

LEGENDS 311

Chapter 311: One of Africa's Best

****4th November 2020****

12:02 pm

Jason stood up from his yoga mat after completing an hour-long yoga session to help relieve his muscles of exhaustion and help with match recovery.

As much as he wanted to do some physical training, he also understood that it was best not to overuse his muscles when he was supposed to be recovering, especially after a match like the one he had participated in the previous night.

It was a successful outing, but Jason had been tackled hard quite a few times while he was looking for a goal, so he was sore in a few places and he had to make sure it didn't become something else.

In his previous reality, he had become injury-prone early on in his career due to him constantly pushing himself because he knew he wasn't good enough and he wanted to progress.

In this reality, he was much better than before, so he could allow himself the luxury of not training in his recovery periods, especially when it was for his own benefit.

Once he was done with his yoga session, Jason headed to his bathroom to wash up as he had a place to be for the next hour.

Zaidu had sent him the details of where and when they would meet and the time for the meeting was 1:30 pm, so he had to be on his way soon.

Luckily, the place they would be meeting wasn't too far away from his location so he should be able to reach there in time... Probably.

Even if he didn't reach there in time, Zaidu and whoever was with him would have to wait if they really had something important to discuss.

Thinking about it objectively, the whole thing was a bit shady and suspicious, but Jason didn't think it could be something bad... Even if it was it couldn't be life-threatening... Or career-threatening, he hoped.

'Well, there's no point in thinking about it now,' Jason mused as he walked under the cold shower and started washing up.

Forty minutes later, Jason was done washing and was all dressed in a trendy outfit as he walked through his house, picking up his car key from the kitchen counter and walking outside.

Jason's blue hoodie matched his car's color, though the rest of his clothes were darker colored, and he had the trademark dark shades covering his eyes, paired with a nose mask.

He jumped into his car and soon drove out of the driveway and onto the street.

With a barely audible hum, the blue BMW picked up speed and began dashing down the streets of Porto heading for Adega So Nicolau, one of the higher-end restaurants in Porto, and also the location Zaidu had told Jason to come to.

It didn't take too long for Jason to reach the restaurant, arriving at the parking lot at 1:25 pm.

He pulled into a parking spot, turned off the engine, and got down from his car, his face covered with a nose mask and dark-tinted glasses.

On his way to the restaurant, Jason noticed that there were a bit more people outside than previously.

It seemed the outbreak of the COVID-19 virus was slowly burning out and maybe in a few months people could be outside again.

Those were Jason's thoughts, but he also knew that there had to be a vaccine or a cure for the virus created before that was possible, otherwise...

'Well, I don't think all of humanity would end because of a virus that doesn't even turn people to undead, so we should be good,' he mused as he walked into the restaurant.

Someone quickly walked up to him and Jason told him the reservation number for the private room that had been booked for the meeting.

On hearing the reservation number, the attendant swiftly led Jason towards the private room and soon they were in front of a door that was pushed open by the attendant.

Jason walked past the attendant and stepped into the room slowly, his eyes falling on two people seated in the room who were previously talking but had turned to the door on hearing it open.

One of the people seated at the table was Zaidu Sanusi, Jason's teammate.

The second person however caused a shock to Jason.

It was a face that would be recognized by any OG football fan who paid attention to football legends.

Seated at the table with Zaidu Sanusi was Jay-Jay Okocha, a widely known legend of football and one of the greatest footballers to ever come out of the African continent.

Widely touted to be as skilled as Ronaldinho Gaucho in pure dribbling abilities, Jay-Jay Okocha was a god on the ball.

Unfortunately, he wasn't able to win any trophies due to him not joining any big team in his active years, he was still an acknowledged legend of football.

Some people even said, one of the major contributing factors to his lack of silverware was because he was never serious with the sport despite having the talent to run circles around a whole team of 11 players by himself.

He was way too playful on the field and would rather dribble the whole team than score a goal even when his team needed it and he was capable of doing so.

It was part of his charms though and it was impossible for Jason not to recognize his face.

Okocha never bothered with media presence, but as one of the people that Jason had learned from (by watching videos), there was no way for Jason not to know him.

Seeing both Zaidu Sanusi and Jay-Jay Okocha in one room, Jason immediately noticed one similarity that all three of them had, and immediately he felt like he knew why this meeting was arranged in the first place.

All three of them were Nigerians so it wasn't hard to figure out the direction this whole situation was heading to... Or so Jason wanted to believe, but he knew that there could be many other reasons why they were meeting.

However, Jason really hoped that it was as he thought as it was something he wouldn't say no to and he had even been looking for such an opportunity in the first place.

Chapter 312: Life Changing Conversation I

"Jason," Zaidu called out to Jason who had spaced out for a bit as he walked into the room.

"What's up man," Jason said as he walked up to Zaidu and held out his hand for a handshake.

"I'm good, I'm good," Zaidu nodded and turned to Okocha who was seated beside him.

"Uh, this is-" he began to introduce Okocha, but Jason cut in.

“Jay-Jay Okocha, one of the greatest footballers I know about from Africa,”

“I’m a huge fan, it’s a pleasure to meet you,” Jason said holding out a hand to Okocha as well.

“Pleasure to meet you too,” Okocha said as he stood up to shake Jason’s hand, his movements filled with ease.

He didn’t seem to put on any airs despite his reputation and felt more like a friendly uncle next door that no one would think was famous.

“I’ve heard good things about you, and when I did my research, it seems the storytellers didn’t do justice to the stories flying around,” Okocha said as he sat back in his seat while also gesturing for Jason to sit.

“I’m flattered, I feel the storytellers probably went overboard with the storytelling, but since even you think I’m doing well, I think I’m on the right path,” Jason replied as he sat across on the chair across the table from the legendary player.

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, the conversation moved toward Nigeria and Okocha asked Jason,

“Have you ever been to Nigeria, cuz I can’t tell with your accent and all that, it seems like you were born and raised in the States?”

“Actually, I was born in America, but then my parents went back to Nigeria and lived there for a few years. Then we finally moved back to the USA when I was like 4 years old,”

“Over the years, I’ve gone back a few times since we still have family in Nigeria, but I’ll say, I’m more based in America,” Jason answered, thinking a bit.

It was true that he still had family in Nigeria, but he didn’t really bother to stay in contact with them.

That was Daphne's job and the few times he had gone back to Nigeria, it was because he was dragged back to Nigeria with her and he couldn't refuse because he was trying to build a better relationship with her in this reality.

In his past reality, he had rejected all her attempts to get him back to his home country... Or at least one of them.

Hence he had more contact with his native origins in this life than in his previous one.

