

LEGENDS 321

Chapter 321: Hocus Pocus with the NFF I

Yawn

Jason yawned tiredly as he rose from under the soft and warm sheets of the hotel bed.

The air conditioner was turned on at full blast, bringing the temperature to less than twenty degrees Celsius, but Jason could easily cope with that kind of temperature with the aid of the thick blanket he covered himself with.

Taking a few minutes to arrange his mind and go through his plans for the day in his head before finally getting up and going to grab his suitcase.

His major plan for the day was simple; play the offended card and make the Football Federation and the national team's head manager make some arrangements that would help him get a headstart in the team... If that did not work, then it was back in Porto, but Jason had little doubts about it not working.

However, before that, he still had some time till he would allow them to contact him and Jason planned to spend that time training.

Luckily, this hotel had a gym so he could at least get some physical training done in the meantime.

Jason grabbed his sports bag and threw it on the bed as it already had his training equipment in it so he didn't need to spend any time packing.

After putting his sports bag on the bed, Jason headed to the bathroom to have a quick bath before heading back and pulling on some casual wear that he would wear to the gym after which he would change into training clothes.

Less than half an hour later, Jason pulled open the door of his room and stepped out into the hallway. He had barely moved past the door next to his room when the door of the room was pushed open and

Adele stepped out already dressed in a white shirt and black trousers, making Jason glance at his watch to see whether he had overstretched his time sleeping.

“You’re already dressed like you want to go to war... At 9:58?” Jason could not resist asking with a wry smile.

“They say preparation is half the battle, so I’m just following the words of those old men who caused all sorts of problems for me when I was in school,” Adele replied back snarkily.

“... Well, good morning, I guess,” Jason said, not wanting to get into a discussion about the old men who came up with all sorts of theories, making the life of the future youth a hell where they had to memorize things they would not end up using for once after they left school... Or at least some of them.

“If you want to talk and you have things to ask and I think you do,” Jason said with a glance at her face,

“You can follow me to the gym, I don’t have that much time to talk if we’re going to be ready on time,” He intended for their discussion to hold while he trained.

“Okay, wait for a bit,” Adele replied and went back into her room. She actually had a lot of questions for Jason regarding what they wanted to do and she needed some time to discuss with him as they hadn’t really gone over the matter before he went to sleep.

Two minutes later, Adele came out of her room holding a sports bag that was smaller than Jason’s.

“You gym?” Jason asked in slight surprise.

“Well duh, do you think this body is a gift from God?” Adele asked, giving him the stink eye.

“Yes, yes I do,” Jason said glancing at Adele’s body that had perfectly shaped curves in all the right places.

Jason had long noticed that apart from being very beautiful, Adele also had a banging body that bordered near voluptuous and would have young black guys screaming “GYATTT”, yet it never felt like too much and always fitted well under her formal wear.

Part of what made it hard to notice was that Adele was like Jason in the aspect of clothing and she seemed to favor baggy clothes that covered her edges, leaving one to imagine her body type under her clothes, but sometimes, it couldn't be hidden and this was one of those times.

However, Jason had never tried to think about her sexually and always kept things professional between them... Most of the time.

He already had a girl he was trying to get with, so a rondo with his agent was the last thing he needed no matter how beautiful she looked.

He also appreciated that Adele had not made any moves on him either despite the benefits doing so would hold for her.

“You’re right about all this being god-given, I’m just maintaining it. A girl’s gotta look pretty you know,” Adele said with a grin and slapped him on the arm, snapping him out of his thoughts that had once again sent him farther than needed from the current situation.

“Whatever, let’s go,” Jason muttered, rubbing his arm as he led the way to the gym despite having no idea of its location, luckily, there were people he could ask about it and they were soon in the gym.

Stepping into the almost empty gym, Jason and Adele parted ways and went into gender-respective dressing rooms to change.

Jason took off his shirt and shorts in the empty dressing room and quickly put on a Porto training vest and shorts along with New Balance sneakers that he always had packed into his sports bag before placing his bag in a locker after taking out a water bottle from the side.

He stepped out of the dressing room to find Adele already waiting for him.

"You're probably the only woman who dresses faster than a man," Jason commented as he walked by her, looking for a treading mill.

"I'm not that fast, you're just slower than me. No offense," Adele replied as she followed behind him, banding up her hair into a high ponytail tail with a hair band.

"No offense taken, For a man, I've got a lot of hair that requires care," Jason replied with a grin as he stopped beside two treadmills that had been placed side to side.

Chapter 322: Hocus Pocus with the NFF II

"All yours," Jason gestured to the second treadmill on the side as he hopped on the first one and began programming it.

"... So how are we gonna play this?" Adele asked as she got on the second treadmill.

"There's not really much to be gained from the Football Federation as this is a national team and you're not exactly signing a contract with major benefits."

"In fact, there is more benefit for you joining the national team," Adele laid out her own understanding of the matter.

"True, there's not much we have to gain by making a fuss, at most, I'll get some monetary appeasement..."

" But hey, it'll be fun," Jason said with a grin as turned to Adele.

"It'll be fun?" Adele couldn't believe her ears at the words that were coming out of the mouth of the eighteen-year-old boy who was her client.

"Also, it'll help me to gauge their attitude towards my joining the team. If I don't like what I see, then I can easily avoid it,"

"I just found out that one of my grandmothers was Norwegian, so more options for me," Jason said with a little laugh.

"That'd explain your eyes... Or not," Adele shrugged as she got on the treadmill after making some basic settings.

"... I expected you to be more surprised by the fact that I'm Norwegian," Jason said in a surprised tone.

"At this point, if you told me that that wasn't all there was to your origins, I'd believe," Adele said as she started running on the treadmill.

"Funny you mention that because, you're right, my mother's father is Samoan, so..." Jason said as he also got on his treadmill, beginning to run at a significantly quicker pace than Adele.

Despite just saying that she wouldn't be surprised by Jason anymore, Adele almost stumbled when she heard Jason mention another country that he was related to.

"I don't even know what to say at this point," she managed to say, her breath still even despite already running.

"I didn't know what to say either, but I don't think that part is really important. I don't have any plans to play for either of those countries. I'm not sure Samoa has a national team so that one is a definite no and playing for Norway is more trouble than worth," Jason began explaining his decision.

