

LEGENDS 341

Chapter 341: International Debut IV

{He gets a shot away!?!} The commentator shouted as he watched Jason shoot.

The ball flew at the Sierra Leone goal, but the Sierra Leone goalkeeper was on top of his game and did not hesitate to dive for the ball, just barely managing to reach it and deflect it.

Clang!

{It's the bar again!} The commentator shouted on hearing the sound of the ball rifling against the outside of the goalpost before flying out of play.

Jason had his hands on his head as he watched the ball fly out of play instead of in the back of the net.

{Sierra Leone have survived, but just barely and they owe their survival to their goalkeeper}

{I still can't believe that none of those earlier shots didn't go in}

{There are at least eight minutes left in this game and the Sierra Leone team cannot dare to relax now}

85th minute...

After receiving scares from the Nigerian team, the Sierra Leone team did not dare to continue just staying back to defend their goal.

They couldn't only be on the receiving end, otherwise the ball would inevitably end up in the back of their net.

That led to them looking for any chance on the counter and a chance soon opened up for them when Aina misjudged the power he put in a pass and the ball ended up intercepted by a Sierra Leone player.

The Sierra Leone team immediately burst forward and the ball smoothly moved between the Sierra Leone players as they quickly advanced on Nigeria's 18-yard box.

Barely a few seconds later, the ball finally reached the Sierra Leone striker who initially wanted to get in closer, but he was already being harassed by the Nigerian defenders and he quickly took the shot.

The ball thundered off his foot and flew at the top right corner of the goal, but Madika Okoyi was equal to it and unleashed a beautiful dive to just barely reach the ball and punch it over the crossbar.

{Magnificent save!}

{After each letting four past them, the goalkeepers have finally turned up to this game with save after save!}

{With the goalkeepers displaying such form, will we see a winner in this game!?!} The commentator's voice had reached a peak which could also be said about the blood pressure of the football fans who had placed "straight win" bets on the game.

Their hopes were kept high but were constantly being dashed and their poor hearts could not get a break from this overly exciting game.

#89th minute...

Aleix Iwobi ran down the left wing, holding off his marker, his movements having a bit of desperation in them.

Time was gradually running out and the assistant referee had only given an extra minute of added time which meant that the match would be over in about two minutes.

Iwobi did not want the match to end in a draw after all that their team and gone through in the game... Not after barely managing to finally equalize the game.

He wanted to win and he was playing with that in mind and he was pretty sure his teammates shared his desire so he had faith.

Pushing off his marker and finally managing to reach the left side of the opponent's penalty box, Iwobi suddenly did a back chop to send the ball back in the direction he was running from.

His marker wasn't expecting it and was sent flying forward and he slipped, almost falling as he tried to regain control of his movements and stop Iwobi, but Iwobi's move had already created enough space and time for him to get the ball away.

Before his marker could recover, Iwobi quickly pushed the ball into an optimal position and hit it, sending a cross in.

The moment the ball took off from his leg, Iwobi had an inkling that he had messed up.

He had been a bit too eager and had hit the ball with more power than he was supposed to.

Even the curl he had put into the ball was too much as the ball flew too high and was heading out of play after flying across the goal with no one able to reach it.

As the ball flew, the Sierra Leone players let down their guard as the ball was obviously flying out of play, but one player didn't give up on the ball even though there was no way to send the ball into the net.

Osimen chased after the ball and managed to get to it just before it crossed the line and flew out of play.

He took off into the air and did his best to head the ball backwards into the penalty box, hoping his teammates could do something with the ball.

As Osimen flew out of play instead of the ball, the ball he managed to get his head to bounced off his head and came back towards the center of the box where Jason was, but Jason wasn't expecting the ball to come his way and by the time he caught himself, the ball was already almost reaching him.

At this point, it was already too late to jump for the ball as he definitely could not reach the ball in time, yet despite seeming out of options, Jason's body did not hesitate to move.

His mind had not yet comprehended how he planned to send the ball back into the net, but his body was already moving and by the time he caught himself, his body had already turned his back to the ball and was already in a motion he recognized.

Jason did not hesitate to go along with it and leaped into the air with his back to the ball that was flying at him before angling himself and then hitting the ball just as it flew over his head.

Jason's posture as he hit the ball was a posture anyone who had watched the Champions League Final between Real Madrid and Juventus would recognize.

It was the posture Cristiano Ronaldo was in as he scored the most memorable goal in all Champions League history.

{JASOOOOOONNNNNNN!!!!!!}

Chapter 342: A Blast from Above

{JASOOOOOONNNNNNN!!!!!!} The commentator screamed as he saw Jason take to the air.

In that moment, it was like time slowed down and everything was moving in slow motion as everyone watched Jason take to the air.

Even Jason who was the recipient of all the attention felt like time slowed down in that moment and a rush of exhilaration rose to his head, but he maintained full focus on the ball and ignored everything else around him.

At that moment, it was like there was only him and the ball.

He had even forgotten about the goalkeeper and focused on just hitting the ball.

His mind had forgotten everything about direction, elevation, curl, skill, or power... All he thought about was hitting the ball, and that was exactly what he did.

BAM!

Normally the sound of hitting a ball was loud, but this time it felt deafening, as Jason hit the ball and sent it behind him before crashing to the ground.

{Ohhhhhhh!!!!}

{What a goal!}

{What have we just witnessed here!?!}

{Wonderful! Absolutely wonderful goal!}

{A blast from above!}

{What a way to make his international debut!}

{A magnificent goal and a match-winner!}

{He is the man!}

The commentator shouted into the microphone, but Jason who had crashed to the ground still looked behind him at the goal to check if the ball had actually landed in the back of the net.

The words of the commentator weren't enough for him to believe what he had just pulled off, but as soon as he glanced behind him at the goal and saw the ball on the ground in the back of the net and an absolutely stunned-looking goalkeeper standing in front of the goal, reality finally set in and he shot up from the ground and dashed towards the sidelines with his arms shot out wide.

There were no fans at the stadium, but Jason couldn't remember it.

He ran to the sidelines and with raw primitive joy coursing through his body, he jumped into the air, turned around executed the "Siuuuuu".

As he landed, he didn't get the chance to think any further before his teammates smashed into him and jumped on him in excitement.

{The Nigerian players are celebrating excitedly and it is clear why!}

{They have done it the hard way and have finally taken the lead once again in a topsy-turvy match that threatened to boil over!}

{And it's all because of one man!} The commentator didn't stop singing Jason's praises even as the Nigerian players celebrated.

The excitement at the stadium was only being shown by the Nigerian players and their management staff, but everywhere else that the match was being viewed was boiling over as the replay of the goal began to be shown.

The Nigerian fans could not stay silent and were making all sorts of exaggerated reactions as they did their celebrations.

The gamblers were in even greater joy and were already jumping around in joy, imagining themselves already spending their winnings from the lead.

Even the Sierra Leone fans could not resist admiring the goal even though they did so with bitter smiles as they covered their heads with their hands.

Jason didn't know this as he was too busy celebrating, but his image had been stamped into the hearts of millions of fans watching the game with just that goal, and that number was only going to increase once people made videos of the goal and spread it online... In fact, it was already happening.

Gernot Rohri watched from the sidelines as his players celebrated, a happy and satisfied smile on his face.

How could he not be happy?

He had made a change to the gameplan and his team had managed to come back from two goals down to win the game.

This was without a doubt a great career stat to add to his achievements.

He also knew that he couldn't take full credit. Jason had just performed that well and proved to be the catalyst the team needed to go on and get the win.

Gernot Rohri was over the moon internally as Jason kept validating his decision to pull out all the stops to bring him to the national team.