"Oh, when last were you in Nigeria?" Okocha asked, a bit curious, and secretly let out a breath of relief after knowing Jason wasn't completely alienated from Nigeria.

"I think it's three years," Jason muttered thoughtfully while trying to remember.

"I was fifteen, so yeah, three years," he affirmed after confirming his thoughts.

The conversation continued for a while longer, and somewhere in between all that, they ordered something to eat.

The conversation was fun for Jason, but he wasn't there to waste two hours just having some meaningless conversation, and he was Jason was about to interject and ask what the point of this meeting was when Okocha hit the nail on the head.

"So, how much thought have you put into playing at the international stages?" Okocha asked, putting a spoonful of chicken bordelaise into his mouth.

"Well, I have put some thought into it, especially since I have more than one option. Some people would consider it too early for me to think about it, but it's something I'm looking forward to," Jason replied.

"Why do you ask?" he went on to ask, his words making it seem like he was clueless, but the playful look in his eyes didn't match his words.

“Swear that you don’t know what we are doing here?” Zaidu could not keep quiet and he immediately asked in mock fury.

Zaidu had been in the Porto team for a while and though Jason joined the team for training just about a month ago, it was enough time for Zaidu to figure out that Jason wasn’t an idiot and was actually very smart.

Thus he was sure that right from the start, Jason had probably gotten an inkling of what was going on, and with Jay-Jay’s last question, it was enough for Jason to come to confirm his thoughts, so he didn’t understand Jason acting all coy and ignorant, but it was kind of funny to watch and he could not help interjecting.

“Please, enlighten me with what’s going on here, you didn’t exactly give any details from the start about what I was going to be here for,” Jason stated in response, bringing up Zaidu’s obtuse invitation.

“This guy,” Zaidu face palmed like he couldn’t believe the whole situation.

On the side, Okocha quickly decided to interrupt and bring the conversation back on the right track before the whole situation was messed up because of Zaidu’s fooling around.

“What do you think about playing for the Nigerian national team?” Okocha asked Jason directly, interrupting him before he could reply to Zaidu.

“...” Jason paused for a while and his eyes darted in Okocha’s direction and stayed on his frame.

‘Thank God he already asked, it was already getting annoying playing around with words... my mouth hurts,’ Jason thought internally, not used to talking too much.

His outward appearance, however, didn’t reflect his inner thoughts.

“Well, I’ve considered it and I’ll admit that I’m more sold on the Super Eagles than the USA’s national team, but well, there is a lot to consider... though I planned to do that when I received an invitation...”

“But then you guys came and I’m quite confused as to what this whole situation is,”

“It feels like you want me to consider joining the Nigerian national team, but why didn’t I receive an official call-up letter or anything, instead I was dragged into a surprising but shady meeting by my teammate,”

“How about we do this,”

“You tell me what’s going on and I’ll tell you my thoughts on joining the national team,” Jason said at a stretch, putting away all dramatic actions and getting very direct.

Chapter 313: Life Changing Conversation II

“Full disclosure please,” Jason added, not ready to play another game of words with the two men.

“Hmmm,” Okocha nodded thoughtfully, thinking about how to present the current situation to Jason.

He was naturally not someone who liked going around in circles except for when he was on the pitch, so he preferred a direct conversation and hoped it didn’t backfire.

“I’m sure you’re well informed of the current state of the African national teams,”

“ For quite a while now, players with African origins have been choosing to play for countries in Europe or other parts of the world as long as they are qualified to do so because of the advantages that playing for non-African teams brings,”

“You only have to look at the French or England national team to see what I’m talking about,”

“ I’m sure you get what I’m driving at, but we’ve been disappointed by quite a few young talents that should be playing for our country going to pick another country,”

“ There’s Tammy Abraham, Fikayo Tomori, David Alaba, Dele Ali, and other such players choosing other countries over us,”

" In fact, just this year, we reached out to this young guy playing for Arsenal, Bukayo Saka, but he chose to play for the England National team instead,"

" While we understand that we cannot offer those guys as many advantages playing for our country than playing for another nation, we still have to try as it's a matter of national pride,"

"Despite having some of the best talents in the sports world, only a few trophies have ever come back to Africa, we've never even been considered major contenders for the World Cup since its inception,"

"This brings us to you. Currently, our national team's head coach is working towards a vision of bringing honors to Nigeria at the international level,"

"It's a bit far-fetched and there's bound to be a lot of obstacles if we are to make that possible, but the first thing we can start with is building a winning team... And we see you as an important part of the winning team,"

"Nigeria is entering a golden generation in sports currently and we have many budding talents the likes of Victor Osimhen, Ademola Lookman, Samuel Chukwueze, Alex Iwobi, Kelechi Ihenacho, Wilfred Ndidi, Bassey Troost-Ekong, Ola Aina, and your friend Zaidu Sanusi here, but so far its still not enough, and to keep building the team, we cannot afford any setbacks,"

"Gernot asked me a favor to find out if you have any intentions of playing for the national team as we cannot risk sending an official invitation and getting rejected again as it wouldn't be good for morale,"

" So what do you say, boy?"

" Do you have plans to join the Super Eagles in taking to the skies, or do you have other plans?"

Okocha finished his speech with the million-dollar question and took a glass of water to moisten his mouth after saying all that, but his eyes stayed on Jason's face, staring directly into his eyes.

"I guess you weren't made the captain of the national team just because of your skills with the ball," Jason muttered as he poured himself a glass of water as well, but Okocha just laughed off Jason's praise.

Jason was actually quite impressed with Okocha's conversational skills as the Nigerian national legend had been able to explain the whole situation while also riling him up a bit and getting his blood pumping.

"Well... what do you say?" Okocha asked again.

"Shit, where do I sign up?" Jason responded with a wide grin, internally shaking his head at himself.

"Ah wait, I hope I'm being invited to the senior national team and not the under-18, or the under-21 team. I don't have any plans of playing with kids," Jason immediately asked as the question appeared in his head.

"Bruh, you're 18, that's around the same age as those 'kids' you mentioned," Zaidu rolled his eyes, but he had a smile on his face after knowing that Jason would be joining him in the Nigerian national team.

He definitely didn't want Jason on another national team just because if they ever met at any national competition, he was sure Jason would probably make him viral on YouTube.

"Maybe I'm the same age physically, but mentally, I'm fifty-eight," Jason said truthfully but Zaidu just scoffed,

"Yeah right," Zaidu said as he rolled his eyes again, not believing Jason's words, not knowing they were actually true.

"I'll congratulate you in advance... Welcome to the team," Okocha said to Jason, not paying any attention to the scoffing Zaidu.

"Thank you," Jason nodded.

