

LEGENDS 105

Chapter 105: Nicknames II

Getting over the weird nicknames, Jason took up Mylo's phone again to read the article about him.

The article just briefly recapped his performances over the two matches while also adding a few elements that were not exactly true, but then that was a normal thing from reporters and there was nothing Jason could do to stop them, neither did he want to.

"You going somewhere?" Jason asked Mylo who was all dressed up and even had a bag slung over his shoulder.

"Yeah, school," Mylo replied as he took his phone back from Jason.

"Ah...!" Jason muttered.

"I forgot you were still attending high school,"

"Final year?" Jason asked, rinsing out his glass.

"Yeah, I'll be done with school after this," Mylo answered back, rinsing out his glass as well.

"Where's your school at?" Jason suddenly thought to ask as he began heading back to his room, intending to go have his bath.

"Not really far, it's along the way to the training complex," Mylo replied as he sat on the couch.

"Along the way, huh? Hey, if it wouldn't be too late, I could drop you off, I have to go to the training complex today," Jason offered.

“That’d be cool, classes start at 10 am anyway,” Mylo replied gratefully.

“Alright,” Jason muttered and headed back to his bedroom, took off his clothes, and jumped into the adjoining bathroom to wash up.

Making sure that his mouth received just as much attention as his body and hair, he quickly washed up left the bathroom, and began dressing up.

Opting for a simple white round-neck T-shirt, sky blue jeans, and his black and white Nike Air shoes, he quickly dressed up.

He was merely going to get a massage at the training complex and he couldn’t exactly be wearing clothes when he was getting a full body massage so there was no point in wearing anything extravagant.

He felt too lazy to do so anyway.

Like always, he grabbed his HUGO cross bag that had all his effects and walked out.

“Let’s go,” he called out to Mylo as he through the house, and out the front door.

“Coming!” Mylo called and jumped off his ass, grabbing his bag and running after Jason, not forgetting to shut and lock the front door of the house.

Jason who was already getting into the car suddenly felt his stomach rumble and realized that he was actually quite hungry.

The milk had staved it off for a few minutes, but his stomach was already calling for nutrients once again.

‘I should be able to get something at the training complex’s cafeteria,’ Jason thought to himself as he started up his car.

Mylo finally got in as well, giving Jason his cue and he immediately pulled out of the driveway.

As Jason began driving, he noticed that Mylo was doing something on his phone, and from the rapid-fire he was hearing, it was either a shooting game or a Rambo movie.

“What’s that?” Jason asked, his curiosity piqued as he quite liked games.

“Oh, this, it’s Call of Duty,” Mylo barely replied, completely focused on the game he was playing.

“They have those on phones already?” Jason asked in surprise, after all, he knew and had played Call of Duty quite a bit, but he had only played it on consoles and PCs in his past reality, but he had never heard anything about the game being on phones back then.

Well, it wasn’t exactly impossible though as if he remembered correctly, Call of Duty was a multiplayer game and Jason was never really into multiplayer games.

He hardly ever played games against other people and all his skill in games came from playing against the highest leveled AIs.

This was of course because he didn’t have friends and the only time he had played games against other humans was whenever his team was on some team-building vacation or something where it was compulsory to play.

As they were stopped at a red light, Jason asked, “Lemme see what it looks like,” and Mylo agreed, but as his hand came in contact with Mylo’s phone he let out a yelp as he pulled his hand back at more than double the speed he had stretched it out.

“I asked for your phone, not a hand-held heater, bruh,” Jason almost shouted as what had come in contact with his hand was hotter than any water he could dare to use to wash his body.

Mylo burst into laughter before finally saying, “That’s just how iPhones heat up while playing heavy games,”

“What? Is the rose sapphire-eyed black rose dragon scared of a little heat?” Mylo teased.

“Fuck you. Give it here,” Jason shot back and snatched the phone from Mylo’s grasp.

‘Why would anyone subject themselves to such torture though?’ Jason wondered internally as he could feel the heat from the phone almost burning through his hands.

‘This phone finna melt at this rate,’ he thought as he swiped across the screen, seeing that Mylo seemed to be in an ongoing game, but before Jason could do anything, he was shot countless times by another player that had just jumped into view and he died.

“Haha, you’re wack at this bro,” Mylo laughed at him from the sides, but soon shut up as Jason started moving.

Jason had seen the buttons and quickly understood what they did even without testing them, so the next person that appeared on the screen was shot down before they could even get close and a few more players were shot down like that as well before, Jason was shot down from behind as well.

“Hey, you’re not bad at this,” Mylo muttered and wanted to take the phone back but Jason slapped his hand away.

Unfortunately, Jason didn’t slap it away in time and Mylo had mistakenly touched the loadout 2 button, on the screen changing the loadout so when Jason respawned, it was with a different character, weapons, and score streaks.

“Oh, there’s snipers in here,” Jason muttered as he climbed up the stairs of the house in Nuketown and from the window sniped all the five members of the other team with alarming accuracy.

The traffic light turned green at this moment and Jason threw the phone back at Mylo, his hands resuming to their duty posts on top of the steering and his leg stepping on the accelerator.