

Legends 711

Chapter 711: Biggest Night in Club Football VII

There was no curl or finesse, just pure power and accuracy, and the ball zoomed at the goal.

The Bayern players near it's path tried to jump in and block the shot, but the ball swept past them before they could react and even Neuer had barely made a dive when the ball slammed into the back of the net.

{Uventusssssss!!!!}

{What a goal from this side to square the game! That was beautiful! Just beautiful!}

{He looked like he was almost thirty yards away and even then he didn't hesitate to have a go and what a goal it was!}

Alex Sandro wasn't even listening and had run to the sidelines, jumping on his belly and sliding forward, unable to contain his joy as he celebrated his first goal in a Champions League final.

He wasn't the only one unable to contain his joy and the Uventus fans at the stadium were also off their seats, taking off their shirts and hollering at the sky for all they were worth, and why wouldn't they?

They were finally back in the game and the Champions League trophy was once again up for grabs.

The whole team joined Alex Sandro in celebrating seconds later and they celebrated passionately in front of the fans despite knowing the job wasn't over, however they chose to live in the moment and this moment was all about passionate celebration.

Pirlo who had been giving Jason instructions when the ball went in had jumped and pumped his fists in celebration, surprising Jason and the others in the technical area, but they were not even slightly bothered as they also joined in the celebrations as well, leaving the Bayern team to feel annoyed by losing their lead.

Quickly regaining his composure, Pirlo cleared his throat, gave Jason a few more instructions and called for a substitution.

The cheers of the Uventus fans were already subsiding as the players headed back to their half of the pitch, taking up their positions in preparation for the match resumption, but when the board went up, the cheers began to rise again.

Seeing his jersey number up in red, Chiesa realized his time on the pitch was up and began jogging to the sidelines, clapping his hands as he went and the Uventus fans cheered for him as he walked off the pitch.

High-fiving Jason, Chiesa finally stepped off the pitch while Jason ran onto the pitch, hearing his name being chanted from the stands, but apart from glancing at the stands, he didn't respond to the cheers, his focus fully on the match.

{That's quite the welcome for this man as he comes onto the pitch for Chiesa, wouldn't you say Martin? What do you think he'll bring to the Uventus side we've seen so far?} Trevor asked his commentary partner.

{Well, for one, he is quite agile, you know, he's fast, and he's tricky too. If his markers aren't at full alert, he can and will make them pay}

{I think he can produce magic that Uventus may have been lacking on the flanks tonight and his performance could help the attacking players to play a bit more like themselves} Martin replied.

{That's a bit harsh on the player coming off for him, don't you think, Martin?} Trevor reverted quickly.

{No, I don't think so, and I mean this completely without disrespect, but Chiesa is a completely different type of player. He's also very quick on his feet and can make runs down the flank, but his game mostly revolves around getting into dangerous scoring areas so most times he requires the perfect pass to be able to make an attempt on goal}

{Jason on the other hand is better at getting out of tricky situations and can more easily get the ball into dangerous positions on his lonesome. This allows his teammates to focus on their own task of getting

into scoring positions instead of coming around to support him because they know he can make his way past defenders and get the ball to them}

{Ronaldo in particular needs this from his teammates these days. Back at Madrid, he was so used to everyone playing for him. Here at Uventus, things are similar but different. The cohesiveness of a team that is just being built compared to a team he played at for nine years is definitely different so he definitely needs this kind of magic on his team}

{Perhaps this could help him add to his tally out there tonight, those two have had quite the partnership this season} Martin said, watching the players already darting around on the field, the game having resumed while he and Trevor discussed over the microphone.

Jason was already running around, not having gotten a touch on the ball yet as the Bayern team was doing their best to keep possession of the ball and had been passing the ball around swiftly and with heavy attacking intent, but they had been very careful as well.

The ball soon reached Coman on the right flank and he tried to dribble the ball around Alex Sandro to create some space for a cross, but the Uventus left back managed to get a tackle in and kick the ball out of play.

{The ball's out for a corner and Kimmich will be behind this one} Trevor said and true to his words, Kimmich ran up to the corner flag while the most of the other Bayern players arranged themselves in and around Uventus penalty box, ready for the corner kick.

Two Bayern players stayed at the middle of the field, watching Jason who stayed behind the midfield line, waiting for an opportunity to counter, should it appear.

Fweeeeeeeeeeeee!

Already poised for the corner kick, the referee's whistle was Kimmich's go signal and he ran up to the ball before whipping it into the penalty box, toward the awaiting heads of his teammates.

Also in the box to defend, Ronaldo jumped to get to the ball first heading it up and out of the penalty box while Bernadeshi raced to catch it just as it reached the ground.

Seeing the opportunity for a counterattack, Jason was already running forward, trying to get to a safe distance away from the Bayern players, but as Bernadeshi sent a powerful low-driven pass forward, Jason found himself sandwiched between two Bayern players who were doing their best to stop him from getting past.

Increasing his pace for all he was worth, he pushed further, slipping through the sandwich of death, but one of the players wasn't intending to let him get away so easily, trying to grab Jason's shirt, but the instant Jason felt the pull, his hand shot out to slam away the hand.

His hand hit something that didn't really feel like a hand, but the hand holding him loosened anyway and Jason didn't care anymore now that he was free to run forward after the ball.

His feet thumping powerfully, he ran with amazing pace to reach the ball in Bayern's final third on the left side of the penalty box.

Stopping the ball and turning to face the box, he saw only one of the Bayern defenders arriving in front of him.

Not bothering to look at where the other guy was, Jason pushed the ball forward with his right foot, cutting in and turning outside like he was trying to move to the center, but the instant the defender's momentum was no longer directed down the flank, Jason cut back down the flank, knocking the ball forward and away from the defender.

Glancing at the center of the penalty box where Morata was arriving, Jason did not hesitate to send the ball across.

{Ball in from Jason!>}

{Morataaaa!!!} Trevor and Martin screamed as the Spanish striker hit the ball on the volley. The crowd watched, mouth agape with their breath held as the ball changed direction after bouncing off the striker's leg.

The ball flew at the Bayern's goal, gliding past Neuer's outstretched arm and into the top right corner of the goal.

****Whooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!****

{It's in! Uventus take the lead!}

{For the second time in this game, Uventus try to stamp their authority as the better side!}

{Instant impact from Jason, getting on the end of that pass and-!}

Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!! the referee's whistle going off put an end to the celebrations immediately.

Chapter 712: Biggest Night in Club Football VIII

{The referee is pointing to the player who went down and seems to think there was a foul leading up to that goal}

{The goal may not stand!}

The cheers of the Uventus fans in the stadium had already stalled like an engine run out of fuel and the Uventus players rushed up to the referee to debate the "so-called foul".

The replay of the run soon began and it showed that the second player chasing Jason at the beginning of the counter fell to the ground at some point after it seemed like Jason hit him in the face.

Some of the Bayern players quickly joined in trying to argue that Jason had indeed committed a foul on the Bayern player.

"He was holding my shirt; they were the ones who fouled me, " Jason said repeatedly, annoyed that a foul was even being called in the first place.

After trying and failing to calm down the two sets of players, the referee headed off the field to consult the VAR and see very clearly for himself whether it was a foul or not.

Looking at the replay with the aid of cameras from many different angles, Menedo was able to watch the situation clearly and it had started with the Uventus player, Sule holding onto Jason's shirt, but before he had been able to give it a good yank, Jason had reacted instantly, his hand flying back.

From the replay, Jason seemed to intend to smack the hand holding his shirt away as if he didn't he wouldn't have been able to catch up to the ball, however, Jason had missed the hand as he didn't even turn back to look and the back of his hand had smacked into Sule's face.

Sule went down instantly, grabbing his face like he had been shot in the head which was definitely an over exaggeration, but Menedo could not deny that there was indeed an impact on Sule's face, which would mean that Jason had indeed fouled the Bayern man.

