

LEGENDS 22

Chapter 22: Fear of the Slippers

Ring *Ring*

{Aunt Daphne}

"Shit, why did I think about her," he muttered almost tearfully as he took up the phone and answered the call knowing that not answering the call would only worsen matters.

"Hello," he muttered into the phone, purposely making his voice sound low and exhausted.

"You better have a good explanation for not calling me as soon as you arrived over there," Daphne's voice came from over the phone, not seeming like she had heard his tired voice, or that she had heard it but wasn't falling for it.

Jason immediately realized the danger from her tone, but he stuck to his game plan which was to tell the truth while adding a side dish of over-realism.

Perfect Carlo Ancelotti tiki-taka tactics.

"I was so tired I forgot, and immediately I got to the crib, I fell asleep,"

"I'm just waking up," Jason set up his counterattack with an exhausted voice.

"Hmm mmm? Really now?" Daphne fired back; her voice full of doubt.

"... Yeaah, do you think I'd be lying?" Jason said, drawing his words out, still confident in his mouth's counter-attacking skills.

"... You're lucky your story coincides with what Rafael told me," Daphne finally responded after a few seconds, her voice slowly losing its vicious tone.

"Wait, what?" Jason couldn't believe his ears.

"I already called him when you didn't respond, and he told me that you were probably just exhausted from the flight," Daphne continued, not aware that Jason was thinking to himself about how lucky he was that he had said the truth.

"Hold up, Pause!" he suddenly realized that something was wrong somewhere.

"How did you get his contact details? I don't remember giving them to you," he asked after realizing what was wrong with this whole situation.

"... I have my ways," he could hear Daphne say with a confident scoff.

"... You know... when I asked for an uncle, I meant someone around your age, not a sugar daddy," Jason said in a suspicious tone, letting her know that he was thinking of the unthinkable.

"You stupid kid! What the hell are you saying!" Daphne shouted into his ears as she couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"It's ok, I won't judge," Jason said with a sigh and Daphne could almost imagine him sneering at her.

"You're lucky you're too far away for my slippers to reach, but don't forget that you'll eventually have to come back home one day," Daphne who wasn't willing to lose this round pulled out her finishing move.

"Haha, I'm just joking, please don't hurt me," he said the last part in a whisper as he was already fearing for his life when they met again.

"How are you now, are you settling in?" Daphne asked, purposely ignoring Jason's plea for his life though she had heard him.

Their conversation moved from the argument and after checking in on him and making a little small talk, they ended the call.

Immediately they ended the call, Jason put his phone into his HUGO BOSS cross bag that held his other essentials and hung the bag across his body, his rumbling stomach reminding him of what he had been planning to do before his aunt interrupted with her call.

The urgency of his stomach's situation prompted him to quickly leave his room and make his way towards the door of the house but upon reaching the living room he came face to face with a handsome teenager with dirty blonde hair and blue eyes who looked to be around his age.

"Eh?" a surprised sound escaped the mouth of the blonde guy before a look of realization replaced the surprise and he continued,

"So you're the new guy they said was going to be joining me?"

"Uh, yeah," Jason replied affirmatively, his eyes on the guy who was going to be his roommate.

"But I thought they said only footballers were allowed to stay in the dorms, so what's a model doing here?" the blonde dude seemed confused as there was no angle he was looking from that would give him the impression that this new roommate of his was a footballer like him, instead he looked like he could get on a runway at any moment.

Even his style of clothing was not normal and would easily stand out not to mention his face and the way he carried himself.

"I'm a footballer though," Jason replied with an eyebrow raised as he didn't know what this dude was talking about.

"For real? That's mad bruv, you're mad blessed," a surprised voice with a little British accent in it escaped from the blonde dude's mouth before he stepped forward and put his hand out for a handshake,

"Anyway, I'm Mylo, Mylo Baumgartner," he finally introduced himself.

"Jason Bolu," Jason replied before asking,

"You're going out?" he asked while noticing that just like himself, this roommate of his was decked up in "going out" clothes, he could even smell a cologne that wasn't his as he didn't usually use cologne.

"Oh, yeah, I'm a disaster in the kitchen and there's nothing in this house that I fancy as dinner, so I was going to find a restaurant to eat,"

"Wanna come with?" Mylo replied before asking as he suddenly realized that Jason was in the same situation as he was and was already dressed up to go out as well.

"Uh, yeah," Jason replied as he walked over to the refrigerator and pulled it open only to see mostly empty spaces except for a few bags of chips.

"I don't fancy particularly fancy eating only chips for dinner, I'm too famished for that now," he said as he closed up the fridge thinking to himself that this roommate of his was totally irredeemable in the kitchen.

He didn't even have the most basic ingredients like eggs or anything else for that matter.

Despite Jason not saying anything to him about the refrigerator's condition, Mylo could feel his face turning red as he looked into Jason's eyes and could almost imagine Jason shaking his head at him.