

LEGENDS 152

Chapter 152: Chronicles of Lockdown IX

“Okay, I’ve decided, I’m going to do the hundred push-ups,”

“... And the three-minute martial exchange,” Mylo said confidently while thinking to himself that he had probably overestimated Jason’s skill in martial arts and that there was no way Jason would be able to really beat him up that much.

The last time was probably a fluke because he hadn’t expected Jason to react so suddenly when he thought Jason was sleeping.

‘I probably overestimated his talent because I was a little shaken by how suddenly it happened,’ Mylo unknowingly tried to convince himself, trying to attribute his last defeat to Jason to how sudden it happened and him being off guard.

Anyway, there wasn’t really a way that Jason was that skilled at martial arts, otherwise, he would be a martial artist, not a footballer, or at least there would be evidence that Jason practiced martial arts seriously, but there was none.

Jason wasn’t excessively jacked up and was even on the lean side, though his muscles were solid and firm because of how much effort he put into his physical conditioning, but this wasn’t reminiscent of a trained martial artist.

Martial artists didn’t have to be excessively big, but Jason didn’t look like even the small martial artists... unless of course, one counted the martial artists that one saw in movies, like Jackie Chan, Bruce Lee, or Jet Li.

All this worked to convince Mylo’s faltering mind, that he had given Jason a bit too much credit, and that Jason wasn’t even halfway anywhere near as dangerous as he was thinking, because if he was, then Jason would be anything but a professional footballer.

“Oh... you really wanna do both?” Jason spoke in a questioning tone, but inwardly he was pumping his fist in joy.

“... You know it’s not necessary for you to try and fight against me... I’ll even waive off your dumbbell training if you do just the hundred push-ups at a go,” Jason continued, sounding a bit apprehensive, but he knew what he was doing.

This was the second part of his plan... after making Mylo think that he could somehow survive fighting against him without harm, or even making Mylo overthink and make him think that he could fight Jason, then Jason would try to avoid the fighting part and make it seem like he didn’t want to fight against Mylo.

Knowing Mylo, Jason knew that this wouldn’t go down well with his pride, and just like he expected,

“Really? I mean, no... I already accepted, I won’t be going back on my word,” Mylo said and tried to sound confident while thinking to himself.

‘I knew he wasn’t that confident in fighting against me. Did he really think I would back off if he tried to reduce the requirement,’

‘Why was I even scared of this guy?’ Mylo started thinking over confidently.

“... You do know that I would not hold back, right?” Jason asked, his eyes narrowing and his tone low and fear-inducing, but Mylo seemed to be on a high and did not notice any of these dangerous signs as he replied confidently.

“Bring it on broski.”

“... You’re treading on a very dangerous path here, Mylo... It’s gonna be three minutes of hell if you really choose to do this,” Jason sighed, staying in character.

“Yeah, three minutes of hell for you, bro. Bring it on I say!” Mylo retorted with confidence brimming from his tone.

Jason sighed again, this time for real, as despite all this being half of his own doing and it being what he wanted, he could not help but feel a bit of pity for Mylo who walked into the trap confidently, not knowing he was about to get more smoke than he had ever seen his whole life.

“It seems like you really wanna catch these hands... alright then, don’t say I didn’t warn ya,” Jason said for good measure.

His plan was complete and it was a successful and flawless wrap.

He had tricked Mylo into getting into a fight with him and helped him puff up his own confidence so he wouldn’t immediately run away the moment the fight started.

He had also displayed concern and issued a few warnings to Mylo so even if there were some jobless reporters who still decided to feature this matter in their reports, Jason would be as innocent as an angel, and would only be said to be merely going along with the game.

Even if the reporters decided to lie, there was clear evidence that put him in the clear.

Now that the plan was complete, it was time to reap his return.

“You’re in for a world of pain kid,” Jason finally put down the act and a wicked grin shone on his face as he cracked his knuckles.

Mylo was a bit stunned by the sudden change in atmosphere, but his newly built confidence helped him hold out and stay almost unmoved by the sudden change.

The viewers on the other hand immediately felt it...

Mylo was in hot soup and he didn’t know it yet, but what were they going to do about it?

Get their popcorn ready and wait to watch the show while staying ready to banter and take pics that would become memes in the future.

Such was the life of a viewer, and it was spectacular.

Of course, they did not forget to comment,

{Things just got real serious} TseTse_Eadle commented

{Where are they even going to fight?}Bro_is_Bored asked.

{Are ambulances going to be allowed to come pick somebori up, cuz that Mylo dude suddenly be looking like dead meat} LandinoChris commented.

{Hold for a minute and let me prepare some popcorn} Daoist_BlowingUp commented.

Jason ignored the comments from the viewers who seemed to be smarter than Mylo as they could see the situation clearly... or felt it...

“So, do you want to start with the push-ups or the martial exchange?” Jason asked with a smile.

“It wouldn’t be too late to do a hundred push-ups after beating your ass up,” Mylo answered with bravado, his tone brimming with confidence.

“Hahahaha, this kid...” Jason laughed in surprise at Mylo’s confidence.

“Seems like you need an attitude adjustment, and I wouldn’t mind giving it to you,” Jason said with a smile, but his smile was devious rather than warm.