

Greatest Of All Legends #Chapter 2: Early Morning in LA - Read Greatest Of All Legends Chapter 2: Early Morning in LA

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Huff *Huff*

The sound of hard breathing came from Jason's mouth as he sat on a bench after realizing that he had run a fair bit farther than he usually did every morning due to being deep in thought.

Usually, he woke up every morning to run ten miles as a morning exercise to warm up, but this morning, it seemed he had unconsciously run farther than seven miles instead of stopping at five miles and running five miles back, so now he would have to run more than seven miles back to his house.

He had only realized that he had gone further than he used to after snapping out of his thoughts and seeing unfamiliar surroundings and had quickly found a bench to sit and rest to avoid straining himself as today was a very important day and he wanted to avoid any slip-ups.

Today was the day when football trials would begin at the Jesse Owens stadium and there would be scouts from some football teams that would be present.

Since this was the first step in the direction of his dream, he had to be there on time, and he could not afford to have any problems with his physical condition.

As for why he had to participate in a football trial when he could just as easily join a football academy, it all had to do with why he was not in a football academy in the first place.

Despite his Nigerian nationality, Jason was born and lived in the USA and thus he had a dual citizenship.

While the Major League Soccer was not one of the best leagues in the world, they had good youth development programs and cutting-edge technology to help, train young players, yet Jason never joined any.

It wasn't because he was lacking in talent, or that he looked down on them, but rather because he didn't want to be hindered in how he trained himself till he joined a professional team.

Since he was a footballer in his previous reality, he already had more than the basics at hand.

He had the knowledge of a footballer and what he first had to do was to get his body used to the knowledge he had in his mind, otherwise, there would be disorientation and a certain feeling of alienation whenever he tried to perform movements with the ball that were possible in his mind but had never actually practiced with his body.

After getting used to his previous life's movements, he had many other training ideas in mind like learning how to use both feet at almost the same level, training his deadball accuracy, enhancing his speed, and other such technical training.

His major talent was his very high acceleration and above-average speed, so he needed to work on these aspects as well and make them exceptional enough to be able to use them on a field with professionals.

Yet, even though all of these could be done at an academy, no professional academy would allow such specific training of one particular football trainee, not to mention that if he displayed a more than above-average talent, they would try to tie him down with shady contracts... but it was mostly because he felt that apart from the technology that they had, there wasn't anything else they could offer him that he couldn't get anyway.

Also being with a bunch of annoying kids did not appeal to him so he never joined a football academy and instead spent most of his time doing solo training.

He also participated in competitive matches whenever he could to check how much he had improved as well as to keep himself sharp.

Since then, it had been eleven years and finally, he couldn't hold in the urge to not play on a big field with a crowd.

He desired professional football and he felt that he was ready to step on a field and strive for his goal.

The football trials came up at the right time and he had been preparing and it was finally the day.

As soon as he caught his breath, he stood up and quickly began his run back to his house, his desire for a cold shower to cool off his body almost palpable.

So, in the early morning of Los Angeles, he made his way back to his house at a constant pace, doing his best to keep his breathing at a constant pace.

It took him forty-five minutes before he got back on the driveway to his house, just in time to see a black 2014 Mercedes S63 AMG ambling out of the garage.

The car stopped as the driver had noticed him in the driveway and Jason slowed his jog to a walk as he approached the passenger's side of the car.

"Good morning, Aunt Daphne," he greeted as the window of the passenger's side slid down.

"Good morning," came a reply from the beautiful woman seated in the driver's seat.

Daphne was a young African woman with milk chocolate-like skin, dark brown eyes shielded by a pair of glasses, and long curly black hair. She was dressed formally in a black skirt-suit and was on her way to work.

"What's with the Men in Black look?" Jason asked with a raised eyebrow and a slight smirk.

"I look cool, right?" Daphne responded with a smile of her own and a little pose.

"Well, you don't look too ugly today," Jason replied with an even wider smirk as there was no way in hell that he would admit that she actually looked beautiful.

"...!" Daphne looked at him, stunned, with a mock pained look on her face, and a little pout.

"... It's today right, your trials?" she said again with a little glance at the digital clock on the dashboard.

"Yeah, it's today," Jason had caught her glancing at the clock and realized that she had to go soon as she was already running late for her job.

"Sorry, I won't be able to come along, I have to...!" she began to explain, but Jason quickly cut her off.

"I know, I know, and besides, I'm not a little kid that needs my aunt to come and cheer for me at some kiddies league," Jason quickly cut her off before she went into an apologetic speech that told tales of woe.

"... Ok, good luck, I really have to go," Daphne answered after a slight pause and another glance at the digital clock.

"Yeah, have a good day," Jason said as he stepped back to allow Daphne to drive off.

"Yeah!" Daphne did a little shout and wave as she stepped on the accelerator and drove out into the road.

Jason watched the car until it disappeared around the corner and began to walk into the house with a slight smile on his face.

Due to a certain mental condition that had arisen because of the trauma from his parents death, he had had a problem displaying and recognizing certain emotions in his

past reality, thus he hadn't had a good relationship with this aunt of his or with anybody for that matter, but thanks to being able to overcome the trauma in this reality, he had been able to change that... at least a little bit.

Daphne was his father's younger sister who also lived along with them in the United States at the time of the accident and she had taken him in when she was just twenty.

Taking care of him as a child while going to college and accounting school, all while trying to make ends meet, she had done it all, while still not stopping him from pursuing his dream of football and still showering him with love and not blaming him for anything.

In his past reality, he had been too emotionally apathetic to realize all that, so they had a strained relationship, but this time he had realized all that he had missed previously and had also done his best to get along with her while not troubling her as much as possible and being an adult internally had done its wonders on helping to build a good relationship with her.

Now that she had finally finished school and had gotten a good job and was too busy to spend too much time with him, he was not going to get in the way of her building a career, after all, he wasn't some idiotic and ungrateful kid.

After Daphne's black Mercedes disappeared from view, Jason quickly turned towards the garage door and entered it, shutting it behind him and entering the house from the garage door that led inside the house.

The door led him to a passageway behind the stairs, and upon entering the house, he made his way up the stairs and to his room at the end of the hallway, removing his shirt on the way, the wetness from his sweat greatly irritating him.

Without wasting any time, he made it to his room, removed his clothes, and wrapped a towel around himself at record speed before making his way to the bathroom to have a cold shower and wash away his sweat and exhaustion.