Originally, if anyone knew what he had conceded to Jason to ensure he joined the Supa Eagles, they would have called him a fool, but now, they wouldn't be able to utter such words and would instead be praising him for his foresight.

Jason's performance had made that much of a difference.

Earlier, Gernot had told Jason that he would make him the face of the national team, but had also mentioned that Jason would need to get some good performances under his belt, yet with this kind of performance in just his debut game, Gernot could slap Jason's face on every brand linked with the national team and no one would dare object.

As Gernot's mind churned, the Nigerian players had ended their celebrations and headed back to their half of the field to await kickoff.

The Sierra Leone players who were at the kickoff didn't know what to feel.

Normally they would be desperate to equalize, but Jason's overhead kick smashing them into the backseat of the game loomed in their minds, preventing them from building up any defiance.

After they kicked off, they tried to attack a few times, but they were no match for the Nigerian players who seemed to be on fire at that moment as they put out every effort of the Sierra Leone players before they could even get it going.

It did not take long before the whistle that both sides were waiting for finally sounded.

Fweeeeeeeeeee

{There it is, the final whistle!}

{Nigeria's Supa Eagles have triumphed!}

{It was an exciting watch and many a time it looked like there was no way back for them in this game, but one man came on and changed all that!}

{The new addition, the latest talent, the young debutant... Jason Bolu!}

{His performance in this match will earn him many plaudits}

{Two assists and one beautiful, beautiful goal!}

{In another few days, Sierra Leone will be welcoming the Nigeria team for the next group stage match in the AFCON qualifiers and they will have a lot to do after this unfortunate loss!}

{I can't dare to guess what the manager will come up with as his game plan, but I dare say a huge factor in their chances of the upcoming meeting will depend on whether they can keep Jason silent!}

Chapter 343: A Step towards AFCON 2022

In the locker room of the Nigerian Supa Eagles, the players were rowdily conversing with each other as they changed out of their jerseys.

There was laughter, smiles, and excited conversations going on in every part of the room.

Someone was even playing music on a huge Bluetooth speaker that had been brought along by the players.

Jason was also in the room and was trying to change out of his jersey, but Osimen had an arm around his neck and was talking excitedly with Ahmad Musa, Iwobi, Moses, and Troust-Ekong.

Osimen's excited actions weren't allowing Jason whose excitement had calmed down, to be able to change out of his clothes.

It wasn't that Jason's excitement from the match had suddenly vanished, but he had managed to calm himself and was a bit less active now, though the smile on his face refused to go away even as his neck was being pulled around by an excited Osimen.

In Osimen's other hand was the Man of the Match award which had been given to him after the match.

To the match officials, Osimen's two goals and one assist were more deserving of the man-of-the-match award as compared to Jason's two assists and one goal, but Jason didn't have any issues with it.

It was pretty close anyway and no one could say who was more instrumental, or who was more deserving of the award.

Jason could argue that he was more deserving, but his two assists wouldn't have been assists if Osimen hadn't sent the ball into the back of the net when Jason sent it flying his way.

In this manner, Osimen wouldn't have scored if Jason hadn't sent the ball his way.

The same could be said about Osimen's assist and Jason's goal, so it was a bit confusing and quite a few people would argue that the award should have been handed over to Jason, but well...

Jason wasn't even in the mood to care about the man-of-the-match award and was already almost imagining himself receiving a Puuskas award for scoring that beautiful goal.

The goal was constantly replaying in his head and Jason already knew that he was going to watch the replay of the goal on his phone until he went to sleep.

"Mus, you see how this guy just dey fly?" Osimen was still excitedly talking to Ahmad Musa when Gernot Rohri finally came into the locker room.

It seemed he was finally done with the post-match interviews.

Jason, Osimen, and a few other players had already been interviewed a bit after the match, but they had long been released as there wasn't much they would be asked compared to the manager, hence they had arrived at the locker room earlier.

"Good work out there guys. Your collective efforts to turn the game around did not go in vain and we were able to avoid a loss, keeping us on track to qualifying for the AFCON," Gernot Rohri began.

"Please a round of applause for our captain who helped to keep morale high and keep pushing," Gernot said and his words were followed by a round of applause while Ahmad Musa, the recipient of the applause raised a hand and smiled.

"Also, our man of the match who put in two goals that helped us in our comeback journey, as well as an assist that helped us finish our opponent," the head manager continued and another round of applause sounded through the locker room again.

“... And finally, our newest member, who not only pulled off two assists after coming off the bench... but also scored an absolute beauty of a goal that won us the game!” the applause this time was the loudest and Jason’s smile involuntarily grew a bit wider and a few tears even threatened to drop from his eyes but he quickly reigned it in.

It wasn’t that he was emotionally weak, or that the goal was that big of a deal... Rather it was the cumulative effect of everything that had happened till now.

Ever since he had gotten this second chance, he had taken things slowly and done everything step by step and this path had led to him not having his professional debut for over ten years because he was training himself for the big stage, yet he had persevered, but now everything was happening so fast and in less than one year since his professional debut in this life, he had crossed so many milestones that he never even sniffed in his previous life.

He had joined a top team in one of the top leagues in Europe,

Become an important member of the team,

Won a league title with them,

Played in the Europa League,

Played in the Champions League,

And now, he had just had his first international cap and it was nothing short of a huge success by any standards.

These were all things he couldn’t even get close to achieving in his previous life, so there was no way he was completely unmoved when he reminisced on all that had happened so far.

Luckily, he had enough emotional strength to keep the tears in check and he simply smiled happily as the manager kept giving out accolades to the players.

The manager finally finished speaking and the players started getting ready to leave.

Throughout the manager's post-match address, the manager hadn't mentioned the negatives of the game, but the players knew that it was probably because the manager chose to discuss such matters at training instead of talking about it at the moment and reducing morale.

The Nigerian players did not take much longer in the locker room and were soon filing out of the room and getting on the bus, wanting to head back to their hotel for some food and rest.

The time was just around 9 pm so the streets were filled with lights as the bus drove back to the hotel.

The roads were still pretty active and this was not the worst of it.

Lagos had a particularly active nightlife among the Nigerian states so one could almost guarantee activities on almost every Lagos road at any time of the night.

However, the nightlife of the city didn't concern the Nigerian players as most of them were too tired to even think about having a little fun that night.

As for the ones who had the energy to care, they'd have to wait until they reached the hotel to attempt going out for some fun as the manager would not want the players loosening up too much at night clubs and the likes at this moment.

Gernot Rohri had already given the players a day off, but that didn't mean he wanted the players to spend their off-time doing particularly wild things, or taking alcohol which was a given if they went out to experience any form of night-life.

If any of the players had any plans, then they were planning to sneak out.

All that was however of no concern to Jason who was already feeling sleepy and by the time he got to the hotel, he only barely managed to stuff himself with some food before heading to his room, intending to crash onto his bed and not awaken for quite a few hours.

However, before the waves of sleep could drag his consciousness into oblivious depths, his phone suddenly rang, prompting Jason to alert.

He was annoyed that he was receiving a call at that moment, but he still dragged his arm towards his phone and picked it up.

Seeing that it was his aunt who was calling, he didn't hesitate to swipe the green button and put the phone to his ear.

"Hell-o," Jason spoke first with a little smile on his face.

{Hey, how did your match go}Daphne asked as she heard Jason's voice.

"It was good, how's your side?"

They exchanged pleasantries and spoke a bit before Daphne finally began talking about the secondary reason she called Jason.

{Are you free tomorrow by any chance?} She asked Jason.

"Kinda... why do you ask?" Jason replied with curiosity.

{Don't you remember what tomorrow is?} Daphne replied with another question of her own.

"It's not my birthday... It's not yours either..." Jason's brain went into overdrive as he tried to remember if there was anything important happening the following day.