Unfortunately for Jason, he had not allowed Sule to pull his shirt and had reacted too fast... 'Though even if he reacted slower, it would still be a foul whether Sule fouled him first or not,' Menedo thought to himself.

Not wanting to be the bearer of bad news but forced to be the bearer of bad news thanks to his job, Menedo ran back onto the pitch and made the appropriate gestures, eliciting a wave of cheers from the Bayern fans and uncountable groans from the Uventus fans.

{The referee has made his decision. The goal will not stand!}

{Uventus will have to look for another goal if they want to take the lead for the second time in this game}

{Bayern will have a freekick}

Jason had his hands on his head as he watched the referee run off after making his ruling, not wanting to be too near the Italian team after making his decision known.

Though a few Uventus players followed him to still protest his decision, they only used words and soon gave up.

{The player is in disbelief. He was the one who fashioned most of that goal. Going up against two men bigger than he is, to create that goal-scoring chance} The cameras zoomed in on Jason's distraught face.

{To hear that such a goal was ruled out is definitely a huge blow for the fans, but on the other hand, it proves that there is a lot of quality still left for this team to display so the fans should be able to rest a bit easier... hopefully}

{They just might be able to get another goal which may be the winner}

#78th minute...

{Kimmich, pushing forward, trying to find Coman} Trevor said as Kimmich made a pass forward to Coman on the flanks, but Alex Sandro managed to get a leg behind the ball and tried to sweep it back up the field.

Because of a physical contest with Coman, he was not able to send the ball too far, but the ball flew towards Jason in the air.

It was too far away for him to catch on his chest, so he jumped to try and head it to a teammate. Only after jumping did he realize that the ball was too high for him to even get a direction on it and it simply smashed against the side of his head and flew up while Jason fell back to the ground.

Landing on his feet, he kept his eyes on the ball in the air as it came back down, all while holding off Pavard, who had quickly arrived behind him, trying to push him off the ball.

Fighting back hard, Jason managed to stand his ground as the ball came back down, but he wasn't able to get into the best controlling position and raised his left leg awkwardly to try and catch the ball.

He almost missed and the ball clipped the outside of his left foot and continued falling, it's falling direction shifting slightly to behind him.

In that moment, Jason noticed that Pavard had stretched out his leg to try and block the ball earlier so his legs were wide open and the ball was going to bounce right through it.

Not needing a second invitation, Jason turned on Pavard with a right spin, pivoting on his right foot and quickly catching the ball from Pavard's back after it rolled through his legs.

Kicking the ball forward, he darted down the left side of the field.

{Oh! He's away!}

Racing down the left wing, Jason began cutting in slightly with the ball, but the Bayern players had been quick to respond and were able to stop him from cutting inside even further.

Just managing to enter the penalty box a little from the left, he hit sent the ball low and across.

Ronaldo had been racing forward to get into a dangerous position with Upamecano hard on his tail, but when the ball appeared in front of him, he noticed that he was in an awkward position on the left side of the goal, so instead of hitting the ball himself, he flicked it with his heel to allow it to continue across the face of the goal.

Upamecano who thought Ronaldo was about to hit the ball shoved into him from behind, sending him flying forward, but Ronaldo had already flicked the ball on and it appeared in the path of Bernadeshi who was coming from the right side of the penalty box.

Instantly angling himself to hit the ball, Bernadeshi swung his foot at the ball powerfully.

{Bernadeshiiii!}

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{Bernadeshiiii!}

Body poised, Bernadeshi hit the ball powerfully at the goal as it arrived in front of him, but Neuer had scrambled across and dived powerfully, slamming the ball away before it could cross the goal line and sending it out of play.

{Magnificent save from Neuer! He keeps his team in the game by denying Uventus of another clear goal-scoring opportunity!} Trevor exclaimed with surprise and admiration while Bernadeshi and the other Uventus players looked shocked that the ball had not met the back of the net.

{All I can say is wow. That should have gone in, it really should have if not for such top-tier goalkeeping} Martin took over.

{I guess this is what happens when you have top world goalkeepers on your team. Both sides have survived desperate-looking situations tonight just by their goalkeepers showing up when they desperately needed it} Trevor added.

{Absolutely. Uventus especially have become more dangerous in these last few minutes and the Bayern team has really had to double down at the back}

{I said earlier that Jason's presence on the pitch allows his teammates to be themselves more and it looks like that has particularly helped them revamp their attacking options since he came on} Martin said, beginning to watch the replay of the attack right from Jason's break through on the left wing.

{Really, what he brings to the game is more than just entertainment for the fans. Just look at that breakthrough from Pavard, the beautiful control, the perfect movement to breakaway, and that cross, just wow}

{I guess he's going to be receiving quite a few love calls this coming transfer window, especially with his transfer with Oporto coming to an end} the co-commentator added.

Martin's words reminded the Uventus fans and the Oporto fans in the stadium about the fact that Jason might soon leave and that this was potentially his last game for their clubs but no one had time to ruminate on that at the moment.

On the field, a corner kick had already been played which the Bayern team had quickly managed to clear away from the penalty box and sent forward, trying to start a counter.

However, the Uventus team had been quick to respond and didn't have too many players up the field for the corner in the first place, so they were able to slow down the Bayern team's counter, but as soon as the other Bayern players rushed up the field to support the attack, the counter had new life breathed into it and they instantly continued breaking forward.

The counterattack ended with a long-range curler attempt from the left edge of the penalty box by Gnabry, but Buffon took air and knocked the ball over the goal before landing and rolling to a stop.

{Fantastic save! We are really seeing quite the back and forth between these two teams here!}

{Neither side allow themselves to be caught lacking and continuously attempt to leave the opposition in the dust!} Trevor exclaimed loudly as the Bayern players prepared for a corner kick.

#85th minute...

Holding off Musiala, Rabiot, the newly subbed on player for Bentacur ran forward into Uventus's half of the field, looking to make a pass forward to Bernadeshi on the right flank, but the man was too tightly marked.

Changing his intention and making a close turn while still holding off Musiala, Rabiot whipped a high through pass to Jason on the left flank, just a few yards away from the left side of the penalty box.

The ball flew high over everyone and dipped perfectly as it neared Jason, allowing him to catch it on his chest and smoothly bring it under control, but the time he had spent catching the ball allowed Pavard and Kimmich to get very close to him.

Instantly bursting forward, he tried to push down the flank, but he soon realized it was too tight a space to get through as the two players had positioned themselves perfectly to stop him from cutting inside or running down the flank.

It was to be expected as the two of them were right backs, so it was like facing two right backs who were professionally trained to keep wingers at bay.

Turning back, Jason moved back, his direction slightly infield as if he was looking for an infield pass, but the two right backs weren't buying it. They had watched enough of Jason's replays to know that while he could still operate at the edge of the box like an inverted winger, he was more of a winger and an inside forward who only cut inside when he was making a run to receive a goal-scoring opportunity.

Habits were hard to change, so Kimmich and Pavard stayed expectant, with Pavard staying behind on the flank and Kimmich following Jason as he moved back.

Noticing that only Kimmich was near and on his left, Jason suddenly cut back, flicking the ball with his right heel back down the flank.

Kimmich, who had been trying to follow him but still stayed alert tried to react and instantly followed Jason while Pavard who had stayed back also burst forward.

Seeing Pavard advancing forward, Jason pushed the ball between his legs and dodged the man, running on the touchline to meet the ball behind while Pavard and Kimmich got in each other's way giving him time to pick a pass.

Spotting Ronaldo in the penalty box, Jason whipped the ball across.

{Ball across to Ronaldo!}

Ronaldo leaped over Lucas Hernandez, catching the ball with his head and trying to send it at the Bayern goal, but like a spring was under his feet, Neuer appeared in the ball's path and punched it over the goal despite the ball having been sent to the top right corner.