“I’ll communicate your response to Gernot and he’ll have an official invitation sent to you, as well as take care of notifying your club about your international call up,”

” He probably hopes to have you join the team for the upcoming international break, so you should be hearing from him soon,” Okocha told Jason what to expect.

“Just stay sharp and get ready to travel, I hope to see you in Nigerian colors soon,” Okocha added with a smile, happy to have another talent join the Nigerian national team.

“Yeah, thanks,” Jason replied with a smile, happy to hear the news.

The next international break was less than a week away which meant he could potentially appear in Nigerian colors as early as next week, so how couldn’t he be happy?

He had only started playing professional football midway the previous season and was already handed an international call-up.

That was an impressive feat... At least to him, he didn’t know what other people would think, but he was happy as it validated his constant efforts and he was about to cross another milestone that he never even saw in his previous reality.

No... It was even more apt to say he had already crossed it as he hadn’t even been scouted for the national team in his previous reality.

After a little more conversation, Jason parted ways with the Okocha and Sanusi and headed to his car.

As he got into his car, he immediately took out his phone and called his Daphne.

Ring *Ring* *Ring*

Click

“Guess who the latest addition to the Nigerian national team is?” Jason said into the phone’s mic as soon as she picked up.

“Definitely not you cuz the moment you set foot in Nigeria, you’ll be drowned with marriage proposals,” Daphne shot back, her ear already hurting as Jason had come to brag to her about another one of his achievements.

Chapter 314: Letter In Tha Mail

The following days were quiet for Jason as he did the same things he always did.

Getting up early to go to training and then training till he was half dead before heading home to continue training.

The only thing that had happened out of the norm for him was the international call-up letter that was sitting in his mail, stating that he was to join the Super Eagles in the international break for the next Afcon qualification match against Sierra Leone.

Despite not having signed a declaration of intent to join the national team, his name had already been added to the squad list, but it didn’t matter as he was going to be signing the Declaration of Intent when he reached Nigeria.

He had already confirmed his availability, so there was nothing else for him to do but to keep training as the days passed by, but unknown to him, news about him joining the Nigerian national team had been reported by some journalists and this was causing a wave in the social media world.

On Twitter, a famous sports blog posted a report on Jason’s situation with the national team.

International Call-Up for Jason Less Than a Year After His Debut?

It has been confirmed that Jason Bolu has received an International call-up invitation from Nigeria and reports state that he is receptive to the idea of playing for Nigeria and will be heading to Nigeria to join the Super Eagles in the coming international break.

No reports have surfaced about him receiving a call-up from the USA and Nigeria looks like the country that will get Jason's signature on a Declaration of Intent first.

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The post had quickly garnered interest and already had over 5k likes despite it only having been posted two hours ago.

Comments had also started heaping up under the post.

{An International debut after barely half of a season? Let's fu**ing gooooo!!!} a user named Young_Creator commented.

{It feels a bit early but I'm happy for him} Another user named Plutomania commented.

{Baby GOAT Jason about to bless the Super Eagles with his presence} JasonRose'Bae commented.

{I'm glad he cares and respects his native origin. It's a hard value to find in the current football world, Huge win for Africa} SolomonOyefule commented.

{Are we really going to let Jason go play for Nigeria? What are we doing?} UncleTomDaBaller commented as well, but his comment was receiving fire from people who wanted to see Jason play for Nigeria.

{Jason Omo oro, we dey expect you for Naija now. Wa gbe wa de be!} Balogun Adesina commented as well.

It was clear that the news about Jason joining the Nigerian national team was quite well received by fans of Jason, Nigeria, and Africa in general.

Jason however had no idea about all this as he had other things on his mind, of which the most important one to him was his training.

Slowly the days passed and soon the next match day arrived.

8th November 2020

7:53 pm

{I bid you all a good evening. My name is Joao Paulinha and I welcome you all to the Liga Nos Match day 7 match between Porto and Portimonense}

{Porto welcome Portimonense here at the Estadio do Dragao and will be looking to get back to winning ways after their loss to Pacos de Ferreira in the last league match}

{Porto won their Champions League Group stage match against Marseille with quite the margin, and if they are bringing that kind of form into this game, then Portimonense might be in for tough match}

{Without any ado, let's get right to the line-ups of the two teams for the game}

{Porto are arranging themselves in their usual 4-4-2 formation and we are seeing a very familiar line-up on the Porto side}

{Augustin Marchesin is in goal and he's assisted by Pepe and Chancel Mbemba in defending the center. On the flanks are Wilson Manafa and Zaidu Sanusi whose duties revolve between defending their flanks while providing support to the attackers when Porto are in possession of the ball and on the attack}

{In Porto's center midfield we have Otavio and Mattheus Uribe partnering up to form a supply line for the forwards and they will be assisted by Jason Bolu and Luis Diaz on the right and left flanks respectively}

{Upfront we have a striking partnership between Sergio Oliveira and Mylo Baumgartner, another one from Porto's academy who has been making quite the waves this season}

{Mylo's consistent run of good performances has earned him the trust of the manager, and he's going to be starting this game}

{Porto's fans must be ecstatic to see yet another youthful talent at their club shining brighter than most players his age}

{Moving to the Portimonenese team's line-up. They seem to be arranging themselves in a 4-3-3 formation that can be adjusted into a 4-2-3-1 formation when on the defensive...}

The commentator gave his opening commentary as the pre-match formalities were underway.

Soon enough, the pre-match formalities were over and the referee's whistle blew loudly to signal the start of the game.

Fweeeeeee

#18th minute...

Porto didn't hesitate to start the match on a high note as Jason was found by Otavio on the right wing and kicking into the ground, he unleashed an incisive run down the flanks, cutting through Portimonense's defense line with undisputed ease before unleashing a low cross into the penalty box that found Mylo.

Sliding into the path of the ball, Mylo tipped the ball with his foot and pushed it past the outstretched arms of the Portimonense goalkeeper before getting up and running down the sidelines to celebrate his goal.

{GOAL!}

{The manager gave him a chance and he's taken that chance! What a goal from the young striker!}

{He's put his team in the lead!}

#37th minute...

The end of the first half was approaching and the two teams were doing their best to be the next ones on the scoreboard.

Porto was trying to stamp their authority into the game with another game while Portimonense was trying to get a goal that would put them back into contention for victory in the match.

Porto seemed to have run out of luck at that moment as the Portimonense striker managed to snatch the ball from Mattheus Uribe and send in a pass to the left winger making a run.

The Portimonense left winger didn't hesitate to spin the ball around Augustin Marchesin and bring the ball back to where it started.

