

Football 56

Chapter 56 The Game (2)

[Mc Pov]

Watching the other team celebrate their goal is quite frustrating especially since I haven't even got the chance to touch the ball yet. It is a frustrating feeling watching your teammates mess up the game without being able to do anything. Makes you wonder whether they were doing it on purpose just to annoy you. However, after I realised that there would be no point to a conspiracy in such a simple game, I simply went back to judging my teammates for their simple mistakes.

'Hey Eva please pull up the missions before the match restarts' I asked her wanting to do something useful other than watch the other team celebrate.

[Right away host] She quickly replied as the system screen flickered in front of me.

[Ding Singularity Mission]

! SINGULARITY MISSION! Grand Stage!

#Task 1 Chosen one: Impress three scouts from one of the major five leagues. (7/3) - All eyes on me

#Task 2 Killer instinct: Score more than ten goals (5/10)

#Task 3 Not on my level: Score 3 goals after passing past five defenders (2/3)

(Note: The Singularity cannot be ignored)

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Rewards:

> Unlock shop function

> 10x energy-boosting drink

> 1000 SP

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'Alright I'll just have to score a lot of goals and the rest will happen on its own,' I mused to myself getting pumped up at the thought of scoring a bunch of goals. If I managed to score five goals, I'll surely finish the other mission as well, so I'll be killing two birds with one stone.

[Ding]

! SINGULARITY MISSION! Don't Forget About Me!

#Task 1 I'm here: Impress 6 of your teammates (4/6)

(Note: Your teammates see you as a burden prove them wrong)

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Rewards:

> 600 SP

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My train of thought was reaffirmed after checking the low recruitment of the second mission. It's safe to say that as long as I compete on the first mission, I'll defiantly impress my teammates, so I'll just focus on scoring goals. With my immediate priorities set I waved the screen away as I got into position close to the centre line.

"Hey, Giovanni send it my way this time before I fall asleep on this wing," I hollered at the boy as the rest of the team was getting set to restart the game. He simply nodded at my words and refocused on the game seemingly trying to enter the zone or something similar. To my eyes, he just looked angry at something and just wanted to blast the ball at it. Ignoring my friend, I turned my attention to the other team and started scanning for spaces I could make use of in the next attack. please visit

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As soon as the whistle went off, I darted along the wing into the opponent's half looking for space to run into. However, noticing that Weah was shadowing me I abruptly stopped before slotting myself in between the midfield duo of Ron and Jake. Giovanni who had managed to manoeuvre past the charge of the other team's strikers sent me a weighted pass.

Stretching my arms back for balance I could feel that Weah was right behind me looking for an opportunity to steal the ball. Not wanting to risk a head-on confrontation with the boy behind me I bounced myself off him stepping towards the ball. Using my right foot, I flicked the ball in that direction managing to get past the front of Jake who was late to react.

Using him as an obstacle I dribble past him knocking the ball towards the left touchline. In my peripheral view, I watched Weah running into his teammate not expecting him to be in his way. Ignoring them I caught up with the ball before it could leave the park, and immediately stormed down the wing making sure to stay close to the line.

Dest was ten yards in front of me as he slowly approached me making sure to position his body in a way that would block off the middle of the field. Taking advantage of the little yardage that separated the two of us I increased my pace rushing at him at nearly full speed.

When I reached in front of him, he simply led me down the wing as he sidestepped along my side waiting for me to make a mistake. Noticing that he wouldn't dive in pre-emptively to steal the ball I dropped my right shoulder and stepped over the ball with my right foot. Seemingly not wanting to be left behind Dest instantly stepped forward making contact with my shoulder and blocking the route towards his box.

Seeing that my initial attempt to get by him failed I used his force on my right shoulder to bounce off him. In one swift motion, I carried the ball with my right foot turning a full hundred and eighty degrees managing to get on the other side of Dest. Now that he was behind me, I had an open lane towards the box I didn't waste any more time as I confidently strode forward into the box.

Noticing the Center back approaching on my right I moved the ball to my left foot which forced him to come across from me if he wanted any chance at stealing it. That proved to be his mistake as I dragged the ball around my back setting it up for my right foot. Stepping past the boy I instantly pulled the trigger at the near post as the keeper was still in the middle of his goal line. With no suspense, the ball blasted into the net before the Keeper could even react.

