

LEGENDS 381

Chapter 381 Boyfriend III

Jason walked back to his car with hurried footsteps, his mind in a buzz.

He didn't even know that he was walking faster than he usually would, and he had even forgotten to put the dark glasses back on his face to disguise himself.

Despite being less than informed about matters of the heart, he wasn't stupid in other things, and from his very brief conversation with Sofia's roommates, it seemed something was going on with Sofia behind his back.

By all rights, it shouldn't even be his business since they weren't dating, but Jason couldn't ignore it as they were already on that route.

'Or maybe I'm the only one that thought that way,' the thought immediately appeared in his mind when he tried to console himself.

As he reached his car and pulled open the door, wanting to immediately rush away to the Veltman Lounge to see what was going on, he heard a voice behind him.

"Hey, you're Jason Bolu, right?"

"That guy that plays for Oporto, is there any chance I could ge-" The owner of the voice had been halfway through his words when Jason's cold voice cut in, and for once, he wasn't holding back so it felt chilly all of a sudden.

"Fu*k off, I'm busy," Jason snapped and jumped into his car, slamming the door shut, and turning on the ignition, not even bothering to give the person a glance.

As soon as the car started up, Jason slammed down on the accelerator, keeping his other leg on the brake, and spinning the steering powerfully, maneuvering the car into a burnout that he immediately

exited before doing a full 360, and the car swerved out of the car park as if he was shooting a stunt scene for a Fast and Furious movie.

"Where the fu*k is that Veltman Lounge," He half growled as he began operating the map with a skilled frenzy.

At this moment, Jason himself did not know what was going on or why he was doing the things he was doing.

All he knew was that he felt a sharp yet intangible pain in the chest, and he was hurriedly doing things that were risky.

This wasn't normal for him and he had hardly ever been in a frenzy.

In fact, Jason couldn't even remember if he had ever acted this frenziedly in his life, yet here he was.

Something told him, that it was best for him to just turn off his map and get back on the highway, head back to Porto, get home, and sleep till tomorrow, forgetting that a person called Sofia ever existed and living like she was never a part of his life, because the truth was... she didn't seem like a part of it.

Jason knew all that, yet, he couldn't bring himself to actually do it.

He wanted to know.

He wanted to see.

He wanted to ask.

Why?

Who?

Where?

Too much was going on in his mind and Jason couldn't ever remember his brain ever running at this capacity even in his toughest and most emotional moments on the field.

Yet, in all of this, he stayed quiet externally, however, internally, he was a cacophonious wreck, but he still managed to operate the electronic map and find the Veltman Lounge.

Less than half an hour later, the car came to a stop outside a building with neon lights decorating the entrance of the building, attracting attention from the people walking past it.

Jason exited his car, not remembering how he got there, but he seemed to have regained a bit of his composure and was now wearing his glasses over his eyes, however, in reality, it was already instinctual for him to put on his glasses when leaving his car, so he didn't even know that he had done it.

Everything was looking darker, but there was not much light for him to look forward to anyway so he didn't notice the difference and just walked into the building.

He didn't even remember to lock his car, but luckily, his instinctual movements won over and the car lights blinked behind him, yet he didn't remember doing that either.

He walked in through the front door and was instantly hit with a loud wave of music that was somehow kept within the walls of the building.

He wasn't even at the actual lounge and the music was already this loud, but this did nothing to shake him from his daze and he just walked through the corridor, completely unresponsive to the guards at the door, and walked into the door that was pulled open for him.

He was once again blasted with an even louder wave of raucous music, but just like before, he barely noticed and instead his eyes swept across the room trying to find anyone that looked like Sofia.

His amazing vision on the field that always helped him find the right pass did nothing for him here as he couldn't find any semblance of Sofia at first sight.

There were similar figures, but he immediately knew they were not what he was looking for and he had no choice but to dive into the crowd, his eyes darting around at close to seven movements per second.

Yet even after going all the way through the crowd, he couldn't find her and for a split second, hope that Sofia's roommate was trolling him tried to sweep through his mind, but before it got far, his eyes locked on to a figure sitting at one of the tables at a distant corner.

There was no one else at the table apart from her, but just her presence at the restaurant signaled something.

A beginning of an end.

Without much thought, Jason's legs carried him all the way to the table and he sat across Sofia, but strangely she didn't respond in the slightest.

"... H-Hey," Jason tried to call out to her, but his voice quivered... yet she stayed unresponsive.

"Hey, are you okay?" Jason asked again and reached out to touch her, but what happened next shocked him as she fell face-first to the table, completely unresponsive.

Chapter 382 Boyfriend IV

As Sofia fell on her face, Jason almost jumped in his seat... almost.

"Hey... Hey, are you okay," Jason's hand shook her by her shoulders, but apart from a groan that let him know that she was still alive, she remained unresponsive.

Looking at the empty bottles of whiskey on the table and a glass that was still half-filled, it was not hard to imagine what had caused Sofia's current state.

The smell of alcohol wafting off from her figure helped to add further confirmation, but Sofia's alcohol-induced coma was not Jason's major concern at the moment.

He had come here for answers and he couldn't get it with her in this state.

This ironically caused him to calm down a bit, but before he could think about what to do next, a light suddenly appeared on the side of the table and Jason's eyes shot towards the light.

He instantly recognized the source of light as Sofia's phone and he picked it up.

The phone's screen seemed to have lit up because of a notification, but for now, nothing was showing on the screen and Jason immediately realized that he would have to unlock the phone if he wanted to find out the source of the message.

He was about to put the phone back down when he suddenly froze and looked back at the screen of the phone.

There was a good chance that this thing held all the answers he was seeking, yet at the same time, it might not.

Even if it did, it might be hard to find what he was looking for, not to mention that he was going to be breaching her privacy, but all his reservations did not stay in his head for a full second before it instantly dissipated and he swiped across the screen of the phone.

Sofia who was supposed to answer his questions was currently out of commission and he couldn't wait anymore to get the answers he wanted.