{Goal!}

{They've dug in deep and found themselves an equalizer!}

{Porto aren't through yet!}

Chapter 315: 2020/21 Liga NOS Matchday 7 Victory

#64th minute...

The first half of the minute had ended with both teams having gotten one past each other and now that the second half was underway, they were once again going at each other with all they had.

Porto had a corner and it was Jason who took it, sending the ball high into Portimonense's penalty box.

Pepe was the first to get his head to the ball, and he directed the ball toward Portimonense's goal, but the Portimonense goalkeeper jumped into the path of the ball and punched it away.

The Portimonense defenders quickly chased after the ball and tried to clear it.

One of them was lucky to get to the ball first, but he kicked the ball in an awkward position and the ball flew to the left side of the penalty box, landing in front of Jason who had taken the corner kick.

Jason quickly brought the ball under control and shifted it forward a bit before sending it back into Portimonense's penalty box where it came from and once again, players from both teams jumped for the ball in the air.

This time it was Sergio Oliveira who got his head to the ball and he headed the ball down towards the goal, but the Portimonense goalkeeper seemed to have entered the zone as he once again appeared behind the ball and blocked the shot, causing the ball to fall towards his right.

But before he could get down and grab the ball, Zaidu Sanusi appeared from behind one of the Portimonense defenders and lunged at the ball, managing to get a touch to the ball first and sending it rolling past the goalline.

{Goal!}

{Porto take the lead for the second time in this game!}

{It was a frantic, frenetic, and frenzied effort, but they managed to get the ball to cross the goalline despite the heroic saves of the opposition goalkeeper}

#68th minute...

After taking the lead once again, Porto launched wave after wave of attacks on the Portimonense team as they looked to secure their lead by getting another goal, but the Portimonense team wasn't going to easily give up on the game and had made sure to stop every Porto attack they could.

One of their defensive efforts had brought down Fabio Viera 26 yards away from their goal and Porto had gotten a free-kick.

Jason stepped up to take the free-kick while the referee watched over the arrangement of the wall and soon enough, the referee blew his whistle to signal Jason to take the free-kick.

Fweeeeeeee!

On hearing the referee's whistle, Jason ran at the ball and swung his foot powerfully to hit the ball, sending the ball with power at the wall.

Immediately he hit the ball, Jason knew that he had not put enough elevation on the ball and the ball was going to collide with the players forming the wall because it had not risen high enough, but somehow, the ball slipped between the bodies of the players forming the wall and continued its flight toward the Portimonense goal.

The Portimonense goalkeeper had thought the wall would block the shot so he wasn't able to react at all when the ball flew towards the goal after somehow making it past the wall.

His brain short-circuited and he was too stunned to move, allowing the ball to smash into the net.

{Goal!}

{Three!}

{There was an element of luck backing that goal, but overall, it was a well-taken free kick and he'll claim it!} the commentator screamed excitedly as the Porto team celebrated.

Fweeeee

{There goes the final whistle. Porto have won, and they've done so with a comfortable margin}

{This win will see them take their first steps at getting back into the title race, but as for how far they will go, we have no idea}

{The fans will be keeping their hopes up, but the neutrals will like the current situation}

{However, our deliberations do not change the results of the game. It is Porto 3 : 1 Portimonense}

As the referee gave the closing commentary, Jason stood up from the bench where he had been sitting after he was taken off in the 73rd minute of the game and headed to the locker room with his teammates.

With the match over, the international break had started for the Porto players and on reaching his house Jason went to bed immediately.

He had a flight to Nigeria the following day and he still had to pack up his stuff for the trip, but he wasn't in a rush as his flight was in the afternoon, so he'd have ample time to pack his things.

With his plan for the next day decided, he let his consciousness go and sank into the depths of pleasant unconsciousness.

The next morning, as per his plan, Jason woke up just after nine am and started packing up his luggage after doing an hour long yoga session.

He also did not forget to call Adele about the details of his flight as she was the one who had arranged everything for him.

She was also going to Nigeria with him as even though her presence wasn't necessary, it was more or less a customary thing for one's agent to be around whenever he was signing anything.

It was just a Declaration of Intent that he would be signing and there would not really be a negotiation on personal terms as it wasn't that kind of contract, but her presence wouldn't entirely be unneeded.

At least he wouldn't have to bother with any arrangements as she would be there to take care of it.

Of course, most of the arrangements for his stay in Nigeria would probably be arranged by the National team officials themselves, but anything personal would need attention that he didn't have to spare, so what better than having someone there to do all the chores.

Whether it was stressful or not, Jason wasn't about to care... he was a man of equality after all and equal opportunities meant equal responsibilities, or at least, that's what it was supposed to mean if the people advocating for it actually meant their words.

Chapter 316: Arrival at the Buj I

"Wake up sleepyhead," Jason muttered as he poked Adele's cheek with his index finger, trying to wake her without causing a racket.

They were on the plane which was about to land at the Nnamdi Azikwe Airport in Abuja nine hours after its departure from Porto.

Due to there being no direct flights from Porto to Abuja, the plane had a stopover at Morocco, which lengthened their travel duration, but overall, things weren't too bad.

The only problem was that it was almost midnight and Adele had long since gone to sleep, but now that they were about to arrive, Jason had to wake her up so he wouldn't have to do anything himself, especially now that it was the middle of the night.

Adele was the one who had made all the arrangements and Jason hadn't bothered to ask what she had done.

He didn't know what hotels she booked, didn't know how he was going to get there with all his luggage, and now that it was the middle of the night, he wasn't feeling even the slightest bit inclined to act like a gentleman and start making all those arrangements

Not when the person he paid to do all that was peacefully sleeping beside him.

"Hmmm, huh?" Adele's eyes opened up slowly and the first thing she saw was Jason's blue eyes looking intently at her, confusing her of what was currently happening.

"What's going on here?"

"What are you doing in my house at this time of the night?"

"Did I get drunk or something?" Adele muttered question after question until her brain's memory card came back online and she remembered what was actually happening.

"What the hell are you talking about? Your house? Middle of the night?" Jason asked with even more confusion than her.

"How? When? Where? Why?"

"Are you alright in the head?" Jason asked as he took her face in his hands and looked at her closely, wondering if this agent of his was right in the head.

'Maybe I shouldn't have woken her up... or stressed her too much,' he thought to himself.

"I'm alrisht, shtop squeeshing my fache, people are looking at ush weirdly," Adele said, her words a bit slurred because of how Jason was holding her face in his hands.

"... They probably think we have a good relationship... We do have a close relationship, right?" Jason asked with a grin.

"I guessh," Adele muttered as she brought her hands over Jason's hand on her face and tried to pry them off, but Jason's hands weren't budging and all she succeeded in doing was putting on a more romantic-looking display to the people watching Jason and Adele's midnight rondo.