{*Slap*} the sound of Daphne's facepalming could be heard over the phone and made Jason smile wryly as he couldn't remember anything.

{I told you a few months ago that your cousin was going to be getting married this year, didn't I?} Daphne said in an exasperated tone.

"Oh, ohh... Ohhhhhhhhhhh," it finally clicked that she had said something about it at some point in time, but he hadn't paid attention to it as he had not been especially inclined to attend.

"Wait, that was tomorrow?" He asked in surprise.

{If 14th November 2020 is tomorrow on your calendar then yes, it's tomorrow} Daphne replied sarcastically and Jason could almost hear her roll her eyes.

"... Well, damn... Wait... Didn't you say you were going to attend the wedding?" Jason suddenly remembered that part of the conversation as well.

{...Yes, I am going to attend}

Chapter 344: Appearance of the Yoruba Demon I

{... Yes, I am going to attend} Daphne said matter of factly, her words throwing Jason into confusion.

"... How does that work...?" Jason asked in confusion.

If a person was going to attend a wedding halfway across the world, then they had to be halfway across the world a few hours to the said day, but Daphne hadn't mentioned anything about traveling.

"... You did not..." Jason spoke as his eyes widened in realization.

{Yes, I did} Daphne replied and Jason could hear her snickering.

"..."

“... I have no words...” Jason managed to say after a long pause to let his brain acclimate to what he was hearing.

“... What dastardly plan do you have that made you travel halfway across the world without telling me about it,” Jason sighed, his head already aching as he knew that his aunt was up to no good by doing what she did.

{Nothing, I’m innocent!} Daphne immediately cried out in objection.

“Hmmm mmm,” Jason scoffed, not believing her.

{I’m just attending my niece’s wedding with my nephew} Daphne said in a shady voice.

“When did you have another nephew apart from me?” Jason asked in confusion as he didn’t know of any non-female cousins.

{... I don’t...} Daphne replied and Jason could have sworn he saw a wicked smile pop up on her face in his mind, but he didn’t care about that thought as her words had finally made everything clear and his response to that was simple,

“... Nope, not doing it,” he rejected it immediately.

{Your clothes are already prepared and I’ll be waiting for you tomorrow at Shoregate Hotel} Daphne continued like she hadn’t heard him say no and Jason could already feel a headache coming on.

Despite becoming more social and connecting with his family more in this life than in the previous one, things between him and any other family member apart from Daphne was awkward at best and estranged at worst.

The cousin that was getting married was the daughter of his father’s sister who was also the eldest child in the Bolu family. Jason had met her family a few times in the past, but he had never really gelled with them all that much.

She was a lot older than he was and it always felt kind of strange to talk to her, but the situation wasn't any better with his cousins.

His father's eldest sister had three daughters and all but one of them was of a similar age to Jason and even the so-called similar age was about 3 years older than he was.

This led to them treating him like a baby whenever he came around and that was a lot for Jason at the time so he had always made sure to avoid them at the time.

Now his aunt was trying to drag him to one of them's wedding ceremonies.

"... You know what... On second thought, it's not all that bad," Jason muttered after thinking things through a bit more.

{Huh?} Surprisingly, Jason's affirmative response was shocking to Daphne.

Daphne had originally planned to go to the wedding ceremony alone because apart from knowing how awkward Jason's relationship with his cousins were, she also knew that he usually couldn't leave Porto which was almost as far away from Nigeria as America was.

Jason had a career to chase and it was not something he could just casually put aside, especially when he was this young, so she had planned to go on her own, but then as if by magic, Jason ended up being called to the Nigerian National squad and ended up in Nigeria around the same time as the wedding.

Daphne immediately changed her plans and made secret plans and was half prepared to drag him to the wedding ceremony as she knew he would not want to go, but as an elder of the family, she was not going to stand around while the perfect chance to bring the family together appeared.

However, Jason giving in easily more than surprised her because she knew how adamant he could be about things like this.

"I said I'd go. What time tomorrow is the wedding?" Jason continued, not noticing his aunt's flabbergasted tone.

{Uh, it's 12... pm} Daphne managed to utter.

"Alright. You have my clothes ready, you said?" Jason asked again.

{Yes} Daphne replied.

"The wedding is in Lagos, right?" Jason continued with his questions while he had already started planning for the day.

{Yes} Daphne answered again, still surprised at Jason's response to the whole situation, and could only keep answering "yes" like a broken record.

"Hmmm... I'll come pick you up at 9... 10...ish," Jason said thoughtfully before saying his goodbyes and hanging up the phone.

" Goodnight," He said just before pressing the red button leaving a flabbergasted Daphne to stare at her phone with her mouth agape.

Jason didn't know what was going on at the other end and had instead begun swiping at his phone, opening up his contact list and searching for a name.

He hadn't originally intended to attend the wedding, but knowing that with all the plans his aunt had made, he wouldn't be able to escape going with her, he decided to give up on arguing quickly.

What was a little awkwardness anyway?

He had been in worse situations so he should be able to cope with any situations that came up at the wedding.

With that said, if he was going to attend a wedding as a family member of the bride, then it was only fair he looked and acted the part, after all, whatever was worth doing was worth doing well.

Jason wasn't one to half-ass things, and this wouldn't be any different, hence despite how sleepy he was he dialed a number to begin his preparations.

Ring *Ring*

The phone began ringing in his ears after he dialed the number and he held the phone to his ear waiting for the person he had called to pick up the phone while fighting off the waves of sleep that tried to pull him under.

Beep

{Hello} a voice that Jason easily recognized swept through his ear from the phone speaker, but Jason wasn't about to reminisce and began speaking.

"I need you to prepare some things for me in the next few hours..." Jason got right down to business.

Ring *Ring* *Ring*

The loud burst of the alarm clock woke Jason up from his slumber and had him groping for his phone while keeping his eyes closed as he didn't want to wake up yet.

He soon found his phone and turned off the alarm with practised ease despite his eyes remaining closed, but after staying on the bed with his eyes closed for a few minutes, Jason's eyes shot open and he slowly forced himself off the bed as he remembered that he had somewhere to be.

He glanced at his phone to check the time and found out that the time was still just a few minutes after 7 am, but that didn't get him to relax and get back in bed because he knew better than to trust the traffic levels of the city named Lagos.

Jason dragged himself into the bathroom to quickly have his bath.

He was soon out of the bathroom and had begun dressing up when his phone began ringing.

“Hello,” Jason said as he picked up the call.

He didn’t recognize the string of numbers that had shown up on his screen in place of a caller ID.

{Is this Mr. Bolu Jason?} a voice asked through the phone.

“Speaking,” Jason replied, putting the phone on speaker and resuming what he was doing previously.

{I have a package that I should hand over to you} the voice continued after Jason had confirmed his identity.

“Oh, wait in the lobby, I’ll be down in a minute,” Jason replied, immediately understanding what the caller had contacted him for.

{Okay sir} the caller replied and hung up the call.

Jason continued wearing his clothes after the call hung up.

He wore something casual and picked a few things that he threw into a small bag that he slung over his shoulder before heading out of his room once he was done.

Jason quickly made his way down to the hotel lobby and he pulled out his phone to start dialing the number that called him previously as he stepped into the lobby.

As soon as the call went through, Jason heard a phone ring and his eyes followed the sound to find a middle aged man seated in one of the plush chairs in the lobby.

“You’re the one who called me?” Jason said after walking up to the man and stretching out a hand for a handshake.

“Yes... You’re Mr. Bolu?” the man asked Jason as he stood up to receive the handshake.

“Yes, that’s me,” Jason nodded in agreement as he clasped the man’s hand.

“Alright. Here,” the man first handed an envelope over to Jason.