{Another fantastic save from Manuel Neuer!!!}

{He is almost single handedly keeping Bayern in this game with his spectacular saves and he is not happy with his defenders for all the work they're making him do!}

{You can see him calling out his centerbacks for allowing the ball to even reach Ronaldo in the first place while on the sidelines, the manager is calling out Pavard and Kimmich for letting Jason through in the first place, however, I don't see how they could have done much to stop him}

{I mean, they tried, but how do you stop someone like that?} Trevor said, as he watched the replay on the monitor.

Chapter 714: Biggest Night in Club Football X

On the monitor in the commentator's box and on the huge screen outside, the replay of Jason breaking past on the flank began showing and it was slowed slightly so that it could be seen very clearly.

Watching it, even Hansi could not be bothered to berate Kimmich and Pavard too much as he knew that while it was their fault that they let him pass, they couldn't take all the blame. Some players were just that good.

Players who made tactics feel like a waste of time.

Hansi had had his fair share of matches against such players, and every single time it felt like his blood pressure would shoot through the roof whenever they got on the ball.

It had been a while since he had faced such players and with Musiala on his team, he had had the pleasure of using one such player, Musiala, but now he was back on the receiving end and he didn't like it.

"You can't just let him keep getting past you like that!" he shouted at Kimmich and Pavard and turned away to tell Goretzka to get ready to come onto the pitch.

Perhaps what his team needed to keep Jason in check was a more energized player so he would take Pavard off and have Kimmich take the right back position while Goretzka could double-team Jason with Kimmich.

While the arrangements were being made, the game continued with a corner kick for the Uventus team.

#90+3 minute...

{There is still one minute left of added time before we have to go to extra time, and if the match still can't be decided, then penalties}

{However, the whistle hasn't been blown and the fans can't help but wonder if just maybe, we will see a last-minute winner} Trevor was saying when Rabiot intercepted a pass from Goretzka trying to pick out Muller and dashed forward with the ball.

Goretzka instantly raced forward to take the ball back, but Rabiot turned down to the left, pulling him along before sending the ball infield to Ronaldo who had fallen back to support.

Goretzka instantly tried to change directions and chase the ball again, but just as he turned, the ball reached Ronaldo, who sent it right back into Rabiot's path behind Goretzka.

Seeing the ball rolling into Rabiot's path, Jason quickly began running forward, calling for a pass which Rabiot instantly sent forward without hesitation.

Racing into the space between the right back and the right center back, Jason tried as hard as he could to meet up with the ball but the pass was slightly overhit, not allowing him to reach it easily.

By the time he finally reached the ball inside Bayern's penalty box, Neuer who had rushed off his line on seeing the ball come in, was barely two meters away from slamming into his face.

{He's one-on-one against the goalkeeper!?!}

There was no time for anything but a first time shot and he couldn't even try to go around the keeper with two defenders right behind him on both sides.

Waiting until the last minute when Neuer committed to spread himself wide, Jason tried to lift the ball over Neuer, but the goalkeeper's reaction speed was abnormally fast and even in that moment, his left hand shot upward and got a hand to the ball.

Not enough to deflect it too much, but enough to slow it down slightly, the ball continued its flight towards goal, but just before it reached the goal line, Lucas Hernandez got to it, flying forward with his legs outstretched and scissors kicking the ball up and over the goal post.

{Fantastic clearance from Lucas Hernandez, he has kept Bayern's Champions League dream alive!}
Trevor exclaimed as the cheers of the Bayern fans filled the stadium while the Uventus fans watched in stunned disbelief that once again, they had failed to take the lead.

Jason crashed to the ground, lying on his back and covering his face with his hands, almost fed up. Nothing seemed to be going his way despite his efforts so far and frankly, it was getting very frustrating... However, it was quite exciting that this match would continue for a while longer.

Sitting up, he saw Ronaldo hold out an arm to help him up. Grabbing his hand, he let himself be pulled up.

"You'll get another chance, don't worry about it," Ronaldo said and patted Jason on the back before leaving to get into a good position for the corner kick since it was very likely to be Uventus's last chance before the referee's whistle.

Remembering that he was the one to take the corner kick, Jason began jogging toward the corner flag, grabbing the ball and putting it down, not seemingly hurried in the slightest.

It was better if the time ran out anyway, so there would be an added thirty minutes of extra time, otherwise, hurrying things and losing the ball to allow a counterattack would be disastrous.

As he waited for the referee's whistle while his teammates up the field also tried to waste time, Jason heard his name quite a few times from the fans behind him in the stands as the referee's whistle finally went off.

Taking the time to adjust his hair and sweep away the strands that had fallen in his face, he flashed a small smile at the fans before running up to the ball and sending it flying into the penalty box.

Pushing against each other, Chiellini managed to jump first and catch the ball with his head, sending it towards the top right side of the goal.

It was too far away for Neuer to reach, but Davies was there to block the ball with a header of his own. The ball bounced off Davies's head and flew towards Muller who caught it on his chest and hit it out of the penalty box.

Expecting the referee's whistle to go off, Cuadrado who was at the edge of the penalty box was a bit slow to react and by the time he realised that the referee's whistle wasn't going off, Musiala was already racing to catch the ball.

Cuadrado instantly gave chase, but Musiala was already onto the ball, heading it forward and pushing it up the field in a last-minute counter attempt.

The other players of the two sides also began running up the field as well, trying to catch up to Musiala for varying reasons while Musiala unimpeded, ran down the left flank towards Uventus's penalty box.

De Ligt falling back along with Musiala, tried to slow down the counter, but Musiala just kept running like he wasn't there and the moment he tried to rush in to keep the guy at bay, Musiala calmly feinted to the left, returned to the right swiftly after De Ligt committed, slotted the ball between De Ligt's legs and ran behind him to collect the ball, continuing his charge down the field.

Cutting in, Musiala was faced with the last defender in front of him, Alex Sandro who tried to do the same thing as De Ligt.

Musiala wasn't an idiot and knew that he was seconds away from being slammed from behind so he knew he had to do something quickly.

Luckily, he was endowed with many talents, and one of them was making a defender look like a lost puppy.

Shifting the ball to his left, he suddenly made as if to swing at the ball. Since he was close enough and already almost at the edge of the penalty area, Alex Sandro couldn't afford to act like he wasn't trying to shoot, so he stretched his leg to block but didn't fully commit.

Musiala didn't shoot and instead pulled the ball with his left foot back to his right since there was a bit of space created on the right and once again swung at the ball.

Forgetting that Musiala was left-footed, Alex Sandro once again rushed to block, only to be fooled again as Musiala once again pulled the ball back to his left with his right foot.

Instantly, Musiala's leg was once again swinging at the ball and this time, Alex Sandro committed completely to the tackle only to realise he had been fooled once again as Musiala dragged the ball with his left foot and dodged the tackle, finally facing Buffon one-on-one.

Knowing that dribbling Alex Sandro had wasted further time, Musiala knew he could not afford to run all the way into the penalty box so after pushing the ball into a favorable position, he swung his leg at the ball again, this time to score.

{Musiala to end it all!!!}

{Musialaaaa!!!}

Martin and Trevor in their commentary box screamed as the ball left Musiala's feet, thundering towards the goal.

Chapter 715: Biggest Night in Club Football XI

{Musialaaaa!!!} Martin and Trevor screamed in the commentary box, one name echoing around the stadium as everyone held their breath for the umpteenth time in this match.

The ball took off from the ground, flying at goal powerfully, but it had barely advanced a few meters forward when a boot appeared in its path, deflecting it up and over the goal.

{Blocked by Jason! He came out of nowhere to stop that shot!}

Crashing to the ground and heaving tiredly, Jason gulped air in large amounts, breathing harder than ever.

He had never run like this before in his life.

Right after taking the corner kick, he had stepped onto the field, intending to help his team hold the ball after the corner, but suddenly the ball was flying towards their own goal on the other side of the pitch.