Not paying any attention to Adele's weak pull on his hands, Jason asked again,

"Are you really alright though?"

"I'm fhine, I jhust need a pay rhaise," Adele muttered through squashed lips.

"Take it from the agent fees in my next transfer," Jason responded quickly, passing the bulk of the pay raise to the unfortunate team that was going to add him to their roster in the coming summer transfer window.

He also let go of Adele's face which had noticeably brightened up when she heard Jason's response to her request.

She had said it as a joke and had not been expecting him to respond.

"Hey, do you actually mean that?" Adele asked, rubbing her cheeks.

"Have I ever lied to you?" Jason replied with a question.

"... Huh..." Adele went silent in thought, but she couldn't remember Jason ever saying things he didn't mean unless he was obviously joking around.

“Exactly...” Jason said in response to her silence.

“Anyway, look sharp, we’re about to land,” he began to pack up his laptop, game controller, and headphones that he had been using earlier.

He had been playing games almost all through the flight as there wasn’t really much else he could be doing, not to mention that he was enjoying playing.

The FIFA and EA Sports franchise, FIFA 21 had been released about a month ago and Jason had finally been added to the game but Jason wasn’t entirely happy when he saw his stats in the game.

He had only been given an overall rating of 74 which was quite demeaning after his performance in the previous season, but that wasn’t Jason’s only bone of contention with FIFA.

Those guys had thought it fit to actually butcher his face and use an image that looked like it was edited with WE8 mechanics and looked nothing like the actual him.

Putting his game character’s face against the character image he had in tactical settings, it was clear that Jason was one of those few players who looked better in the picture than in the game.

It was actually quite annoying looking at someone who was supposed to look like him, but didn’t and he also moved differently, but it was to be expected, Jason hadn’t reached the level where the FIFA game makers were bothered enough to carefully construct his face or to personally add his motion style to the game.

Despite all that, Jason actually still enjoyed the game and had quite a lot of fun using his game character to score many goals and destroy his opponents.

So far, he had started a player career using his in-gam character and also had a manager career where he was using Barcelona and the first player he had bought was himself and paired himself with Messi and Suarez up front.

He also intended to do the same thing with Manchester United, Borussia Dortmund, Juventus, and some others.

It was his way of living out some of his fantasies of playing with top players of his generation and the previous generation and for now it was fun, making him look forward to doing so in real life as well.

He already couldn't wait to leave Porto and try and continue striving for his goals elsewhere and it wasn't because he was tired of Porto or no longer put them in his eyes, but rather because he felt like if one wanted to conquer the world, then they couldn't stay confined to one location.

If he had the opportunity, he would want to move to quite a few teams, and maybe... just maybe he would finally settle down somewhere and craft himself as a legend of the club.

All of that was for the future though, for now, his plane was about to land.

Chapter 317: Arrival at the Buj II

"Where did our driver say he would be?" Jason asked Adele as they hauled their bags along with them as they walked through the airport.

They had landed a while ago and luckily were able to complete all the paperwork needed and were already on their way out. It seemed that the fact that it was past midnight didn't prevent the airport from working at full power, but Jason noticed that things moved at an even quicker pace than the last time he was in Nigeria.

He wondered whether it was a difference in the airports he arrived at, or whether the workers couldn't be too bothered with them because it was the middle of the night and everyone had a degree of sleepiness attached to the back of their eyes, making them not want to bother themselves too much.

For now, he didn't really care what the answer to that question was because he was also quite tired and very sleepy, especially after staying awake throughout the flight.

"He said he'd be at the international wing or something, but I don't know for the life of me where that would be," Adele replied, a slightly troubled look on her face as she had thought it wouldn't take this long to find their driver.

“... I think we’re in the international wing right now, but I don’t see our guy... which is expected since I don’t know what he looks like,”

“Try to call him or something,” Jason said, not keen on doing much looking around for a driver at almost 1 am.

“I’m trying to do that, but the internet connection seems to be having some issues,” Adele almost cried out.

This was her first time in Nigeria and she had come prepared, knowing that her phone’s original service provider wouldn’t be able to do anything in Nigeria, hence she had made sure to buy a portable wi-fi that could be connected to her phone and could be used to make internet calls before she bought a sim in Nigeria.

What she didn’t expect was that even the Wi-Fi she had turned to as an option had network problems as well.

“Network problems? That happens all the time,”

“Welcome to Nigeria, the land of confusing fun,” Jason said with a smile, immediately understanding the problem.

Network problems were quite a common thing in Nigeria and it wasn’t impossible to see areas right within cities that could have network problems or connection issues for half a day, and sometimes it could be even for a full day or a bit more.

It also didn’t matter what service provider one switched to, they all had their varying degrees of network madness at completely random times so the average Nigerian almost always had a phone with a dual sim slot, making them able to use two service providers and switch between whichever was performing better when needed.

If one was richer, then he could use two phones instead.

It seemed that Jason's luck was bad tonight, having to experience one of Nigeria's fun problems.

He called it a fun problem because Nigeria was a fun country with many interesting things likely to happen at any moment... this was the nice way of putting it.

The realistic way of putting it was that Nigeria was a funny country, and this was not because they had quite a number of comedians, but rather because everyone in every part of Nigeria was a comedian in one way or another... both in a good way or in a bad way.

One thing that remained unchanged though was that the general populace tended to find the fun even in the worst of situations and one would always see Nigerians having fun even if their house was on fire.

All that, however, was by the side and not what Jason wanted to think about at this time of the morning.

He would rather devote his time to looking for the driver that was supposed to take them to their hotel, otherwise, they would have to find their own way.

The driver was an arrangement made by the Nigerian Football Federation that Adele had contacted ahead of their departure from Porto.

"Let me see the last message between you and the driver," Jason said as he gestured for Adele to give him her phone, deciding to take things into his hands.

They had found an empty bench and sat there while Adele handed her phone over to Jason to look at the message the driver had sent concerning his location.

Jason saw the location the driver had mentioned but didn't recognize it as it was his first time at the Nnamdi Azikwe Airport in Abuja.

The few other times he had come to Nigeria, it was at the Murtala Muhammed International Airport in Lagos, so he had no previous experience with this place and could obviously not tell the place where the driver had said he would be, however, that was not an issue as they could easily ask someone.

Reading the phone number of the driver a few times internally to memorize it for the next five minutes, Jason stood up from the chair and said to Adele,

“Wait here for a bit, let me ask someone.”

With that, Jason looked around for someone to ask.

Normally, he would have left this job to Adele, but he knew that even though the majority population of Nigeria could speak English, he didn't want to have to waste any more time when he could do the job easily himself.

