

Football 230

Chapter 230 Victory

It was a subtle calling beckoning him to reach it to grasp the glory that awaited, it was his goals sense. He relished the feeling of Dopamine merging with his adrenaline as it enhanced his senses. It wasn't quite the Zone or anything special like that but was by far more free.

As whenever he entered the zone everything he did was done with efficacy in mind. Skill moves were only minimally used for the sole purpose of beating his man as fast as possible to reach the goal. However, this state made him feel free as all the pressure left his body allowing his mind to enjoy the game.

As the most likely destination of a goal appeared in his sight he simply had to reach that spot or get the ball there. Thus at this very moment after beating his man he sprinted forward putting his long legs to use. three yards from the by-line he jumped forward both feet leaving the ground as his left foot stretched forward.

In the next moment, the Chipped ball that seemed too long for him to catch in time descended on his boots. It spun widely for a moment seemingly trying to escape his grasp but his foot trapped it firmly. In the next moment, he lobbed the ball over his body and landed on the ground in the next moment.

He landed just a few steps outside the park but the ball was still in play bouncing just a step beyond the line. His body was facing the side of the goal allowing him to scan the box but there weren't a lot of people in the box after the sudden counter. He seemed to sense something before instantly side-stepping back towards the ball knocking it through the legs of the right back who came to clear it.

Rounding him he was met with another defender blocking his route towards the goal but he went worried. Performing a quick stepover he dodged the boy's tackle and immediately pulled the ball back

dodging another slide tackle. From a midfielder who had run back to help his team trying to make a last-ditch effort.

The next moment he chipped the ball into the air aiming for the area near the back post. He hadn't been simply dodging their tackle but had been waiting for a certain player to arrive and make the rub he wanted. Thus whilst the nearby players were surprised by his sudden pass into a seemingly empty area he felt that sensation become stronger.

There appeared a familiar figure donning the green number six jersey Jack. It gave him a feeling of Deja Vue as he appeared in a similar location with the ball again descending towards his position. This time he didn't rush things having already beat his marker by a meter he had time.

Remaining calm he touched the ball down with his stronger right foot, as he watched the keeper shimmy across his line at lightning speed. Not hesitating or bothering to take an extra touch so his strong foot could take this shot he swung his left foot. (Thud) Almost like a pass but much more violent and impacted the ball squaring it across the oncoming keeper.

It was a textbook shot he had learned over the years of training and his coaches had drilled into his mind. 'If you are one-on-one with the keeper you hit the ball across from him, make him work for the save.' That's exactly what he did giving the keeper no chance but instinctively react trying to deflect the ball.

He could stop his motion though and could only watch as the ball snuffed the side of his right ribs. Following that the familiar sound he dreaded sounded as the ball impacted the back of his net. "Yeahhhhhhssssssss," Not a second later the green number six exclaimed with glee as he sprinted to the side of the field.

The predominantly green home crowd cheered in excitement acting as if it was a goal in the Champions League final. Not minding the exited crowds Rakim joined Jack and the rest of his teammates as they started dancing before a nearby cameraman. He wasn't a videographer but the guy assigned to take pictures by the team.

Not that the players minded as they performed their dance moves after taking the lead in the 86th minute. The score was now 3:2 and they were almost at the finish line with the win within their grasp. Their celebration was long forcing the ref to warn them to hurry up under the protest of their opponents.

The game resumed in the 88th minute as a wave of blue folded the Celtic half immediately putting them under pressure. They felt the pressure of needing a goal and attacked with more intensity. It was reckless at times causing them to lose the ball but they won it back the next second.

In the 89th minute, Cole shot from outside the box sending a powerful shot towards the right side of the Celtic goal. His shot was well placed but Kyle rose to the challenge palming it back out. One of his defenders kicked back up the field out for a throw-in.

Taking it quick they launched another attack this time on of the wingers lofted a cross into the box. The players in the box rose into the sky trying to bring a head to the ball but they were beaten to it by gloved fists. Preventing another attack Kyle crashed to the ground as another Rangers midfielder pounced on the loose ball.

Letting loose a shot at the empty goal he was left in disbelief when a figure appeared on on the line. Rangers number midfielder Scott used his head to send the ball out of the park. Their corner in the 91st minute was taken but was once again left fruitless by a powerful clearance by a Celtic player.

Soon the added 3 minutes were at their last seconds but the boys in blue didn't give up. Matthew once again raced down the flank with speed and agility as he dodged a few figures. Not wasting time when he reached the side of the box he let loose a cross into the box.

The ball sailed through the air, curving towards the crowded penalty area. Both teams' players jostled for position, eyes glued to the incoming ball. It was a dangerous cross, heading straight for the heart of the Celtic defence.

The Rangers' striker, number 9, timed his run perfectly, leaping high above the defenders. He met the cross with a powerful header, directing it towards the bottom corner of the net. Kyle in between the sticks reacted with lightning speed, diving in that direction with one of his legs outstretched.

His boot impacted the ball sending it out towards the left corner flag. Just as he was about to force himself to get up ready to block another attack Rakim picked up the loose ball. Hitting it off an opposing player's feet who came charging in the ball was sent out for a goal kick. Before the player even had the chance to pick up the ball to try and rush the keeper to continue the game the official blew his whistle.

"Well there you have it folks, it is our boys in green taking the win in this ming Glasgow Derby," Jack Odonald stated with a gleeful smile as he watched their team's players celebrate the hard-fought win. "They sure love to keep us on our toes almost had a heart attack a few times," John responded to his friend mentioning a few times when he almost leapt out of his chair.

"they sure do, but that was some of the best football I've seen them play, Rakim was superb as always the lad makes it look so easy," Jack continued as a couple of replays appeared on the screen showcasing some of Rakim's match highlights. Both continued to discuss the young winger wingers' exploits of 2 goals and one game-winning assist.

"There is the man himself about to give an interview," Jack stated with a smile as the live-stream broadcast switched to Rakim's figures standing in front of a wall with the club's badge.