The phone requested a Face ID or password to open up its secrets to him and Jason didn't hesitate to grab Sofia's head, hold it up, and use her face to unlock the phone.

The phone didn't immediately respond and it took a bit of time to get a clear scan of Sofia's face before it finally opened up.

Jason let her face back down and turned back to the phone.

The phone was currently on the WhatsApp application and whether it was good luck or terrible luck Jason did not know, but the first thing his eyes fell on which was also the top chat was a name he seemed to recall hearing somewhere.

{Baumgartner} was the name of the top chat and it seemed he was the one who sent a message just a few seconds ago and alerted Jason about the phone's presence.

"Wait... Baumgartner, Baumgartner, Baumgart-!" Jason mused for a while before his eyes suddenly lit up in recollection.

"... it can't be, right?"

"There's just no way. They probably just talk every once in a while," Jason was speaking to himself, but it sounded like he was trying to convince himself more of that fact than to justify what he was seeing, however, he wasn't able to stop himself from opening the chat.

His hands quivered ever so slightly and Jason couldn't shake off the feeling that he was doing something that he wouldn't like being done to him, but at this moment, his rationality had long been thrown into the backseat and came after everything else.

As at this moment, Jason was just grasping for straws and needed something to hold onto that would prove him wrong.

Unfortunately... it seemed like comfort and consolation were emotions that would be far from him in the nights to come.

As soon as he opened the chat and read through the latest messages that were already showing on the screen without him swiping, he was already able to confirm that "Mr. Baumgartner" was definitely the one who had come to Veltman Lounge with Sofia.

How did he know?

Well, how could he not know, he was clearly seeing chats about Mr. Baumgartner going to pick up Sofia at her hostel.

With this, it was already clear something was going on between Sofia and Baumgartner, but this wasn't enough for Jason who was already sinking further into emotional pain and disbelief.

He wanted to know everything and began swiping upward, reading chat after chat after in ascending order which was like reading a book from the last page back to the first page, yet, despite this, a clear picture of the whole situation was becoming clearer and clearer in Jason's mind and many questions were slowly being answered.

When he finally reached what was seemingly the start of the the whole 'boyfriend' fiasco, he inadvertently checked the date and time on the chat and slowly he started to laugh.

It was a laugh that was hard to describe.

Laughter was usually used in happy situations, but his laughter carried pain.

Not only was pain in his laughter, but there seemed to be a hint of danger as well as he put down the phone and just giggled quietly at the table, his palms covering his eyes as waves of what he couldn't explain coursed through him.

Jason couldn't tell what all the emotions he was feeling was, but he could easily recognize the waves of anger that coursed through him.

He was pissed.

Fu*k the feeling of betrayal, the emotional pain could take a back seat for now, what he wanted more than anything else was to snap a person in two and it didn't take a genius to know who that person was.

"... It's not worth it, Jay, it's not worth it," he muttered to himself as he slowly stood up from the table, his fists clenched and glancing at Sofia who was still passed out on the table.

He tried to feel hateful towards her, but all he was feeling was pain.

It wasn't even his fault... he had literally no hand in this emotional turbulence that was going on, yet he felt like he was at fault somewhere.

He couldn't take it anymore and quickly turned away, wanting to run away from the pain... at least for a while, but on turning back, his eyes fell on someone who was approaching.

The figure approaching immediately stopped and his expression on seeing Jason turned to shock.

Blonde hair, blue eyes, and a face Jason didn't think he could ever forget anymore...

"Mylo fu*king Baumgartner..."

"You fu*kin snake..."

Chapter 383 Boyfriend V

Jason stormed out of the doors of the Veltman Lounge with a bottle of alcohol in his hand.

On setting his eyes on someone who was his teammate, roommate, and someone he had regarded as a close person though not quite his friend... going behind his back to have rodeos with the girl he was quite literally his girlfriend, Jason felt his blood rush to his head and cloud his judgement.

He had instinctively reached out and grabbed a bottle of alcohol that was still full and wanted to hurl it at Mylo and then pick up the shattered remains of the glass and use it to carve out millions of symbols of hate on Mylo.

These were some of the mildest thoughts that had appeared in Jason's head that moment, but he had suddenly heard a groan behind him and he had glanced behind him to see Sofia being roused from her alcohol-induced slumber.

Jason's anger didn't dissipate and burned even brighter, but he managed to regain control of his body movements even though his brain and heart was heating up.

That short moment was enough for him to think about the repercussion of smashing a bottle on Mylo's head.

He could already see the headlines as well as the sanctions that would be stuffed down his throat just because he rightfully gave in to his anger.

As much as it annoyed him to think about, he knew it was true.

The club management wouldn't care about the cause of the fight, but would only care about the fact that it would give them bad publicity while the media didn't care either and would print and post whatever they could to get clicks and views from as many people as possible.

While it wasn't something that would end his career, it would definitely deal a severe blow to his reputation.

'It's not worth it,' the last bit of rationality that he was managing to cling on to whispered in his head, but it was immediately threatened by Mylo opening his stupid mouth.

"I can explain," Mylo finally opened his mouth, wanting to seemingly defend himself, but Jason didn't want to hear it.

"Just fu*k out of my face," Jason cursed and immediately turned around to walk the other way. He didn't trust himself to not reflexively lash out at Mylo if he dared to walk past him.

Mylo didn't have any words to say as he watched Jason walk away. His mouth came open and words seemed to be about to come out, but he caught himself and didn't end up saying anything, only watching Jason walk away, his thought process remaining unknown.

Jason marched out of the lounge, pushing harshly at everyone in his way until he came out of the other side of the dancing crowd.

Despite his furious steps, he felt defeated and walked out of the club and to his car like an angry zombie, not thinking much into his actions at all.

Once he was behind the wheel, he started driving.

He did not know where he was going, but he just kept driving aimlessly and when he finally came to, his eyes inadvertently fell on the bottle of alcohol that he had originally planned on smashing on Mylo's head, but had ended up taking from the club.