He didn't even know when he started running, but he didn't stop himself as he was prepared to do anything to ensure they didn't lose the game at this point.

Musiala had a head start, but luckily, Alex Sandro had bought Jason just enough time to barely intercept the shot, and he was glad he did because, from where he stood, there was no way Buffon would reach the ball if it made it to the front of the goal.

Fweeee! Fweeeeee! Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

The referee's whistle finally went off, bringing an end to the game's ninety minutes.

Some Uventus players and fans could not help giving the referee dirty side-eyes after the man had almost caused them to have a heart attack.

{There goes the final whistle! Uventus survive a desperate situation in the final moments of the ninety, and the two sides will get an extra thirty minutes to decide a winner!}

{And if we still don't have a winner after extra time, then penalties it is!} Trevor said as the players of the two teams started heading to their team's technical areas for a quick rest and tactical break.

Trying to stand up with Buffon's help so they could join the others on the side, Jason felt a sudden sting in his ankle.

"Ow, ow ow," gasps of pain escaped his lips involuntarily as he stood up.

"Are you okay?" Buffon asked worriedly.

"Yeah, I think I just strained my ankle a little bit," Jason replied, realizing that he probably landed wrongly on his ankle while trying to block the shot earlier.

"They should check that," Buffon said, trying to give Jason a shoulder, but Jason brushed him off.

"Don't worry about it. It's manageable enough," Jason said as he began walking off, his face unmoving. It was just a light sting anyway.

Meeting up with the rest of the players in the technical area, Jason sat down after receiving compliments from the rest of the squad for blocking the earlier shot.

"Andrea, check Jason's ankle," Buffon had gone to drag along a female medic to check Jason's injury.

"Are you injured? What happened?" Pirlo's ear shot up immediately.

This was not the kind of news he wanted to hear at this point in the game.

"I'm fine, it's just a little strain. I think I twisted my ankle a bit, but I can play on," Jason replied quickly, resisting the urge to give Buffon a dirty side eye.

He accepted the medical care though. he knew he wasn't too seriously injured... or at least, that's what it felt like.

Luckily, it was his left ankle which wouldn't impede him too much. His movements might be affected if it became too painful to move with and he would probably be less effective on his left side, but he was primarily a right-footed person anyway.

Pirlo nodded to the medic and began talking to the players while the medic quickly took off Jason's left boot to check his ankle.

Another staff member quickly arrived to massage him to improve blood flow and help reduce whatever pain he might be feeling. Everyone knew that Jason could not afford to be injured at the moment.

They didn't have any other player on the bench who could play on the left wing and Jason's presence was one of the very important factors keeping them in the game so far.

Just the attacking threat he possessed was enough to keep the Bayern team on edge, causing more players to stay behind just to counter him.

Andres checked Jason's ankle after untaping it and luckily, there wasn't any swelling or anything else, indicating that the sprain was pretty mild.

"Avoid putting too much pressure on this leg. Also, try not to get tackled hard,"

"For now, it doesn't seem like much, but if there's really a strain, then injuring it further will not be good," Andres said as he gave his ankle a quick massage, sprayed painkillers and then, taped it right back for Jason before handing him back his socks and boot.

"Alright, thanks," Jason said with a little smile as he picked up his socks and began putting it back on, slotting his shin guards in as well while listening to Pirlo with one ear.

"You're welcome. Just remember not to strain yourself," Andrea said, pulling back with a slightly red face.

Jason had leaned in when trying to pick up his shin guard that she had forgotten to hand over and his face had gotten pretty close.

Andrea was over thirty years of age, but even she was not immune to Jason's face, especially now when it was partly covered with sweat, not to mention she had been holding his legs just moments earlier and could still remember the firm feel of his muscles.

Turning away, she scampered off, unaware of Jason's eyes glancing up at her and landing on her rear for a second before he turned away.

"What's wrong with her?" he muttered, confused.

"This handsome, stupid sonnuva," Mckennie who had arrived to check on Jason, had watched the whole scene like it was an episode of some K-drama.

"Ni**a, you're really asking why a woman is reacting like that around you? You???" Mckennie groaned while swinging an arm around Jason's neck.

"Man, get your sweaty a** away from me," Jason retorted as he dodged Mckennie's shoulder hug.

He was used to sweaty contact on the pitch, but that didn't mean he liked sweaty contact when he wasn't on the pitch.

"Come now, let daddy give you a hug," Mckennie continued, wanting to pester Jason some more.

"Bruh, be serious," Jason rolled his eyes at him and quickly laced his boot.

Getting back up to test his leg, he noticed his left leg was mostly numb thanks to the painkiller spray, but it didn't feel too unnatural and wasn't much of a problem.

Turning his focus back to Pirlo, who was still talking.

"Keep doing what we've been doing. Stay tight at the back, don't let them get in behind, don't give them space,"

“We must avoid conceding goals, but if we concede a goal early, don’t panic, we have the grace of thirty minutes, we can get a goal in the remaining time.”

While Pirlo addressed his players, the clock quickly ran down and the players were soon heading back to the pitch and spreading out into their positions on their halves of the field.

On the Uventus side, there was a change with Dybala coming on for Morata.

Pirlo had brought him on to share some of the pressure with Jason. Dybala’s role was the same as Jason’s and Bernadeshi’s.

To drive the ball forward, wrecking havoc in the opponent’s side of the field and pulling defending players out of position so that other Uventus players teammates could get into dangerous areas unimpeded.

Fweeeeeeeeeee!

{Ninety minutes were not enough to decide who would be going home with the Champions League trophy, so we’ll get another thirty minutes of extra time}

{Thirty minutes of additional excitement for us viewers, but for the players, maybe not so much}

{They have spent themselves out there during the ninety minutes and now, they just might be playing through the pain, the exhaustion}

{However, it is in moments like this that heroes are born!} Trevor had barely begun his commentary when the Bayern team which had been contenting themselves with passing the ball around among the defenders suddenly began to move the ball up the field.

Slowly but surely, the ball began moving around among the Bayern players while the Uventus players chased continuously after them, trying to retrieve the ball, but falling short every time.

Before long, the ball was passed to Kimmich who had come forward on an overlapping run.

Jason, who was nearby, quickly rushed up to him on the press, trying to steal the ball back and forcing Kimmich to turn back.

Holding off Jason, Kimmich passed the ball to Goretzka, who in turn passed the ball to Musiala.

Receiving the ball and changing directions with a smoothly executed turn, Musiala evaded McKennie and picked out Gnabry on the left side and running into the penalty box.

Sending a chipped pass into the left side of Uventus's penalty box, Gnabry ran in from the left to catch the ball just inside the penalty box, catching it on his chest and bringing it to the floor, but before he could even turn towards the goal, Cuadrado was on him, blocking his path toward the Uventus goal.

With a direct path to goal blocked, Gnabry made use of the fact that Cuadrado was behind him to hold him and turn around, ensuring Cuadrado couldn't block him as he turned back to face the goal from the outside.

Stubbornly, Cuadrado did his best so he couldn't be held off, but Gnabry managed to complete his turn and tried to send the ball toward Lewandowski or Muller who were in the center of the box.

Thinking Gnabry might take the chance to shoot, Chiellini had moved a bit closer to the goal so when Gnabry ended up crossing the ball, Chiellini was only able to barely move out his leg behind him, blocking the ball with his heel and deflecting it back out of the box.

Somehow the ball rolled into the path of Musiala who ran at it and swung at it beautifully.

For the second time in less than ten minutes, the commentators screamed Musiala's name as everyone in the stadium held their breath.

Chapter 716: Biggest Night in Club Football XII

The ball flew at the goal, barely leaving the ground, but no one in the Uventus penalty box was able to get to it.

Buffon, seeing the ball fly at his goal, flew at it, trying to get a hand to it and push it away, but he wasn't able to reach and the ball flew smoothly past the goal line before nestling safely in the back of the net.