Settling on a woman who looked to be in her twenties walking with a group of two other girls in the same age group, Jason moved.

Apart from the fact that it was a woman who would be easier to talk to for Jason since he was Jason, the actual reason for choosing that woman to approach was because of her outfit.

She was dressed in a flowing blue gown with various intricate murals arranged across its surface.

This cloth type was called “Ankara” which was a cloth worn by the Yoruba tribes in Nigeria, and Jason was one of them and knew the language which meant that even if she didn't speak English all that well, he could still conversate with her.

Of course, that was unlikely as the phone she was using looked like an iPhone at a glance and Jason knew that those phones did not operate in a Yoruba language setting.

“Excuse me... sorry,” Jason said as he interrupted the girls and turned to the girl he had singled out from the start.

“Could I borrow your phone for a minute, I'm trying to reach someone but, our internet connection has a few issues and I don't have a Nigerian sim,” Jason requested as he put on his best smile, but then a second later, he removed that he had on a face mask.

“Oh, where did the person say they would be?” the woman asked as well, a bit surprised by Jason coming up to her, but not taking any offense and was ready to help.

“I think he said the international wing, but this whole place seems to be the international wing, so I’m a bit confused,” Jason said, his hand reflexively going up to sweep away the hair that was covering the top of his face as he looked around, trying to look for anyone who fit the mark of who he was looking for.

Not finding anyone that fitted his description of a driver looking to pick someone, Jason turned back to the woman and his blue eyes fell on her black eyes, surprising her and the two other girls as they hadn’t noticed Jason’s eyes earlier.

“Uh... you can use my phone to try and call the person,” the woman said in a bit of a daze as she had never seen someone with a similar skin tone to hers having blue eyes that glowed like gems in the light.

“Thank you,” Jason muttered, completely unaware of the women’s surprise even as they kept staring at him.

Jason began typing in the phone number of the driver from his memory, and once he finished typing in the eleven digits, he pressed the green dial button on the phone’s screen and put the phone to his ear, but a moment later he was troubled by the thought that his voice may be muffled by his nose mask.

‘People shouldn’t recognize me here yet, right?’ he wondered.

The Portuguese League was not really popular all around the world and most of its fan base were the Portuguese themselves, though giants like FC Porto, Benfica, Sporting CP, and FC Braga were probably known for their qualification to the Champions League year after year.

With his mind deeming it as ‘no problem’, Jason pulled off his mask completely while waiting for the person on the other side to pick up.

Vrmmm

The phone vibrated slightly to indicate that the call had been picked up and Jason immediately spoke into the phone's mic, smiling a bit at some people who looked his way.

"Hello," Jason spoke into the phone.

{Hello!} a loud voice burst into Jason's ear accompanied by the sound of loud music in the background.

{Who be this!?!} The person on the other end spoke in an annoyingly loud voice, his voice heavily accentuated with a Nigerian accent.

He seemed to think that Jason probably couldn't hear him over the loud music in the background, but before Jason could get a word in, another annoyingly loud voice blasted into his ears from the phone's speaker,

{Raise am! Raise am! Raise am!}

Chapter 318: Arrival at the Buj III

{Raise am! Raise am! Raise am!}

The shout in the background was followed by a loud revving of an engine that Jason immediately recognized to be a V8, yet the intelligence that enabled him to instantly recognize a V8 engine just from the sound over the phone could not help him to identify what was going on.

The person he had called was supposed to be their driver who would pick them up at the airport, so why was he hearing loud music in the background and loud revving of engines?

Jason first took the phone away from his ear to check whether he had put in the wrong number, but the phone number was correct.

Putting a hand over the microphone, Jason threw a question at the group of women standing in front of him,

“This place wouldn’t happen to have a nightclub or anything, right?” He asked, but judging from the looks of confusion that appeared on their faces, he could already tell what the answer to his question was.

Putting the phone back to his ear, he spoke again,

“Hello,”

{EH!} The person on the other end shouted again into the phone, not seemingly able to hear Jason, so Jason spoke again in a louder voice,

“Hello, can you hear me now?”

{... EH!} The person shouted again, still unable to hear Jason.

Jason immediately took the phone away from his ear and pressed the red button to end the call while muttering to himself, “That’s that, I guess.”

“Thank you,” Jason spoke with a smile as he handed the phone back to the woman.

Jason wasn’t sure he fully understood what was going on, but if it was as he thought, then for some reason, the person who was supposed to be their driver had somehow ended up at a night gathering of some sort.

As for how he could tell... It was pretty clear if you took the loud music, revving of engines, and loud noise in the background into account.

That much was clear, but what made this whole situation unbelievable and confusing was the simple thought of why someone who had been given a job to pick someone up at the airport would be partying someplace else, leaving the people placed in his care to face the wind on their own.

“What now?” The woman who had taken back her phone asked Jason as she could tell that he hadn’t even been able to get a word in to whoever he had called.

“Nothing much, it seems our driver is too busy at some party to pick us up,” Jason said with a laugh as despite the absurdity of the situation, it was also funny... Very much so.

“Ahhh!” The woman was more shocked than Jason and the two girls with her were surprised as well, but they burst into laughter the next second.

Jason couldn’t even fault them for laughing as he felt like doing the same.

“It’s pretty funny, but now I’ll have to find another way to our hotel,” Jason said with a wry smile and began turning away.

“At this time of the day? It’s kind of late you know,”

“Do you even know where you’re going?” The woman called out to Jason.

“I don’t exactly have a choice now, do I? I’ll figure it out,” Jason replied quickly, not turning back.

“Wait, I can help you along the way at least,” the woman called out again to Jason who was already walking, and made him stop in his tracks.

“Don’t you have someone else to pick up?” Jason asked while glancing back at her, after all, she was in the international wing of an airport and wasn’t holding any luggage so it was pretty clear why she was there.

“We were here to pick up our parents, but I just found out that their flight has been delayed due to bad weather so they’ll only likely arrive later tomorrow, so we were just leaving,” the woman explained to Jason.

“I could at least help you to find a cab,” she continued with a smile.

“... So, I’m so lucky that you’re unlucky?” Jason asked with a raised eyebrow, not having any other words to explain the situation.

“I don’t know, but I wouldn’t consider being able to offer a helping hand as bad luck,” The woman laughed.

“In that case, we’ll be in your care. I’m Jason,” Jason said as he held out his right hand for a handshake while giving her a once-over that he hadn’t bothered to do before.

She had a head full of braided hair and had a milk-chocolate skin tone with smooth, glowing skin. All in all, she could be said to be quite a beautiful young woman with appropriate, African size proportions in the right places, but it wasn’t something Jason hadn’t seen before and his eyes went back to her face.