Parking the car by the side of the road, Jason pushed open his door and grabbed the bottle wanting to hurl it away in anger, but like a whisper calling to him, he caught himself just before throwing away the bottle.

It was almost like the bottle had cast a spell on Jason and he just kept looking at it, the thought of opening the bottle and letting the pain of his heart drown within it's content.

For almost a full minute, he just kept looking at the bottle and just when his other hand moved and he was about to give in and twist the lid away,

"Don't do it kid," a low slurring voice came from his side prompting Jason to look over at where the voice came from.

Looking around he noticed that in his unconscious driving, he had driven to a rough part of town and was surrounded by narrow streets, old buildings, and people who seemed to be enjoying their nightlife.

In such an area, Jason's BMW i8 stood out like a sore thumb, but apart from the few looks he was getting, nothing else was happening, yet none of that was of any interest to Jason.

"Don't do it kid," the voice came again and Jason's eyes once again moved, and this time he finally saw the person who owned the voice.

The man looked like what Americans would call a 'hobo' which meant a homeless person, and he held a bottle in his left hand which was quite ironic.

"Don't do it kid," the man repeated once more.

"I can see it in your eyes, you look hurt," the man continued speaking, surprising Jason because he did not think someone could easily read him like that, especially when the said person looked like he was one sip from passing out.

"Looking at your clothes and your car, you seem to be doing well for yourself, so it's probably a female problem," the hobo continued, making his voice a bit dramatic as he tried to sound like a private detective from old Hollywood movies.

"Another skank has torn apart the heart of a good kid, and with your face, it is better you heal quick," Jason just stared at the hobo as he kept talking, his mind not responsive enough to stop listening at the moment.

The hobo's words were slurred and he paused constantly between sentences, but his words seemed to make sense to Jason for some weird reason and he couldn't stop listening.

"I get it kid... you're hurt... but the solace you neED... wouldn't be found in a BOttle,"

"A bottle doesn't solve problems, it can only contain them... and that too for a limited time,"

"And with alcohol that weak, the pain will be back tomorrow morning with a splitting hangover,"

Jason just kept listening thinking how ironic it was for a guy holding a bottle of what seemed like cheap liquor and already dead drunk, advising him not to fall into a spiral of alcoholism.

Chapter 384 The Bottle

"I get it kid... you're hurt... but the solace you neED... wouldn't be found in a BOttle,"

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Jason just kept listening thinking how ironic it was for a guy holding a bottle of what seemed like cheap liquor and already dead drunk, advising him not to fall into a spiral of alcoholism.

"Trust me... I know,"

"Years ago... when I caught my wife cheating...- on me, with my best friend,"

"I turned to the bottle... because I didn't want to deal with the betrayal or lose myself to my anger... but as I fell in love with the bottle..."

"I lost sight of everything else and this gave her an opportunity to divorce me, and take almost everything I own!"

"Even my children!!!"

"... Now, my babies have taken to calling that bastard friend of mine their father while I... I am a good for nothing that they hardly ever think about,"

Jason saw a few tears drop from the hobo's eyes and Jason himself could not help feeling a shiver sweep through his body as he heard the guy's story.

He had half forgotten his own problems and was just sympathizing with the poor guy.

"Can I help you with anything though?" Jason didn't know what made him say it, but the words tumbled out of his mouth.

"Nah, don't worry. Bout. Me," the hobo sang in a drunken voice.

"Just leave behind the bottle of alcohol when you're leaving, it's been a while since I drank something... high class," he laughed heartily after, his tone dismissive.

It was clear from his voice that he was a loser in life and he had accepted that fact. He didn't plan to change it and just wanted to live the rest of his days dousing his consciousness with the contents of a bottle, having given up faith in making a comeback.

Even if he got a chance to change anything, there wasn't a likelihood that he would, and Jason could hear that in his tone, but Jason could also hear his intention of not wanting anyone to follow him down this path either.

"Here," Jason tossed the bottle at the hobo and surprisingly the guy caught the bottle with amazing ease despite being dead drunk.

"Ahhhh... the good stuff," the hobo grinned as he looked at the bottle in his hand.

"... Anyway, leave the bottle to losers like me while you try something else to deal with your pain..."

"Ah! Don't try ingesting anything that has weird intake methods," he added.

"You mean drugs?" Jason asked with a raised eyebrow, a bit amused now.

"Is that what they call it now?" the hobo asked with surprise in his tone, sounding like he was from a previous generation who didn't keep up with the times, and with how rough he looked, he did look the part.

"Anyway, try something else! Maybe go meet one of those people that take money to listen to your problems," he continued.

"You mean a psychiatrist?" Jason added.

"With a name like that, just fu*k her during the session. It shouldn't be too hard to do that with your face," the hobo just said the most erratic things, his mind already beginning to shut down after he took another swig of the cheap alcohol he held.

"Not all psychiatrists are female," Jason replied, not understanding why he was now actively conversing with a hobo.

"..." the hobo stared at Jason long and hard before asking,

"She has a third leg?"

Jason face-palmed and almost started laughing.

"There are a lot of freaky things going on in tha world now ey?"

"Well, no matter... just go to a church and go sing hymns and do those prayer things..."

"... Or you can have a private meeting with one of those nuns... you know, one of those confession thingies," the hobo rambled on and on.

"... I haven't exactly sinned so I don't have anything to confess," Jason countered.

"No no no, I'm not talking about a "Forgive me, mother, for I have sinned" type of meeting, I'm talking about a "I'm sorry mommy, I've been a bad boy"... type of meeting,"

At this point, Jason was almost convinced that this hobo was just trolling him and wasn't actually drunk, because why else would he be telling him to go to the house of God and go sleep with a nun just because he had experienced heartbreak?

Jason wasn't exactly what anyone would term a Christian as he hadn't been at a church for years, but due to having been raised in a church till he was seven by his parents who were devout Christians, he felt quite repulsed to even think of doing something like that.