"What do you mean?" Adele asked as she ran.

"Well, even I didn't know about my Norwegian origins till yesterday which means not many other people know this, so how would the Norwegian national team know and contact me?"

"I mean, it's not like they couldn't find out if they bothered to research, but why would they?"

“Even I already find it hard to believe that I’m Norwegian, so why would they think I was one of them all of a sudden and scout me,” Jason explained.

“I’d literally have to tell them that I’ve got a little Norwegian blood in me, but even then I don’t think I might get called up because, for some reason, I don’t remember any black person in the Norwegian national team,” he continued, suddenly remembering that interesting bit of information.

He wasn’t accusing them of being racist or anything, but he couldn’t for the life of him remember any black Norwegian player which was kind of strange in the current football world where there were usually mixed colors in almost every national football team except for those small countries that didn’t have much presence on the global stage in pretty much anything.

Countries like Lithuania, Malta, the Faroe Islands, and others like that.

“That might constitute a problem if you really want to play for them, but it’s not something that can’t be settled with a little time, however, I don’t think you want to play for them so we’re back to where we started,” Adele nodded a bit despite running on the treadmill.

“What are we going to do when I put on my phone back at 12 pm?” she asked the question that would determine their game plan for dealing with the NFF when they came calling.

“Make that 11 am, change of plans,” Jason started

“Also, about the NFF, I don’t really have any expectations because as you said, it’s not a negotiation,”

“I’m just taking this chance to establish that I’m no pushover and by making some noise and rattling the tree, who knows what benefits we’d get,”

“We’ll have to wait to find out after seeing their reaction to the whole thing. However, if they seem dismissive of the matter, then I guess it can’t be helped,” Jason sighed, knowing the implication of his words.

Jumping off his treadmill after running at a high pace for almost three minutes, Jason went over to Adele's treadmill, wheezing slightly because of the intense run he had just done.

"Anyway, I need you to be on top of your game as you answer them. You must be ferocious, angry, and go at them with the intent to kill," Jason began talking like a motivational speaker, over exaggerating the situation more than it was worth.

While he spoke, he sneakily increased the pace of her treadmill.

"Your client has been offended. Are you going to let that slide?"

"Are you going to let your client's pride be trampled on like it's nothing?"

"Or are you going to unleash your fury on your opponents?"

"You're a lioness!"

"An Apex predator! And you don't let anyone mess with your pack!"

"If they do, you rip them to shreds, tear them limb from limb, watch them bleed and enjoy every step of it,"

"You're a queen, and you don't take no for an answer!" Jason went into motivational mode as he geared up Adele for the coming situation and she just went along with it as she ran on the treadmill as fast as she could, Jason's words already motivating her and lighting up a fire within.

"When you pick up that phone, and you answer that call from the NFF, I want you to show them why you're my manager!"

"Show them why a girl with nothing but big dreams could get me to have you watch my back!"

“Show them the power of a dream and let your burning endless passion consume them!”

“Is that clear!?” Jason shouted in a stern voice at the running Adele, enjoying this a lot more than he was supposed to.

“Yes!” Adele shouted back with some enthusiasm, rolling along with the enthusiastic Jason but she was already breathing hard from all her running.

“I can’t hear you agent!” Jason shouted at her again.

“Sir Yes Sir!” Adele shouted reflexively as Jason’s loud voice had made her jump in surprise , but she managed to catch herself and get off the treadmill before she had an accident.

“Haaah, haaah, haaah,” she breathed hard as she sat on the ground, sweat glistening across her tanned face that was a bit red.

Glancing at Adele who was breathing heavily as she sat on the ground, Jason could feel a lot of blood rushing to his head and she began to look more and more like a snack so he quickly turned away to calm his teenage hormones.

‘Can’t have that,’ he laughed at himself internally.

Chapter 323: Hocus Pocus with the NFF III

11:14 am

Jason and Adele were seated at a table in the restaurant of the hotel, ready to have their breakfast after their time in the gym earlier.

Adele was dressed back in her blouse and trousers while Jason was casually dressed in a white shirt paired with black trousers and was seated on the table across from her.

Their phones were on the table and they had finally been turned on as the two of them waited for a call from the NFF.

While they waited their food arrived at the table.

Since they were in Nigeria, they were having a Nigerian breakfast which was bean pudding and pap, locally known as Moi-moi and Ogi.

Moi-moi/bean pudding was just as its name suggested, pudding made from beans, while ogi/pap was made from fermented corn that was ground finely and made into a paste.

Just as Jason and Adele were about to start eating, Adele's phone on the table began vibrating, immediately calling the attention of the table's occupants.

With a picture of calmness on her face, Adele put down her fork and picked up her phone, glanced at the screen but did not recognize the caller.

However, that did not stop her from picking up her ear pods, handing one to Jason as she put the other one to her ear, letting it automatically connect before swiping across the screen of her phone and answering the call.

"Hello," Her voice was cold as she began speaking, earning her a thumbs up from Jason who was enjoying the whole fiasco more than he should.

{Hello, is this Mrs Adele Joyce?} A sonorous voice rang in Jason's and Adele's ear, the speaker seemingly not noticing Adele's cold tone as her voice was upbeat and Jason could hear the slight Nigerian accent leaking through despite the caller's attempt at sounding very formal.

"Speaking..." Adele continued with the one-word answer shtick she had started with.

{Okay. My name is Vivian and I'm with the Nigerian Football Federation. We contacted you to ask when your client, Mr. Bolu would be arriving at our head office for his appointment} The caller said at a stretch causing a slight frown to appear on Jason's and Adele's faces.

“Arriving? We’re not coming to the NFF’s head office,” Adele replied immediately, her voice having a vicious edge to it despite sounding very civil.

{Huh? I’m not quite sure I understand what you mean} Vivian sounded confused as she replied.

“We. are. not. coming.” Adele spelled out word after word.

“There’s a flight back to Porto at 3 pm and two seats on that plane have our name on it,” she continued, still sounding very civil but the words coming out of her mouth had Vivian worrying for her job.

{But why? We have an agreement to meet at 1 pm with your client right?} Vivian asked, sounding very worried and confused and this immediately let Jason and Adele know that something was off somewhere, but that didn’t mean they were going to stop.

