

LEGENDS 233

Chapter 233: Blue and Black VS Blue and White IV

{GOALL!!!! Inter!!!!}

{They have two!}

{Scoring off the corner and bringing into existence the goal that we thought was coming!}

{Attack after attack! They have their reward!}

{It's still early in the game, but they're already pulling clear of their opponents!} Guiseppe's ecstatic voice could be heard loud and clear all through the stadium as the Inter Milan team celebrated their goal excitedly while the Porto team looked distraught.

The Porto players could be seen with complicated looks on their faces as they watched the Inter Milan team celebrate their second goal barely ten minutes after getting their first against them, however not a single one of them had defeated looks on their faces as they strongly believed that it wasn't impossible for them to get back into the game.

It was going to be difficult for sure and they hated being pegged back like this, but they weren't a team that would easily give up even in a situation like this.

Unfortunately, most Porto fans could no longer afford such confidence especially when their team was already losing two goals to nil in just about half an hour since the game started.

At this point, it only stood to reason that since their team was already losing like this, then they were even more likely to concede further, especially since their attacking attempts in the match had left quite a bit to be desired so far.

A lot of the Porto fans still had hopes though, but even they couldn't cheer for their team that much anymore and were just watching the match with scrutinizing gazes from wherever they were.

The match soon resumed with Sergio Conceicao once again barking out orders to his players from his position on the sidelines.

The Porto head manager could no longer stay silent and do the silent manager thing he was so used to doing.

This wasn't the time for him to be feigning composure, rather he gave direct and clear instructions to the players as play resumed.

#43rd minute...

The end of the first half was rapidly drawing closer and apart from a few more shots on target, Porto had nothing to show for their constant attacking attempts on the Inter Milan team.

They had been doing their best to at least get one goal back but Inter Milan wasn't budging and pushed them back with as much effort as the Porto team put in to push forward.

The Porto players who had been playing with a slight ease with their hopes high that they could get one back were now playing with a bit of desperation showing in their movements.

Their desperation stemmed not only from not getting a goal back yet but also from the realization that the Inter Milan defense was quite the problem and now their hopes that they could get a goal back were slowly dwindling.

Nevertheless, this was just starting and they hadn't lost their composure yet.

They were only losing their cool a bit because time was rapidly passing them but there was nothing they could do about that part for the time being.

Inter Milan was currently with the ball and Porto was doing their best to keep them away from the center of the field while also trying to retrieve the ball.

The Porto team had upped their defense ever since going two behind and they weren't leaving any space in the middle for the Inter Milan team to get the ball around and Inter Milan had no choice but to take the ball down the flanks if they hoped to create anything.

Thus Inter Milan had changed their tactics to sending balls into the box from the wings but due to the height advantage of the Porto defenders, the Inter Milan strikers weren't able to do anything with the ball.

This had probably caused the Porto defense to let their guard down and this was not a good thing in any match, not to mention a match they were already losing.

On the right side of the field, Alexis Sanchez had just received the ball from Borja Valero and with smooth leg movements and an upper body feint, he tricked Telles and dodged his attempts at tackling the ball before sending a right-footed cross into Porto's penalty box.

The cross dipped before reaching the center of the box and the height advantage of the Porto defenders couldn't be brought into play as the ball came down past their chest level.

The Porto defenders didn't mind this however and immediately reacted by trying to clear the ball, but somehow none of the Porto defenders were able to reach the ball and the ball just slipped past them and came in front of Romelu Lukaku who hadn't been expecting the ball to reach him.

Despite being unprepared, the moment the ball appeared in front of him, his body moved instinctively and he tapped the ball with the tip of his foot, tipping it in the direction of the goal.

Augustin Marchesin immediately dropped to try and get his hands to the low ball but the ball passed under his hands before gravity could bring him down completely and the ball rolled past the goal line.

{GOAL!!!}

{THREE!!!}

{Porto are being bullied here!} Guiseppe's voice erupted in shock and surprise as Romelu Lukaku took off down the sidelines to celebrate his goal.

{Romelu Lukaku, a danger man, the current highest goal scorer in the Europa League, and a man that the Porto defenders should have kept their eyes on for every second of the game!}

{Yet they had left him unmarked and somehow allowed the ball to reach him and he has unsurprisingly put that away} Alan added with a bit lesser fervor than Guiseppe but his voice was like a death knell to the Porto fans.

{The dragons aren't benevolent, but this is the third hit they have suffered in this match and they haven't been able to respond!}

{If we don't see more from the Porto team soon, this game will slip away from their reach... if it hasn't already!} Guiseppe picked up the commentary from where Alan stopped.

The stadium was devoid of fans, but one could almost imagine the excited Inter Milan fans cheering and the dejected Porto fans falling into their seats with all their posters no longer being flailed around but now resting peacefully and depressingly in their arms.

That was exactly what was happening in the homes of the Inter Milan and Porto fans.

On the sidelines at the Merkur Spiel-Arena, Sergio Conceicao could not find the energy to reprimand his team as he was currently watching their chance at the Europa League slip away from them and there was nothing he could do at the moment than to watch in dismay and shock at this sudden and shocking turn of events.

He had thought his team had a fighting chance against the Inter Milan team, but he was being proven wrong by how Inter Milan was trashing his team.

It was confusing, it was inexplicable, but somehow, it was happening.

'How?' he wondered, his mouth agape.

'Are we really this outmatched?' Jason thought to himself as he watched from the Porto team bench his shock non-evident on his face, but his gloved hands were tightly clenched into fists.

There was no one on the Porto side who wasn't confused by what was happening.

They had expected a tough battle against Inter Milan because they knew that when it came down to player-to-player comparison, they were a bit lacking, but it was only a little bit and did not warrant a 3-0 thrashing in the first half of the game.

Unfortunately, such things happened in football every day and Porto was just the unfortunate team to have to bear it this time and there was nothing they could do about it.

Porto had kicked a hard rock this time and things were already almost beyond them.

It wasn't impossible to get three goals back in the second half, especially since their opponents had done the same in the first half, but they knew that if by some luck they managed to score a first goal, and somehow managed a second, the Inter Milan team would immediately lock up.

The Inter Milan team would not just give up a three-goal lead, especially with how good they were defensively, not to mention they had a master tactician who was especially good at a defensive style of play.

...

The game soon continued after the celebrations of the Inter Milan team were over and the Porto team immediately kicked off.

As soon as they kicked off, they immediately launched an attack as despite their crumbled mental states, they were a team with a high pedigree that had never been one to accept losses.

Even if the match looked like it was already a confirmed loss, they wouldn't stop trying to find a way back.

A never-yielding mental state was not only a luxury, it was but a mere fallacy because no matter how one wanted to lie to himself that they would never crumble mentally, such a situation was inevitable in some cases.

In such a situation, one simply needed to forget his mental state and remember his job.

The world didn't care about your mental health, it cared about your results.

That was something that the Porto team knew well, so even if they were going to lose, they would do so fighting for the win that the Porto fans so dearly wanted.