"What are you on?" Jason asked, now having reasons to believe that whatever was in that cheap-looking alcohol was more potent than what was in the bottle he held a minute earlier.

"You mean this?" the hobo asked, holding up the almost empty bottle of dark brown liquid that looked like a darker-colored apple juice.

"It's rum... Captain Sparrow's Rum," the hobo said, sounding dramatic all of a sudden.

'Ok, definitely, this nigga trolling,' Jason thought with a little laugh.

While he thought this, he wasn't actually a hundred percent sure.

In fact, he wasn't sure anymore. The guy could have been lying about his family and might have simply fabricated an elaborate story just so he could get his hands on the bottle in Jason's hands before, but now Jason didn't even care.

For a moment, he had been mentally defeated and had almost succumbed to temptation and no matter what happened, what remained was that the hobo had somehow managed to help him get over it and had even lightened his mood a bit which was quite helpful for him.

For that, the hobo had his gratitude and Jason didn't care about much else.

He had faced a lot tonight, but this wasn't the time to succumb.

He had to get back on his feet and move on.

With his mind having escaped his pain for a bit, he quickly connected his phone to his car's speaker, and not long after a loud voice came out from his car's speaker as Jason shut the door of his car.

{Do you hear me calling} The voice of Juise WORLD singing a classic blared into Jason's ears as he once again began driving.

He had to get back to Porto tonight as his life had to continue... this time with Sofia no longer in it.

The hobo watched Jason's car dart off and a satisfied smile appeared on his face, but the cause of his satisfaction would forever remain unknown.

Chapter 385 Nightmares

29th December 2020

After stumbling on Sofia's betrayal two days, Jason had driven back to Porto singing to the music in the car as he sped along the highways at breakneck speed, but his skill behind the wheel was enough to get him home in one piece and Jason had collapsed into his bed as soon as he got home.

Unlike what he had thought, it hadn't been hard for him to sleep due to his exhaustion, however, the problem came after when his mind started replaying the event inside his head while he slept, making everything seem like a bad dream.

When Jason woke up the next morning, he was in a worse mood than ever.

The images just wouldn't go away.

He had no doubt that physically he slept soundly, but his mind was never asleep and had kept replaying those scenes like it was a movie on repeat.

What was worse was that after a while, it seemed like his brain began adding dramatic effects like a CGI expert to make it stab into him more.

However, that wasn't his problem... what was really his problem was when his brain began to delve away from the known and into the unknown.

After replaying the scenes of what had happened in his head for the umpteenth time, his brain had decided to start visualizing the scene of Sofia cheating on him and this was where he drew the line.

He was disgusted and annoyed, but the images kept tormenting him.

This was all because of the chats that he had read.

The whole fiasco between Mylo and Sofia seemed to have begun on the night when she came to his house for a surprise visit, but he wasn't there since he had been quarantined in Germany at that moment.

Jason had thought she would end up going home to her mom's place, but it seemed that for some very stupid reason, she had ended up back at the dormitory where he had first lived with Mylo.

The way it happened wasn't very clear to Jason but from what he could tell from the chats, it seemed Mylo had girls over, and for some reason Sofia had joined them in a drinking game.

What had caused her to join the game was uncertain, but the result was that all of them became drunk and somehow ended up in bed with each other creating one of the wildest scenes that would probably only be found on porn websites.

It was clear to Jason that it was a mistake and something that no one had expected, however, what wasn't clear to Jason was why she had gone and done it again with Mylo... and again, and again, and again.

What was even worse was that she didn't just break up whatever he and she had; instead, she kept sleeping with Mylo while having him on the side.

From the chats, Jason had even seen that the same night he had ended up kissing her and got caught on a tabloid, Mylo had been in Lisbon that night and they had spent the night together.

If Mylo was a lying, betraying, piece of sh*t, then by all standards, Sofia wasn't much different as she had kept him around and led him on all while sleeping with Mylo.

When Jason had been reading the chats, his first thought was that he had to be the most stupid and unsuspecting human being on earth, and even now, he hadn't found anything to convince himself otherwise.

He had been a fool... a fool in love, but a fool nonetheless, and now his mind was punishing him for it.

His mind was taking the bits and pieces that had been described in their chats and reconstructing them in his head, making him watch everything live inside his head.

Jason so badly wanted to find some way to blackout himself and just shut off his mind for a while, but he couldn't do that as training called.

His life wasn't going to wait for him to get over the mental trauma that plagued him and he knew that so he forced himself to his feet and went to prepare for training.

By the time he was ready to leave his house, his phone was ringing constantly and it was Sofia calling, but he hung up and blocked her on every platform where he could be contacted before heading to training.

That chapter was closed as far as he was concerned.

At training, he did his best to maintain his cool and related well with his teammates, but his composure threatened to blow off when Mylo arrived at the training ground, however, Jason kept himself in check.

Mylo also had enough sense to stay away from Jason so training for that day passed without any events.

No one was able to notice the rift between the promising talents on the team as there wasn't any training where they had to interact that much, however, Jason had already decided something for himself.

He did not care whether the team would like it or not, but he was never going to pass the ball to Mylo ever again on the pitch.

He would rather try taking on the whole opposition team at once and lose the ball instead of giving Mylo a chance at glory.

His stats might take a dip and talks about him being a non-team player may spread, but he no longer cared.

At this point, it was only a matter of time before what happened between them spilled out to the teammates so Jason didn't care whether it was earlier or later, but his decision would remain the same.

If it became an issue with the management, he would simply leave the club.

It was already getting to that time for him anyway.

With his mind made, Jason threw himself into training, doing his best to exhaust himself so he could sleep with a blank mind that night.

He didn't stop there and went on to train himself just enough to not strain his muscles, but he made sure to exhaust himself thoroughly before going to sleep, hoping for a dreamless sleep.

When he woke up the next morning, he was in an even worse mood because his efforts to tire himself to death for a dreamless night hadn't worked.