Chapter 345: Appearance of the Yoruba Demon II

“Those are the papers to the car, and here are the keys,” the man said as he held up a modern-looking key that looked like a remote and only had a few buttons and the BMW logo on it.

“Hmmm,” Jason nodded as he pulled out a bunch of papers from the envelope that were for the car.

His call to Adele was to have her buy this car and a few other things.

“The car’s outside, yeah?” Jason asked after looking through the papers for a while with no interruption from the man who came to deliver the car.

The man didn’t dare to disturb a customer who had just bought a car worth over a hundred thousand dollars, yet he looked like he had barely left school.

Not to mention that Jason’s face was particularly recognizable to any Nigerian interested in football after what had happened the previous day.

“Yes sir, the car is outside,” the man said, nodding respectfully.

” Lead the way,” Jason said and tucked the papers back into the envelope.

“Yes, sir,” the man said and began walking out while Jason followed closely behind him, tucking a hand into a pocket and pulling out a nose mask that he used to cover his face.

In Jason’s previous reality, he didn’t know how quickly the effects of the COVID-19 virus dissipated, but in this reality, things were already almost back to normal in less than a year after the virus broke out.

... Okay, maybe “almost back to normal” was a bit of a stretch, but people were already out and about while originally it was estimated to take a lot longer than this for the virus’ effects to simmer down.

According to the news Jason had been hearing, a vaccine for the virus was almost ready, and in about a month or two, people could start getting vaccinated, which meant that returning fully to normal life wasn’t too far off.

But until then, Jason wasn’t taking any risks and had thus put on a nose mask before heading outside.

He had already contacted the virus once and while he had been lucky to escape from its clutches then, he knew that it was better if it didn’t happen again.

Also, he did not want to be in quarantine for another 14 days.

While Jason was lost in his thoughts, he was led to the parking lot of the hotel by the “car delivery guy”.

Before long, a sleek-looking gray BMW car came into view.

Jason didn’t need the delivery guy to tell him that was his car as he had already seen the specifications of the car on the papers earlier and knew the car he had bought.

Looking closely at the car, it looked quite similar to a Maybach, especially the frontal view, but the BMW logo gave away its true identity.

'That doesn't really matter though,' Jason thought to himself as he walked up to the car and ran his hand across the smooth body while the "car delivery guy" began talking about the specifics of the car.

"I already bought the car, you can stop talking bruh," Jason said with a little laugh, not understanding why this guy was giving him all the excess information that he didn't need.

He probably wasn't going to drive the car after today anyway, after all, it wasn't his name that was on the papers.

Beep

The headlights flashed as Jason pressed the unlock button on the remote.

"Welp... Thanks for delivering it," Jason said as he pulled open the door of the car, sat in the driver's seat, and pushed the start button.

The car came to life with a low hum and Jason shut the door as he suddenly remembered that he still had to reach the hotel where his aunt was staying and time wouldn't wait for him.

Before driving anywhere, Jason first connected the car to his phone so he could use the internet connection to use the map, after all, he had no idea where the "Shoregate Hotel" was.

Less than a minute later, Jason was driving out of the parking lot and smoothly cruising onto the streets of Lagos.

Following the map, Jason drove along the streets when suddenly he saw a police car drive by him and it was only at that point that he remembered that he didn't have a Nigerian driver's license.

He had also not brought along his international driver's license since he hadn't thought he would be doing any driving in a place where he didn't own a car.

'Shouldn't be a problem, right?' he thought to himself as he continued driving smoothly without skipping a beat.

"The wicked run when no one pursues them," Jason muttered to himself as he continued driving with confidence.

No one should stop him and ask if he had a driver's license or not if he drove like a responsible citizen... Not that he would have driven otherwise even if he had the license with him.

Luckily Jason managed to make it to his destination barely a few minutes after nine.

He quickly parked his car in the parking lot of the hotel and made his way into the hotel while calling Daphne to tell her he had arrived.

Daphne picked up the call and told him her room number which Jason quickly got directions to after flashing a smile at the lobbyist and requesting guidance.

The lethality of Jason's smile was such that the lobbyist even forgot to ask herself whether she should be giving him directions to the room without confirming from the inhabitant of the room.

Even after Jason left, she was still glancing in his direction in a slight daze, unable to erase Jason's image from her mind even though Jason didn't even register her image in his head.

The fickleness of life... So despairing.

Completely ignorant of how he had set off a turbulent storm in the heart of a poor receptionist who was just bouncing back from a painful break up... Jason arrived at the door of room 419.

Chapter 346: Appearance of the Yoruba Demon III

Knock *Knock*

Two sharp knocks on the door quickly let Daphne know that Jason had arrived at her door and she put aside her makeup to go open the door for her only nephew.

As she pulled open the door, Jason's figure appeared in the doorway, his face once again covered by the nose mask.

"... What?" Jason asked after a few seconds of her just looking at him.

"What?" Daphne asked like she couldn't believe her ears.

"Where's the dramatic reaction?"

"What happened to 'it's been so long since I've seen you?' ... Or you could hug this aunt of yours at least," Daphne intoned, rolling her eyes at Jason.

"Ugh," Jason cringed, but he didn't let that stop him from hugging Daphne who quickly responded by opening her arms wide.

"... It's been so long since I've seen you," Jason said her exact words back to her mid-hug, not forgetting to make it sound like her as well.

Daphne pulled out of the hug while giving him the 'bombastic side eye' but Jason didn't mind it and shamelessly held on to his straight face, though his lips quivered behind the nose mask on his face.

"I'll let you go, for now, we have to get ready," Daphne suddenly remembered that they had to go somewhere.

"They're probably already expecting us... Me," She said as she pulled Jason into the room and shut the door behind him.

"Those are your clothes on the bed, there's a pair of shoes in that bag as well," Daphne said as she pointed to a big black plastic bag on the bed.

“A shoe? Do you even know my shoe size?” Jason asked with a raised eyebrow.

Not that Daphne was ignorant or uncaring, but as a teenager, Jason was still growing physically in more ways than one, and one of those areas of growth was his feet size.

Jason had even been feeling his soccer boots becoming too tight and was already planning to buy a new pair on his arrival back at Porto.

Hence his question wasn't meant to be a ridicule, but he was genuinely asking if she had not gone on to buy something with the wrong size.

“Don't worry about that,” Daphne said with a sneaky smile that immediately had Jason's eyebrow rise.

“What do you mean, don't worry about it?” Jason asked as he had pulled out the shoes from the bag and was checking the size immediately, not even bothering to check whether it fitted his aesthetics.

Surprisingly, they were the right size and Jason looked over at Daphne in slight shock but before he could ask any questions, a phone's ringing tone went off.

“See what I said? Hurry up,” Daphne said as she instantly recognized her phone's ringing tone and grabbed at it.

“Whatever...” Jason rolled his eyes as he picked up the bag and headed to the anteroom to go change.

Jason pulled out the outfit that Daphne had prepared for the occasion and after pulling everything out of the bags, he whistled in surprise.

Despite having over 270 tribes, Nigeria had three main tribes; the Yoruba, the Hausa, and the Igbo.

Of the three tribes, Jason was from the Yoruba tribe and it was not surprising to say that they had their traditional outfits.

What his aunt had prepared was the full combination of the Yoruba tribe's traditional wear for men which was a "Buba" (shirt), "Sokoto" (trousers), and "Agbada" (like a cowboy's poncho, but way more luxurious looking).

There was also a "Fila" (traditional style headwear) that Jason was wondering how to fit on his headful of hair.

Having previous experience with these types of clothes, Jason quickly put on the clothes that had been tailored to match his body size and shape which was a bit surprising since Jason didn't remember giving Daphne his measurements.

The clothes were in a dark blue color that was very close to black which Jason quite liked.

