

LEGENDS 21

Chapter 21: Repeat Caller

"We've arrived," Rafael's voice threw Jason out of his thoughts and reminded him that he was still in the presence of people.

"Hmmm?" a confused sound came out of his mouth as he didn't fully understand what Rafael meant by "We've arrived,"

'Arrived where?' he wanted to ask, but his question seemed to be evident enough on his face for Rafael to notice it and he elaborated by telling Jason that they had arrived at his lodging.

It was one of the dorms arranged by the clubs for its youth players and would be Jason's lodging for the time being.

He had already heard from Rafael previously that he would be living with a roommate who was also a member of the youth team.

Rafael led him to the door and handed him the spare keys to the door as the original was with his roommate who wasn't available to open the door.

Jason took the keys, opened the doors, and went into the small apartment with his luggage, closing the door behind him as Rafael had already left after telling him that he would be back the next day to take him for a medical examination after which he could join the youth team in training.

For now, he was given the day to rest and get rid of the jet lag.

Jason first put down his luggage and looked around the apartment as it was obvious from the silence even though he had made quite a bit of noise coming in that his roommate wasn't around.

The place had two bedrooms each with their bathrooms and toilets, one of them looked like it was already being used.

It didn't take much of a guess to realize that wasn't his room.

The small apartment also had a slightly spacious kitchen and a living room.

He moved his luggage into the free room that wasn't being used yet as it didn't take a genius to figure out that that room was meant for him.

Jason threw his sports bag as well as his other luggage to a side of the room before taking off his shoes and crashing onto the bed, not even remembering to take his socks off before falling asleep almost immediately.

He was very tired and even though he had slept in the plane, he still felt quite tired, and his excitement had also tired him out a fair bit, though it had not shown on his face.

Less than a minute later, he was asleep and breathing peacefully.

When he awoke, everywhere was dark.

He stumbled around looking for his bedside lamp before he suddenly remembered that he was no longer at his aunt's home in LA.

"Where's my phone," he murmured sleepily as he began feeling around for his phone in the dark room, not remembering where he had left it before he went to sleep.

It was only after feeling around unsuccessfully for almost a minute that he remembered something and clapped his hands and immediately the screen of the phone turned on with a ding sound illuminating the room slightly and alerting him of where it was.

He had once downloaded an app that enabled him to find his phone by sounds and the sound he had configured it to was a clapping sound.

Luckily, he had remembered it otherwise he would have had to keep feeling around for who knows how long as he didn't even remember what the room looked like and the phone was on his sports bag that he had thrown into the corner.

After using the phone's flashlight to find the light switch, he turned it on and looked around the room while stretching before looking back at the phone and seeing five missed calls.

"Shit," his back immediately felt like it was drenched in cold sweat as he saw that "Aunt Daphne" had called five times.

He had promised to call her on reaching Porto, but he had completely forgotten due to his exhaustion.

He instantly did not feel like calling her back because he knew how much she would lam-blast him with her words as despite her very harmonious look, she was a furious typhoon to be reckoned with whenever her mood was not very bright, and he didn't need anyone to tell him that she would not be happy with him right now.

He was about to call her immediately but decided to first take a shower as he would probably have to go out to look for food since he was very hungry.

Unfortunately, since he had just arrived here, he hadn't made any food provisions, so he'd have to go out and look for a restaurant to get something to eat before he starved to death, and he couldn't go out looking like he currently did... he could even catch a scent of his sweat.

Jason quickly rushed into the bathroom immediately he noticed the scent, but then he quickly ran back out after realizing that he hadn't even taken his clothes off or that he hadn't brought out the toiletries and stuff that he was supposed to use to take a bath.

After a few minutes, he ran back into the bathroom, but this time he was undressed and fully equipped to take a bath.

Without wasting too much time in the bathroom(just over 30 minutes), he got out and started dressing up to go out.

He opened his suitcase that contained his clothes and pulled out a black long-sleeve cotton t-shirt, black baggy cargo pants, and a black leather jacket.

He threw them on the bed before going to another suitcase that held his shoes and took out a pair of pure black Nike SFB 6 Leather Boots before going back to pick up his clothes, did a spin, and was done dressing faster than the time it took to watch one YouTube shorts video.

Next up he tied his hair up in a bun while leaving out a few wanton clusters to grace the right side of his face despite his hair being long enough to tie it up in a ponytail.

For the finishing touches, he pulled on a diamond-studded chain and put a watch on his wrist, and boom, he was looking like a Yoruba demon on a mission to steal women's hearts.

As for where he had gotten the money to buy most of his outfits as well as his car that was on its way to Portugal by ship, what answer could there be other than sports betting?

As a bona fide half-reincarnator, he remembered quite a few football games that he had watched back in his past life, so it was easy for him to make a few hundred grand from sports betting.

He had used most of that money for his training as training with top-notch, cutting-edge gym equipment and also having a few trainers to help out cost a bit of money.

Only after paying for all those things did he realize that he still had a fair bit of money and he had splurged it on whatever had caught his eyes back on a shopping trip over a year ago.

He still remembered his aunt almost running mad when she saw him pull up into their driveway all dressed up in drip and driving a car that cost over a hundred grand.

Ring *Ring*

{ 'Aunt Daphne }

"Shit, why did I think about her?" he muttered to himself almost tearfully.