{Oh! It's in!}

{The start of the extra minutes and Bayern are making a statement!}

{Musiala, running down the sidelines in celebration, has a huge smile on his face. He was denied once in the dying minutes before, but this time he was able to put the ball away, right into the back of the net!}

{What a hit it was!} Trevor screamed excitedly as the stadium came alive with the Bayern fans cheering loudly as they celebrated the goal.

In the Uventus technical area, Pirlo turned away and went to sit in a chair, his heart threatening to shoot out of his chest.

He didn't know how to face this sudden goal right off the bat.

On the bright side, it was good that the goal came early in the extra time period, and there was a good chance that his team could equalize later, but nevertheless, going behind at this point in the game was very disheartening.

Getting back up to his feet, he decided to do what he could as a manager and encourage his players.

"Come on guys! We still have the whole extra time to equalize!"

"Stay calm and play your game!" Pirlo shouted to his players as they headed back to their positions and he was happy to see that none of them had a defeated look on their face.

It seemed they, just as much as he, were ready to fight for the trophy still.

The game soon resumed with a kickoff from Uventus and right off the bat, they began pushing forward, looking threatening and doing all they could to get the equalizer as quickly as possible.

The forwards made runs in-behind at any chance they got and the midfielders quickly sent the ball up the field whenever space appeared, giving hell to the Bayern team, who after having held on to the ball for so long in the game now had to do a lot of chasing.

Thanks to the other players stepping up their game in desperation, the pressure on Jason reduced a fair bit and trying as much as possible not to stress his ankle, he began to transition from annoying winger to technical midfielder.

Constantly swapping positions with Mckennie to confuse his markers, Jason would step into the middle of the field to move the ball.

Since he was more agile and was better at dribbling, he was able to hold the ball quite a bit in the center of the park before hitting a pass to any forward in a dangerous position.

That he could use both feet was a bonus as well as he was never wrong-footed and could always release the ball whenever the press around him got too tight.

Of course, to avoid stressing his foot, he tried to use more technical dribbles that wouldn't require too much space. They weren't really his thing, but in this desperate moment, he found himself more at ease, as in his head, things couldn't get any worse than they already were.

Whenever they lost the ball though, Jason swapped right back with Mckennie as he wasn't in the state to chase players incessantly, nor was he very good at it.

All this summed up to the Uventus team taking control of the game and playing on their own terms, looking very dangerous on the attack and getting quite a few shots away, but despite how impressively they played, the Bayern team was proving to be just as impressive on the defence... as well as lucky.

With two minutes to go on the clock to end the first half of extra time, Uventus managed to break away and Mckennie managed to intercept a pass from Kimmich to Boateng after he stole it from Mckennie himself.

The ball bounced off of Mckennie's outstretched leg and flew back towards the left side of the penalty box.

Jason catching sight of this and being nearby quickly raced forward past Kimmich to catch the ball on the left side of the penalty box.

From the footsteps behind him, he knew he was not alone so reaching the ball, he tried to stop the ball and turn on it, but mid turn, he rolled it back.

While turning he had been able to see Kimmich's position right behind him and seeing the player moving quickly he figured the guy would try to stop which he did, but by doing so, the space between his legs opened up a bit too much and Jason was able to roll the ball right between them.

Seeing the ball roll right between his legs and Jason turning around, Kimmich tried to stop with more urgency, but that only led to him losing his balance as Jason ran past him, pushed the ball infield and hit it at the goal, trying to bend the ball toward the top right corner.

{This one to equalize!}

The ball bent powerfully, flying past Neuer who almost reached it and then clipped the top of the bar before going over the goal, leaving Jason to cover his face with disappointment.

{Ohhhh! Just over!}

{Uventus are really making a case here and it's a wonder they haven't gotten their equalizer}

While the Uventus players headed back up the field, Neuer quickly went to collect a ball from the ball boy, placed it down and whipped it up the field for the goalkick.

The ball flew up the field and was aerially contested for by Muller and Rabiot, but after bouncing off Muller's head, Musiala tried to get to it, but the ball was blocked from reaching him by McKennie who passed the ball to the right side of the field where Danilo was making an overlapping run.

Receiving the ball, Danilo began to make an inverted run forward, cutting infield while Bernadeshi ran wide of him on the right.

The Bayern players rushed up to Danilo on the press, but Danilo just sent the ball wide to Bernadeshi before beginning to drop back again.

Receiving the ball, Bernadeshi managed to knock it past Alphonse Davies who was tired enough to be unable to keep up with Bernadeshi's sudden acceleration, but he quickly gained back on the Uventus wide man, jumping in the way as Bernadeshi made to cross the ball into the penalty box.

Catching Davies at the corner of his eye, he quickly changed his mind and faked the cross before rolling the ball to his left where Danilo was once again running up to.

Meeting the ball first time, Danilo whipped a cross into Uventus's penalty box, specifically targeting Ronaldo.

He was a former Madrid player who had played with Ronaldo at Madrid so he knew where the man would be and that was where he sent the ball to.

{To the awaiting head of Ronaldoooooooo!!!} Trevor screamed as Ronaldo took to the air and seemingly hung there, completely unmarked and waiting for the ball to reach him.

With a smooth turn of his head, Ronaldo changed the direction of the header and turned it towards Bayern's goal forcing Neuer into another dive just barely a minute after he kicked the ball up the field.

Neuer flew towards the left side of the goal where the ball was going, but while he was able to reach the left side of the goal, he wasn't able to get there in time to stop the ball and the ball safely dropped into the back of the net!

{Goal!!!!!!!!!!!!!!}

{Cristiano Ronaldo again! Doing what he does best! In moments where he does best! Finds an equalizer for Uventus in this game!}

{We have always known him to be the man of the hour and now he is reminding us, reminding everyone, what he can do!} Trevor screamed as Ronaldo took off down the sidelines, his arms stretched wide and a confident and excited look on his face.

Everyone knew what was coming and as he did his signature celebration, jumping and turning midair, he was met with a louder *SIUUUUUUUUUUUU* than the first time in the game.

Everyone but the Bayern fans had joined in the celebration and the stadium went wild. After all, most of the people at the stadium were Ronaldo's fans and this was Ronaldo's country.

{At this point, even if the game were to end in a draw, I would be satisfied. We have seen so much quality, character and skill out there tonight}

{Every player on both sides has risen to the occasion and has played to the best of their abilities. Even the defenders, because the goals that have been scored out there today were goals beyond the abilities of any defender playing the game} Martin said, trying to give an expert input as a pundit.

{Martin, while you might be happy with a draw, I think the fans out here want to know what these players still have in store for them. A win from either side would crown this beautiful game} Trevor began an argument while the players headed back to their position to resume the game only for the whistle to go off right after the game kicked off again.

Chapter 717: Biggest Night in Club Football XIII

"Your ankle alright?" Ronaldo asked Jason, grabbing a bottle.

"... Well, it's numb," Jason chuckled, raising his ankle a bit and shaking it as a test.

"You know you're going to feel like sh*t after it wears off, right?" Ronaldo asked again, taking a pause from sipping water.

"I wouldn't care too much by then, we'll be celebrating," Jason grinned in reply, picking up a bottle of his own to chug down some water.

"Alright guys, we have fifteen minutes for one last push to see if we can win this game. I'd rather we not go to penalties as it's mostly luck,"

"So, we must try our best to see if we can get a winner in the coming fifteen minutes,"

"Again... try not to concede a goal no matter whatever happens... please," Pirlo pleaded.

"You guys literally turned off and allowed them to get the ball all the way into a dangerous area at the start of the last fifteen. Don't let it happen again... but!"

"If we do concede a goal again... stay calm and play your game. You have the quality to come out on top. Don't let anyone tell you different,"

"Your effort has gotten us this far, don't betray yourselves in the coming fifteen minutes. Everything you've done, everything we've done this season all comes down to this,"

"Make sure you end this as best as you can," Pirlo tried to motivate his players before going into some minor tactical adjustments.