He soon ignored those thoughts and continued wearing the clothes and less than five minutes later, he was done with everything but the 'Fila'.

Putting aside the headwear, Jason delved into the bag he had brought along with him and pulled out the male jewelry that he put on as well, accentuating the already daunting look he was giving off.

Once he was done with that also, he pulled on the shoes and sprayed on some perfume before heading out, not sure what to do with the cap.

As Jason walked back into the room Daphne was, he saw her finishing off her makeup in the mirror.

She was already fully dressed as well.

"Why aren't you putting on your cap?" Daphne asked Jason as she glanced over while closing up her makeup kit.

"With my hair?" Jason asked sarcastically and an eyebrow raised.

“... Just come here,” Daphne rolled her eyes at him, ignoring his sarcasm.

Jason walked over and Daphne pulled him in front of the mirror in less than a minute, she performed ‘female magic’ on Jason’s hair that banded it together and brought it low enough that she was able to fit the cap on his head without it falling off or looking like the leaning tower of Pisa.

“HMMMM mmm, better,” Daphne looked at Jason’s hair with her head tilted at a weird angle like an eccentric sculptor admiring her handiwork.

“... Not gonna lie... It actually looks good on me,” Jason nodded to himself with a pleased smile as he looked at himself in the mirror.

“Ani seh, I sabi work(Don’t play with me, I know da wae),” Daphne nodded to herself as she also looked at her handiwork in the mirror before looking at her makeup as well and continuously nodding to herself.

They looked very impressive and regal and Daphne pulled out her phone to take a few pictures.

“One last thing,” Jason said as he pulled out a black Cartier pair of glasses from his bag and put it on his face and he nodded to himself even more.

Seeing himself in the mirror, Jason couldn’t resist pulling out his phone and taking a few mirror selfies while also doing a short video.

After they were done admiring their visages in the mirror another few seconds later, Jason began posting the pictures and video on his Instagram page while his aunt packed up her stuff and got ready to leave.

{#Yoruba Demon and Sugar mummy about to enter the city} Jason typed into his phone as the caption to his post as those were the first words that appeared in his head before he pressed ‘Share’.

Chapter 347: Appearance of the Yoruba Demon IV

Jason and Daphne headed out of the hotel room, down the elevator, and walked through the hotel lobby.

As they headed for the door, they attracted the eyes of everyone around, but they weren't paying any attention to the looks they were getting as they were more concerned about whether they were late to their destination or not.

Luckily for Jason, his new look made him almost unrecognizable, especially with his eyes covered by the dark glasses, otherwise he might have had someone recognize him.

However, that didn't happen and they safely made it out the hotel doors and Jason led the way to where he parked the car.

"When did you get this one?" Daphne asked Jason as she saw him pulling out a key with a BMW logo as they walked up to it.

"Today, but it's not mine," Jason said with a smirk.

"Whose is it then?" Daphne asked as she got into the passenger seat while Jason held open the door.

"You'll know soon enough," Jason said with a smile and shut the door before walking over to the other side of the car and getting into the driver's seat.

"So... Where are we going?" He asked his aunt as he pressed the start button.

"We're going to Jola's house, I'll give you directions," Daphne said to Jason who didn't hesitate on hearing her words.

They began heading to Jason's aunt's house to meet up with the family before they would head to the church where the wedding would be held.

Daphne gave Jason directions as despite him having been there a few times in the past, he wasn't confident that he could find the house in a city he wasn't too familiar with.

There were only so many maps he could cram in his head.

Surprisingly, they managed to evade any traffic jams which was nothing short of a miracle considering how Lagos usually was.

The car came to a stop outside a house that had a few decorated cars arranged outside.

As the car came to a stop, Daphne got down with her phone to her ear as she was calling to let her sister know she had arrived.

While she was doing that, Jason went to make a turning because, with how congested the street already was, it would be troublesome if he didn't do it earlier.

After finally making a turn, he parked the car and got out, looking around for his aunt only to find her hugging another woman who looked quite similar to her, but a bit more mature.

Jason immediately recognized his other aunt and began walking towards the hugging aunties who were surrounded by a few other people who were moving hastily around, each on their respective missions.

His approaching footsteps made the hugging aunties glance over at him and Jason wasn't quite sure what expression to have on his face at that moment.

'This is a lot harder than dealing with fans,' Jason couldn't help thinking to himself, but on his face, a confident smile began to appear.

"Eh!... Is this!?" Jason's second aunt was surprised when her eyes fell on Jason and she instantly recognized him despite how unrecognizable he was from how he usually looked.

The fact that they hadn't seen each other in a few years did nothing to hide Jason's identity.

"You said he wouldn't be able to come," Jason's eldest aunt said with surprise in a questioning tone to Daphne.

"Plans changed and I dragged him here," Daphne said to her sister while patting her chest with pride.

'Dragged me here as how?' Jason squinted at this mischievous aunt of his but didn't say anything to discredit her statement.

"Come here," Jola said as she held her arms open to hug Jason.

"You look a lot like my brother at your age," she said in a teary tone as she hugged Jason.

"Except for the hair, I'm sure," Jason replied wittily as he reciprocated the hug, a warm feeling appearing in his chest.

His words caused his two aunts to laugh as they remembered that their parents usually did not let their brother have much hair. Especially their mother who claimed that having too much hair would give a boy headaches.

Of course, Jason's father had revolted a few times and tried to keep his hair, but in a place like Africa where children didn't have "speaking back" rights, all it took was a few words and a flying slipper and he would have to get his head shaved to a point where he became a Tyrese Gibson lookalike.

Jason's father did finally escape from his mother's blood thirst for his hair when he flew out of the country, but at that point, he was already used to not having much hair on his head and was more comfortable that way.

He only graduated from Tyrese Gibson's hair level to Chris Tucker's hair length at most.

"See this boy? He's already taller than me," Jola said to Daphne as she removed herself from the hug and stood beside Jason who dwarfed her by almost a whole foot though her headgear was in Jason's face.

"I don't know where he's growing to," Daphne's words were accompanied by her signature eye roll.

"That one is not your business, let him grow," Jola said while laughing at her sister.

"Come, come, let's go see your cousins. They're helping their sister get ready," Jola said as she began dragging Jason inside the house.

"Hurry up, we're almost ready," Jola shouted at the people in the compound as she pulled Jason into the house while Daphne followed closely behind.

Jason couldn't do anything but let himself be pulled along by his excited aunt into the beautiful two-story house.

Jola pulled Jason along a path he barely remembered as she headed to her daughter's bedroom but they didn't have to go far as they met the bride and her bridal train halfway.

They were finally done with their preparations that had begun at 7 am that morning and were finally marching out with the bride in the lead.

"Teni, are you already done?" Jola asked as she saw her daughter walking towards her with her bridal train.

"Yes ma," Despite all her splendor, the bride still replied respectfully to her mother.

"Good, good... Ehen, see who has come," Jola said with a smile, as she showed off Jason and Daphne.

Despite Jason being closer to her mother, Teni's eyes fell on Daphne first.

"Auntie Daphne!" She called out in surprise before her eyes fell on Jason.

“... And...is that Jason?” She asked in surprise as she finally recognized the boy who stood beside her mother.

“Jason?” Another surprised voice came from behind Teni, causing all eyes in the room to turn to the bridal train.

Jason also looked over at the person who sounded like they recognized him.

“You’re... Kemi?” Jason immediately remembered the person when his eyes fell on her face.

There was no way he had already forgotten the face of the person who had rescued him on the night when he had arrived in Nigeria and was stranded at the airport.

“Huh, you guys know each other?” Daphne was the first to ask the question that was on everyone’s mind.