His irritation was building and he wanted to pull out his hair in annoyance, but he calmed himself with a cold wash as he began preparing to leave for the training grounds to meet the team bus that would be taking the players to Guimares for their match against Vitoria de Guimares.

While he was preparing, the bell rang, alerting him of someone outside his house, leaving him wondering who would want to meet him at this time of the morning, after all, he wasn't exactly a social person, but on opening the door, the urge to slam the door back filled his body.

How could it not fill his body when the cause of his nightmares was standing in his doorway?

Chapter 386 Slammed Shut

Jason's eyes widened in surprise on finding Sofia in his doorway, but the surprise didn't last and instantly rage, pain, and melancholy.

Taking a quick but deep breath first to calm down before he opened his mouth and a cold tone burst out,

"What are you doing here?"

Jason's feelings towards her were made clear in his tone of speaking, but Sofia didn't seem to hear it.

"You weren't picking my calls,"

"And for good reason," Jason cut in, not ready to deal with any bullshit as it was more guaranteed to hurt than give him any form of closure.

"... I... It was a mistake..." Sofia said, her voice so low it was barely above a whisper.

"Mistake?" Jason asked like he couldn't believe his ears.

"Mistake?" he repeated like he wasn't sure of what he had heard.

"You might be a university student, but it's clear that the knowledge that comes with that status has been thrown out the window," Jason retorted sharply, his voice sharp and his words cutting in deep.

"A mistake is something that happened once... you..."

"... You slept with Mylo more times than I could count, while keeping it behind my back,"

"... Sofia..."

"How much of a fool do you think I am?" he asked.

"It was a mistake!"

"I came to check on you because you were injured, and you weren't there, and I went to stay at his place for the night and I admit that I was a little angry, and I drank a bit, but what happened after was an accident, I swear,"

"I was drunk and we did not know what we were doing and... and..." Sofia had rambled for a while, but at some point, she began to run out of words to say.

"And what? And what Sofia?" Jason cut in when it seemed that she had run out of words.

"That was the first time... the first time, Sofia..."

"If it was a mistake, it should have ended there,"

"You should have deleted his number and stayed the fu*k away from him. You didn't even have to tell me, you could have just stayed away from him, but you..."

"... You slept with him the very next day!"

"The very next fuc*ing day!" Jason's voice was already quite a few decibels above his normal speaking volume, but that couldn't hide the pained edge to his voice.

He was shouting, and it was clear that he was angry, but more than anything, he was pained, he was hurt, and he hated it.

"Care to explain that, huh?" he asked, his voice having reduced back to a normal volume.

"I... I was drunk," Sofia whispered, almost as if she didn't want to answer the question, but still ended up answering it anyway, but her action caused Jason to react weirdly.

"... What?" Jason asked, his confusion in his voice and all over his face.

His brain was unable to keep up for a second and he was confused at her answer.

"... Elaborate further on that?" Jason asked, his confusion deepening as he still didn't understand anything from her answer.

"After waking up in his bed, I was devastated and confused..."

"And?" Sofia began explaining but Jason hurried her up, as he did not want to hear anything about her emotions.

"... and I... I tried to get rid of some of the guilt-"

"By drinking!?" Jason cut in, his brain finally snapping to attention as everything in the puzzle fell into place inside his head, and the image that had formed had him stunned in disbelief.

He looked at Sofia for a sign that he was thinking in the wrong direction, but from the look in her eyes, it was clear that he had hit the mark.

"... So, you mean to tell me that... after making a grave mistake like that, not only did you not leave..."

"... You instead decided to make yourself vulnerable in the same fu*king manner and in the same fu*king place where you made a mistake, and in doing so, you slept with Mylo..."

"... Again!" Jason presented his conjuncture, not believing himself for thinking of something so stupid, but Sofia wasn't refuting it, furthering his disbelief.

"How stupid can you get!?" At this point, Jason could no longer control his tongue, and a new level of dismay and annoyance at the situation was unlocked.

How could she be so stupid?

"You say sleeping with him was a mistake, but in your infinite wisdom, you decided to make yourself vulnerable in the same manner and in the same place where you already fell once!?"

"Did you not learn a single thing!?"

"Do you even consider what happened to be a mistake at all?" the words kept flying out of Jason's mouth.

"Because that is the only way I can even fathom you pulling off the stupidest move I have ever seen anyone do in that kind of situation," Jason wasn't even holding back anymore as he had heard enough bullsh*t.

"What was I supposed to do, you weren't around and I-" Sofia began.

"Oooh?" Jaso cut in, his eyebrow rising.

"So, now it's my fault?"

"Like really? You wanna put this one on me now?"

"You know what... It's okay, I'll take the blame, and you'll do something else so we're equal,"

"Get out of my life, and stay the fuck out,"

"Don't try to contact me, don't try to talk to me, just do whatever you want while making sure to stay away from me,"

"I wish you and Mylo all the worst things that can ever happen to a person, and also, tell him to stay the fuck away from me as well, or his parents might be one child lesser than they had a few days ago,"

"Thank you," Jason slammed the door in her face after saying his piece, not giving her any chance to say anything.

He didn't want to hear anything from her... not a single word.

He was already having a hard time getting her out of his mind, and his fury was building up every minute, yet he was surprisingly unable to do anything about his emotions that were going out of control.

This was a first for him... but then, even the heart break was a first, and boy did it hurt.

Chapter 387 Devil Mode... On I

After taking a few minutes to get back his breath, he went right back to preparing to leave, not wanting to spend any extra time thinking about what had just happened.

It was past and he needed to make sure it stayed away.

Glancing at the clock on the wall, Jason realized that time had flown by quite a bit, but luckily, he was someone who always tried to be earlier than needed because one could never tell when things would become confusing and something could get in the way, hence he was still within schedule and didn't have to rush himself.

However, he didn't slow down for a single second and went straight to getting ready, speed running his preparation and having his bag over his shoulder less than half an hour later.

Once he was done, he stepped out of his house and on realizing that Sofia hadn't thought to wait around and pester him, he heaved a sigh of relief.