In the other technical area, Hansi was doing almost the exact same thing to the Bayern players and trying to prepare them for the last fifteen minutes as playing up till this point at this level was agony and torture even for professional players, and that was not factoring the mental pressure that millions of fans worldwide were waiting for the results of the game.

Whichever side ended up with a silver medal after all this would be haunted for as long as they lived because they would be reminded of the fact that they let down countless fans who had supported them all the way... unless the players were ungrateful wretches, of course.

They wouldn't have too much of a mental issue if that were the case.

There was a lot for the managers to say, but how to say it was another factor. The lack of time was another factor as the time allotted for the break ended and the players quickly headed back to the pitch for the last fifteen minutes of the Uefa Champion League 2021 final.

Quickly arranging themselves across the pitch, Ronaldo took the ball to the midpoint and placed it down, taking in a deep breath as he mentally psyched himself up for the rest of the game.

"You're the best, you're going to win,"

"You're the best, you're going to win,"

"You're the best, you're going to win,"

"You're the best, you're going to win," he constantly repeated to himself in barely audible whispers.

Fweeeeeeeee!

The loud referee's whistle put an end to his thoughts and by instinct, he passed the ball back into his own half of the field.

Running up to the pass, Dybala received the ball and instantly sent it behind Coman to Jason on the left flank and Jason quickly began pushing the ball up the field, waiting until he was almost tackled by Kimmich before passing the ball to Ronaldo who had rushed forward.

Kimmich wasn't able to stop himself from crashing into Jason, and Jason went down immediately, doing his best to avoid falling on the wrong body part.

Not wasting much time on the ball, he quickly got back up from the ground for the free kick, but didn't take it immediately.

One of the things Pirlo had mentioned a few minutes ago was playing for set-pieces and using the chance to bring more of their teammates up the field and pushing the Bayern team back.

Of course, there was the risk that this opened up, leaving them open to counterattacks, and considering that Bayern had already scored a goal from a counter, it was a pretty big risk, but they couldn't sit back all the time because going forward was risky, could they?

Waiting for his teammates to get behind the ball, Jason took the free kick, whipping the ball up the field for his teammates to contest with it.

An aerial battle commenced for the ball in Bayern's penalty box, but after a 20-second-long tussle, Mckennie finally managed to get a shot away, but apart from making the commentators shout and the fans cheer a bit louder for a second, he achieved nothing but hitting the ball into the crowd with the shot.

Luckily, the ball had bounced off Boateng on its way into the stands, so Uventus had a corner and thus had a chance to keep the pressure on.

More players rushed up the field and into Bayern's penalty box for the corner while Jason headed to the sidelines to take the corner kick.

*Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

At the referee's whistle, Jason sent the ball flying in through the air for his aiming for the far corner, allowing Rabiot to get his head to it when the ball was almost past the face of the goal, but Rabiot wasn't able to direct it well enough and the ball flew off the field, harmlessly, only leading to increased cheers and applause for their efforts.

{Another chance wasted! Uventus are really putting in a lot of effort and trying to get clear here, but their efforts have just fallen short}

{Bayern have a goal kick and Neuer will be looking to send the ball up the field, trying to push the Uventus players ba-! I stand corrected, he's played it short to the center backs} Trevor ate his words

immediately they came out of his mouth as Neuer played the ball to Boateng who quickly laid it off to Alphonse Davies on his left.

Neuer knew that by sending up the field, the Uventus team would just try to send the ball back into their half, and the cycle would just repeat itself, so he opted for a slightly more risky, but more progressive approach to take off the pressure.

With Davies sending the ball back to him after he was heavily pressed by Rabiot, Bernadeshi and Dybala, he passed the ball back to Neuer.

Ronaldo burst forward, trying to see if he could reach the ball first or steal it quickly from Neuer if he got it first, but calmly, Neuer chipped the ball over Ronaldo and went behind the Portuguese striker, eliciting quite a number of cheers from the fans who were amazed at a goalkeeper displaying such finesse and flair with his feet.

Signalling to his teammates to calm down as he caught the ball when it came down and sending the ball to Kimmich, Neuer was fully taking up his role as captain and directing the game from behind.

Play continued and in the end, the Uventus players weren't able to keep the Bayern players constrained in their own half of the field.

#114th minute...

{Six minutes left of extra time and we're still hanging off the edges of our seats}

{This match has had it all, tension, excitement, dominance, character, quality, recovery... I don't even know what more to expect, but I am expecting something} Martin said.

{Coman, trying to break in from the left, but he's run into Alex Sandro} Trevor cut into Martin's commentary.

{He tries to knock it past him, but Alex Sandro isn't letting him past!}

Trying to push past Alex Sandro to get to the ball he knocked forward before it rolled out of play was proving to be annoyingly difficult for Coman and in the end, he only managed to get his leg in front and kick the ball against Alex Sandro's leg before it rolled out of play, managing to steal a corner.

{Bayern have a corner and Kimmich runs up to take it}

While Kimmich took the ball and prepared to swing it in, the other Bayern players readied themselves in the penalty area for the cross in.

{The Bayern players are pushing hard against each other as they try to free themselves. This is as good a goal scoring chance as any and they want to make the most of it}

Fweeeeeeeeeeeee

Kimmich ran up to the ball and whipped it up and into the center of the penalty box.

The ball spun powerfully as it came flying in and the players began trying to reach it with their heads, but one man rose above the rest, catching the ball powerfully and adding even more power as he directed it towards Uventus's goal.

{Header!?!}

{Lewandowski makes it two for himself and four for Bayern!} Trevor screamed excitedly as the ball flew past the goal line, Buffon rooted to the spot.

{The man, the machine. Ninety minutes were not enough to tire him out and he has come knocking heavily on the door to glory!} Trevor continued his commentary as Lewandowski took off down the sidelines, jumping into a knee slide with more enthusiasm in his celebration than when he scored his first goal.

Chapter 718: Biggest Night in Club Football XIV

In Uventus's technical area, Pirlo just barely managed to stop himself from putting his hands on his head in shame.

"Sh*t!" he cursed and kicked at the air in frustration.

This was the worst thing possible that could happen because with just six minutes to go, Bayern would sit back on this goal and do everything possible to keep his players far from scoring.

They wouldn't even mind getting red cards at this point and if there was one thing a German team was good at, it was at being stubborn and frustrating.

Yet, despite thinking all this, Pirlo still tried to encourage his players as they went back to their positions.

As long as the final whistle hadn't gone off yet, then he wasn't giving up on the trophy and he was sure neither the players or the diehard Uventus fans would give up either.

Especially not after watching the players' performance in this match so far.

One thing to note was that not a single one of the Uventus players looked too down that they had gone behind, or even if they did feel down, they didn't show it and the game soon resumed with them kicking off.

Just like Pirlo expected, the Bayern players stayed behind the ball, not surging forward on the press and staying content to just wait for the Uventus players to come towards them with the ball and try to get past them, which was exactly what the Uventus team decided to do.

After passing the ball around for a few seconds and realizing that the Bayern players stayed behind, hardly pursuing the ball until it came into their half, Uventus began moving forward with the ball.

It was then that they were met with another side of Bayern's defense tactic.

As soon as they stepped into their half of the pitch, the Bayern players instantly burst forward on the press and tried as hard as humanly possible to take the ball from the Uventus team.

It seemed they had settled for pressing in their own half and if they managed to steal the ball, then they'd probably play around with it for a while to waste some time before hitting it up the pitch when the Uventus team began applying too much pressure.

Annoyingly enough, it worked as Goretzka stole the ball from Mckennie and passed the ball back to the defense.

The Bayern players began passing the ball around, trying to waste as much time as possible, but the Uventus players were having none of it and pushed far up the field to pressure the Bayern team into clearing the ball back into their half of the field.

The Uventus defense were playing such a high line that the ball cleared by Neuer flew right behind them and had to be collected by Buffon who rarely ever moved up the pitch.