“I’m Kemi,” the woman replied with a wide smile, taking Jason’s hand.

“These are my sisters, Bola and Sade,” Kemi also introduced her sisters to Jason.

Jason glanced at them and immediately noticed similarities in their looks, though they were younger and had different hairstyles on their heads.

“Nice to meet you guys,” Jason nodded to them.

“Over there is Adele, a friend, and my agent,” Jason said and pointed subtly at Adele who was looking over in his direction from the bench they sat on earlier.

Not knowing what was going on as she was too far away to hear their conversation, Adele just smiled over at them, making sure to hide her tiredness.

“Agent? Are you like an actor or something?” Kemi’s ears perked up at the mention of the word agent.

'He doesn't look like someone I know though, and a face like that would be impossible to forget,' Kemi thought to herself, her eyes staring hard at Jason's face.

"Not an actor... I'm in sports," Jason replied.

"Oh," Kemi and her sisters nodded and looked like they wanted to ask further questions but Jason quickly interrupted.

"So, is The Destination by Gidanka somewhere in your path, or will you help us call a cab?" Jason asked to interrupt their questions.

He wasn't against answering any questions, but he was too tired to be in the mood to answer any questions.

"That's the hotel we're staying at!" Sade, who looked to be the youngest one among the sisters exclaimed in surprise.

"Okay, whoever is pulling the strings behind the scenes better show up, cuz I don't have this kinda luck," Jason couldn't believe what was going on.

He definitely didn't have this kind of luck, because if he did, he wouldn't have needed a second chance at his dreams and would have succeeded the first time.

"It's just a coincidence," Kemi said with a laugh at Jason's exaggerated response.

"I don't believe in coincidences," Jason shot back with a straight face,

"But in this case, it is proving to be quite helpful, so thank god for that," he muttered, choosing to just go with the flow as it was only to his benefit.

After saying a few more words, Jason went over to get Adele and their luggage, telling Adele about the divine arrangements that had landed in his path.

Soon, the two of them met up again with the three girls and the girls led them out of the airport and into the airport's parking lot, heading for a black Toyota Sienna that had a metallic glow as it reflected the lights in the parking lot.

'It's even a big car?' Jason's suspicion arose again as advantageous coincidence after advantageous coincidence bombarded him back to back.

Everything was going way too smoothly after just one disappointment that Jason began wondering if the karma scale in this place was broken, but he didn't voice out his thoughts and hauled their luggage into the back of the car before getting into the car with the girls and Adele.

Kemi soon started the car and drove out of the airport at a stable pace.

Inside the car, Jason was seated in the passenger's seat beside Kemi who was driving and Kemi soon asked the question she was going to ask him much earlier.

"You said you're into sports, what kind?"

"Football, I play for a team in Portugal, and I was called up to the national team," Jason replied, no longer evading the question when suddenly a thought appeared in his head.

"That reminds me," he muttered as he turned to look back at Adele.

"Adele, turn off your phone... And mine, and don't turn on your phone till at least noon tomorrow... Or today, I guess," Jason instructed.

"Oh before that, buy a couple of tickets to Porto for tomorrow at 3 pm," he added after a bit more thought.

Even though he hadn't reacted violently at what had happened earlier with the driver who was supposed to pick them up, he wasn't going to just let things slide.

He didn't know the full story, but what was obvious to him was that he had been disrespected and ignored as air by a mere driver who had one job to do.

Just one job and he had messed up, pissing Jason off in the process.

Chapter 319: Bloodline I

"You're leaving?" Kemi asked Jason in surprise, beating Adele to it.

"... I don't know, maybe," Jason shrugged.

Leaving Nigeria and going to look for another country to play for wasn't impossible for the current him as he had options.

As he was, he could easily choose to play for the USA, or he could do something even crazier by accepting a honorary citizenship from places like Portugal if he requested it, though whether he would actually get it remained to be seen.

The point however was not whether he could or not, but that he was justified to do so after what he had experienced.

Sure the NFF wasn't directly involved in the driver's absurd decision of going to a club instead of coming to pick him up at the airport, but how did that concern him?

They were the ones who hired him in the first place and if they were careless enough to do something like that, then who knows what other nonsense could happen later.

With all that said, Jason didn't actually plan on leaving as he had already settled on playing for Nigeria and it would take a lot more than what had happened to make him change his decision.

He wasn't even really angry at the moment because thanks to a series of fortunate coincidences, he hadn't even had to wait at the airport at all as he was already on his way to his hotel, but that did not mean he could just let things slide.

If he simply let it go, then he wouldn't be taken seriously and this might bring rise to some annoyances in the future which Jason wasn't going to have.

It sounded like something someone would see in novels, but it was true.

When one acted overly kind and forgiving, one was more likely to be seen and treated as a pushover instead of being treated like a respected person.

Jason was many things; a football player, a reincarnator of sorts, even a past life failure... but he was no pushover who would let people step on his head for no reason when he could help it.

He might not be seen as someone who had a temper because of his lack of volatile reactions, but he was more of the devious kind who would make sure people who messed with him would regret it in more ways than one.

It was one of the reasons why he wasn't bullied in school despite having all the characteristics of a prime target for bullying.

He was handsome, had no parents, his eyes stood out, he was a quiet kid, and though it didn't mean much, he was not white... yet he never had a case of bullying.

Actually, he did... but it ended in less than a day, both in his previous reality and this one.

He was not someone to be messed with and that driver would realize that first hand.

He could also use this chance to make himself seem more important to the NFF, at least for a little while... as long as they reacted appropriately.

If the Nigerian Football Federation was apologetic, then Jason's integration into the team might come earlier than it should have.

Adele would make sure of that when he unleashes her on them tomorrow.

However, if they were not apologetic, then that was it for him and the Nigerian national team. He would look to other options for national football.

Jason signaled Adele with his eyes that he would explain later before opening his mouth,

"See, I'm both a citizen of Nigeria and America, and if I looked through my family tree, I'd have even more options," Jason said thoughtfully as he just remembered that his mother was American, but not a pure American and had some foreign European blood in her from his Maternal Grandmother or Grandfather.

He had never bothered to look into it before as his maternal grandparents were already sleeping with the Lord about a year before his own parents left as well, but now that he thought about it, that was another option for him.

"The point is, I don't need to settle for playing for Nigeria when they don't bother to treat me like I'm even a little important,"

"Like how the hell does a driver who's supposed to pick someone up in the middle of the night after a flight from halfway across the world... go to a fu**ing night party?" Jason asked the crowd, none of his annoyance slipping into his voice as he had instead brought out his phone to text his aunt.

