

LEGENDS 155

Chapter 155: Chronicles of Lockdown XII (A Martial Exchange)

“Thanks,” Mylo muttered as he caught the towel and bottle of water that Jason tossed to him one after the other. With a quick snap of his wrists, he opened up the water bottle and began gulping down.

Jason headed over to the phone on the stand, intending to read the comments made by the viewers about Mylo’s push-ups, but to his surprise, all the comments seemed to be directed at him.

{We heard the girl’s voice, rose dragon. and we demand answers!} a user named Tsetth commented.

{Bruh pulled away from the live stream to answer a woman friend} xBuu commented.

{Now we know he ain’t gay} thegame26 commented.

“Gay? What would make you even think that?” Jason immediately asked as that particular comment stood out to him among all the others.

With a face as handsome as his, who would dare to doubt his manly integrity?

He was the one to give the back shots, not the one to receive them... also he only gave the back shots to females who were born as females.

{Well, you’re American, are handsome, and no one has ever seen you with a girl... } thegame26 commented in reply to Jason’s question but other questions that shouted him down soon arose.

{Bruh, that wasn’t even up for debate in the first place... he’s called the rose dragon for Christ’s sake} Ryeballer commented in reply to thegame26’s comment.

{I know why he’s called that... but let’s not forget that he gave the rose to a young girl that’s not even ten} thegame26 commented back unwilling to give up on his argument.

{... so according to your reasoning... Jason's a pedo?} A user named Four95 commented in response to thegame26's latest comment.

"Ok, hold up, hold up, hold the hell up," Jason immediately spoke up before anybody else said anything worse than what they were already saying.

'Don't these guys minds have a filter?' Jason thought tearfully as he was currently being the one dissected by these guys.

"First and foremost, I do not swing that way, I never have and I am very confident that I never will..." Jason immediately began speaking, not intending to give these viewers any more opportunity to slander his good name... on Instagram for that matter.

"Second, the jubilation that led to me being called the... rose dragon, and whatever other names you guys cooked up, was a spur-of-the-moment thing," Jason paused a little while saying the nickname that had been given to him as it still gave him quite a bit of cringe to say it out loud.

"Hell, I don't even know who threw the rose, but as soon as it was in my hand, I just did whatever came to mind. Also, I gave the flower to Selina, the little girl, because I remembered her from a meeting with the fans before the Portimonense match,"

"As for why I gave it to her specifically when there were other girls in the crowd... well, it's cuz she bears the same name as my sister who is now in heaven..." he explained, but after this statement, he immediately realized that the conversation could go back to his family, so he opened up his mouth again.

"Also, I have a girlfriend that would make sure that my head didn't stay connected to my body if I actually gave a rose to another girl on live television," Jason added for good measure, trying to change the attention of the viewers from little Selina to his 'girlfriend' which in reality, Jason actually didn't have yet.

Of course, he was talking with Sofia and they were already more than friends, but Jason hadn't made things official, neither had he had plans of doing so anytime soon... though part of it was because he wasn't sure he could pull it off.

To be clearer, it wasn't that he was scared that Sofia would reject him, rather, the problem was him... Sofia would be his first 'girlfriend' in both of his lives, so it was obvious that he did not have any expertise in dealing with it.

His expertise lay in football, cooking, martial arts, 'genital meets and greets', shooting, and a few other things... but none of those things would be of any help in the emotional problems he was having.

"Anyway, since, all that is clear, then we'll put that matter aside for now and focus on something more pressing..." Jason immediately continued speaking, not wanting to leave any space for the viewers to comment...

Also, Mylo seemed to have rested up well enough and was staring at him hard for some strange reason.

'No matter how hard this kid looks at me, he still gonna get an ass-whooping,' Jason thought laughingly to himself.

"Hey, do you still want to do the second part of the dare...?"

"There are no issues if you stop now and you don't even have to continue holding up the dumbbell," Jason seemingly stressed, making it seem like he really did not want to fight with Mylo.

"Then what would we have made all this space for?" Mylo replied with a question, gesturing with his hands towards the room.

"We are definitely doing this," he continued determinedly and stood up.

Mylo was already at the point of no return, completely drunk on his overconfidence and thinking that he could win against Jason in a fight.

He had completely forgotten his own arguments to the viewers that Jason could 'fold him better than the most compact lawn chair in seconds' and he now thought that fighting Jason couldn't be that hard of a chore.

The fact that he had completed a hundred push-ups in a go, which was something he had never done before, was boosting his confidence even more.

“Are you really, really, really sure you wanna do this bro?... there wouldn’t be a place for you to cry after things go sideways...” Jason still made it seem like he was trying to convince Mylo.

“Trust me... me saying you can’t win is an understatement... you’re in for a lot of pain is more apt for me to say...” Jason laid bare his true feelings about the outcome of the match.

“And I still say, let’s do this, throw your hands up,” Mylo said with confidence and threw the towel and bottle over to the side

“... Don’t say I didn’t warn ya,” Jason said with a wry smile on his face as he put the phone stand and adjusted it back so that it could record the upcoming ‘martial exchange’.