

# Greatest Of All Legends

## Chapter 17: A Day to Laze Around

A gleaming blue 2016 BMW i8 drove onto the driveway of a modest house in a quiet-looking neighborhood and came to a stop in front of a slowly opening garage door.

After the door fully opened, the car ambled into the garage and the door started closing slowly as it stopped inside the garage.

Jason carried out his sports bag, came out of the car, and walked into the house, before heading directly to his room, not forgetting to dump the McDonald's food pack into the bin, the food safely in his stomach.

After entering his room, he threw his sports bag onto the side of the bed and took off his clothes until he was left in his underwear and then he took out a yoga mat.

Doing yoga after a match was one of the ways to help deal with the exhaustion and that was what he did.

He did a few different yoga poses for about 15 minutes before going to shower again, the quick wash-up at the stadium was not satisfactory enough for him.

After having a longer and more satisfactory shower with all sorts of shampoo, soaps, and body wash involved, he left the bathroom, dried himself up, and dressed in new clothes before going to the living room and turning on the TV with his plan for the rest of the day being to laze off on the sofa.

The TV came on and the first image that came into Jason's view was a handsome dark-haired man and a beautiful blonde woman having a tussle of lips before they took their battle to the kitchen table with buttons being removed in a rush and their clothes flying everywhere.

Jason quickly changed the channel before any more blood rushed between his legs while murmuring to himself, "Why does Aunt Daphne watch such blood-exciting movies."

He found the sports channel and clicked on it, the TV going dark for a second before opening up to reveal a green football pitch and a match about to start.

Jason looked to the top right side of the screen but couldn't see the 'live' watermark, so this match was probably a replay of one of the matches that took place the previous weekend.

Soon the players appearing out of their tunnel were shown on the screen and Jason could see the Arsenal players in their red and white jerseys as well as Manchester United players in their dark blue jerseys.

'Oh? This looks like it'll be an interesting match,' Jason thought and settled his body more relaxedly into the sofa.

Usually, whenever Jason watched football matches, he wondered when he could play on such a field, but today's occurrences had helped him conclude that that day wasn't far off any longer, so he could now watch the game relaxedly and not always have a look of longing as he watched the game.

'I wonder who will win?' he wondered as he watched the match kick off.

He wasn't a major fan of Manchester United or Arsenal, so he wasn't rooting for either of them and since both teams were around the same level, he couldn't even predict who would win.

Right from the start of the match, Arsenal was the one with the upper hand while United struggled to get going, and before long Arsenal already got a goal just twelve minutes since the match started.

From then on, the match was a back-and-forth until the 69th minute of the second half when Manchester United conceded a penalty and Arsenal did not waste the chance, slotting in their second goal.

Jason watched the match till it ended before he stood up from the sofa feeling hungry once again, so he got into the kitchen and quickly displayed the experience of someone who had learned how to cook food in various countries for all the twenty-one years of his career.

Since he was never a member of a well-paying team until his later years, he had learned how to cook the foods in the area of wherever he was as he wasn't being paid enough to not get his ass in the kitchen.

If he didn't learn to cook, he'd starve, so he'd learned, exceptionally well even.

At a point, it had become a hobby for him as there was only so much an emotionally apathetic man without friends could do.

He quickly pulled out chicken that he had already marinated previously from inside the refrigerator and started frying it while also pulling out already prepared coleslaw from the refrigerator for a side dish.

Less than twenty minutes later, Jason was back in front of the TV with fried chicken and extra creamy coleslaw as he watched TV.

He didn't leave the front of the TV until the house's main door was flung open and his aunt came in.

It was only then he realized how much time had gone.

"Good evening, how was work?" he asked after her day while still lying down.

"The usual... filled with numbers and more numbers, but I'll get to rest tomorrow since it's the weekend," Daphne answered tiredly while her eyes landed on the plate that Jason hadn't even bothered to pack up after eating.

"Please tell me you did mine as well," she looked pleadingly at him as she knew how good he was at cooking all sorts of things which was kind of strange if she thought more deeply about it, but delicious food had always been good at clouding people's minds.

"In the kitchen, you can throw it in the microwave to warm it up," Jason replied, his eyes turning back to the TV.

"This is why you're my favorite nephew!" she shouted as she half ran into the kitchen.

"I'm your only nephew!" Jason shouted after her.

"Doesn't matter," she shouted back.

A few minutes later, she was back in the living room with Jason while biting on Karaage chicken that Jason had left for her with her legs stretched out on Jason's lap as there was only one sofa while the other chairs weren't comfortable enough for her.

"Issh shoo guhd," she said, savoring the taste with her mouth full.

"I know... I made it," Jason replied with a confident scoff.

They sat watching TV until Daphne remembered to ask, "Uh, how were the trials?"

"It was okay, I think I did well enough," Jason answered ambiguously looking a little down.

"... So, when will we get the results," she asked cautiously, seeing his mood that didn't seem to be on the positive side.

"I already did, I have a meeting with a scout tomorrow," he answered with a smirk as his face brightened up so fast that it was obvious that he had been faking his sad mood.

"You...!" Daphne almost threw her chicken at him after realizing that he was teasing her.

"I'm not throwing my chicken at you" she half whispered bringing back the Karaage chicken to her mouth with a pout.