Despite Jason being unable to say anything to Adele at that moment, she understood Jason’s intent from his gaze and opened her mouth again,

“I don’t know if you’re playing ignorant but let me explain this so you’d understand our decision,” she began.

“My client was focusing on his football career for Porto and had been playing quite well lately when all of a sudden, you guys reached out to my client, even employing the help of a teammate to meet him behind my back and convince him to play for the Nigerian national team,”

“Moved by your sincerity, my client agreed to play for a country that he is only connected to by blood despite having three other options... In fact four other options,”

“He could play for the USA because he’s a citizen and was born there, he could play for Norway because his maternal grandmother was Norwegian, he could play for Samoa because his maternal grandfather was Samoan, and there is also the potential chance of him playing for Portugal, yet he chose Nigeria in a list of options where you guys would be ranked third at best, and yet...” Adele paused to catch her breath, but Vivian on the other end almost couldn’t breathe in the dread of the next words to come despite not knowing what Adele was going to say.

“... After getting him to agree and fly over to Nigeria, the very night we arrived, in the middle of the night I might add... We were stranded in the airport because the driver you had claimed you would arrange decided to go for a night party instead of doing his job and picking us up at the airport,” Adele’s voice didn’t rise even the slightest as she spoke in a level tone from beginning to end.

{I’m so sorry, we had no idea about this} Vivian immediately turned apologetic and wanted to strangle the driver who was the culprit in all of this.

“That doesn’t make things better because it shows that either your recruitment officer is a half-wit who hires just about anybody available, not considering their qualifications for a job, or, my client is not respected enough by the Nigerian Football Federation enough for them to make sure that everything concerning my client is done impeccably,” Adele said, not willing to let the apology build any momentum.

{I’m so sorry about this} Vivian began apologizing again, but Adele wasn’t about to let her do that and immediately interrupted.

“I’m sorry as well, but that doesn’t change the fact that my client has been terribly disrespected and disappointed by the Nigerian Football Federation, and the Nigerian country as a whole, hence he will be reevaluating his options concerning which country to represent on the international stage...”

“... And this time, Nigeria isn’t on the list of options to be considered,” Adele stated clearly before hanging up directly and not allowing Vivian to get another word in.

From the conversation with Vivian, it was clear that there was a discrepancy in the flow of information and Vivian didn’t know about what had happened with the driver.

Either she didn’t know about it, or she had been told and was acting like she had no idea, but Adele doubted it, hence she had made sure to explain the whole situation to her and enlighten her about what was going on.

“Now, we wait...” Adele sighed as she took out her ear pod.

“And eat,” Jason added and picked up his fork.

Chapter 324: Hocus Pocus with the NFF IV

Jason and Adele took their time at the table, not hurrying themselves in the slightest as they weren't rushing anywhere.

The thing about them having a flight back to Porto at 3 pm was a bluff.

Adele had tried to book a flight, but there was no way for a single person of their level to tell an airport when to arrange a flight so the whole thing about a specific time should have made it clear that it was a bluff, but Jason didn't expect anyone to notice the bluff.

In the end, Jason had told Adele to hold off on booking a flight and they would only leave if it was clear that there was no way back... There was no point in wasting money on booking a flight and then canceling it because even if he would be refunded, the money wouldn't be returned in full.

With no pressure of time on their necks, they ate slowly, savoring the handwork of the hotel's chefs.

“What do you mean he's not coming?” Gernot Rohr couldn't believe his ears as Vivian told him what had happened on the call with Adele Joyce, Jason's agent.

He was seated in a meeting room with management officials of the NFF and they had been discussing the coming preparations for the matches in the international break when Vivian, the bearer of bad news arrived with the juiciest but annoying story of the day.

This was also the meeting room where Jason was supposed to arrive to sign the Declaration of Intent, but now Gernot Rohr was being told that his plans for the national team had been disrupted by an idiot who decided to enjoy Abuja's night-life with an official car of the Nigerian Football Federation instead of doing his job and picking up an important guest at the airport.

Sigh

Gernot Rohr couldn't help rubbing his brow in exasperation as he listened to Vivian who was doing her best to relay Adele's message, word for word to the national team's head manager.

After listening to Vivian explain what had happened, Gernot Rohr immediately stood up and asked with urgency,

"What time did she say their flight was?"

"3 pm, sir," Vivian said, her voice quivering a bit as it was clear that apart from the urgency in the head manager's voice, he was also quite angry.

The head manager immediately glanced at the watch on his wrist and saw that it was barely a quarter after eleven,

"Good, there's still time," he muttered as he began moving.

He couldn't afford to have this fall through... Not like this.

It was one thing that Jason's departure would mean the national team would miss out on a very talented player, and it was another thing when the reason for such a thing happening would become known.

After all the efforts they had made on propaganda, if news got out that Jason did not join the national team because the driver that was supposed to meet pick him up at the airport went partying instead of doing his job, Nigeria would become a laughing stock and the higher-ups would have his head.

The effect it would have on their future recruitment of young talents would be too great and he couldn't get away with that.

Gernot Rohr remembered a story he had heard about Kylian Mbappe wanting to play for Cameroon, but the Cameroonian Football Association requested a payment... a bribe of sorts because one didn't need to pay to join a national team, but the Cameroonian Football Association asked for money greedily,

making the player change his decision and go on to play for France who weren't requesting any money from him.

Barely a year later, he won the FIFA World Cup with France while the Cameroonian Football National team didn't even qualify for the competition.

They lost on every angle and Gernot Rohr wasn't about to let that happen with Jason and Nigeria as well.

He wasn't a Nigerian, but he wasn't going to let himself be known as one of the reasons why a major talent chose to play for another country.

That would cost him not only his job but also his reputation and he was too old for that bullsh*t.

He quickly headed out of the meeting room ready to do his best to get Jason to change his mind about leaving, but did not forget to shout behind him before leaving the room,

"And somebody fire that bastard! Let him enjoy a few more night parties as an unemployed idiot!"

"Do you know where they currently are?" Gernot asked Vivian as they walked through the building.

"We lost contact with them yesterday, but I remember her mentioning earlier that they planned to stay at The Destination by Gidanka,"

"However this was before they came to Nigeria so I can't tell if they changed their plans because of what happened," Vivian said as she hurried after the head manager.

"Good, we'll start there, but try to call them again and see if we can arrange a meeting," Gernot Rohr spoke as he walked out of the main doors of the building that had been pulled open by the security guards at the door.