“Uh, yeah, we met at the airport and she helped me a bit... Well, me and Adele,” Jason started talking about their relationship while internally wondering what kind of crazy coincidence it was for him to meet her here.

“Who’s Adele?” Jola asked.

“My Agent...” Jason began before going on to explain the whole situation of how he had been left hanging by the driver who went partying instead of doing his job and picking up Jason and Adele at the airport.

“Oh wow,” Teni couldn’t help saying when Jason finally completed his story after talking for less than a minute.

“Our people sha,” Jola sighed tiredly.

"I never actually imagined I'd meet you here," Kemi said as she was just as surprised as Jason to see him here.

"But wait first... Why are you even in Nigeria in the first place?" Teni asked in a bit of confusion.

She hadn't originally given much thought to it when she was listening to Jason's story and Jason himself hadn't mentioned it, but now that she thought about it, it was confusing.

Originally, Jason was supposed to be unavailable because he was in another country, but then all of a sudden he was in Nigeria and was suddenly able to attend her wedding ceremony, which was a surprise on its own.

"... Didn't you tell them?" Jason turned over to Daphne to ask as he thought she had at least told them that much.

"I meannnn," Daphne shrugged and looked shamelessly back at Jason.

"... I'm a footballer, and I was called to the National team... I had my debut like yesterday," Jason said after facepalming at his aunt's antics.

He himself hadn't said a word about it to them, but he had been expecting that Daphne had at least told them that much.

"Huhhh?" Everyone but Jason, Daphne, and Kemi revealed surprised looks.

Kemi also revealed a slightly surprised look as even though she had heard Jason mention it the night that they met, she didn't know much about it, but it sounded like a big deal now that Jason had told the full story.

Chapter 348: Appearance of the Yoruba Demon V

"Wait... Was it you that did the bicycle kick yesterday," a voice suddenly came from behind causing everyone's eyes to turn in the direction of the voice.

Jason looked over to see who the person was and immediately recognized the face of the person as his aunt's husband, Femi Badmus.

"... Yes, that was me," he admitted.

"You know ball, my boy, you know ball," Femi said in a happy voice as he walked up to Jason and began patting him on the back.

Femi was a huge football fan like so many other Nigerian men and though he didn't keep up so much with the newest news on the lineup of the Nigerian National team, he usually made sure to watch all the matches live as long as he had time to do so.

Hence he had been watching the previous day's game and knew about Jason's performance on the team, but since it had been a while since he had last seen Jason in real life, he didn't recognize him as his nephew-in-law.

Unfortunately, his wife was too busy helping their daughter with the wedding preparations so she wasn't able to watch the match with him like she usually did.

If she had watched the match, she would have recognized Jason instantly.

However, everything was now out in the open and Femi couldn't be happier.

"I heard that you play for Porto, that's nice, but you should come to Chelsea soon,"

"It's the same blue," Femi had quickly begun trying to push Jason into playing for his beloved team.

"Hahaha, I don't think it's the same blue, also, I need to be contacted by them for that to happen though,"

"Maybe if they call me with like a 200k euro per week offer, I could consider it," Jason laughed as he responded to his uncle-in-law... obviously, his last sentence was a joke.

The other people in the room... Who were women, and couldn't keep up with the conversation, but with words like "Chelsea", "200k Euros offer", and "National Team" flying around, they would be particularly dumb to not understand the gravity of the conversation.

"See this man? Your daughter is getting married and it's football you want to be talking about?"

"Abeg, come off it!" Jola immediately called out her husband even though she understood what they were talking about.

"Please please, leave me and let me help my team find their way back into the Premier League title race," Femi shot back at his wife.

" Ahhhhh, Daddy!" The three Badmus daughters, one in a wedding gown and two in bridesmaid clothes cried out in surprise at their father's words, but their father scoffed at their reaction.

Whether he was there or not, his daughter would get married, but with the way his club was playing, there was no hope for them in the Premier League unless they brought in new talents that could shake things up.

The ones they currently had were not doing enough in that aspect.

"Let your daughter marry first, the transfer season is already over at the moment anyway," Jola rolled her eyes at her husband while her words displayed a depth of football knowledge that one wouldn't expect a Nigerian woman to know.

"... We will continue our chat later," Femi said to Jason as he acquiesced to his wife's decision after thinking about it for a few seconds... His daughter's wedding was that important after all.

"Yeah, later," Jason nodded and stepped aside to let the man go meet his daughter.

Teni began arguing with her father who was about to ignore her on her wedding day because of football and everyone laughed as they watched it happen.

The argument didn't last long though and everyone soon started moving out of the house and getting into the vehicles that would take everyone to the church.

While everyone went to the cars, Jason almost had to fight his way out of the crowd of bridesmaids who were trying to talk to him about all sorts of things.

Luckily for poor Jason, Aunt Daphne was there to pull him out of the crowd of girls and drag him to their car.

"When I said you'd have to fight off the girls that want your hand in marriage, I know what I was saying," Daphne half laughed as they got to the car.

"Tch, whatever," Jason said as he pulled open the door of his car.

It wasn't his fault that he was handsome... Though his money was his doing... Kinda... But who knew that all those girls who looked like they were older than him would suddenly start poking at him like that.

Like, ladies have some self-respect, please!

'I might have once had a thing for mature women, but that was a lifetime ago... And they're not even that mature,' Jason thought as he glanced over at the bridesmaids in their flamboyant outfits as they entered the cars assigned to the bridesmaids.

"Let's go, just follow their cars," Daphne called out to Jason, encouraging him to start the car and begin driving after the remaining cars.

What looked like a convoy soon appeared on the streets as the Bridal team headed to the church where the wedding would be held.

They arrived at the church at 11:30 am and the car carrying the bride and her father split off from the remaining cars that went to park at the church's car park.

Jason and Daphne got down from the car, met with the others, and headed into the church on foot.

While almost everyone in the group began to see people they knew and went to meet up with them to exchange pleasantries, Jason asked where he could sit and he was directed to the front seats where the bride and groom families would be sitting.

Jason didn't mind sitting in front as he had realized that he might have become quite famous to the Nigerian Football fans after yesterday.

He was probably not that well known by Nigerian Football fans previously, but after yesterday, it would be unimaginable to think he wasn't recognizable by people.

Even his aunt's husband knew about him after yesterday's match, so who was to say other people wouldn't?

He did not want to cause a commotion around himself on a day that was supposed to be all about someone else.

Luckily, his current outfit was the best disguise he had ever put on when trying to hide his identity, so as long as he wasn't too careless, he shouldn't be so easily recognized... Or so he thought as he went to sit down.

Jason didn't sit alone for too long before some of the bridesmaids who had dispersed earlier suddenly sat around and started asking him all sorts of questions and Jason was soon in about five different conversations at once.

He soon noticed the groomsmen giving him the 'criminal offensive' side eye and he couldn't help but shrug helplessly.

Jason could understand their feelings and smiled wryly.

There was supposed to be chemistry going on between better bridesmaids and groomsmen at a wedding ceremony, but Jason had arrived and stolen the spotlight from the unfortunate groomsmen before they even got any chance to shoot their shots at the beautiful bridesmaids.

But, what could Jason do about it?

He hadn't asked for it either, but here he was, playing 69 questions with five different bridesmaids.

Even his two cousins who were part of the bridal train didn't save him and were also adding to his woes.

Luckily for Jason, the wedding soon began, and only at this time did Jason look over at the groom.

'So this is the guy who is going to be marrying my cousin?' Jason said as he scanned the guy standing at the altar in a white suit with black trousers.

The guy had a slightly stocky build and he filled out his clothes nicely, but Jason could tell from a look at his face that he wasn't the muscular kind, but rather, his weight was exactly that... weight.