It would be a difficult situation if that was the case, but luckily, it wasn't and Jason could leave his house without any trouble and he made his way to the the Portugaia training center.

Despite the interruption from Sofia, he still managed to be among the first of his teammates to reach the trainig grounds and without hesitation, he quickly parked his car, took his bag, and got on the bus.

On comfortably taking his seat, he plugged his ears with his headset and let music play while closing his eyes to try and calm his mind in anticipation for the game, but try as he might, he could only keep his mind blank for so long before it was inevitably disturbed by the last few day's occurrences and Jason's annoyance grew instead of slimming down like he had originally intended.

Luckily, he didn't have anyone pestering him and soon the bus was filled and the trip began.

Throughout the trip, Jason had his eyes closed like he was trying to sleep as he didn't want to be drawn into any conversations by his teammates as he couldn't ensure that he had full control of himself at the moment, especially since Mylo was also on the bus.

The guys around him took the hint and did not bother Jason at all, so with his eyes shut and his ears blocked, Jason wasn't bothered by anything apart from his mind on the full trip.

The Oporto team bus pulled up to Estadio D. Afonso Henriques at a few minutes past 7pm and the players filed out of the bus and walked into the stadium amidst the flashes of the photographers who were quite a bit more abundant in number than previously.

With the threat of Covid having reduced a lot and the vaccine finally having been created and undergoing mass production, it seemed that the world would soon put this episode of Covid behind them which was good news for everybody.

The football community among other sports communities were especially delighted with this news as it meant that the fans would soon be able to once again fill up the stadiums and electrify the atmosphere of the matches.

Both the fans and the players were happy at that fact, so everyone inevitably had a lighter heart as they watched the fight against the virus slowly go in their favor.

For the moment however, all eyes were on the Oporto players who deftly walked into the stadium, prepared for the match.

Jason was one of the last to come down, and unlike normally when he usually waved at a few cameras and flashed a smile that couldn't be seen anywhere but in his uncovered eyes, this time, his gaze was hard and he walked past the cameras like they were mere statues.

He was annoyed, but he was doing his best to control himself which led to him being constantly locked in and in full focus.

At that moment, the only thing on his mind was the game and everything that threatened to pop up quickly faced the brunt of Jason's mental defense.

In this locked in mood, he reached the locker room with his teammates and they quickly changed their clothes and got onto the field for a quick warm-up.

After the warm-up, the players went back into the locker room to have the last pre-match tactical meeting before the match.

"In goal will be Augustine, Our two center backs will be Ivan and Pepe while Zaidiu will be on the left and Uribe will be on the right sides of our defence line,"

"In midfield, we will have Corona on the right wide side and Diaz on the left while in center midfield will be Otavio and Viera,"

"Up front will be Marega and Taremi," the manager quickly called out the final line-up for the game while the remaining players that didn't hear their names immediately knew that they were on the bench.

Jason's annoyance flared for a bit on hearing that he wasn't first choice, but he quickly calmed himself before he let his annoyance make him react stupidly.

'This is not the first time you aren't starting, and it wouldn't be the last time, calm yourself,' he reminded himself countless times like he was reciting a mantra mentally.

His annoyance was threatening his whole psyche and it was getting really annoying to deal with something that came as a result of something that wasn't even his fault.

Him not being a part of the starting line-up was a completely normal thing and he knew that, but this time, due to his irritation, he didn't want to accept it and it was best if he got rid of these feelings that were making him volatile.

Luckily, he had enough emotional control to keep himself in line as he listened to the manager's game plan with his teammates.

Soon enough, the manager finished explaining and it was soon time to take the business to the field.

Jason and the other bench players went to the bench while the players in the starting line-up went to the tunnel to await their cue.

In a few minutes, the Primera Liga's next match day would kick off.

Chapter 388 Devil Mode... On II

\After a quick run of the pre-match formalities, the players of the two teams arranged themselves on the pitch and the referee blew his whistle to signal the start of the match.

The match soon started with both teams vying for victory which would give them the points needed to climb the table.

It did not take long for the game to become very exciting as in the third minute of the game Taremi unleashed a powerful shot at the Guimares goal from 24 yards away.

The ball flew powerfully at goal, flew past the goalkeeper's gloved palm, and smashed against the crossbar with a loud clang before flying out of play.

{Oh what a hit!}

{The keeper was rooted to the spot!} The commentator quickly got to doing his job while the Vitoria de Guimares collected a ball from a ball boy and prepared to take a goal kick, doing his best to show that he was unshaken by the ball smashing against the bar.

The ball was soon sent back into the field for play to continue by a powerful goal kick from the goalkeeper and the match continued.

Barely another ten minutes later, Oporto had a corner kick.

The ball was swung in by Otavio, who sent an inswinging cross from the left corner.

Pepe fought against his markers and rose to meet the ball, connecting with it powerfully and doing his best to direct the ball at the opposition goal.

The ball flew interrupted at the Guimares team's goal, the goalkeeper unable to do anything about it despite making an incredible dive, but luckily for him, the ball smashed against the left post and flew out of play.

{Oh! How did that not go in!?!}

{Splendid header from the Oporto captain! It just flew wide!}

From this, it could clearly be seen who was on the front foot and was pressing the opponent, but the situation on the field soon changed as Vitoria de Guimares tried to change their situation by launching players forward.

The Oporto players did their best to hold out against the opponents and they had been doing well until a mistake by Uribe who had been trying to pass to Ivan, but hadn't applied enough power on the pass.

The ball moved too slowly and was easily interrupted by the Vitoria de Guimares striker who quickly closed in on Augustine Marchesin despite the Oporto defenders chasing relentlessly from behind after seeing the mistake.

The striker however did not let them get to him and coolly slotted the ball past the Oporto goalkeeper before running down the sidelines with his teammates in celebration.

