

Football 58

Chapter 58 The Game (4)

"Hello," I said to Emma and the rest of my family who was sitting in the front row of the bleachers. As soon as I finished my sentence I was pulled into a hug by Emma, I almost couldn't breathe by how tightly she was hugging me. Looking at Ben for help he just gave me a smile that said I should just endure it. Lisa on the other hand looked a little jealous that she wasn't the one hugging me right now. I was proven right as the moment Emma let go, she pulled me into another hug as well.

"That's enough Hunny he can barely breathe, plus he's got another half to play," Ben finally spoke up coming to my rescue. Although reluctant Lisa eventually let free from her grasp but not before squeezing me one more time.

"So how was I in the first half?" I asked them as I took a small step back not wanting to risk getting pulled into another hug. Ben just chuckled at my actions as he gave me a fist bump instead of reaching in to suffocate me. He could easily pull me in for a hug if he wanted to just with his stature alone.

"You were great, especially your first goal," Emma was the first to answer my question with a bright smile. She started listing all the things she liked not forgetting to add in some sound effects.

"Yeah, you were great you are doing well," Lisa also chimed in not wanting to be left out by Emma. She thankfully didn't add in any sound effects, but she did tell me to be more careful since she could tell I wasn't at a hundred per cent. This is true for all of us as the week's training session is affecting us more than we would like to admit. Thanks to the yoga classes and the coach's stretching sessions I'm only feeling it lightly.

"I will I'll score three more before taking it easy," I told her flexing my bicep to which she only chuckled not believing my proclamation.

"If you really score three more goals I'll get a reward for you," Lisa said challenging me to back up my proclamation. Not backing down from the challenge I just smiled back at her as I held up a peace sign.

We spent the next couple of minutes just talking about random things. Emma dominated most of the conversation seemingly missing the chats we had before the camp. Apparently, she has been busy training for her dance competitions for the past week. She even went as far as forcing mom to help her train.

Whilst we were talking, I did notice that some of the people in the bleachers were giving us odd looks. However, since I don't know or care for them, I just ignored it for the time being. After all, it's only a problem when it's actually a problem so there is no need to worry about it for the time being.

Lisa did end up telling me that she got a new client who is an NBA player for the heats whom she will be working with over the summer. According to her the guy is a big deal in the basketball world and wanted her to help him prepare for the next season. She said that working with him is a big opportunity for her career as a personal trainer. For whatever reason, she didn't want to tell me yet and simply said I would meet him if I joined one of their sessions.

"You should probably go they look like they're almost ready to restart," Ben spoke up as he pointed at my team that was heading back to the pitch. That is when I realised that I've been here for quite some time.

"Alright, I'll see you later," I exclaimed as I quickly made my way back on the pitch to join my team. Jogging back on the field I approached Yunus since I wanted to talk to him before the game restarted.

"Yo dude who were you talking to?" He asked me before I could speak up as I reached his side. Although judging by the look on his face he didn't really care for my answer and just wanted to make conversation.

"Oh, that's my family, by the do you still want to switch sides at some point in the second half?" I asked him wanting to get straight to the point since we don't have much time. Hearing my words, he immediately nodded as he put his arm around my shoulder wanting to whisper something.

"Yeah, I want to show the scouts that I can play on both wings, and you said that you don't mind which wing you are on," He whispered to me as if it was some great secret that he wanted to impress the scouts. After all, impressing the scouts is everyone's main goal here so I don't know why he's I don't know why he is acting as if he is hiding his precious.

"Alright just let me go I don't need you trying to hug me too," I answered as I got rid of his hand from my shoulder. I was still a little traumatised from the hugs earlier so I'm not taking any risks.

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[Gen Pov]

Five minutes into the second half the white team was dominating ball possession. Both teams had a few shots at goal but none of them was able to convert them into a goal. Right now, Giovanni could be seen charging through the middle of the pitch with the ball at his feet.

The attacking midfielder had a determined expression as he weaved past the black team's midfielders. Just before he reached the edge of the box, he chipped the ball over one of the central defenders on the

left side. The centre-back who had just stepped forward to close him down wasn't able to interfere with the ball and could only watch it soar past him.

Before the ball even touched the ground Rakim could be seen calmly bringing it down with the top of his left foot seemingly unbothered by the pressure of his marker. Dest who had now managed to close him down in the box was carefully blocking the path to the goal as he waited for an opportunity to steal the ball.

The winger seemed unphased by the pressure from the defender as he performed a few stepovers whilst constantly moving the ball back and forth between both feet. Although the left-back remained composed the same could not be said for his centre-back partner. The boy who had been chipped moments ago wasted no time turning around and closing down the winger as well.

Not being able to stay composed he lunged out his foot in an attempt to steal the ball. That however proved to be a mistake as he ended up blocking Dest in the process, and when Rakim pulled the ball back and passed it away he ended up committing a foul. As Rakim fell to the ground the referee hadn't blown the whistle yet as to why he hesitated it was answered in the next second. Giovanni who had received the pass from the winger found himself unmarked around the penalty spot. He didn't waste a single second as he blasted the ball to the back of the net.