Despite such a clear counter-attacking opportunity with the ball falling behind the Uventus defense, the Bayern players stayed in their half, not attacking the ball.

Buffon collected the ball and quickly passed it to Chiellini who passed to Jason who had swapped positions with Mckennie.

Receiving the ball in the middle of the field, Jason took off into Bayern's half of the field, no longer caring about avoiding pressure on his ankle.

It was now or never. Uventus had to create a goal as soon as possible or they would end up crashing out of the Champions League, just inches away from the trophy.

As soon as he stepped into Bayern's half of the field, all attention was on him immediately, but he stayed calm and picking out a path, he turned toward the right, just barely dodging Lewandowski and Muller, but they didn't fall back and chased him hard from behind.

Just after getting past and heading toward the right, he saw Musiala rushing at him from the front and Gnabry coming behind him from the right.

Trying to look for a passing option couldn't work as he was completely surrounded with Lewandowski coming from behind and Muller staying on his left.

The only way was through Musiala and Jason suddenly made as if to flick the ball to his left, causing Musiala to change his direction and opening a bit more space on his right.

Smoothly switching his leg from behind the ball to in front of it, Jason flicked it back to the right, completing a reverse elastico and just barely dodging Musiala and making it out of the encirclement.

The cheers from the Uventus fans increased as Jason chased after the ball he had flicked to the right, when suddenly Goretzka came rushing in from behind Musiala, coming from Jason's right side like a freight truck and slamming into Jason.

Jason was sent flying to the right, but taking it as an opportunity to get to the ball, Jason angled his body and changed his fall into a roll that ended up with him back on his feet and right behind the ball, stopping it and wanting to push forward immediately.

The shouts of foul from the Uventus fans who had watched Jason get slammed away quickly changed into amazed cheers as Jason stopped the ball after getting back to his feet, but before Jason could push the ball forward, Gnabry, who had caught up to him from behind grabbed his shirt and pulled him down to the ground as Jason tried to move.

Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

The referee who had been about to blow his whistle to give Uventus an advantage immediately changed his mind and blew for a foul, rushing up to the scene while rummaging through his pockets.

Pulling out a yellow card that he showed Gnabry immediately, Uventus were given a free kick.

{The sudden run attempt from Jason has come to a dramatic end and Uventus have a free kick from thirty three yards out!}

{Perhaps this set-piece can help them get more men forward} Trevor commented.

{It is a shame about that run from Jason though. He really looked like he was on to something and ready to finesse his way through, but the German giants proved to be a bit too much for him to handle} Martin added with disappointment in his voice.

Chapter 719: Biggest Night in Club Football XV

{It is a shame about that run from Jason though. He really looked like he was on to something and ready to finesse his way through, but the German giants proved to be a bit too much for him to handle} Martin added with disappointment in his voice.

{Yeah, the Germans were not having it and quickly put a stop to it before he could go any further or pick out anyone in a dangerous spot} Trevor laughed a little.

{I think we can put some of the blame on his teammates who didn't get closer to support him. They let him get completely surrounded and he ended up being taken down}

{But at the same time, I think some of them were trying to get into dangerous positions so that when he sent the ball through, they'd be able to get a shot away and simply forgot to go up to support him} Martin tried to analyse the play.

{Well, there's that and also the fact that they might have been trying to give him some space as he has proven many times that he can normally get the ball out of tight positions}

{Just this time, Bayern proved to be too strong and they were not afraid to play a bit more roughly this late in the game, especially considering that they're minutes from lifting the Champions League trophy as long as nothing unexpected happens} Trevor pointed out as well.

Thirty three yards away, and in front of the right side of the penalty area, Jason stood behind the ball with Danilo and Dybala.

Ronaldo had come by earlier, but had gone back to the penalty box and grouped up with the other players, expecting the ball to be crossed into the penalty area.

Brushing his hair back over his head as he waited for the referee to finish arranging the wall because the Bayern players were stylishly waiting out of position to waste a bit of time.

PAPAPA PA!

Forza Uve!

PAPAPA PA!

Forza Uve!

PAPAPA PA!

Forza Uve!

As he waited, he heard the Uventus fans clapping and cheering loudly, trying to motivate the players to push hard in the last few minutes left of the game... or more specifically, just barely over two minutes.

Turning his eyes away from the players and toward the goal, he suddenly had an intrusive thought.

‘Why don’t you shoot?’

Jason instantly shook his head, smiling wryly as he tried to get that thought out of his head, but now that it had been said, the thought kept coming back and bouncing all across the inner walls of his mind.

‘Shoot. Shoot. ShoOT. SHOOT. SHOOT! SHOOT! SHOOT!’ Turning from a whisper to a full-blown scream inside his head.

All he could think was the word, 'Shoot!'

Fweeeeeeeeeeeee!!! Menedo's whistle broke all his thoughts instantly, but they had taken their effect.

"They're so going to hate me for this," he barely whispered as he changed the angle of his run and began his run-up.

Seeing him change his run-up, Danilo instantly shouted,

“No! Jason! Don’t shoot!” but it was already too late as Jason hit the ball as powerfully as he could with the side of his right foot, sending the ball flying straight ahead.

{Who will he cross it to- Oh he's shot it direct!}

Since the free kick position was on the right side of the goal, at first it looked like the ball was going out, but soon it began curving inside like looking like it would barely make it to the right side of the goal, but Neuer could already feel the alarms ringing as he began shifting his position from the left side of the goal.

Before anyone could realize what was happening, Neuer was already jumping as hard as he could, trying to reach the top right side of his goal that the ball was curling into and the next moment, the net was sent flying as the ball smashed past Neuer's gloved hands, barely skimming inside the top and right bars.

{OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!}

{What was that!? What was thatttttt!!!}

{Right side freekick and a right foot! Most people would think to cross the ball in, but he's taken his chances and made good on them!}

{Uventus equalize with two minutes to go!}

{They tried to stop him by fouling him, only to find out that he is inevitable!}

{What a strike!}

The noise that filled the stadium as the ball went in was deafening.

Even the Uventus fans in their homes who hadn't been able to afford the trip to Porto didn't hesitate to scream themselves hoarse as they watched the game be saved by a beautifully unusual free kick.

Jason didn't even remember to run to the sidelines as even he couldn't even believe that the ball actually went in.

"By the gods, what the actual fuu-uuuhhhh!" The rest of his beautiful words were lost when his teammates jumped on him right there.

Pirlo's mouth dropped open as the other staff and the substitute players celebrated, running around the technical area with excitement and relief plastered across their faces.

Making a mental note to mention to his players not to make taking freekicks like that a regular occurrence, Pirlo finally smiled and allowed relief to wash over him.

The atmosphere in Bayern's technical area could not be said to be the opposite, but it was not too far from it as frustration and shock were the main themes on the faces of the Bayern substitute players and the staff.

Hansi did not even bother trying to berate his players as he knew there was almost nothing anyone could have done to stop that goal.

He couldn't exactly blame Gnabry who had committed the foul either as the man had simply been doing his best to stop Jason from creating problems for them... problems that ended up being created anyway.

The Uventus players made sure to take a big chunk of the remaining two minutes with their celebrations and the Bayern players were not even in the mood to hurry them up.

When the game finally resumed again, the Bayern players tried to push forward on the attack and it was the Uventus team's turn to play defensive, fending off attack after attack until the final whistle was blown by the referee.

Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

{There it is! The end of extra time!}

{Ninety minutes weren't enough so an extra thirt were added, but even after managing to double their scoreline within thirty minutes, neither side was able to come out on top and we're moving on to penalties}

{Jason with a last minute rescue for Uventus with that fantastic free kick that still amazes me whenever I think about it} Trevor commented as the players headed to their team's technical area for some last arrangements before the penalties.

