-up, his strides measured and confident not even bothering to look up at the keepers positioning. He struck the ball cleanly, aiming for the bottom left corner leaving the keeper rooted on his line 5:5.

From start to finish the Keeper had no chance at reading Henric's shot as biking remained an enigma. "(Shooh) that was nerve-racking thanks for letting me score," he called out to the keeper before making his return but one could tell he wasn't lying. The beads of sweat on his forehead as he again untied his hair was there for all to see.

The only reason he was able to take the penalty is because Rakim reminded him of Mike's words. However, even he couldn't have thought that Henric wouldn't even look up after picking where he

would place his shot. The defender's gamble was risky but it was also effective as he got into the keeper's head.

The IMG Keeper stepped up to take the seventh pen which was decided on beforehand. Eager to contribute to his team after only managing to save one out of 6 pens he eagerly set up. However, as he stood across from Mike the tension of the moment settled in. Should he miss he could single-handedly seal his team's fate causing his confidence to waver.

The crowd's cheers whether supporting him or trying to dissuade him all seemed to blend in one. He could hear the thundering of his heart as he struggled to focus on the goal in front of him. Mike's light jumps and hectic waves across his line didn't help matters. He only managed to regain some focus when he heard the refs whistle signally for him to take his shot.

The IMG Keeper took a deep breath, attempting to calm the storm within. His hands were clammy, and he could feel the weight of expectation pressing down on his shoulders. He took a few steps back, readying himself for the decisive moment.

As he began his run-up, time seemed to slow. Every stride felt heavy, the crowd's noise becoming a distant murmur. His mind was a battlefield of doubt and determination. He locked eyes with Mike for a split second before focusing back on the ball. He knew he had to be precise and calculated in his shot selection as his team's hopes are resting on his shoulders.

The ball left his foot with a swift, powerful strike, intended for the top right corner. However, the ball didn't take its intended route curving back to the middle on the right side. Mike, already fully alert was sharp and focused sprang into action the moment the ball was hit. He guessed the correct direction but before he could dive he suddenly stopped.

Due to his focused state that had been building up since the second half he was able to read the trajectory of the ball. Remaining standing he caught the ball like he did so many times during training. A collective gasp and groans were heard as the IMG's keeper's world shattered around him. He fell to his knees unable to comprehend what went wrong to make him mess up.

The Eagles players and Mike didn't care about his thoughts as they celebrated. The score was still 5:5 giving them the chance to win the game and silverware with the next goal. The Eagles' supporters roared in jubilation, while the IMG side sank into a collective sigh of disappointment.

This directly reflected the importance of that saved shot, especially with the inner turmoil the opposing keeper must be in. The IMG Keeper stood there the weight of his miss crashed down on him, shoulders slumping in despair. He could only get up from the ground after hearing the encouragement of his team.

He now had even more reason to save the next shot in hopes of making up for his missed shot. On the other hand, the atmosphere on the Eagles side was electric, the noise deafening as the next player prepared for the most crucial kick of the match. Blake was the one to step up to take this shot and the fact he was a striker gave him a slight boost.

He wanted to be among the first ones to take a penalty but was quickly denied by his teammates. Thus he could only sulk and wait his turn and now he finally got his turn. As he approached the penalty spot, he could feel the eyes of everyone on him - teammates, opponents, and spectators. He took his time, carefully placing the ball and then stepping back, his mind clear and focused.

He knew that the calmer he was the better his chances at scoring were and the more restless the keeper would be. The referee blew the whistle, and he began his approach, his movements deliberate. He kept his eyes on the keeper as he unleashed a smooth, yet powerful kick, sending the ball sailing towards the top left corner. The IMG Keeper demoralized from his miss, lunged in the wrong direction.

The ball hit the net with a satisfying thud, sealing the victory for the Eagles. Seeing the ball go in the eagles were engulfed with a feeling of euphoria. In the next moment, Blake was mobbed by his teammates, their joy and relief palpable as they celebrated their hard-fought victory. The Eagles had done it with a score of 5:6 sealing their victory and now they were having a hard time containing their excitement.

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After the Ref blew his whistle for a final time signalling the end of an intense and thrilling match. This caused the already happy mood of the eagles to reach a fever pitch as they wildly celebrated. They were overcome with joy and embraced each other, their faces beaming with the glow of victory.

On the other side of the field, the IMG players stood in a state of shock and disappointment. The reality of their defeat weighed heavily on them, and many had tears in their eyes. The IMG Keeper, especially took it the hardest as he missed his shot and failed to save the following pen. Luckily his teammates, who were equally disheartened, rallied around him, offering words of encouragement and support.

On the other side Henric, who was still catching his breath from his earlier penalty, joined the celebration with a wide grin. Picking up his Gatorade bottle he sprayed nearby his nearby teammates. Quickly a fight broke out as they all sprayed their bottle, not even leaving out their coach.

By the time 10 minutes elapsed, the man was drenched from head to toe. However, the smile on his face never left as he even joined in some of the celebratory dances his players performed. He still pushed his boys to go and shake hands with their opponents who had offered them a good match.