

Football 92

Chapter 92 Red Oak Eagles VS Central Jaguars

[Ding: Game Mission (1/3) complete]

- Score a goal to start a streak

- Assist a teammate

- Win the match

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"Halfway there," I muttered to myself as I got back into position ready to restart the match. All of my movements felt so light whenever I have the ball at my feet which is quite surprising given the fact that my muscles were still tight from the morning's workout. Maybe it's just my adrenalin doing its thing, or my body simply adapted to my state and is making the best of it.

The game soon restarted with Luis the Jaguars striker wearing the number nine jersey hitting the ball back to his midfielder. Not paying attention to both of their strikers heading into our half I charged forward to close down their midfielders.

Javier in the number six role was the one to receive the ball but I went to cut off the passing lane to Eduardo. Tom was the one to close him down swiftly appearing before him forcing him to turn around and use his body to shield the ball.

That was the wrong choice though because even though Tom has a tall and sturdy built, he is also quite fast, enough to give me a run for my money. So, when Tom so the defender turning his back on him, he sidestepped before using a shoulder tackle to send the midfielder stumbling.

Not bothering with his downed opponent, he took control of the ball and started charging forward. Following him on the wing I watched as he quickly reached the edge of the box. He tried losing his Lucas Silva the Jaguars centre back with a step over, but he didn't buckle in the slightest.

"Tom Over here," I called out to him before he decided to just go through his opponent forcefully. My shout seemed to have come just at the right time as he forcefully knocked the ball in my direction just as Lucas lunged in for the tackle.

Close to the edge of the box, I took a quick stride forward receiving the ball with my left before Pablo could intercept. Not holding onto the ball, I brought my right foot down chipping the ball into the box over the head of Lucas who had just regained his balance.

He tried his best to lunge in the air to try to intercept the ball but due to being out of balance, he wasn't able to rise remarkably high. I wasn't focused on him though as just as I had chipped the ball Tom performed a three-sixty turn entering the box.

Tom kept his composure as he calmly took control of my chipped-through ball bringing it down around the Penalty spot. Throughout his whole actions, he was staring down the keeper keeping him glued to his line. The next second, he swung his right foot with full force unleashing a powerful shot to the right side of the goal.

Carlos in an effort to regain his honour as a goalkeeper tried his best to jump after the ball. His efforts were too late though as the ball curled into the net after brushing against the post.

Excited at watching him score such a beautiful goal I started roaring loudly as I charged after him as he started celebrating his goal before our spectators. Jumping on his back to celebrate his goal we both started screaming loudly to express our excitement.

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'Don't tell me they will give up now,' I muttered inwardly as we got set to restart the match again. We had just restarted the game two minutes ago when I scored my goal and here, we were again.

Looking at some of their players who were trembling as they got set an uncomfortable feeling started to sprout within me. I don't know why but watching them averting eye contact with their strikers who were looking to kick off made me feel angry. Them losing was always part of the plan but were not even twenty minutes into the first half and most of their players have already given up on the match.

I started feeling sorry for their coach who was trying his best to encourage his players but to his dismay, his players were trying their best to lower their presence. Heck, I could have sworn that I saw one of their players act like he didn't hear his coach calling out to him.

[You can't blame them, after all, your team have just scored two goals in quick succession putting a huge damp on their self-esteem.] Eva commented in a melancholy voice coming into their defence with a reasonable explanation. To me, however, it just sounded like she was making excuses for their poor willpower.

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With the sound of the referee's whistle, the match resumed again as we charged into the opposing half with the goal of expanding our lead. Following the same routine as a few minutes ago I cut off the passing lane. Watching Tom charge at Javir again it was a little comical how he panicked at his mere presence.

Seemingly not wanting a repeat of what happened last time he chose to launch the ball forward sending it high in the air just before Tom could close him down. Turning around I started to jog back so I could support when needed.

In a matter of moments, the ball had crossed quite a few yards dropping just before our defensive line. Luis Morales their number nine rose high in the air in an attempt to win the ball in the air. However, as soon as he was in the air a sturdy body impacted his back making him lose balance.

Whilst falling to the ground Luis tried his best to brace for the landing but on his way down, he managed to get a glimpse at what or who had sent him flying. Still in the air, he saw the smiling face of a tall but sturdy boy whose shoulder-length blond hair fluttered in the air. The next second the same boy calmly received the ball with his chest taking control of it as he firmly landed on the ground.

"Henric over here" a midfielder from the red oak eagles called out to the defender finally enlightening Luis as to who he was. Still smiling as if he was having the time of his life Henric sent a crisp pass to Ben who was unmarked a couple of yards ahead of him.

Ben received the pass with ease and immediately shifted the ball to the right side of the field, finding Max Taylor on the wing. The winger quickly took control of the ball nimbly dodging the tackle of Antonio who had lunged forward in an attempt to steal the ball. Using the little separation, he created he immediately raced down the flank crossing the halfway line the next instant.

Although he continued to increase his speed Antonio managed to catch up with him due to the ball slowing him down. The opposing midfielder was gasping for breath as he did his best to keep up with Max, desperately swinging his arm in an attempt to slow him down.

In no time the two of them had arrived at the edge of the penalty box as Diego Martinez joined the fray hoping to win the ball and clear the danger from his box. Seeing that he was about to be boxed in by his two opponents Max brought the ball to a sudden stop with his back facing the sideline.

His pursuers were surprised by his sudden action coming to a stumbling stop as Diego had to push Antonio away so he wouldn't fall onto him. Seeing that Max was swinging his right foot back as if he is going to turn back both of them tried their best to lunge forward to intercept it. However, in the next second, they were left stupefied as the winger's foot went over the ball before knocking it a few yards down the wing as he raced after it.

Sensing the opportunity, now that he had managed to trick his pursuers enough to create sufficient breathing room the winger unleashed a curved low cross into the box. All the players around the penalty box seemed to have simultaneously sensed the danger and opportunity as they sprang into action.

Tom was the closest to but the physical dual with Lucas didn't allow him to unleash his burst of speed. In a last-ditch effort, he dodged the shoulder of Lucas and lunged into a slide fully stretching his foot to try and meet the ball.

Luck seemed to be on his side as his efforts paid off and he managed to bring his toe to the ball and send it towards Goal. His luck however seemed to have vanished the next second as the ball headed straight for the keeper's feet. Due to the power of the shot through and the Keeper having to react quickly, he instinctively used his right foot to merely reflect the ball away from his goal.

Just as the keeper was ready to celebrate his save, he was met with a horrifying sight as he looked at where the ball was landing. For some reason he himself couldn't understand the Red Ock Eagles left winger was unmarked at the edge of the box.

Taking a quick glance at Pablo who was supposed to be marking him. He could only curse in his heart, especially when he saw his surprised look at finding his marking assignment had slipped away from him. At this moment he was seriously debating if his teammates were playing badly on purpose.

However, he had no time to consider this as he quickly planted his feet again just as the opposing winger chested the ball taking away its momentum. Spreading his arms wide he got low ready to react at any moment but what happened next still surprised him. Rakim who had chested the ball didn't plan on waiting for it to land and merely adjusted his stance, before swinging his right foot for a volley as it reached waist eight.

There was a dull bang as his foot impacted the ball but the next second it flew off to the top left corner as if possessed. The Keeper still had his arms spread wide in a low stance by the time the ball rattled the back of the net. It was as if he had given up chasing after the shot, knowing he couldn't get anywhere near it.