{GOAL!}

{In a stunning turn of events, Guimares score first!}

{They had been pressured, oppressed, and toyed with for most of the game so far, but all they needed was one chance and they took it splendidly!}

{A costly miscalculation from an opposition was all they needed and now the situation has changed!}

{Where do we go from here!?!} The commentator's words were cutting into the Oporto players and their fans who were viewing the match were feeling exasperated at having gone behind just half an hour into the game.

The match soon continued after the Vitoria de Guimares team was done celebrating and the Oporto players got back on the ball, taking their offensive football to a whole new level, but their opponents who had been so easy to break past previously had tightened up at the back and were now even playing better football, their moods, and efforts seemingly elevated from taking the lead.

#42nd minute...

The game was slowly progressing towards half-time and the Oporto team was currently doing their best to get an equalizer before the half-time whistle was blown.

Their movements were slowly getting fiercer and more frantic as they tried to get that one goal that would put them back on track toward victory.

However, their frantic actions had presented a chance for their opponents who soon found enough space between the defenders, and a long through pass was sent between the defenders from the left flank.

Everyone thought the pass was too long, but were stunned when they saw the Vitoria de Guimares striker appear like a ghost in the path of the ball.

The Oporto defenders' hands immediately shot up to call for offside as they had not seen how the striker had gotten to the ball, yet the referee's flag stayed down and the striker approached the Oporto goalkeeper uninterrupted for the second time in the game, and just like the first time, he made quick work of Augustine Marchesin and sent him sprawling while simultaneously sending the Oporto net bulging.

{GOAL! He's got his second!!!}

{Guimares are stomping forward here and are leaving their opponents in the dust!} As the commentator gave his commentary excitedly, the Oporto players went on to complain that the Vitoria de Guimares striker was offside which elicited a pause.

To deal with the players' complaints, the referee had no choice but to go check with the VAR, but after checking, it was clear that the striker wasn't offside so the goal would stand.

{It's been confirmed!} The commentator went into another round of commentary on the goal after the referee confirmed the goal while the Oporto players were left to rue their misfortune.

At this point, the Oporto fans were already pulling at their hair in frustration at their players who were now two behind.

While they knew that the game was not out of their hands yet as anything could still happen in the remaining time, the current situation did not allow for them to think optimistically or excitedly and they were more tilted towards pessimism.

Going two behind was never a good thing no matter how anyone thought of it and for the Oporto fans, it was especially terrible to see their team seemingly struggling with taking the win against a team like Vitoria de Guimares.

As defending champions of the league title, it was annoying to not be leading the table and still losing against little teams that would normally not even enter their eyes.

Unfortunately, the occurrences at the stadium didn't care about the fans' thoughts and the game soon continued, and before long, the chance that the Oporto team was looking finally appeared.

Chapter 389: Devil Mode... On III

#45+1 minute...

Oporto was currently losing to Vitoria de Guimares by two goals and the end of the first half was just minutes away.

Despite being in the backseat, they hadn't given up hope and were still playing as well as they could, trying to find a goal that would help increase the morale and hope for the second half, and soon it seemed like luck had finally fallen in their favor as they started an attack.

Corona made an incisive run behind his marker to receive a through pass from Otavio and on getting the ball under control, he dashed forward with it, beating his marker for pace and reaching the right side of the penalty box.

Instead of crossing the ball like everyone was expecting, he instead decided to cut in and he entered from the side.

The players in the middle were still expecting a ball from Corona, but to everyone's surprise, Corona drew even closer to the goal, using the opportunity presented by the other defenders marking the strikers.

Once he was close enough he took the shot, shocking everyone expecting a pass.

The ball flew at the goal, but the Guimares goalkeeper reacted promptly and dived for the ball, stopping it with his palm but he wasn't able to hold on to it because of the stinging power behind the shot and the ball flew towards Taremi in the center.

The goalkeeper immediately spread his body as wide as he could to cover as much of the post as he could and he jumped at Taremi.

The goalkeeper's decision ended up as the right one as Taremi shot the ball at goal, but the ball was deflected once again and the ball flew back to the right where Corona still stood and he immediately smashed the ball into the back of the net.

All of this happened in less than three seconds.

{GOAL!}

{Oporto! They have one bac-! Oh, the flag is up!}

Everyone's attention fell on the assistant referee whose flag was raised, seemingly calling for an offside.

The Oporto players immediately ran to the referee to debate the decision, but the referee paid no heed to their shouts and focused on verifying the call and a few seconds later, he got a response.

Corona had been offside when Taremi had taken the rebound shot at goal, hence the goal would not stand.

The Oporto players and their fans were distraught as the referee informed them of his decision and while the players had to quickly get back into play, the fans watched the replay of the goal and saw the scene of Corona's offside position during the goal.

It was clear enough that he was offside and no sane person would debate it.

The Oporto team immediately tried to take the ball once again and continue their search for a goal, but the referee's whistle to end the first half blew shortly after and play stopped as the players of both teams trudged off the field.

The players of both teams headed to their locker rooms.

Without it needing to be said, it was more silent than a graveyard in the Oporto locker room as the players engaged in a staring contest with their manager for almost a full minute.

After staring at his players with annoyance for a full minute, the Oporto manager got to doing his job and began pointing and correcting his players' mistakes on the pitch while also making the necessary changes to the game plan.

Finally, he made a change to the line-up and Taremi came off for Mylo.

Before this match, Mylo had been on fine scoring form and the manager was hoping for Mylo to still have some of that juice left in him. It would be of great help to the team in the coming second half.

After making all the changes that were required, time was already running out and the players soon headed back to the field to continue the match.

Through all this, Jason just watched, his face listless, but his emotional state unknown.

Strangely, he didn't feel angry seeing the manager put Mylo on the pitch as he knew that there was not likely to be a change.

Jason could not deny that Mylo was a good striker who could punish a goalkeeper if the ball ever reached him, and he had enough space to get away. At the same time, Jason also knew that that was all Mylo was good for.

He did not have enough talents elsewhere on the pitch.

In game terms, Mylo was a player with ample strength, good finishing, and good positioning, and he also had just enough agility to enable him to reach the ball when he was making a run.