The national team manager and Vivian headed towards a black Toyota Land Cruiser SUV and the driver quickly got down to pull open the door for the manager while Vivian ran over to the other side of the car to get into the passenger seat in front.

“Where are we going, sir?” The driver asked as he got into the car and started the vehicle.

“The Destination by Gidanka. Please hurry,” Vivian answered first before Gernot could open his mouth in the backseat.

As the one who had spoken to Adele and had seen the head manager’s reaction after hearing the story, she understood the urgency of the situation and she was reacting accordingly.

The driver professionally started the car and drove out of the parking lot, the car quickly accelerating out of the grounds of the NFF headquarters.

As the driver quickly drove through the streets with a clear destination, Vivian continuously tried to call Adele’s phone, but no one was picking up, causing Vivian’s anxiety to shoot up.

If they couldn’t stop Jason from leaving Nigeria, heads would roll... Metaphorically... And Vivian’s head was likely to be among the rolling heads as she was the one who had appointed the driver that was supposed to pick up Jason at the airport.

She was the half-wit recruitment officer Adele was talking about.

However, how was she to know that Adele wasn’t picking up the phone because Jason was teaching her the appropriate way to eat some Nigerian dishes as they waited without the slightest bit of anxiety for the response of the NFF?

Chapter 325: What be the Chorus I

“... and finally, the grounded bean is put into leaves and then steamed for like twenty to thirty minutes,” Jason was explaining the little he knew about the preparation of the moi-moi/bean pudding to Adele who had fallen in love with the dish after eating it at the hotel restaurant for breakfast.

They had left the restaurant after eating and had moved to the garden which was one of the recreational areas available at the hotel.

As they walked through the garden while conversing, Jason noticed someone sitting in one of the available seats in the garden holding up his phone and talking to the screen.

At first glance, one would think he was having a video call with some people, but after listening for a little while, it was clear that he was talking to a group of people instead of just one person.

“... Wait, isn’t that Big Shaq?” Jason suddenly recognized the the face of the person seated on the chair and talking to his phone.

“What’s he doing in Nigeria though?” Jason wondered out loud, arousing Adele’s curiosity.

“Who is he?” Adele could not resist asking.

“He’s kinda like a rapper and he made a major hit with his first single ‘Man’s not Hot’. it was pretty viral and was one of the songs that helped push UK drill to the global stages,”

“He’s Nigerian though... I think. But he lives in the UK so I’m a bit surprised to see him here,” Jason explained to Adele who nodded as she listened intently, having no idea about the song Jason said to be viral.

While Jason told Adele about Big Shaq, it seemed the man himself saw them and he stood up from his chair and began walking up to them.

“Hey brudda, you’re Jason right, the one playing for Porto?” Big Shaq asked as he neared the two of them.

“Yeah,” Jason replied, a bit surprised that someone like Big Shaq recognized him.

“Nice. I’m Michael, they call me Big Shaq though,” Big Shaq said with a little laugh as he held up a hand and Jason reciprocated, their hands meeting for a smooth dap.

“I remember watching some of your games, and also your freestyle one time,”

“You’ve got a nasty flow bredda,” Big Shaq spoke, still holding his phone up.

“Ah, that time,” Jason’s eyes brightened a bit as he remembered the time Mylo live-streamed him rapping to a beat... without consent.

It wasn’t even a freestyle as he didn’t really come up with it and he was simply helping the Dababy of his previous reality expand his fan base in this reality.

“Are you on a call or something?” Jason asked curious at Big Shaq holding up his phone.

“Oh, actually I’m on a live stream, but don’t worry, the camera’s trained on my face, so you wouldn’t show up in it. I know some people like their privacy,” Big Shaq replied with a smile, knowing to mention that part as he could understand people’s need for privacy.

As something of a star himself, he preferred to only be faced with cameras whenever he felt like it otherwise it was bothersome and because of that, he could relate to other people who valued their privacy.

“I do value my privacy, but I wouldn’t mind appearing in a livestream as long as you aren’t catching me unawares,” Jason said with a little laugh.

“What about this damsel?” Big Shaq turned to Adele who had caught his eyes first when he had glanced at Jason and her from his seat earlier.

Of course, Jason was naturally more eye-catching, but for a certified damsel detector like Big Shaq, Jason appeared invincible in his eyes when they first appeared in view and the only reason he had looked at Jason in the first place was because he was trying to spot whether he was aiming over his head and after seeing Jason, it was clear.

His interest in Adele had died forcibly when he saw Jason standing beside her as there was no plausible reason why a girl would leave the side of a man like Jason to come to be with him.

Jason obviously outmatched him in almost every aspect, and even the areas he was probably leading Jason in like fame was bound to change soon.

"I guess there's no problem," Adele said with a bright smile.

With that said, Big Shaq turned around and held up his phone at a height and angle to enable he could capture the three of them in the camera and Jason and Adele said hi to the viewers watching Big Shaq's live stream.

"Hey Jay, what do you say we do a little freestyle," Big Shaq suddenly dropped a bombshell on Jason as soon as the idea appeared in his head.

"... I meannn, I don't know. I'm a footballer and not a rapper, the last time was something of a fluke you know," Jason felt cold sweat pooling on his back as he heard Bog Shaq's words.

'Was this guy trying to embarrass him on the internet in front of 10k viewers?' Jason sweat dropped.

"Just let the words flow out, come on it'll be fun," Big Shaq insisted, not wanting to take no for an answer and he quickly went over to where he was seating earlier and picked up the bluetooth speaker that was placed by the side of the chair.

'He's even got a speaker? This is a trap! A goddamn trap!' Jason almost cried internally as he could see that there was no way to escape.

Even Adele was already looking at him with expectant eyes.

He could not afford to mess up here.

Steeze must be maintained so he calmed himself and quickly began sourcing through his head for rap songs he could borrow from his reality and become an ambassador helping to expand fan base for the original artist.

A lot of songs quickly appeared in his head, but he hesitated on picking one till he heard the beat that Big Shaq was about to play on the speaker he had brought over.

Soon Big Shaq settled on a beat and pressed play and a low beat that started with a low flute blowing followed by rhythmic tapping of a drumstick on a drum's edge.

