

I AM the Football Star #Chapter 19 - 8: Ambitious Reporter and Arrogant Player - Read I AM the Football Star Chapter 19 - 8: Ambitious Reporter and Arrogant Player

Chapter 19: Chapter 8: Ambitious Reporter and Arrogant Player

Various news stories were flying everywhere, especially in the Liguria region, where Lu Yang and Morici became almost overnight sensations.

Of course, for Lu Yang, it was yet another overnight sensation.

The title "San Remo Twin Stars" spread rapidly.

Similarly, in the last match, Lu Yang also broke a record, which is the youngest appearance record in the Italian professional league. On the day of the game, Lu Yang was only sixteen years and one hundred eighty-one days old.

Of course, this record doesn't carry much weight because, in Italy's lower leagues, young players often take the field.

If it were in Serie A or Serie B, it would certainly attract more attention.

But even so, some people are still very dissatisfied with Lu Yang's record.

That person is the star player of Bisceglie Football Club, Arnold.

Arnold is not very old, just nineteen now, but he has been playing professional matches for over two years. He participated in his first Italian D Division match at sixteen years and three hundred days old.

This year is also Arnold's last year in the Italian D Division.

He has already been booked by a Serie B team in advance, which is why he is the star player in the team, as he is about to move to a higher-level league.

The Five Major Leagues dig for fresh blood from the secondary leagues, and the secondary leagues search for dark horses from lower leagues.

"Lu Yang? Who are you talking about? Sorry, I haven't heard that name." Arnold stated in a media interview, "If he plays as a defender, I'll let him experience how fierce Serie B-level attacks are in the next match."

"If he plays as a forward, I'll make him realize the gap between himself and a Serie B-level forward."

From this statement, you can probably see that Arnold's intelligence isn't high.

He regards himself as a Serie B forward, thinking he is above the Italian D League.

Forget about Lu Yang, even his teammates might not be happy.

What's the difference between this and those who immediately say they're not farmers after making it big?

Do people think they've never seen you covered in mud before?

In the busy society, no one looks down on you for your past, unless you first look down on yourself.

Soon, the troublemaking Hans found Lu Yang, hoping Lu Yang could give Arnold some response.

"I can give you any answer you want, even beyond your expectations." Lu Yang said as he sat in a cafe with Hans.

Morici was on standby next to them, wary of the reporter who once "framed" Sotu.

Such journalists are like tigers; they devour others without leaving bones behind and are as dangerous as sleazy agents.

Hans was taken aback by Lu Yang's words.

This didn't sound like a sixteen-year-old's tone.

"What are you talking about?" Hans pretended not to understand.

Lu Yang smiled slightly: "The Italian D League doesn't get much attention; it's merely a lower-level league. But lower-level leagues can also produce some promising young people. And stories of grudges are always the best way to attract attention."

"As for who the attracted popularity belongs to, it depends on who can seize the opportunity better. Although without my participation, you could still make our conflict the focus of the Italian D Division, but... with my participation, it will be easier for you to orchestrate."

Hans took a sip of coffee and nodded: "It's rare for a young football player to have such a clear view of these commercial gimmicks."

Lu Yang shook his head: "The clarity isn't here, but in... I'll help you teach Arnold a lesson."

Hans's hand shook, spilling a few drops of coffee.

He frowned.

Lu Yang knew about his conflict with Arnold?

If it were Maniero sitting opposite, Hans could accept this calmly. If it were Sotu, he wouldn't be this unsettled.

Lu Yang was only sixteen!

How did he know?

"Very simple." Lu Yang seemed to know what Hans wanted to ask, "I've read your columns; you know, your articles often spread widely. Last year, you mentioned Arnold from Italian D League Bisceglie several times, but you stopped mentioning him after October."

"On the contrary, I found articles praising Arnold in other newspapers."

"I even feel that Arnold getting noticed by a Serie B team is perhaps inseparable from your articles. But... he betrayed you. Or rather, he found a better media partner."

"So you intentionally told Arnold about my excellence, leading him to publicly criticize me in front of the media. You want me to help you give this arrogant young man a harsh slap."

Hans finally calmed down, not because Lu Yang was wrong, but because he liked working with smart people.

Arnold's betrayal made Hans realize the dangers of fools.

"Can you guess why Arnold left me?" Hans chuckled, holding up three fingers, "Three hundred euros per interview."

With that, Lu Yang and Hans both laughed.

Three hundred euros, which seems significant now.

A lower-league player's weekly salary may only be this much, if not less.

But... could what Hans brought to Arnold really be outweighed by three hundred euros?

The attention and transfers from Serie B teams have increased Arnold's value dozens of times, and his future salary will do the same.

Isn't that worth more than three hundred euros?

Steering clear of fools is not because they aren't smart, which is actually harmless; the real danger is that fools can't distinguish right from wrong, causing harm at critical moments to those who genuinely care about them.