With these skills, Mylo had created a playing style, that made full use of his attributes.

He would always stand very near to his marker, continuously looking for a space to run in-between the defense, and once the ball reached any of his intelligent teammates who could ensure the ball reached him, Mylo would make his move and get right beside his marker, holding them off while always ready to make a run.

Jason could not deny that it was an ingenious playing style, but more than anything, Jason knew the weakness behind it, and that made him able to predict the second half's outcome if Mylo was supposed to be the one saving the team.

Fweeeeeeee

The second half began and Oporto immediately picked up where they left off trying to take their first step towards a comeback while everyone else watched the match with rapt attention.

Barely minutes after the second half's whistle, an almost unseen grin appeared on the edge of Jason's lips.

It was a grin filled with malice and not one you would expect to see on someone whose team was losing, but Jason couldn't help it.

Like mentioned earlier, Jason knew Mylo's weakness on the pitch and it simply translated into one phrase.

Mylo was a striker... a literal striker of the ball.

He struck the ball at the goal, but if there was no ball, what could he strike?

Chapter 390: Devil Mode... On IV

Oporto was doing their best to get their way back into the game, but against an opposition like Vitoria de Guimares who were the underdogs with a two-goal lead, it was not going to be an easy battle.

After being lucky to get two past a strong opponent in the first half, it would be very stupid and unbecoming of an underdog team to play attacking football in the second half.

That much could be easily predicted and even the manager had made plans for it in the gameplan adjustments during the half-time break, but what the manager hadn't made plans for was his player's performance.

No matter how much one adjusted and tweaked a plan, if the people who were to perform failed to show up, then there was not going to be a change in the results.

As soon as the second half started, the Guimares team had immediately gone on the defensive, and with the goal being in the center, it stood to reason that the center was the most guarded place, which was coincidentally the place where Mylo would be playing.

Normally, it wouldn't matter much and as long as the Oporto team kept going at it, chances for Mylo would pop up, but for today, Jason didn't think Mylo would be able to do anything.

First and foremost, it was clear that the Oporto players were playing a bit sluggishly and were not playing at the peak of their prowess which could be easily explained as bad form.

Looking at the line-up, Jason could already imagine what would happen and luckily, it was happening.

Since Diaz and Corona were wingers, their jobs were to make runs down the flanks with the ball, hence they would only be able to supply crosses into the box which would be difficult for Mylo to get to.

As for Otavio and Viera in midfield who could send passes at Mylo in the middle, they would rather choose to send passes down the flanks when they saw that there was no way down the middle.

Sure as can be, it did not take long for all forward passes to be made down the flanks instead of the center after Mylo lost the ball more than five times due to being boxed in the center.

For Mylo who didn't have the agility to escape his markers, this was the only conclusion, and soon, Mylo became little more than a scarecrow in the center while all the forward passes were made down the flanks.

This was what Jason had been waiting for... Mylo's isolation on the pitch.

His team was losing and time was continuously running out, but for once Jason didn't allow himself to care and just took pleasure in watching Mylo amble aimlessly around the field, unable to get his leg to the ball.

It was like watching prime comedy that left him feeling satisfied instead of humorous.

At this point, Jason was already thinking that if the team lost, then so be it... It was worth it to watch Mylo be useless on the pitch throughout the match.

However, fate had other plans in store for the Oporto team.

The clock ticked and tocked and time drained away every second.

It felt longer than usual to the Guimares fans and felt shorter than usual to the Oporto fans.

It was all a matter of perspective, yet the scores remained unchanged and the hope of the Oporto fans was slowly draining away while the game went on.

The Oporto fans were mentally biting their nails watching the infuriating game while wondering why Jason was still sitting on the bench.

The Oporto team could use a little Jason magic at that moment, yet the manager was keeping him seated on the bench, having him watch the game instead of actually participating.

“What the hell is that Corona guy even doing? He’s not even getting into the box!!!” One infuriated Oporto fan muttered in annoyance as he pulled at his hair in exasperation.

The game was slowly slipping away from them and there were only ten minutes left till the end of the game, yet they were still two goals behind.

At this point, even the most optimistic of Oporto fans were already beginning to admit their team’s loss in the game, yet the worst was yet to come.

#82nd minute...

As if he had heard the viewers complaining about his bad performance in one-on-one situations in the match so far, Corona finally decided to take a risky chance at getting a goal and once he got the ball, he first darted out wide, pulling his marker along as well as another defender.

Once they were out wide, Corona suddenly changed directions and began cutting back into the center, weaving his way in between every bodily figure he came across.

He went past one, two, three, but just as he was beginning to forget himself, a strong tackle slammed into his heel from behind and brought him back to reality with a sharp jolt of pain as he crashed to the ground.

The referee immediately ran over and pulled out a yellow card to show the opposition player who made the tackle, but after a few more seconds, Corona still hadn’t stood up and was rolling in pain on the green.

The medics didn’t need an invitation and soon ran onto the field to administer first aid to Corona’s injury, but even after administering first aid, it was clear that Corona was finished for the day.

“Jason, warm-up quickly, you’re on,” the injury instantly made the manager look inward.

“Hurry up, you have one minute to get ready.” he called to hurry Jason.

Originally, the manager harbored belief that his team could equalize much earlier, but when that didn't happen, he had chosen to give up on the game and instead rest the remaining players on the bench for the next game.

Hence he had not made any substitutions after Mylo and was already prepared for a loss, yet with the current situation, he had no choice but to bring Jason on.

Jason stood up with expectation, not having much hope for the game's results either, but not willing to turn down the chance to play... not that he could anyway.

He quickly did a few warm-up stretches and soon ran back to finish dressing up while the manager fired off a burst of instructions in his ears.

The instructions were a mere formality and was literally the manager telling him to get on the field and play.

“Dribble if you have to, and if you see a chance, shoot,”

That was all Jason heard, and that was all he needed to hear as it was exactly what he was going to do.