The moment that beat started playing, one song immediately made its appearance in his mind and Jason couldn't stop himself from opening his mouth when the beat dropped.

Chapter 326: What be the Chorus? II

You wanna play rough?

Okay

Say hello to my new friend

Stubborn

if e no be a-a-a-a town don't like this beat

The beat had an intro that made Jason feel like Big Shaq probably planned to use this as a song later, but that didn't stop him from getting on the beat as soon as the intro was over and the beat dropped.

"Freeze. Ice,"

"Jesus. Christ,"

“Sneakers. Nice,”

“Cheques. Nike,”

“IG. Likes,”

“Swag. Vibes,”

“Saucy. Yikes,”

“I’m too jollof for your rice,” At this point, Big Shaq was already feeling the vibe and he immediately jumped in, not caring whether Jason was done or not.

“Dem bwoy dem deda” Big Shaq started and Jason immediately adlibbed, (Dedaa)

“Boom bye-bye manhy?da” (shedaa)

“How you wan put scar on my face”

“Wey you no de grind like Tony Montana (tanaa)”

“Too much fuse antenna,”

“We de chop breakfast, lunch and dinner,”

“Woy? blowman a mey? last killer,”

“You no de see me me too I be John Cena,”

“Enough of the chit chat (woah),”

“Eat that pussy like a kit kat (swag),” Big Shaq kept up the flow for a while before he started saying a lot of gibberish, but the vibes had already taken over and no one cared anymore.

Soon he came to the end of his verse and opened up the floor for Jason again,

“What be the chorus?”

“Grrr grrrr grrrrr grrrr pawww (kpo kpo),”

“Grrr grrrr grrrrr grrrr pawww (kpo kpo kpo kpo),”

“Grrr grrr paw paw (kpo kpo),”

“Grrr grrr grrr grrr paw”

At this point, even Jason and Adele had joined him in shouting the gibberish he was shouting, but funnily enough it went with the beat and once Big Shaq was done shouting his gibberish, Jason went back in ready to murder the beat,

“Freeze. Ice,”

“Jesus. Christ,”

“Sneakers. Nice,”

“Cheques. Nike,”

“IG. Likes,”

“Swag. Vibes,”

“Saucy. Yikes,”

“I’m too jollof for your rice,” he first sang the chorus to give himself some momentum before diving deep into himself and beginning to just pull out just about whatever rhymed.

Anyway, it was a verse on a freestyle with Big Shaq so whether it made sense or not no longer mattered.

“My brother de hustle ein brother,”

“I no go fi bother,” Jason got a first line and a rhyme going and Big Shaq was right behind him with an adlib,

(I no go fi bother my Nigga)

“Another wahala de come,”

“So I’m counting my dollar (I’m counting my dollar),”

“You say we be family (you say we be family),”

“We go dey together (we go dey together),”

“The mother that mothered my mother,”

“I murdered your mother (swag),” After getting this far, Jason had no more lines but Big Shaq was ready to hop right in.

“If you pass there we go pass here,” he started but soon was about to go into another bout of gibberish when Adele burst out laughing and Jason followed after, with Big Shaq following after, none of them were able to hold in their laughter anymore.

“What the hell was that man,” Jason couldn’t help asking as he tried to stop laughing.

“What was the ‘Grrr Paw paw’ you people were shouting?” Adele too asked, unable to hide her laughter.

“That was hard bro, funny sh*t, but it was hard,” Even Big Shaq was unable to stop himself from laughing.

As they laughed, the comments rushed in on Big Shaq’s phone,

{What be the chorus? Grr grrrr grrrrr grrrr pawwww!} a user named Young_Creator posted and added ten laughing emojis and it was almost guaranteed that he was laughing his a** off at the other end.

{The mother that mother that murdered my mother, I murdered her mother? Is Jason admitting to some of his crimes?} Triko_Rex commented, but the laughing emojis that followed his comment made it clear that it was a light-hearted joke.

{Freestyle of the year fr fr} Plu_to commented, adding a generous amount of laughing emojis behind his comment.

{They were saying absolute rubbish that didn’t tally and still went hard bruh} Grand Castor commented, adding laughing emojis behind his comment for good measure.

{I thought blud said he couldn’t rap, so what the hell was that chorus?} MIR_Devalanci said, also adding a couple of laughing emojis behind his comment.

{Those two better jump in a studio and give us the full version} Another user named SlothfulMonk commented.

The comments kept flying in while Jason, Adele, and Big Shaq laughed off all the laughter that had built up in them till their ribs ached.

They laughed so hard, that the viewers started laughing with them at one point because the scene was so funny to look at.

It was probably a scenario like this one that made someone come up with the saying, “Laughter is infectious,” because every single viewer couldn’t resist laughing as they watched Jason, Adele, Big Shaq laugh their asses off.

It took almost two minutes for them to finally get themselves under control and even then bursts of laughter escaped from them randomly whenever their mind went back to what they just done on a live stream that thousands of people were watching, however, they had enough self-control to go about with their day.

After exchanging numbers with Big Shaq, Jason and Adele moved on to a more silent part of the garden while Adele did not let go of this chance to poke fun at Jason who had joined Big Shaq in shouting,

“Grrr grrrr grrrrr grrrr pawww (kpo kpo),” on the live stream.

“What be the chorus?” Adele asked Jason, doing her best to hold in her laughter.

“Poke fun all you want, you joined us in singing it and there’s video proof of it,” Jason shot back, not willing to allow this low-level teaser to drag his honor through the dust.

“I was just supporting my client like any agent would,” Adele tried to justify her actions but Jason scoffed and rolled his eyes at her.

She was shouting it a lot more than him during the freestyle, but she wouldn’t admit it, however, he would make sure to find the video and keep it away to use to catch her off at the right moments.

Her birthday was coming up in a couple of months and what was a birthday without some embarrassing moments.

Embarrassing moments that Jason was going to make sure all of his followers on all social media platforms see.

Chapter 327: Hocus Pocus with the NFF V

“Fuc*ing hell,” Jason muttered in annoyance as rose out of the water in the swimming pool, veins slightly bulging on the side of his head in annoyance as he looked around, looking for the culprit that was responsible for his current situation.

However, to get a full picture of the current situation, one would have to look back to a few minutes ago.

