

LEGENDS 103

Chapter 103: Knock

Ring *Ring*

The sound of an incessant alarm dragged Jason's consciousness out of the comfortable embrace of the goddess of sleep and Jason's eyes slowly opened up as he grabbed his phone and put an end to the annoying ringing that had him wanting to squash the phone like a pancake.

Despite the alarm having woken him up, Jason closed his eyes to go back to sleep, remembering that he had forgotten to turn off the alarm as he had no reason to wake up as early as 6 am on a rest day.

To be more honest, it wasn't that Jason wanted to rest more, which he did but because he was forced to rest.

In the match against Leverkusen the previous day, due to being the focal point of the Porto attack, he had been incessantly fouled and brought down by the Bayer Leverkusen players whenever he had tried to start an attack.

Due to the adrenaline high from the match, he had not felt anything during the match but as soon as the match was over and he headed to the locker room, he felt quite winded, a bit light-headed and he had a few aches in his knees and ankles.

The medical personnel had done a quick check on him and luckily hadn't found anything more than a few abrasions and bruises, but they had also recommended that he rest well as he had picked up a knock that could potentially turn into an injury if he didn't allow his body to rest.

They had also scheduled a massage session to help him with match recovery the following day which was today.

Jason was a training freak in all rights, but this time he was going to listen to the medical personnel, especially when he was on the cusp of probably getting his first start for the club, so it would suck if he had an injury at this particular moment that would not allow him to play.

With these thoughts, he fell back asleep only to finally wake up more than two hours later.

Despite waking up, Jason still felt quite sleepy as he was really enjoying his rest, but something seemed to have woken him up as he stared around confused, wondering why he was up.

He knew he was naturally very sensitive to sounds and movements even while asleep and this had been sharpened even further when he had learned martial arts in his previous reality.

In this reality, he retained that hypersensitivity, so he knew that something had woken him up, but he couldn't hear or see anything that could have woken him up.

Not sure what was going on, he rubbed his sleepy eyes and grabbed his phone to check the time.

'8:31 am,' he read internally before moving to get up and pushing off his blankets, getting off his bed and stretching extensively, his eyes sweeping across the room and finding nothing out of place.

Seeing nothing strange, Jason walked out of the room, hoping to get a glass of water as his throat felt a bit dry.

He moved to the door and made to pull the door open and immediately he pulled, he realized what had probably woken him up.

The door was shut tightly when he had gone to sleep the night before, but now it hadn't been shut and had only been pulled close.

Noting that, Jason walked into the hallway and made his way to the kitchen where he met Mylo pouring himself a glass of milk.

"Morning," Jason muttered, his voice sounding deep and husky since he had just woken up.

"Oh, you're up?" Mylo asked with a lot of surprise in his tone.

"I just came to check if you were asleep just like a minute ago and I thought you were asleep," he continued.

"I was," Jason muttered as he walked to the kitchen counter and picked up a glass cup, rinsed it, and slid it over to Mylo, his intention for Mylo to pour him a cup as well.

Jason immediately believed Mylo's words as if Mylo had done more than just checking whether he was awake, he would have woken up, and if by some sort of luck, he didn't wake up, he would still have noticed Mylo's presence in the room.

Such was an advantage of being very organized.

He would very easily notice if something was out of place, but luckily it wasn't needed this time.

It was in a way, kind of sad that he was so on guard against Mylo, but Mylo himself had caused it with some of his stupid actions and it would take a while before Jason could let down his guard around Mylo ever again... if it ever even happened.

Mylo had no idea of what was going on in Jason's mind as it was usually difficult to tell what Jason was thinking whenever he had his impassive face on and that was Jason's default face.

He poured Jason a glass of milk after pouring himself one and slid the glass back to Jason, somehow managing to not let a single drop spill despite his risky actions.

If Jason didn't know better, he would have thought Mylo was a professional bartender, but he knew that Mylo's skill was probably from his many night actions.

'He's probably even better at sliding into DMs, or even pu-... I don't need to know that,' Jason started thinking, but quickly shut down his errant thoughts that threatened to spiral out of control.

"So where's the shawty you brought over last night?" Jason asked before bringing up his glass of milk to his mouth.

“What shawty? I didn’t go out last night,” Mylo replied almost indifferently while sipping on his milk, but Jason almost choked on his milk after hearing Mylo’s words.

Mylo’s words weren’t something strange to hear, but it was very strange to hear such words from Mylo’s mouth, hence Jason’s exaggerated reaction.

“You know about that corona virus thing you told me about?” Mylo continued, eliciting a nod from Jason who had calmed down.

“I figured there’d be no harm in playing it safe a bit and avoiding crowded areas for now,” Mylo continued speaking, having no idea how his words were turning Jason’s head upside down as Jason found himself wondering whether aliens had taken over Mylo’s brain and had him acting different.