Not bothering to celebrate the goal I ran into the net and picked up the ball as I ran back to my own half. My teammates did catch up to me to high-five me, this is also when I realised that they were also there. I was so focused on scoring the goal that I totally forgot what I had learnt throughout the camp.

"Yo Yunus and Jonas I'm going to score four more so if you want a goal get free, so I have to pass to you," I shouted at the due as we reached our own half again. Both boys simply waved me off as they got back into position.

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Not long after the game resumed with the black team kicking off the match for the first time today. The black team seemed to want to slow down the tempo of the game as they started pinging the ball around their own half. The tactic worked for a little while until Bruce buckled under the combined pressure of Jonas and Yunus. In an attempt to get rid of the pressure, he sent a rushed pass forward trying to find one of his midfielders.

Ron who suddenly found the ball heading in his direction was glued on his spot as he waited for the ball. However, the ball never managed to reach his feet as a figure dressed in white intercepted the ball pushing it forward towards the black team's goal. The figure who had managed to win the ball was Giovanni, he wasted no time before sending a sharp pas to Jonas.

He didn't stop there though as he continued moving forward as he received the ball back as Jonas tried to circumvent his defender behind him. As the central defender realised, he couldn't catch up to Jonas anymore he lunged forward closing down the passing lane. Seeing that he couldn't get off a pass in time Giovanni opted to send the ball towards the corner flag sending Yunus on a goose chase.

The winger didn't disappoint him as he caught up with the ball using his first touch to send a teasing cross into the box before the left-back could close him down. The ball sliced across the six-yard line at a high speed just out of reach from the goalkeeper. Running into the flight path of the cross Jonas was ready to meet it head-on. However just as he was about to swing his foot to meet the ball, he felt a push from his back. The push knocked him off balance causing the ball to just skim off his leg as it continued its flight path at a slower speed.

Following the ball's flight path, two figures could be seen lunging towards its feet first trying to reach it. The two figures were Rakim and Dest who were competing with each other to reach the ball first. Dest was the first to reach it as he tried his best to move the ball out of the reach of Rakim's right foot.

His touch was effective as the ball took a hop off his foot and flew over Rakim's foot. Seeing Rakim's foot miss the ball he heaved a sigh of relief at completing his defensive manoeuvre. The very next second he doubted what he was seeing, the ball that had just flown past them was now rattling in the net. Dest rapidly looked around himself in search of the culprit who had messed up his defensive heroics.

The very next second he found his answer as she saw his roommate running to the corner flag widely celebrating. Not knowing how his friend had managed to score the goal but somehow it was easier for him to believe that he could. After all, he had seen him create some incredible things with the ball. It's to the point that he and his other friends were betting on the fact that Rakim had an invisible third leg.

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[A Few Moments Ago]

[Mc Pov]

Watching Giovanni send Yunus down the right flank I started approaching the box making sure to stay a few yards behind Jonas who looked to be anticipating a cross. The very next second the cross did come, and deciding to try my luck I lunged at the ball's flightpath in case Jonas missed it. Luck seemed to be on my side as Jonas decided to fumble and just barely touch the ball.

This wasn't bad though as the flight path of the ball was still within my reach. However just as I was about to make contact with it someone's foot jabbed at the ball causing it to hobble over mine. Taking a glance to my side I saw that it was Dest who had interfered with my chance. This is also when I remembered he was still here, I was so focused on the ball that I forgot all about him. Not wanting to lose this opportunity though I swung my left leg at almost waist height at the ball. The fact that my right foot landed on the ground just before my left leg swung forward helped me stay stable. Just like a whip, my foot hit the ball at the centre sending it towards the goal.

The contact felt exactly right, it was like fireworks went off and before the sound of the shot had reached me the ball was rattling in the net. Slightly stumbling from my actions, I took off for the corner flag widely waving my arms in the air. Running up to the cameraman I started doing the Soulja boy dance. I was so happy I didn't even mind my sweaty teammates that came and celebrated with me.