After the live stream with Big Shaq, Jason and Adele had been conversing when Adele suddenly pulled out her phone wondering why they hadn’t been contacted by the NFF only to discover that her phone was on silent and had almost twenty missed calls.

Under Jason’s instructions, Adelle called back and spoke with Vivian who was trying to contact them and after a lot of apologies flying into her ear, she asked for a meeting with Jason and told him that the National team’s head manager was on his way to them.

At this point, their goal had been achieved and Jason agreed to a meeting at the restaurant of the hotel.

After ending the call, Jason and Adele had been heading back to the restaurant and to do this they had passed the side of the swimming pool where some people were already swimming and playing ball.

Not caring much about their surroundings, Jason and Adele had sidestepped the people by the swimming pool and kept walking, but that was when disaster struck.

As they walked, Jason suddenly noticed something flying his way at high speed, and before he could react, a ball smacked into his face and pushed him to the right.

Unfortunately for Jason, he was standing right beside the swimming pool and could not stop himself from falling into the pool with a large splash.

Despite the suddenness of the situation, Jason didn't let the anger and annoyance that swept through him burst out and he smoothly brought himself under control before swimming back to the surface of the water, rising out of the water with fury in his eyes.

"... *hisssssshhhh*" taking a deep breath with his teeth clamped together to calm down his rage, while his hand swept through his hair and pushed all his hair out of his face.

His blue eyes glinted with annoyance as he glanced past Adele to the direction from where the ball had come flying, ignoring the voices around him in the pool asking if he was okay.

Unfortunately, he couldn't find whoever was responsible for sending the ball flying his way and nobody was owning up to it as well making his annoyance rise even further, but he remained cool and glanced at Adele instead,

"Let's go," he said as he began swimming to the end of the swimming pool that had stairs.

Adele nodded and followed after him, not knowing what to say and not daring to laugh despite how funny the situation was.

If she dared to let it slip, who knew whether she might find herself without a job?

Jason swam out of the swimming pool, allowing the cold water of the swimming pool to cool off his annoyance as there was no point in getting annoyed at something like this.

Even if he found the person who had sent the ball at him, the presence of civil laws would prevent him from doing anything worthwhile to the person so it was best to let it go.

By the time he reached the stairs and started walking out of the pool, his annoyance had reduced by more than half of what it was when he fell in.

He slowly started unbuttoning his shirt as it annoyingly clung to his body due to the water, making it feel tighter than he felt comfortable with.

Soon he was out of the swimming pool and had taken off his shirt. Adele handed him a towel she had collected from one of the hotel staff who was by the swimming pool and Jason began wiping his hair with it.

“Let’s go, we have a meeting,” Jason said to Adele as he dropped the towel, wrung out his shirt, and started walking away.

But as they walked into the hotel, Adele’s phone rang and after answering the call, she heard from Vivian that she and Gernot Rohr had arrived.

Jason went to his room to change his clothes while Adele went to go and meet with the visitors ahead and not keep them waiting.

he walked to his room alone in wet clothes and only when he was almost at his room did he remember that his phone was in his trouser pockets when he fell in the water.

He quickly pulled it out of his pockets to see whether it still worked and luckily, it did. It seemed the ‘water resistant’ feature of the phone was not just empty words.

Soon, he was in his room and was changing out of his wet clothes. He debated whether to have a warm bath since he had fallen in cold water, but he quickly decided against it.

He was someone who literally sat in water filled with ice for training so there was no way water that wasn’t below 15 degrees Celsius would do anything to him.

It did not take him long to dry himself off completely and put on new clothes before quickly heading out to the restaurant, wanting to settle the matter about the national team.

Only half the day was gone and Jason already felt like the day would never end.

He was soon at the restaurant and quickly found Adele seated at a table with a white man that looked to be in his sixties, and a dark-skinned woman who looked to be significantly younger.

Jason walked up to the table and sat at an empty seat beside Adele, only nodding to the head manager and Vivian.

His arrival immediately attracted the attention of Gernot Rohr and Vivian who looked at Jason who had a frown on his face.

Due to falling in the water, Jason's face was not as impassive as it usually was and he was slightly frowning which he didn't even notice, but to Gernot Rohr and Vivian, it felt like he was really annoyed about what had happened and this unknowingly aided Jason's ploy to act displeased.

Chapter 328: Heading to the Super Eagles Camp

****11th November 2020****

8:54 am

A black Toyota Prado drove through the streets of Abuja, weaving its way through the early morning traffic but not overspeeding.

In the backseat of the car, Jason stared out the window as the memories of the previous day flowed through his head.

He had arrived at the table with an unintentional frown on his face and after listening to Gernot Rohr's persuasion for a while to make his play seem more persuasive, he began to give in.

In the end, they had discussed for a little while more and finally been able to sweep things behind them.

As Jason and Adele had thought earlier, there was not much the national team could give them in terms of monetary value, but the manager had promised to allow Jason to be a part of the squad and also make his debut in the coming game.

As for whether it would be from off the bench or by starting the game didn't matter to Jason and this was already a good enough benefit for Jason, but Gernot Rohr continued and gave Jason the right to pick his own jersey number.

Even if he picked a number that someone else was using, it would be given to him.

Thirdly, Jason would receive at least \$5000 for every match he played for the national team.

At this point, Jason and Adele were already sold, but the head manager added another clause to make Jason one of the faces of the National team in the coming months.

Gernot Rohr made it clear that it couldn't be done immediately because Jason didn't have any games under his belt, but once he had played a few games and performed well, then boom, his face would be the one on the posters whenever anyone was bringing up the Super Eagles.

At this point, Adele was just about to grab Jason's hand and get him to agree immediately as this was so far the best thing that they could hear as it meant exposure at the international level which translated into a significant increase in his brand name which further translated into greater worth as a player and as a brand.

His income would skyrocket with just this and not only did she know that, Jason also knew and he immediately gave in as he had already gotten more than he had expected.

With the two sides coming to an agreement, things went back to as they were supposed to be and Gernot Rohr immediately arranged a car for Jason back to the NFF headquarters while also getting everything else in place for Jason's signing of the Declaration of Intent.

About an hour after that, Jason was at the NFF headquarters signing the documents and after the signing, he took some pictures that would be posted in the papers and online.

There was originally an interview scheduled with him, but it was postponed to the following day at the training ground so it could have a more significant effect.

