

Greatest Of All Legends

Chapter 16: Prelude to a True Beginning

Jason headed out of a McDonald's building with a pack containing some burgers and a soda and headed for where he had parked his car.

Normally, he didn't eat much fast food or junk food since he had to regulate his body's condition, but he was exhausted after the matches he had played and wouldn't have the energy to cook anything until later in the day.

He also hadn't eaten anything since he woke up, so, for now, he wasn't going to eat whatever was available, after all, eating junk food once in a while couldn't do much to affect him anyway, all those lies about sticking rigorously to a cholesterol-free diet and all that shit like was just lies made up by entrepreneurs who needed to sell their products.

How did Jason know they were lying?

Well, it could simply be chalked up to a matter of common sense.

The warriors of hundreds of years ago; the Spartans, Vikings, Romans, and the rest had no such thing as a diet, yet they were fitter and more physically able than anybody in current times could ever hope to be since their muscles were built for actual battle and not merely ornamental muscles like the gym rats of nowadays.

There in lay the twist, he had never seen nor heard of any document that dated back to those times that recorded any such thing as specific eating to preserve their life, those warriors simply ate whatever was available and most of that was meat.

All kinds of meat.

Yet some idiot 200-pound researcher who sat in a laboratory with a half-eaten burger, barely surviving on junk food without not having slept or bathed for days told people that eating various types of food was bad for their health.

Jason didn't know about other people, but he could smell bullshit, a heavy stink of bullshit, after all, if so many foods were dangerous for people's health, then humanity as well as probably every other life on earth would have been extinct by now.

Yet there has been no news of such a thing since the beginning of time... whenever that was.

"Yeah, it does sound like a whole lot of bullshit," he murmured to himself with a chuckle.

The only problem was when one ate too much, or too little of some specific foods thus having too much of a specific nutrient or too little of it.

If there was one thing being reincarnated had taught him, it was that the supernatural existed, so whenever he saw some people who spoke about not believing in anything supernatural and that everything that humans could see and have was a result of their hard work as most scientists thought, Jason always looked at them as if they were idiots, yet he never bothered to argue with anyone.

After all, was there a point in arguing with an idiot on something you know yourself to be correct about?

Nope, at most you could give them some advice and other times you could purposely annoy them just for the joy of seeing them raving around like mad people.

"Ah, good times," he thought to himself with a laugh while opening the door to his car only to hear his phone's ringing tone.

He had not taken his phone with him when he had gone to get his food because he wasn't exactly expecting calls from anyone... I mean, he was, but he wasn't expecting them so soon.

He sat in the car and closed the door before picking up the phone from the passenger's seat and looking at the caller ID, but it was an unknown number.

Jason first started the car and his phone's Bluetooth immediately connected with the car before picking up the call.

"Yes?" he spoke first after picking up the call.

"Hello, Mr. Bolu, my name is Rafael Hernandez," a slightly aged voice that mispronounced Jason's last name came out of the phone, but Jason didn't bother correcting him as he didn't expect a non-African person to be able to pronounce it correctly and was already used to it.

"I am a scout with the Portuguese football team FC Porto, do you happen to have time tomorrow for a meeting," the man who called himself a scout for FC Porto continued.

"Uh, yeah, I'm quite free... time and place?" Jason replied and asked, trying to keep his excitement out of his voice.

"I'll text you the details, thank you for your time," Rafael answered back and hung up, his tone sounding polite, but his actions a bit impolite, but Jason didn't care as he was too happy right now.

"Fuck yeah," he shouted out in happiness.

Luckily, he had already shut the door of his car so no one outside the car could see or hear him.

He knew that despite the impolite actions of the scout who called himself Rafael Hernandez, the mere fact that he was called directly by the scout meant that he was already being considered to be scouted and his chances were probably quite high, not to mention that it wasn't just any team, but FC Porto.

Despite the Portuguese top-flight league not being one of the top five leagues in the world, FC Porto itself was a top-flight team that could rank quite highly among the top 50 clubs in the world.

It was even a team that played the UEFA Champions League or the UEFA Europa League every season, and such a place was considering scouting him as a player for their team.

How could he not be happy?

If he was successfully scouted, then he would have already surpassed his past life's peak, not to mention that it was probably one of the best places he could hope to start his career.

Jason just let his body collapse completely into his seat and completely relaxed his nerves that he didn't even realize were strung tight before this moment and started laughing silently while a few tears came out from his eyes.

His hard work wasn't in vain.

Everything he had subjected himself in the name of training was finally paying off and he had finally gotten the chance at the first step at his dream after failing a lifetime ago.

After a few more minutes of just sitting there while his memories played one after the other inside his head, his eyes regained their focus, and he sat up with a determined look on his face.

This was the real beginning of what he hoped would be called a legend after he finished his race.