

LEGENDS 33

Chapter 33: Porto Juniors vs Familicao U-19: A Discontent Coach

Jason accelerated past the Familicao's left mid-fielder and received the ball in the open space behind the player before accelerating down the right side of the field while slowly cutting inside towards the penalty area.

The defenders on the right side of the field quickly began positioning themselves to be able to block his inside run, causing him to reduce his speed before he ran into them.

He raised his feet as if to make an inside pass and the defender quickly stretched out his right leg to block, but Jason faked a shot instead and deftly flicked the ball past the defender's rooted left spot and moved past the defender.

With the defender out of the way, Jason moved into the box and calmly rolled the ball between the remaining two center-backs towards Mylo who didn't waste any time in sending the ball past the keeper's outstretched gloves and causing the net to bulge.

GOAL!!!

3 : 2

{Right before half-time, FC Porto Juniors have cemented their status and authority against the visiting team and taken back their lead with a wonderful collaboration between their young striker and winger}

{The run into the box was made flamboyant with the way the winger got rid of his man, the pass was absolute magic and it was met with the strike that it deserved} The commentator put into words the screams of the fans, his voice just as loud as the cheers that shook the stadium as they jubilated with the players.

{I don't know where this young new player came from, but I like seeing him in the Porto colors already} he added in an excited voice, making it obvious that he was a fan of the blue and white side, but none of the Porto fans watching the game disagreed with his words.

The cheers continued even as the players walked back for kick-off.

The assistant referee on the sidelines held up the board to show that there would be three additional minutes as the players resumed play.

Familicao did their best to break through the Porto within the three additional minutes, but the Porto Juniors team held on until the referee blew the whistle signifying the end of the first half.

With the first half over, the players trudged across the field with the team in the lead obviously more upbeat than the losing team.

The Porto Juniors team waved at the fans, high-fived each other, and smiled happily as if they had already won the match despite having only gotten through half of the match.

As the one who led the comeback, Jason was the one on the receiving end of most of their enthusiasm, barely making it to the tunnel all while exchanging high-fives, hugs, and compliments from his teammates.

He only managed to wave at the fans after hearing his name from somewhere in the stands.

He walked into the stands, hearing that one shout grow to become a chant of some fans shouting his name.

"Seems you're already gaining fans," Mylo said to him with a smile as they walked to their dressing room, hearing Jason's name being chanted.

"Haha," Jason laughed a little, feeling a little embarrassed.

Hearing his name being chanted by football fans was a part of his dreams and desires but he hadn't expected to hear his name being chanted after merely twenty minutes on the pitch, so he was a bit embarrassed to hear someone point it out.

He thought he was too experienced to be moved by such things, but who knew that he was still so easily razzed up by hearing fans?

'I guess I really did miss all this,' he thought to himself, but this was why he loved football in the first place.

On the pitch, he could forget everything and feel truly free.

It was like he was an opium fiend and football was his opium.

These thoughts ran through his head as he walked into the dressing room where Antonio was waiting for them.

Jason grabbed a bottle of water to hydrate himself as he sat on a bench, his eyes on the head coach who was waiting patiently for everyone to get into the room and settle.

"Good work out there scoring three goals and taking the lead back... which you wouldn't have had to do if you hadn't caused two unwarranted goals in the first place!" Antonio started speaking on a light note but nearing the end of his words, his voice had risen sharply.

It was obvious that he wasn't very pleased with the proceedings of the match despite his team being in the lead.

His thoughts were, 'So what if they were winning right now? The terrible defensive mistakes they had made previously in this match made it obvious that a few more mistakes were all it would take to lose the game.'

Jason joining the game had a greater effect than Antonio had thought it would and he had even managed to inspire a comeback, but football was a team sport and no matter how many goals the attackers scored, if the defenders conceded even more, then they would still lose the game.

"What were you looking at that they stole the ball from you and played a pass behind you guys, huh?"

"Did you guys even bother marking the players I told you to mark?"

"And you Fabio, are your legs made from spaghetti that you couldn't trap the ball and lost the ball to that Leonardo guy, huh?"

"Mylo, why were you running around like a pregnant woman on the field that you couldn't escape your markers, huh?"

Complaints and corrections flew out from Antonio's words at the pace of a machine gun and no one but Jason, the injured Umaro who wasn't present, and the players on the bench were spared from the coach's harsh words.

Antonio spent the half-time period chastising his players and correcting them where they went wrong as well as making slight changes to their game plan and by the time the FC Porto Junior players walked back onto the pitch for the second half, they were significantly less upbeat than they previously were, but were more focused and determined to end this match as a win for their team.