After everything, Jason and Adele were finally released by the National team's head manager and they returned to their hotel.

With everything regarding negotiations over, Adele no longer had to be in Nigeria and began to pack up to leave, while Jason also packed up to leave The Destination by Gidanka because he would be joining the national team camp the following day.

This led to the current situation where Jason was now headed to the Super Eagles Camp to join the national team's squad after saying a quick goodbye to Adele before leaving the hotel.

The Super Eagles training camp was in Lagos, which was another state in Nigeria and Jason would be taking a flight to Lagos because going by Road would take almost ten hours.

A flight to Lagos was just a bit over an hour, so there were no second thoughts concerning that decision.

The NFF has arranged a driver to take him to the airport and luckily, this one didn't find any night parties to join since it was almost 9 am, and Jason was already on his route to the airport.

It did not take long for Jason to arrive at the airport and quickly sort out all that needed to be done before getting on the plane.

The plane took off at 10 am and arrived in Lagos about ten minutes after 11 and Jason met up with another driver who would take him to the Mobolaji Johnson Stadium where the Super Eagles would be training in the coming days before going to drop his luggage at the Radisson Hotel which was where the Super Eagles team would be staying during the International break.

It seemed this driver also did not find a night party to occupy his time as he was there at the airport waiting for Jason.

Jason quickly got into the car and let the driver do his job.

Luckily, the driver knew the best routes to pass and he managed to escape the hellish scape of Lagos traffic and arrive at the Mobolaji Johnson Stadium at 12:30 pm.

The overhead sun unleashed a lot of heat on the surroundings, but Jason could cope with this level of temperature and walked into the stadium with his sports bag slung over his shoulder while the driver drove off with Jason's other luggage.

As Jason entered the stadium, he was met by a staff member who quickly handed him a bag that contained a training kit in Nigerian colors and led him to a locker room to change.

Jason listened to the staff as he changed and kitted up for the training session.

The other members of the national team had already arrived and were already on the field doing some training and some reporters were around who had taken video shots and also done a few interviews with the players.

The players were already training while the reporters were waiting for Jason's arrival as they could not afford to not report on Jason's addition to the national team's squad.

Jason could be said to be the best thing to have happened to the Nigerian National team this year, bringing with him a tally of 19 goals and 16 assists at club level in less than a year as his credentials.

The reporters would have to have been kicked in the head by donkeys if they did not wait for his arrival.

In fact, it was already surprising that Jason managed to enter the stadium silently.

Chapter 329: First Training Session with the National Team I

Now dressed in the green training vest and shorts of the Nigerian national team and his own white-gold soccer boots, Jason headed out to the stadium under the guidance of the staff member.

As soon as he stepped out on the green, Jason could hear a shutter click, but he didn't bother looking in the direction of the sound and instead began walking towards the group of players who were already training.

As Jason approached, the assistant coach nudged Gernot Rohr, bringing his attention to Jason who was walking towards them.

“Gather around everybody,” Gernot Rohr said in a loud voice while clapping to call the attention of the players.

The Nigerian players who were focusing on their preparation for their match against Sierra Leone in the coming days looked over at their coach who was calling for their attention and their eyes fell on Jason who had arrived behind the head manager.

“I’m sure he doesn’t need an introduction as you’ve probably already heard his name at least once this year, but I will introduce him for formalities sake,”

” This here is a talented footballer like you all who has responded to the call from his home nation and is here to do his part in taking the Super Eagles to greater heights,” Gernot Rohr said, pulling Jason to his side.

” Please welcome him home... Bolu Jason everybody,” the head manager said boisterously and led the applause that followed.

The players and the training staff joined the applause and for a while, Jason faced a serenade of applauding hands.

Soon the applause died down, and Gernot Rohr continued,

“Uh, do you have anything to say to your teammates?” The head manager asked Jason.

Jason was a bit surprised to be thrust into the spotlight suddenly, but he maintained his composure and opened his mouth to say a few words.

“Uh, I’m honored to be here, wearing the Nigerian colors and I’m grateful for this chance,”

“... Despite not living here, this country and its people...except for a certain driver who went to a night party when he had a job to do... have a special place in my heart...” he continued, causing Gernot Rohr’s lips to twitch slightly, but Jason didn’t care as he hadn’t exactly promised to never talk about the matter.

“I’m happy to be here and will do my best for the team and our country,” Jason finished, earning him another round of applause.

Zaidu Sanusi was the first person to walk up to Jason after the speech and he fist-bumped Jason and welcomed him to the team.

“A few weeks ago, you said this to me, and now I’m saying it back,”

“Welcome to the team bro,” Zaidu said to Jason with a grin.

The players nearby also greeted Jason with nods, handshakes, and the like.

Finally, the captain of the Super Eagles, Ahmed Musa, and one of the main strikers, Victor Osimhen came over.

“Welcome to the team,” Ahmed Musa said as he stretched his hand out to the newest member of the team, but before Jason could take his hand, Osimhen threw a hand around his neck.

“All this one way you dey shake everybody, na assists I want o(You can shake everyone all you want, I want assists instead),” Osimhen told Jason with a huge grin on his face.

“We’ll see,” Jason responded to Osimhen while also nodding to the team captain and taking his hand.

The welcoming efforts from the team continued for another few seconds before Gernot Rohr interrupted them.

“As heartwarming as this is, we need to continue preparing for our matches against Sierra Leone, and we will be starting with a quick scrimmage,” Gernot Rohr spoke as he collected a notepad from his assistant.

“There will be two teams for this training session. The first team will be playing in the 4-2-3-1 formation while the second team will be using the 4-3-3 attacking formation,”

“Apart from making you get used to the formation, this training session is majorly for you guys to build your chemistry with one another because no matter how good you are as an individual, you can’t win a match alone, and since you guys are all from different teams and leagues around the world, you need to work out for yourselves how you compliment each other,”

“I can do my part and make the best game plan tailored for you, but I can’t make you guys perform well with each other if you don’t try to understand each other,”

“With that in mind, I want you to play without any pressure and instead make understanding your fellow teammates as your priorities. Is that clear?” Gernot Rohr asked with a questioning look.

“Yes coach!” the boys in green responded enthusiastically, excited to test their mettle against one another because despite Gernot Rohr’s words to play without pressure, he would be watching them train and would not hesitate to make changes to the line-up if he saw one of the players performing better than others in his respective position.