{Of course. No one expected him to shoot from there, but he did and he scored, proving that the manager's decision to bring him on was the right one}

{I mentioned that he was the sort of magic that Uventus needed and he didn't betray my expectations, he didn't betray the manager's expectations, he didn't betray the fans' expectations and he didn't betray himself}

{If they end up winning this trophy, this will be day he will remember fondly for years to come!} Martin said, not mentioning what would happen if Uventus ended up losing the penalty shootout.

Chapter 720: Biggest Night in Club Football XVI

The two teams were once again standing just outside their technical area as they set up the order for the penalties.

On the Uventus side, Pirlo quickly got right into the specifics.

"Christiano will take the first penalty," he stated, looking at Ronaldo and got a nod from the striker.

"Paulo, how about you next?"

"Alright coach," Paulo nodded.

"After him will be Fede, Jason and Rabiot. They will be the first five penalty takers, but if we get into the sudden death stage, Danilo will start, then Alex Sandro, then Mckennie, and so on... Giorgio, I'll leave that arrangement to you," Pirlo said, turning to the team captain and Chiellini nodded in acquiescence.

"Alright guys, this is it. It all comes down to one kick of the ball,"

"Remember, pick your spot, don't change your mind and make sure you stay on target,"

"You know how important this is, I don't have to remind you, so you know what you need to do," Pirlo told his players.

In Bayern's technical area, Hansi Flick was doing the same thing with his players.

"Lewandowski, Muller, Kimmich, Coman, and Gnabry. You guys are the first five to take the penalties in that order,"

"You'll be up against Buffon and I don't need to tell you how good he is. Hit the ball hard, hit it fast and ensure he can't reach it even if he goes in the right direction," Hansi said.

"Unless you're absolutely confident he can't reach it, don't do anything cheeky," he reiterated.

The two team captains soon went up to the referee to do the coin toss to decide who would take the penalties first and which side the penalty would be taken.

Chiellini won the toss and decided to choose the end of the field the penalty shootout would take place while Bayern would get to take the first penalty.

Choosing the side that had the travelling Uventus fans behind them, Chiellini and Neuer went back to their teammates.

The players of the two teams were soon heading to the left and right sides of the halfway line while the two goalkeepers walked towards the goal where the penalty shootout would take place.

The loud cheers of the Uventus fans filled the air as Buffon took his place between the sticks while Lewandowski walked over from the halfway line as the first person to take the penalty.

{It's Lewandowski to take the first penalty} Trevor began his commentary as soon as Lewandowski stood behind the ball.

{Well, the first penalty is very important as it sets the tone for the rest of the shootout, so they need someone confident. Someone who they know can put penalties away and he is that man} Martin added.

Buffon jumped up a bit to psyche himself, but he kept his eyes on Lewandowski, and everything he knew about the man began to play in his head, helping him come to a conclusion about where the penalty was likely to go.

Fweeeeeeeeeee

With the referee's whistle giving him the go ahead, Lewandowski ran at the ball and hit it as hard as he could at the bottom left corner of the goal.

Buffon guessed the correct direction and dived toward the ball, but he was no match for the ball's speed and the ball smashed past his outstretched hand before he could reach it and the net was sent bulging.

{Good penalty! Buffon guessed right but couldn't get there in time}

{Bayern have one!}

Lewandowski had already turned away after pumping his fist with excitement and relief and Ronaldo was already walking up to take his own penalty.

Neuer replaced Buffon in goal as Ronaldo took his position behind the ball, taking deep breaths.

{It's Ronaldo to take Uventus's first penalty and to be completely honest, no one is really worried he'd miss this}

Fweeeeeeeeeee!

{Can Neuer do the unthinkable and stop this?} Trevor began as Ronaldo began his run up to the ball.

{No, he can't. Ronaldo sends him the wrong way!}

Ronaldo had hit the ball right down the center while Neuer had jumped towards the bottom left, thinking Ronaldo would hit the ball there.

Cheers instantly escaped the lips of the Uventus fans behind the goal as Ronaldo turned away, confidence on his face, but relief in his heart.

{1:1}

Muller had already began walking up from the half way line as Ronaldo headed back and he was soon behind the ball as Buffon took his place back in the middle of the goal.

{Muller to take the next penalty. They need someone reliable behind this and he is definitely the right man for the job}

Muller placed the ball on the spot and stepped back, allowing the referee to check it's placement while he stared down Buffon.

Done checking, the referee stepped back and blasted his whistle, prompting Muller to run up to the ball and hit it.

Once again, the ball was sent down the bottom left, but it was so well placed that Buffon couldn't reach it despite guessing correctly and diving toward the ball.

{Muller makes it two!}

{He's clearly gone for accuracy over power, but when you're that confident in yourself, why not?} Martin chuckled as Muller turned away, a picture of calmness on his face.

His reliability was one of the main things that had kept him as a fan favorite and a manager favorite over the years.

Apart from his undeniable quality, just the fact that he was consistent and could always be relied on was something any manager looked for and that was one of the reasons why despite him playing a football role that was slowly dying in the world of modern football, all the managers who had come to coach the team always made their plans to fit him.

Dybala began stepping up for the next penalty as Neuer took position in the goal again.

Receiving the ball from the referee, Dybala whispered a small prayer before putting the ball down and taking a few steps back.

As usual, the referee checked the ball's position and whether Neuer was off the line before blowing the whistle for Dybala to take the penalty.

Running short, Dybala swung his foot at the ball, sending it toward the right.

Neuer guessed right and dived towards the right as well, but Dybala had hit the ball towards the top right corner, so despite putting up his hand, Neuer missed the ball and it flew above him, landing in the back of the net.

{Over the keeper and in. Good penalty from Dybala, he equalizes things for Uventus} Trevor commented while the Uventus fans cheered loudly.

Things were already moving quickly at this point and Kimmich began coming up from the midway line while Dybala headed back to the rest of his teammates.

{It's Kimmich to take the penalty and if there's another person I can call reliable, it's this fella. He's very versatile and can play more than three positions. His defensive abilities may be the best part of his game, but he is not afraid to take up a bolder role when his team needs it}

{And now, his team needs it}

Fweeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Kimmich ran at the ball and hit it, sending it to the left of the goal, which was also the direction Buffon dived in, but despite managing to get a hand to the ball, it bounced off his hand and flew past the goal line.

{There was a bit of a scare there, but he makes it three for his side}

Kimmich turned back, relief etched on his face that the ball hadn't been saved by Buffon. He didn't even remember to celebrate the fact that he scored the penalty, he was just relieved.

{It's Federico Bernadeshi who's up next for Uve in the penalty shootout and he needs to put this one away to put his team on level terms with Bayern}

Fweeeeeeeeeee!

Bernadeshi ran at the ball and hit it towards the right side of the goal.

Neuer reacted instantly and jumped at the ball, but he just barely missed it and the ball smashed past the tip of his fingers.

{Very close one! Neuer almost got a hand to it, but Bernadeshi just barely makes it three!}

Neuer slammed the ground frustrated that he had barely missed the ball while Bernadeshi headed back to his teammates relieved that he hadn't failed to equalize the game.

{Things are getting a bit hairy here and I have to say, it was to be expected}

{The two goalkeepers here are among the best in the world and something tells me that it will not be long until a penalty is saved here}

Coman put the ball down on the spot, took four steps back and looked at the goal and Buffon, trying to pick a spot.

Fweeeeeeeeeeeee

The referee didn't give him too much time to think and Coman ran at the ball, hitting it at the bottom left side of the goal.

Once again, Buffon guessed correctly and jumped at the ball, just barely managing to touch it and deflect it slightly, but the ball still continued past him.

CLANG!

{Oh! The bar!}

{Oh, you can see the disappointment and agony on his face as realizes that he's missed the chance}

Jason was already walking to the penalty spot to take the penalty, putting the ball down on the spot and taking five steps back.

Fweeeeeeeeeeeee!

At the referee's whistle Jason began running up to the ball.

{This one to give Uventus the leadd?!}