

Football 94

Chapter 94 Red Oak Eagles VS Central Jaguars (3)

Feeling a little awkward I promptly made my way to the other side seeing as the referee was waiting on me so he can signal Lucas to come onto the park. I wasn't stupid to not realise that I was being subbed off, but I was still trying to figure out why.

"You played well kid go and rest up," Coach told me as he ruffled through my afro ignoring my questioning look. Sighing at his actions I gave Lucas a high five to encourage him on his season debut.

He is a decent player, one of our few who is left-footed but he just tends to get nervous with the ball. No longer bothering with this though I took a seat next to Damian on the bench. I'm still not sure why the coach didn't play him as he acts as a stabilising factor in midfield.

"You played well bro," he said to me as he patted my shoulder to express his congratulations. Nodding at his words I settled in my seat and started focusing on the on-going on the field.

Our formation changed from a 3-2-3 to a 3-3-2 further stabilising our back line. Seeing how Ben Miller started to take control of the flow of the game I started to understand why the coach took me off. The ball was passed around between our midfielders as they continued to pressure Jaguars.

In the forty-fifth minute of the game, Lucas found himself in a favourable position just outside the opponent's box. In front of him was one of their centre-backs who was trying his best to prevent him from entering the box. He managed to keep his wits though and didn't force a run forward choosing to pass the ball.

Ben was the one to receive the ball at the top of the arc, nimbly manoeuvring in a way to dodge the tackle of Javier. The midfielder maintained his composure even though he was being swarmed by defenders from all sides. Swinging his leg quickly he performed a fake shot causing the defender in front of him to jump back in fright.

He used that as an opportunity to slot the ball into the penalty box into the run of Max. The winger who had assumed the role of a shadow striker latched onto the pass with a deft touch. Having no one but the keeper in front of him, he didn't hesitate in the slightest before slotting the ball into the bottom right corner.

Poor Carlos could only watch the ball curl into the net as stretched out his leg in a futile attempt to stop it. Seeing my friend score a goal I jumped up from the bench with the substitutes around me to celebrate the goal. The celebrations didn't go on for long since we were now leading 5:0.

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'By the way where is my match evaluation?' I asked her after a while of watching the ongoings' on the field. The match after the fourth goal had turned from a match to a team attacking drill. I even started feeling a little pity for the Jaguars who were struggling to just maintain the current score.

[(yawn) Oh I Almost forgot about that,] She commented in a disinterested tone, her sleepy voice sounding as if she had just woken up. I should have figured that she would get bored with this kind of match. Sometimes I think that her attention span is even shorter than mine.

'You might need an update if you keep forgetting stuff,' I told her with a slight frown as Max was just taken down outside the opposing box earning us a free kick. Luckily, he seems alright and got up from the ground in a matter of seconds, but his limp is quite concerning.

I wasn't the only one thinking this as the coach immediately took him off for Blake Young, allowing the medic to have a proper look at the injury. Blake didn't seem nervous at all as he swaggered onto the pitch. Then again, we are winning 5:0 so there's nothing really to be nervous about. Heck, he felt so confident that he tried to snatch the free kick from Ben.

[I would get an update, but my host is useless, Anyway's you get your evaluations once the match is completed,] She answered me quickly brushing past the fact that she just called me worthless. Deciding not engaging would be the best option I took out my system energy drink from my bag and started sipping on it.

It was actually in my bag, but I could have it suddenly appear in my hands now, could I? Although its effects are that it grants me more energy it also helps in recovering it faster. Although it's probably a waste to use it like this however my games are only sixty minutes and how tired can you really get?

The taste of the drink is similar to blueberries but somehow this tastes more natural and refreshing. Feeling the cool current washing through my body with the drink I started to relax to the point that I took a nap letting the matches fatigue take over me.

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"Rakim wake up the game is over," I heard the familiar voice of Damian say to me, but I didn't want to leave this comfortable environment I was in. Choosing to ignore the voice I continued to relish in the comfortable peace I was currently feeling.

"Coach I don't think he's going to wake up, I've been trying for five minutes," I faintly heard Damian's voice again, but it was so muffled that it didn't fully register. It is probably not that important since I couldn't hear it.

"Sigh, who actually falls asleep whilst watching a match?" a voice that sounded like coach Garret sounded but again his voice was muffled and undiscernible. At this point, I was getting annoyed at all these different voices that were interrupting my rest.

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[Ding Post Match Review]

>Goals scored: (2) = 200Sp

>Assists: (1) = 50Sp

>Cards: 0 = 10Sp

>Final Match score: 6:0 Victory = 30Sp

>Match Rating: A+

(Congratulations to the host for remaining consistent in two matches helping your team win convincingly.)

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

- Score a goal to start a streak (2)

- Assist a teammate (1)

- Win the match

Rewards: 500Sp

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"Huh, what was that?" I asked abruptly as my eyes shot open after hearing the familiar voice of the system. However, I was met with the dumbfounded looks of some of my teammates and coach. For some reason, they were all quietly staring at me as if they were waiting for something.

"(Ahem) looks like the game is over, I think we should go and shake their hands otherwise we will get a bad rep," I told them after a moment of silence, quickly walking past the group joining the players on the field who were shaking hands.

"Isn't it your fault if we get a bad rep," Max complained as he quickly hobbled to my side pushing my shoulder to express his dissatisfaction. I could only laugh lightly at his actions as I quickly shook hands with the nearest player to me.

The Jaguars players although dejected still congratulated us on the match and wished us well for the rest of the season. Some of them were even smiling as if the loss didn't matter much to them. Then again, those players who were still joking around were those that sat on the bench all day.

"Hi, kid you played really well, do you play for a youth team?" A middle-aged man wearing a black suit asked me as he shook my hand. Not expecting the question, I was a little dumbfounded and finally realised that he didn't match the other team's colours.

Realising that I was talking to a stranger that had just walked onto the park I quickly released his hand and took a step back. Giving him a wary look, I realised that he gave off a nice neighbourly vibe but that just made me more suspicious of him.

"Who are you?" I asked him as I fully took in his appearance now that I was wary of him. He had a mop of black hair and a pair of matching glasses that accentuated his looks, giving him a scholarly look.

"Oh, sorry where are my manners My name is Mike Pierce," He introduced himself with a gentle smile as he again held his hand out.