His face card wasn't bad either, and he looked reasonably ok, but for Jason who spent his whole life glancing at his heavenly face in the mirror every day, the face was just barely passable.

'Well, the heart wants what it wants,' Jason didn't even know when he started scrutinizing the guy, but by the time he came to himself, Teni had already reached the altar.

From then on, it was like Jason had seen in the finales of those romance dramas that his aunt always watched... Just a bit less flamboyant.

'Will I also be on an altar like that someday?' the thought suddenly appeared in Jason's head as he watched the couple say their vows.

It was hard for him to picture it though and he soon put it aside as even though he tried imagining it and even created the scene of a marriage ceremony with Sofia in his head, it felt off.

‘With how she’s acting these days, does she even like me like I like her?’ this thought popped up in his head suddenly.

Chapter 349: Best on the National Team?

Once that particularly drastic thought appeared in Jason’s head, it began to snowball as other thoughts concerning it began to appear.

‘Is there even a point in all this?’

‘Does she like someone else?’

‘Am I just wasting my time trying to explore this whole relationship thing?’

‘Am I...’

All sorts of thoughts began to appear but the words of the priest officiating the wedding threw Jason out of his errant thoughts.

“You may now kiss the bride,” the priest said as the couple finished saying their vows and their “I dos”.

Teni and her ‘husband’ kissed each other on the stage and the church immediately filled up with applause.

The applause threw all Jason’s thoughts to the side and he fully refocused on the wedding instead of spending his time thinking of depressing thoughts.

After the couple’s kiss, the rest of the wedding service did not take much time to be over with and the couple soon signed their marriage documents, and the wedding was officially accepted by the law.

Not long after, the wedding was over and the people started leaving the church to move to the event center where the wedding reception would take place.

Jason had to stay behind to take a few pictures with the couple and it was there he was finally introduced to the newest groom in the city.

"I'm Jason, this beautiful lady's cousin," Jason said as he held out a hand for a handshake to the guy.

"My name should be on all the posters, but I'm Tayo by name," the guy said to Jason with a cheeky grin with a glance at a huge poster with his and Teni's pictures and names on it, causing Jason to immediately like this fellow.

"Also, you look kind of familiar... but I don't think we've met before because I'd definitely remember you if we did," Tayo continued while taking Jason's hand.

"What do you mean by you'd definitely remember if we've met before?" Jason asked, intrigued.

"Well, I haven't left Nigeria before, so someone like you with that kind of accent would stick in my head, you know," Tayo said with a laugh while glancing over at the people taking pictures with his wife.

"... Good point, but then I don't think I have a face that people would easily forget," Jason replied with a confident laugh.

"Haha, maybe. You could take off your glasses first before saying that though,"

"Hey, do you live in Lagos, maybe we should hang out sometime, we could play FIFA or we could play football, I'm a pretty good defender," Tayo spoke in a jovial tone.

"Playing FIFA... or even worse, football against me may be a bit out of your league my guy," Jason said with a laugh as he pulled off his glasses.

“...As I live and breathe... you’re him!” Tayo’s mouth flew open as he saw Jason’s face revealed as he took his glasses off.

The sapphire blue eyes gazing at him with amusement gave everything away.

“Him?... people don’t usually describe me like that, but it sounds nice for a change,” Jason laughed at Tayo’s surprised look.

“Teni! How could you do this to me?” Tayo immediately turned to his wife on the side.

“What did I do?” Teni asked her husband in confusion.

“You did not tell me your cousin was Nigeria’s best footballer,” Tayo immediately shot back.

“I didn’t even know that one until today either,” Teni immediately put up her defense.

“Hey, best footballer is a bit-” Jason began saying in a bit of surprise while internally amused by the couple’s antics.

“Who else in that team has scored a scissors kick goal since the team was established?” Tayo immediately interrupted Jason.

“I don’t know much about that...but I think I’m the only one so far,” Jason answered after a bit of thought.

“Then you’re the best on the team,” Tayo immediately said like it was a matter of fact.

“I don’t think that’s how it works though,” Jason started speaking again, doing his best to stop himself from laughing at his guy’s sudden claim of him being the best player.

“Okay, who in that team can play better free kicks than you?” Tayo suddenly launched another question at Jason determined to prove his earlier point.

“... I’ve scored only two free kicks in my career bro,” Jason half laughed as he replied.

“And no one else on that team has scored even one, so you’re the best in set pieces,”

“Now, who else on that team can run as fast as you can?” Tayo continued his questioning.

“... Probably the captain, but he can no longer run as fast as he could in his prime, otherwise I wouldn’t be his match,” Jason had decided to humor this guy and answered the questions he was asked as best as he could.

“So you’re just about the best when it comes to pace,”

“Can anyone among our defenders even guard you?” Tayo continued his research.

“Nah, I take their knees every day,” Jason answered confidently.

Of course, he was exaggerating a bit, but it was true that he could easily get past the defenders when they were in a good mood and weren’t looking to end his football career with a devious tackle.

“Then what else bruh?”

“Osimen is probably the only one better than you in the aspect of pure goalscoring, otherwise, you’re the best thing that has ever happened to our team... and the best part is, you’re still eighteen,”

“Bruh, you’re even the most handsome one on the team,” Tayo laughed as he put forth his conjecture after a minute of questioning.

His argument was so convincing that the people around him who stayed behind to take pictures and had begun looking over when Jason took off his glasses began nodding their heads.

"I agree with my son-in-law, that boy has always had sense," Femi Badmus who was nearby said while nodding his head which caused some people to look over at him in disbelief.

"Excuse me sir? Wasn't it you that almost chased him away with a cutlass when he said he wanted to marry your daughter?" Jola asked with a raised eyebrow as if she couldn't believe her ears.

"You even went to buy dogs when he used to visit us back then because you wanted them to chase him away whenever he came to visit," she continued, laying bare past events with every word that came out of her mouth.

"You even said, and I quote "Unless all the men on this earth finish, I will not let this boy with extra beef added from heaven to marry my daughter. If I do, my enemies will laugh at me.","

"If not because they begged you for days, you wouldn't have let them get married peacefully," Jola couldn't believe her husband.

"Leave that one, that was in the past. Back then, the only thing he used to watch was K-drama, but see him now. After a few years under my tutelage, he has seen the light," Femi Badmus defended his honor immediately from his wife who was trying to stain his impeccable white.

"..." Jola couldn't even respond and just had her mouth drop wide.

***Back to Jason and Tayo...

Jason opened his mouth to argue, but the words wouldn't come out as he realized that there was truth to what his cousin's husband was saying.

"... You make a good point, but I wouldn't dare to take that title yet, I've only played one game with the National broskis," Jason said with a laugh after a few seconds.

“Anyway, aren’t we supposed to be taking pictures,” he immediately diverted the conversation somewhere else before this guy said something that somehow managed to make it to the headlines.

Jason had known to never trust the media in any part of the world and he wouldn’t be surprised if news about what had happened here today was on some news page tomorrow.

The media’s means were that good... or in this case, creepy.

The taking of pictures soon continued and Jason posed with a few people to take pictures.

After his identity was exposed, the number of people he had to take pictures with increased, but luckily, most of the people at the wedding had headed to the reception, and the only people left at the church were the couple, bridesmaids, groomsmen, family members of both sides of the couple, and a few close friends of the family.

A few minutes later, Jason had managed to somehow take a picture with everyone on site and was now trying to run away before the bridesmaids pulled him into another picture-taking spree while using all sorts of poses to cling to him and put their hands all over him.

He didn’t plan on going to the reception hall as he had deemed it might be a bit too much for the day he was supposed to be resting.

Training would be resuming tomorrow and they would be flying to Sierra Leone for the next match soon so he couldn’t spend the whole day at the wedding ceremony.

But before he left, he went over to meet Daphne.