“The first team will be called Team A... Once you hear your names, come and stand on my right,”

“For team A that will be playing the 4-2-3-1 formation, the goalkeeper will be Maduka Okoye, the two center-backs will be William Troost-Ekong and Semi Ajayi, and the wing-backs will be Zaidu Sanusi and Ola Aina on the left and right respectively,” the head manager started calling out the players and putting them into their positions in their respective teams.

“The two defensive midfielders will be Joe Aribo and Etebo Oghenekaro and Alex Iwobi will be the attacking midfielder. Ahmed Musa will be on the right wing, Emmanuel Denis will be on the left, and Kelechi Ihenacho will be the main striker...” Gernot Rohr paused for a few seconds after calling out the players in Team A, waiting for them to walk out of the crowd of players and gather on his right side.

After the last player in Team A walked out, Gernot Rohr's eyes once again fell on the notepad to continue,

"... For Team B, we have Stephen Nwabali in goal, Omeruo Kenneth and Balogun Leon as center backs, Ebuehi Tyronne as the right wing-back and Collins Jamilu as the left back,"

"In the midfield will be Shehu Abdullahi and Agu Mikel as center midfielders with Jason Bolu leading the midfield as a center attacking midfielder,"

"Upfront will be Moses Simon on the left, Chidera Ejuke on the right, and Victor Osimhen as the sole striker," Gernot Rohr finally finished calling out the names of the players on Team B.

"those of you on team B, you will be wearing the bibs while the players whose names weren't called will be substituted onto either of the two teams as we go."

Chapter 330: First Training Session with the National Team II

Fweeeeeee

One of Gernot Rohr's assistant coaches, Joseph Yobo was appointed as the referee for the training match and he blew his whistle to start the match.

Kelechi Ihenacho from Team A passed the ball to Alex Iwobi to kick off the session and the players of the two teams began moving across the field, with the Team B players in their yellow bibs chasing after the players in Team A who did not wear bibs over their training vest.

Jason was among the Team B players running at the Team A players.

It had been a while since his duties required him to actively chase down the opponents like he was currently doing because, at Porto, Sergio Conceicao had usually freed him of all defensive duties and made him fully focus on running at the opponents down the flanks, helping the team break through the final third.

The defensive duties were usually left to the other midfielders and the defenders, but it seemed like this Super Eagles manager thought differently about his usefulness to the team with him putting Jason in a center-attacking midfielder position rather than a winger that he had always played as.

Luckily, Jason could play as an attacking midfielder despite his dislike for defensive duties so he quickly got down to it and chased down the ball, but the ball was soon moved down the flanks and Jason stuck with his marker instead.

Team A quickly went on the attack, but before long they could no longer hold on to the ball and the ball fell into the hands... or legs of the opposing team.

The two teams played well as they constantly tried to one-up the other, but it did not take a genius to know that there was a certain disjointed flow in their movements.

They were performing well with each other and the ball was flowing smoothly between them, but the level of coordination didn't match up to what one would expect from a professional team and there were many wrong movements both on and off the ball which ended up causing problems in their gameplay.

It also did not help that they were playing without any specific instructions from the manager, or that some of the players were not playing in the positions they usually played at their clubs.

Jason was also affected by this problem.

He had to expend a lot of his energy to chase after his marker and once he managed to get the ball, he had to lay it off to teammates who were further up front so that they could start an attack which was the exact opposite of what he did at Porto where he usually just watched and waited for the ball to reach him before taking off down the flanks, leading the attack and running through opposition players before making a final pass.

He usually only ever passed whenever there wasn't any way to start an attack, but now that he was playing as a central attacking midfielder, he couldn't hold on to the ball for too long as he was in the center where the number of opposing players were the highest and they weren't hesitant to tackle him.

It also didn't take long for Jason to notice the intense physicality of the Nigerian players as they slammed into him constantly.

It was like playing against ten Pepe(s).

Even Ahmed Musa, the Super Eagles captain, who was the smallest player on the opposing team moved with such an imposing posture that one couldn't easily push him off the ball.

Ten minutes after the training match started, Jason was already heaving as he thought to himself,

'This is actually a lot more fun than I expected.'

The match was rough, he was playing in an awkward position, and he hadn't been able to get anything going because of the disjointed movements of the teammates and his own duties, but all this just pushed him and fueled his excitement.

Training at Porto hardly ever felt this intense and it felt like a lot of things were becoming clearer in his head and his body movements seemed to be loosening up and adjusting to such a rough style of play.

However, for now, Jason had to put all that aside and focus on the training session because it had been ten minutes, and apart from a few potshots that did little to worry their respective goalkeepers, the two sets of players hadn't been able to get any attacks going and Jason didn't like that.

They couldn't carry this kind of performance into a match.

Jason wouldn't allow himself to play like this as it annoyed him and he had made up his mind.

'Fuck this CAM position, I'm playing how I want,' he thought to himself as Chidera Ejuke took a throw-in and sent the ball at him.

Jason caught the ball on his chest and while holding off Etebo who was trying to hassle him into leaving the ball.

Luckily, he managed to hold off Etebo long enough to bring the ball to the ground and once the ball was under control, Jason took off to the opponent's penalty box, not bothering to pass the ball like he was doing earlier.

Also, instead of cutting in towards the center, he went down the right flank with the ball as a winger would, and before long he came face-to-face with his Porto teammate, Zaidu Sanusi.

"You aren't going anywhere bro," Zaidu almost growled as he squared off against Jason.

"Sure," Jason replied before proceeding to do a reverse-elastico to confuse Zaidu and then bolting further down the right wing with the little space he had managed to create.

Zaidu immediately gave chase but Jason had already gotten enough space to send a cross in and his leg swept towards the ball as if to send a cross in.

Zaidu Sanusi immediately lunged into a sliding tackle to try and block the cross, but his surprise knew no bounds when Jason's leg came to a hard stop behind the ball before he swept the ball backwards, leaving Zaidu to fly out of his path, tackling nothing but air.

Not even giving a glance to the sliding Zaidu, Jason took off uninterrupted into the penalty box and sent a ground pass at Victor Osimhen who had freed himself in the penalty box and Osimhen didn't hesitate to send the ball flying past the Super Eagles first choice goal keeper, Maduka Okoye.