He wanted to ask her if she remembered which country's blood apart from Nigerian and American he had in him.

It would help in applying pressure on the Nigerian Football Federation when he finally contacted them later.

“Maybe it’s not their fault and the driver is the one who messed up and did whatever he wanted,” Kemi didn’t really know how to approach the matter, but tried to pacify Jason who she thought was very angry.

“Then who was the nitwit who hired the idiot?” Jason asked immediately and this time, Kemi didn’t have any words to respond.

“This our country just dey sha,” Kemi sighed as she turned the steering of the wheel and changed lanes, maneuvering the car in between the light traffic.

Soon enough, the car was filled with a different type of conversation and while this conversation went on, Jason’s phone vibrated a bit, notifying him of a text.

Seeing it was from Daphne, Jason suddenly remembered that she was in a different timezone and would be able to answer him at this time of the day.

{Why do you want to know that?} Daphne had texted.

{Never mind that, just tell me, do you remember which other country’s blood is in my family tree?} Jason quickly texted back and immediately his message ticked blue, letting him know Daphne had seen the message.

Soon, it showed ‘typing’ , letting Jason know that Daphne was about to reply. Sure as can be a few seconds later, Jason’s phone vibrated again and he glanced at the screen to read the message.

{I do remember and it’s not one country... it’s countries}

Chapter 320: Bloodline II

{I do remember and it’s not one country... it’s countries} Jason read Daphne’s text and his right eyebrow rose in confusion.

{Huh? What do you mean countries?} Jason quickly texted back, his curiosity beginning to rise but he could do nothing but wait till Daphne replied.

{This is why it's good to actually try and find out about things instead of spending most of your day brooding like Bruce Wayne} Daphne texted and began typing again.

{Your mother's father was Samoan. He's probably the one you got your long curly hair from. However, your mother's mother was from Norway and that's where your mother's blue eyes, and now yours, come from} Daphne finally gave an answer that could satisfy Jason's curiosity, but Jason was now more surprised than ever.

{... At this point, am I even American at all?} Jason texted back, a wry smile on his face as his fingers continuously tapped his screen.

{By birth, yes... By blood, nope, not even the slightest} Daphne replied, adding a laughing emoji to let Jason know she was laughing at him and enjoying this.

{I feel like my whole life is a lie} Jason texted back, deciding to reply just as dramatically as she was acting.

{At least, your African origins are more straightforward. We're completely Nigerian on your father's side... well except for you because my brother found himself a white lady} Daphne replied to Jason.

{And I'm an amalgamation of three countries from three different continents}

{How do I swallow this?} Jason texted back, adding emojis for extra dramaticism.

{Ask your girlfriend} Daphne texted back and added a smirking emoji.

{Time the fu*k out!} Jason almost burst out laughing as this was the last person he was expecting such a dirty response from.

{Aye Aye captain... Anyway, I gotta go} Daphne sent a reply immediately and went offline.

{Yeah. Talk to you later} Jason texted back despite knowing she had gone offline and put his phone away.

After putting his phone away, he tried to tune back into the conversation going on in the car but his mind kept getting swept away by the news he had just received.

To know that he was not a Nigerian and an American like he first thought, but rather a Nigerian, Samoan, and Norwegian... and an American by location.

Suddenly he had a few more options for a national team, but neither of the new options had a strong enough pull to make him reconsider having Nigeria as a first choice.

Jason didn't know any footballers from Samoa and didn't even know whether they had a national football team or not, though he did know a few world-famous wrestlers from Samoa like Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, Roman Reigns, and the Usos.

That's probably where he got his combat talent from now that he thought about it since the Samoans and the Norwegians had the genetics of warriors of old.

Norway was his next option, but Jason only knew about Martin Odegaard and some new kid named Erling Haaland, who were the only slightly big names on that team's squad.

To him, Norway had the same problem as the USA national team, too few good players.

Jason didn't know much about that Haaland guy, but Odegaard was a good player, yet he knew that it was not enough.

Football was a team game and if one wanted to win games consistently, then one needed to either build or join a winning team as there was only so much one person could do.

That much was clear with Cristiano Ronaldo and Portugal.

Ronaldo was one of the best players to ever grace the football pitch, yet even he hadn't been able to single-handedly drag Portugal to win more than two trophies, and even the trophies he had won with Portugal had the help of a great amount of luck, otherwise, Ronaldo wouldn't have been able to win anything.

Portugal had more than just Cristiano Ronaldo, but sadly all the big names popping out of Portugal lately only started popping up at the time that Ronaldo was gradually moving out of his prime and the team's dynamics had shifted causing there to be a certain disharmony in the team which was the current Portuguese team's problem, but that wasn't Jason's business.

What he was thinking about was the fact that one or two good players couldn't drag a whole team to win trophies year after year... unless they were cheating of course.

Messi had tried it, but even with a good team, Messi hadn't won anything with Argentina so far, Zlatan Ibrahimovic couldn't do it with Sweden, Mohammed Salah hadn't done it with Egypt, hell, even Heung Min Son hadn't been able to do it with South Korea in the Asian continent that was arguably the weakest among all the continents involved with football.

So Jason knew that he couldn't do it alone.

Nigeria didn't have a team filled with world-breaking talents, but the players were at least a lot more talented than average and could be built even further into a winning team with more ease than if he went to another country, hence Nigeria remained Jason's first choice... but it was always a good thing to have options.

He'd make his decision after a long long rest.

While Jason was thinking about his choices, they had arrived at the hotel where they would be staying so Jason snapped out of his thoughts to get their luggage out from the back of the car.

With him holding some of the luggage and Adele holding the rest, they walked into the hotel's lobby where Kemi and her sisters parted ways with them while Jason and Adele went to the counter to get their keys from the receptionist.

After confirming their booking, the receptionist gave Jason and Adele the keys to their room and had a porter send their luggage to their rooms ahead of them.

Jason and Adele walked slowly to their rooms and Jason began outlining his plan to Adele.

“We’re going to put on a show,” Jason began explaining.

“To increase my importance in the team, or to at least give myself a boost into the line-up during this international break, we’re going to make use of this situation,” Jason continued, but Adele had already caught on to Jason’s plan of making a racket and acting like he wanted to leave.

If the Football Federation or the National team’s head manager wanted him to stay, they’d have to make some concessions which could only be to Jason’s benefit.

If they didn’t seem remorseful, then Adele would be the first one to tell Jason to look for other options, after all, she couldn’t allow her client to be disrespected by a country that had little claim on him apart from his bloodline and a citizenship that wasn’t of much help.

They had made plans, all that remained was to carry them out and see the reaction of the football federation and the National team’s head manager.