

# Greatest Of All Legends

## Chapter 20: Arrival at Porto, Portugal

Rafael had quickly gotten across to Andre and told him the details of the verbal agreement and though he frowned a little bit after he heard that Rafael had promised Jason an unconditional position on the senior team if he fulfilled a particular clause, it had only been because he may have a hard time getting the club's manager and head coach to agree to it, but he thought it was a possible agreement.

He did not waste any time in getting across to Sergio Conceicao and telling him about the signing as well as sending him Jason's match clips.

Luckily, Jason's skills were evident to Sergio Conceicao who gave the go-ahead but also made no promises about giving him any playtime if he didn't perform up to par when he joined the senior team, but that was up to Jason and had nothing to do with Andre who quickly gave Rafael the go-ahead to move forward with the deal and bring Jason over to Portugal.

Upon receiving the green light, Rafael quickly began making arrangements for their journey to Portugal as soon as possible as he wanted to complete the deal as soon as possible.

Jason who was also in as much of a hurry due to his hunger for professional football didn't mind Rafael hurrying up with the plans to head over to Portugal and join the Porto Youth team.

He also hurried up his own preparations to leave, but there wasn't really much he had to do.

Since Rafael was the one dealing with the flight and other things related to the travelling procedures, all he had to do was pack up his clothes and get his important papers ready and nothing else.

He had already done his SAT examinations over a year ago and had aced them, so he was no longer going to school anyway and just a few days later, he was at the Los Angeles International Airport watching planes fly in as he waited for his flight.

"The house will be empty when you're gone," Daphne who was sitting beside him in the waiting area said with fake tears.

"Just say you're going to miss having someone cook for you," Jason replied with a roll of his eyes.

"Oya oya, you don't catch me," Daphne's English switched to Pidgin English as she replied with her hands in the air as if she had been caught.

At that moment, Davies's flight was being called.

"But I will miss you though, you little rascal," Daphne continued as she hugged him while Rafael waited behind them.

They stayed in each other's arms for a few more seconds until she pulled away and started pushing him towards his flight,

"Don't forget to call me when you get there, and every other day as well," she started rattling off instructions in his ear as she pushed him to the line of passengers.

"Alright, alright," Jason didn't push her off or interject as he understood her current emotions, even the ones she was trying so hard to hide by acting like a worrywart.

"Come visit when you're on break, or off-season, or whatever you called it," she finished off by saying when she had pushed him into the line.

"Okay, I promise, but you'll have to promise me one thing as well," Jason finally spoke when it was almost his turn to check in.

"What?" Daphne asked, eager to know what he wanted her to promise him.

"Get me an uncle," Jason said with a smirk and handed his documents to the airline service clerk, leaving behind Daphne who was staring at him with her mouth wide open at his audacity.

After checking in, he and Rafael headed into the plane and found their seats. Rafael wanted to ask if he was feeling nervous but ended up not asking as he saw the ease on Jason's face as they got on the plane.

Their seats were next to each other, and they ended up in a discussion as they waited for the plane's takeoff.

They would be flying on a direct flight from LA to Lisbon, Portugal, which would take at least twelve hours and then they would get on another flight from Lisbon to Porto for another one-hour flight.

The plane took off and Rafael went to sleep since it was currently nighttime, leaving a still awake Jason staring out the window at the clouds, deep in thought, but after an hour he went to sleep as well.

He spent the twelve-hour flight sleeping or listening to music, he also watched a movie before going back to sleep again and was only woken up by the plane landing on Portuguese soil in Lisbon.

From there, they got on another plane to Porto and in just over an hour they were walking out of the airport and into a minivan arranged for by Rafael to pick them up with their luggage.

The minivan drove through the busy streets of Porto while Jason stared out the window appreciating the lively city with its art nouveau buildings, tiled structures, street art, and Baroque churches.

It felt very medieval unlike the modern scenes he was more used to, but that in itself was its own charm, and it felt quite charming to him.

His eyes took in the sight of the city where he hoped to start his professional career.

The people of Porto who were commonly called the Tripeiros could be seen all around, but what Jason was thinking was what Rafael had told him about how much these people loved their team and how they came out in full support whenever their team had a match and he suddenly found himself wishing to hear them chanting his name as he jubilated wildly after scoring a goal for the club.

He closed his eyes to visualize that thought and as the image appeared in his mind, a wishful smile appeared on his face as well as a determined thought to bring the image to pass.

He was brought out of his thoughts by the minivan coming to a stop.

"We've arrived."

\*\*\*Thursday, 16th January 2020\*\*\*