Seemingly sensing that the ball was scored Rakim who was screaming in agony a second ago could be seen jumping up from the ground and celebrating widely as he chased after Giovanni. This scene made the opposing defenders doubt what they were witnessing to the point where he asked his partners if he really tackled the boy.

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The score was now 2:2, and the Black team could be seen attacking like a crazy pack of wolves looking for an opportunity to score a goal as soon as possible. At this moment Ryan the white team's centre midfielder was disposed of the ball by Weah who had caught him off guard. The winger wasted no time charging down the wing with the ball but as he noticed that Rakim was chasing him down he quickly released the ball into the centre.

Jake was the one who received it, but he didn't hold onto the ball as he sent a through ball forward before Giovanni could tackle him. The pass although sloppy still managed to bypass Chriss rolling into the stride of Pepi who had timed his run perfectly. The striker only took a small touch before squaring the ball into the net. The Goalkeeper tried his best to stretch out his foot, but it was for nought as the ball rolled to the back of the net.

The striker didn't bother celebrating his goal as he picked up the ball and run back to his half and placed it in the centre spot. The score was back to being level now much to the displeasure of the white team but that is the nature of the game.

The game quickly kicked off with the white team making their way up the field. Jon could be seen dribbling the ball down the field however he was quickly disposed of it by Blake. The midfielder didn't waste any moment in hitting the ball forward to his strikers.

Ferreira received the ball with his chest as he used his body to hold back the defender. with a quick turn, he managed to circumvent the defender allowing him to step into the box. Not hesitating for a second he immediately pulled the trigger sending a powerful shot towards the goal. Luckily for the keeper, the shot ended up hitting the bar before bouncing out for a goal kick.

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5:3 is what the scoreboard displayed now; the white team was currently in the lead. The two goals were scored fairly quickly after Ferreira's miss. When the game restarted something unexpected happened within the white team's formation. When the goalkeeper launched the ball up the field both wingers switched flanks.

Yunus managed to win the rebound off the aerial duel between Jonas and Ron. He swiftly broke through past the line of defence charging towards the box. Dest was hot on his trails running shoulder to shoulder with him but before he could tackle him the winger squared the ball across the box. At the end of that pass, Rakim could be seen sliding in as he tapped the ball into the back of the net.

The next goal was also scored by Rakim who managed to win a penalty when he dribbled into the box. This brings us to the current situation where the black team can be seen running frantically around the pitch fighting for every chance to create a chance at scoring a goal. Tyler had just received a pass back from Ryan but before he got the chance to control it, he was swiped to the ground by Weah. He put his hands up to complain but the referee's whistle remained silent as the opposing winger got up to claim his prize.

The winger had a couple of yards of space in front of him and he used them to their fullest confidently charging into the box. using a quick body feint and a step over he managed to send the centre back the wrong way. Now one on one with the goalkeeper he remained composed sending the ball out of reach of the goalkeeper.

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With five minutes to go in the game, both teams were fighting hard for every inch of the field. Possession of the ball changed a couple of times in the past minutes until Dest managed to win the ball from Yunus. The left-back dribbled up his flank quickly crossing the halfway line.

Ryan charged at the left back sliding at the ball in an attempt to win the ball, but Dest performed an emergency stop dodging the tackle. He continued forward a couple of yards before he sent a long pass into the hinterlands of the white team. Weah was able to beat Tyler to the ball bringing it under his control Just before it could go out for a goal kick.

He cut back a couple of steps creating a little separation from Tyler before sending a cross into the box. Both Pepi and Chris fought in the air with the striker coming out on top guiding the ball towards the goal. Unlucky for him the ball soared directly into the keeper's hands allowing him to comfortably catch it.

The Keeper looked a little shocked that the ball ended up in his hands, but he still strode forward and launched the ball up the left flank. Jake was able to get to the ball first chesting it down comfortably. However, before he could bring it under control, he was tackled to the ground by Jon who quickly stole the ball from him.

The midfielder didn't wait for the referee to decide he committed a foul as he sent a quick pass up to his winger. Rakim who the pass was intended for let it slip through his legs quickly rounding the defender that was behind him as he charged down the flank. With no one in front of him, the winger made a beeline for the goal increasing his speed at a rapid pace.

The opposing keeper quickly charged out from his goal line in an attempt to steal the ball from the winger. With the keeper approaching him Rakim didn't slow down a single bit only performing a couple of stepovers the closer they got to each other. Just as they were about to collide with one another Rakim circumvented the lunge of the keeper with a drop of the shoulder. He didn't waste a second after passing the keeper as he calmly put the ball into the back of the net. Not long after the goal was scored the referee blew his whistle ending the match. This only caused the white team's celebrations to grow more rampant with all the boys running around like crazy.

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