

《I'm The supreme Fairy King》

Chapter 144: Scoring A Goal

As Jim moved fast towards the compact defense in front of him, his mind started to work his magic.

The first player activated his shield and the next moment he inserted the gigantic shield heavily on the ground, blocking the entire path in front of Jim.

Yet the latter didn't stop. In fact he raised his speed at this short distance before suddenly stopping, leaving his body gliding over the ground using his special boots.

And then he leaned to one side, evading the massive shield with a hair breadth.

"See you later," Jim laughed before adjusting his body and continued to run, while the ball kept bouncing over his hand.

"Impressive evasion from such a prodigy in the game," and the commentator didn't let this pass by without adding a magic touch of his, "and now two more defenders are blocking his path, how can he escape now? Will we see another brilliant move?"

"I promise you will," Jim laughed while watching the two giants up ahead activating their shields and putting them side by side on the ground to block the biggest area possible.

"You won't evade this," one of the two sneered and Jim only nodded.

"I agree I can't evade this one," Jim said before suddenly accelerating at the last couple of meters between him and the giants, "but I can easily jump over," he bent his legs hard and in great flexibility he threw his body to the air, crossing over the two shields and passing through the two giants in the small area in between.

"Again a brilliant move from our ace... god dammit! My boy is really good."

The commentator exploded in applause while the audience's cheering literally went off the roof with their explosive and enthusiastic shouts.

"And now he has three more to beat, will he be able to beat them this time?" the commentator asked before answering himself, "I bet he will, hell yeah he will," and

like a madman he screamed like a fanatic of Jim and his team.

"No you won't," one of the giants promised before suddenly the three formations changed as Jim drew closer to them.

Two blocked his path the same way the last two did, while the third retreated a couple of meters and waited. "Acting as a hitman... nice tactic," Jim sneered before squeezing his eyes as he knew this would be quite tricky.

As before he managed to jump over the blockage of the two players, and now all that remained was the third one.

"Your pathetic run will end here," the player shouted in anger while his shield was activated and was used by him like holding a spear.

With Jim's fast speed and being hanged midair there was nothing much to do now. He was like an easy target for that player, and even if he was blind he would hit him nonetheless.

Yet just as Jim was in midair he didn't hesitate to bounce the ball to the side all of sudden. A move that seemed unrealistic and not related to this confrontation at all.

And so no one ever cared about the ball or even tried to run and snatch it away.

"You are mine, sweet boy," the giant even jumped to the air slightly to add more weight to his deadly hit.

And it was a direct hit.

"Damn!" the commentator couldn't help to exclaim in shock and regret when he saw Jim being hit by that shield, "this is a brutal game but we all love it, right?" he tried to cover up Jim's failure before he suddenly paused.

"Wait a minute... My boy is still in the game! Damn!"

Just as the hit landed over Jim, he stretched his leg and pushed himself a slightly higher and to the side. This slight adjustment let the shield hit his lower legs, yet he didn't resist the shield at first, letting it rotate his body a full circle before he clenched over the edges with both hands and endured the pain.

"What is he going to do now? He is injured and the ball isn't with him," the commentator said in puzzlement, "but if you asked me I'll tell you that I believe in my boy... he will pull a dazzled move now and we all will jump off our seats for him."

Just as he finished his words Jim started to move again. In fact the hit wasn't the problem but the momentum it created antagonizing him. He was now torn apart between two opposing forces, yet he was moving according to his mind's instructions.

And he trusted his mind greatly at this point.

"Please work," he gritted his teeth while feeling slightly numb at the place of the hit. The player glared at him in a mocking way before shaking his shield like he was driving a fly away.

"That's what I perfectly need," Jim sneered before bending one knee and letting the other push over the shield. At first he wasn't sure he could pull that impossible jump after stopping, but now he knew he could.

That shield movement helped a lot in adding momentum again to his body, and in front of everyone he jumped to the side, to the same side he previously threw the ball to.

And before the ball would bounce on the ground he managed to reach it, touched it with his hand and sent it forward before rotating a full circle over himself and started to run.

"Oh my mighty fairies! What was that move just now? It came from another world, it came from another time, it's a legendary move... we are watching history now ladies and gentlemen, and my boy is the one writing it!"

The commentator was literally exploding at the moment with his words. The audience also went berserk alongside his crazy words, making the entire world seem fuzzy and strangely noisy for Jim.

In fact he was deeply hurt but he was trying to bear the pain, pushing his body forward with nothing else in his vision at the moment but that close final line.

"He is accelerating, like a cheetah without any obstacle whatsoever. See that tanker? He was thrown to dust just now. Damn, even the ace of their team can't even touch a single hair of my boy. My boy is running, is advancing... the final line is there, no one to stop him, and he...sc- o- o- o-o- o- ored a goal!"

The moment Jim crossed the line and heard that amazing word of a goal from the commentator he let go of all the pain he was holding back.

And the next instant his body crashed to the ground where he flipped more than dozen times and finally stopped.

"I did it!" he couldn't believe even himself for pulling such a feat. He was in agony, deeply hurt at his legs but that didn't matter. "We have a goal, and they had to score two now to defeat us," that was what he thought of at the moment, and nothing else mattered.