“In the car, there is a brown envelope in the back seat with the car’s papers. It has those two love birds name on it,”

“Do me a favor and hand over the keys to them later,” He said as he gave her the car keys and walked away with a smile on his face.

“Today wasn’t half-bad,” Jason muttered to himself as he put his glasses back on and got into the back of a car he had ordered to take him back to the hotel.

Chapter 350: Round 4 of AFCON 22 Qualifiers I

The days leading up to the Supa Eagles next in the AFCON 22 qualifiers were full of training for the Nigerian players.

The morale at the training ground was at an all time high and the players trained with seriousness and determination as they readied themselves for the coming game.

The previous match had ended in their win, but their performance in the match, especially defensively, still left a bit to be desired and the manager wanted that out of the way before they went into the next game, after all, they couldn’t always make a comeback in every game.

The players also understood their faults in that match and listened to the manager’s instructions as he explained how he wanted the players to play when they were not in possession of the ball.

After a major refurbishment of their defensive playing style, Gernot Rohri had the players take to the field to practice the new defensive tactics.

The two days leading up to the matchday were spent in this manner and on the evening of the second day, the players boarded a plane to Sierra Leone and arrived at Sierra Leone late into the night.

The players headed to the prepared hotel to rest for the upcoming match.

****17th November 2020****

The Nigerian players arrived at the Stevens Stiaka stadium, ready to build off their last victory in the AFCON qualifiers.

As they did their pre-match training, they often looked with their opponents who they had triumphed over just a few days prior, and the Sierra Leone team had no kind looks for their opponents.

After fumbling their lead in the last game and losing to the Supa Eagles, the Sierra Leone team planned to make sure that it did not happen again, but whether the Nigerian team would just take such an intention lying down remained to be seen.

The pre-match training was soon over and the players headed down the tunnels to their respective locker rooms for the pre-match tactical meeting.

In the Nigerian team's locker room, the head manager began calling out the names of the players in the line-up.

"Our formation for the match will be the same 4-2-3-1 variant we have been practicing in training these last few days and in the starting line up will be..."

"Madika Okoyi will be our goalkeeper, Semie Ajayi and Balogun Leone will be the two center backs assisting the goalkeeper to keep the ball out of our penalty box,"

"Zaidiu Sanusi and Ebuaehi Tyrone are our right back and left back respectively,"

"In center defensive midfield are Etebor and Shehu Abdulahi, while in the center attacking midfield will be Jason,"

"Our captain, Ahmad Musa will be on the right flank functioning as a wide-midfielder and a winger, while Aleix Iwobi will be on the left doing the same and upfront will be Victor Osimen," the manager listed out the players in the line-up.

Once the line-up had been confirmed, the players began preparing for the match while the manager once again delved into the tactical set-up for the match, re-explaining the game's tactics to the players and giving them specific instructions to counter their opponents.

While this was going on in the Nigerian team's locker room, the Sierra Leone team was also getting ready to face off against their opponents.

"I just received word about the line-up of our opponents and it is similar to what we predicted and prepared for," the Sierra Leone head manager began talking to his players who listened attentively.

"I won't spend too much time explaining your roles on the pitch as we already went over this... but as you can see, that Jason boy that made light of you people as soon as he stepped on the field in the last match and caused us to lose the game... is playing,"

"Don't think of him as harmless... he is not,"

"I have analyzed his performances for his club since his debut early this year and it is clear that if you give him a small amount of space, he is able to punish us for it and I will not have that in this game,"

"So whenever he is near you, block him, stay on him, make sure he is never open to receive a pass, and if he somehow gets the ball, begin to press immediately,"

"If all that fails and he gets near our goal... take him down before he enters the box..."

"... In fact, don't just take him down... kill him," the Sierra Leone manager said with a slit throat gesture.

The Sierra Leone players laughed lightly at the manager's words as it was obviously a joke that the manager used to express the gravity of the situation.

"... No seriously..."

"... Kill him," the manager repeated in a more serious voice when he saw the players laughing at his words, thinking he was joking.

GULP

As the Sierra Leone manager repeated his words, the room immediately went silent as they realized how serious the manager was.

While he wasn't asking them to go as far as actually killing him, he wanted something pretty similar.

Fweeeeeeeee

The referee blew the whistle and the AFCON 22 qualifier match between Sierra Leone and Nigeria began.

{The whistle has been blown and the match kicks off}

{We are in the second stage of the AFCON qualifiers from now on and it will be the two teams' second time meeting each other in the AFCON 22 qualifiers}

{That was a few days ago and it was a hard-fought match in which Nigeria dramatically came back to win the game after going two goals behind in a nine-goal thriller}

{From what we've seen in the last game, it's clear what to expect and we know that this match can by no means have a boring outcome}

{For now, however, let's see as it goes} The commentator gave opening remarks as the game kicked off.

#12th minute...

Since the match began, both teams had been vying for the lead in the game.

They quickly began testing each other dramatically, and the viewers kept their eyes on the screen waiting for who would buckle first.

Alex Iwobi received a pass from Shehu Abdulahi, and he quickly began running down the left flank, but before he could go far, he came up against a stubborn defender who did not want to get out of the way even with all the tricky leg movements he was making.

Without any way to get through the defender, he opted to look for the nearest teammate.

Glancing at Jason who was being tightly marked by, he decided to try passing to someone with less likelihood of losing possession to the opponents, but in that split moment when he glanced away as if to look for another teammate, the players marking Jason let their guards down and were unable to react to the no look pass Iwobi sent Jason's way.

Jason didn't hesitate to burst out of the encirclement and receive the pass at the left edge of the Sierra Leone box.

On receiving the ball, Jason made a run into the penalty box from the left flank and quickly found space to send a cross in.

With a swing, he sent the ball flying low across the goal in the direction of Osimen, but Osimen struggled to reach the ball due to his marker not letting him off and the ball flew past him, but before the Nigeria team could rue the missed chance, the team captain appeared and coolly slotted the ball past the Sierra Leone goalkeeper before the ball went across the full length of the post.

{GOAL!!!}

{Nigeria score first!}

{Brilliant play from Iwobi and Jason to escape their opponents and send the ball across the goal and their team captain gave them a reward for their efforts}

{Just like in the previous match, they take the lead first!}

{As for where we will go from here? I do not know!} The commentator did not hesitate to unleash his fervor into the microphone while the Nigerian players unleashed their excitement on the pitch and the Nigerian fans did theirs in their homes and viewing centers.

#39th minute...

The Nigeria team had increased their pressure on their opponents after taking the lead.

They remembered what had happened in the previous game and did not want such a situation to repeat itself, hence they doubled down defensively when they were not in possession and unleashed their pent up fury on their opponents as soon as they got the ball.

The Sierra Leone team was also not idle and had been attacking the Nigerian team with confidence as they knew from their four goals in the last match that it wasn't impossible to score against their opponent, but so far, they had come up a stubborn wall.

Sierra Leone had tried to start an attack and they had been carefully setting up their attack, sending ball from player to player, when Osimen who had been chasing tirelessly after the Sierra Leone players like a zombie snatched the ball from a Sierra Leone player and immediately launched a counter attack with a splitting through pass down the left flank.

Aleix Iwobi quickly gave chase of the ball while the other Nigerian players immediately began running at the Sierra Leone players in full force.

Jason was among the runners making his way at the Sierra Leone penalty box and he kept his eyes on Iwobi who had managed to catch up to the ball and was now bearing down the left flank and was almost at the left side of Sierra Leone's 18-yard box.

Jason immediately threw up a hand to call for the ball and Aleix Iwobi received the signal and immediately lifted his leg to send the ball over, but at that moment, a Sierra Leone player appeared in Jason's view, charging at him with intent to kill.