

LEGENDS 118

Chapter 118: Ball In Your Court I

Jason left the reporters behind and headed to the team's locker room with his Man of the Match award in his hand.

On reaching the locker room, he was congratulated by his teammates on the award and they conversed freely as they changed out of their match kits and got ready to leave.

Laughter filled the FC Porto locker room as opposed to the Santa Clara team who were getting an earful from their manager.

As soon as Sergio Conceicao was done with the post-match interview, he also headed back to the locker room to commend the players before the whole team headed out of the locker room and boarded their team bus.

The bus drove smoothly out of the Estadio de Sao Miguel and smoothly ambled down the road, heading back to Porto that night as it was only half an hour's drive at most.

As expected, thirty minutes later, the Porto team bus drove into the CTFD Portogaia training center where the players got down and headed to their cars and started leaving for their respective residences.

Jason did the same and got into his car, heading back to his apartment.

Soon enough he was in the driveway of his house.

He turned off the car's engine, putting a stop to the almost silent hum of the BMW i8's engine, and headed into the apartment.

First throwing down his sports bag and heading to the refrigerator, he pulled out a bottle of milk, ripped open the cover, and set it to his mouth, gulping down like his life depended on it.

The cool feeling of the milk rushed through his throat and headed down to his abdomen, also cooling down other parts of his body, one of which was his head, but for Jason, it wasn't enough so he pulled out an ice pack and held it to his head, letting the ice cool down his head.

It had already been established by the Porto medical team that Jason had a mild concussion from being slammed into the ground during the match.

It wasn't a serious injury and it had the word 'mild' in front of it, so Jason hoped he would recover from it soon enough as his head was throbbing and he was having a few dizzy spells.

'Hopefully, resting would solve it,' Jason thought to himself as he closed the refrigerator and headed to his bedroom with the ice pack in his right hand while he picked up his sports bag with his left hand.

Taking off his clothes first, he headed into the shower and washed up before heading to bed, finally falling asleep with the ice pack carefully placed on his head.

****3rd March, 2020****

Jason's eyes slowly pulled open but as soon as he saw the amount of light in the room, his eyes shot wide open.

He quickly looked for his phone and turned on the screen to check the time,

9 :33 am

"Well, shit," he half groaned, half laughed, and pushed off the bed covers from his body as he rose from the bed.

Strangely enough though, he felt a bit more refreshed than he usually did, but he guessed that it could be attributed to him oversleeping.

Picking up the now melted but formerly “ice pack”, he put it on the dresser and headed to the bathroom to clean up.

Almost an hour later, Jason was back in his bedroom, selecting clothes from his closet while typing in a number from a card into his phone.

After typing in the number, he pressed dial and held the phone to his ear with his right hand while using his left to continue searching in his closet for the clothes he would wear.

On the third ring, Jason heard a click and a voice rang through the phone’s speaker,

“Hello,”

“Miami Restaurant, 11 am, I’ll wait for an hour,” Jason said into the phone without a single word of greeting.

“What? Who is this?” Adele’s voice from the other side of the phone was confused by the whole situation.

“You can’t even recognize the voice of a prospective client and you want to become a world-famous agent, how disappointing,” Jason replied and hung up immediately, a little smile on his face and he continued picking out clothes.

Surprisingly enough, Adele didn’t call him back which meant that either she knew who was calling after his last sentence or she was completely clueless.

Well either way worked for him.

He had been getting a lot of calls from Sports agencies who wanted to become his agent and he had decided that it was high time he chose, thus he had called Adele as she was the first one who had contacted him as well as the one that he currently favored the most, but that could change just as quickly.

His current good impression of her didn't mean much if she wasn't good enough at her job to warrant him choosing her to be his agent.

He wouldn't care how beautiful she was, or the type of goal she had and even about her determination if she wasn't up to the task.

This wasn't some fantasy novel where willpower was the most important thing, this was the real world where actual skill transcended potential most of the time.

Jason wasn't going to hire someone who didn't even know the basics or couldn't do the required job that he was going to be paying thousands of Euros for.

He wasn't that kind... or in this case...he wasn't that stupid.

Adele had a goal, she had determination, and she probably had skill and potential as she wouldn't be hired by a company like Gesifute otherwise.

All that remained was for Jason to decide if he wanted to stick with her or if he wanted to look for someone better.

This meeting was for that reason.

This was Jason's way of giving her a chance to impress him and if by the time the time he had allocated was over and he hadn't made a decision, then his chapter with the woman known as Adele Joyce would probably be over.