

LEGENDS 391

Chapter 391: Devil Mode... On V

Jason ran onto the field to take Corona's place and he jogged over to where the ball was.

As the main set-piece specialist of the team, he was usually the one standing behind the ball for any set-piece whenever he was on the field.

Meeting up with Otavio and Oliveira who were there as well, they began discussing how to take the free kick while the Guimares players arranged a wall with the supervision of the referee.

Without much debate with the others, Jason stood behind the ball and waited for the wall to be arranged while the rest of his teammates arranged themselves in the box and around him to receive the ball.

The place where Corona was fouled was about thirty yards out so the wall was more of a customary arrangement than an actual attempt to block him from taking a direct free kick.

Not even his own teammates were expecting him to take the free kick direct and Oliveira had even come up with a plan for Jason to send a cross to Mylo into the box where Mylo would be waiting to jump at the ball.

According to their current situation, it was the safest way to attempt scoring, and when Oliveira was explaining his plan to Jason, he had done his best to explain what he needed Jason to do.

Jason had listened intently, putting on a look of acceptance, but inwardly he was thinking to himself that there was no way in hell that would be happening.

When Oliveira was done talking, Jason nodded affirmatively and Oliveira moved away, slinking over to Mylo and telling him to expect a cross, not aware that he was making a wasted effort.

Jason waited behind the ball, gauging the distance to the goal and wondering if he could send a shot powerful and accurate enough at the goal that he could score.

He did not plan on crossing the ball to Mylo, but he also knew that if he actually dared to go against the vice-captain's orders in a game like this, part of the blame for the inevitable loss of the game would fall on his head and he didn't need that.

He needed to outshine Mylo on the team while isolating Mylo from any chances of getting a good performance. Nothing else would do, hence his attempts at gauging the distance and gearing himself for a shot.

In the end, the whistle was blown and Jason still wasn't sure whether he would be able to score from that far out as he had never even tried something like this in training.

However, the whistle was already blown and he had no choice but to move and that was exactly what he did.

As soon as Jason moved at the ball, Oliveira who was waiting at the edge of the penalty box felt Jason's intent as it was very clear in his eyes.

'What is he doing?' he thought internally, but outwardly, the words, "Don't shoot!" flew out of his mouth, but the words did not reach Jason who hit the ball with as much power and technique as he could muster.

Jason had to make sure that the ball had enough power to be a threat to the goal while also not having too much elevation that it would fly out of play, but since this was his first attempt, he just did the best he could.

The ball thundered off, shooting at Guimares' goal like a rocket.

It looked like it would fly up and out of play which gave the goalkeeper a sense of security for a split second, but almost immediately the ball was already in front of the goal and the goalkeeper realized that the ball wasn't flying above crossbar level.

The Vitoria de Guimares goalkeeper immediately dived for the ball and somehow looked to be almost reaching the ball, but at the last moment, the ball swerved slightly, flew past his outstretched palm and smashed into the top right corner of the goal.

{Oh my!!!}

{What a hit! What a hit!}

{That was a blast that none of us saw coming!}

{This kid was only on the bench a minute ago, but with his first touch on the ball, he's gone and scored an absolute banger!}

{The deficit is down to one and Oporto are much closer to equalizing this game now!} the commentator went wild as the ball went in, but Jason who had scored the goal didn't feel the inclination to do the same.

When the ball had hit the back of the net, an instinctive joy had risen from within him, but a glance at Mylo, another glance at the clock, and the fact that his team was still losing swept the joy away and he began jogging back to his team's half of the field while making a gesture at his wrist, trying to remind his teammates that their time was running out and this was no time for celebrations.

His teammates immediately got the hint and no one bothered to engage in any flamboyant celebrations while one of the players even went to grab the ball out of the back of the net to hurry the game's resumption.

#86th minute...

The game had quickly resumed due to the efforts of the Oporto team to hurry up the game, but after kick-off, the Vitoria de Guimares players had tried to waste time with the ball, but the Oporto players had descended on them in numbers, every single member carrying their own weight and hassling their opponents well enough to steal the ball back from them.

Soon the ball was back with the Oporto players and they immediately launched an attack.

The ball was exchanged among the Oporto players with skill and precision and soon the ball reached Jason.

Unlike his teammates who had chosen to pass the ball in a tight situation, Jason reacted differently and used a reverse elastico with his left leg to escape between two players trying to tackle him and steal the ball.

After coming out of the situation, he had begun cutting in from the right and he could not turn back as the players were hot on his heels.

As he was the final man on the right flank, there was no one on the right he could send a through-ball too and glancing at Mylo who had created space in the middle to make a run and calling for a pass infuriated him, so he decided to go alone.

There were four players in between him and the Guimares goal; three Guimares players and Mylo.

Jason started with the first player that came at him and used a simple drop feint to confuse him and run past him.

A second player ran at Jason after seeing him evade the first player and just behind that guy was Mylo, who was asking for the ball.

Jason's response to the situation was one that shocked everyone.

He did a marseille turn to evade the opposition player, but when everyone was thinking that he would lay off the ball to Mylo who was the best option with the ball, Jason rolled the ball with very precise movement in-between Mylo's legs, using him as a decoy and jumping past him to chase after the ball, leaving the third defender eating his dust in confusion.

{What's this we have here!??}

{It's a confusing move to dribble your own teammate, but it's gotten him one-on-one with the keeper!}

Chapter 392: Devil Mode... On VI

{He's one-on-one!!!} the commentator shouted as he saw Jason escape the last defender.

The Vitoria de Guimares goalkeeper immediately came off his line as he saw Jason escape the last defender. He was hoping to get close enough quickly to throw Jason off and make him shoot the ball wide, but unfortunately for him, Jason had other plans in mind.

Before the goalkeeper had even taken three steps forward, Jason was already swinging his foot at the ball, unleashing a powerful shot that flew at the opponent's goal.

The ball flew at the goal powerfully, curling just past the goalkeeper's palms and smashing into the back of the net.

{GOAL!!!}

{Would you look at that!}

{How many minutes has he been on and he already has two!}

{How stupendous! How dramatic! In less than five minutes of beautiful football, Oporto have equalized in a game that they had been trailing previously!} The commentator went wild on the commentary and the Oporto fans in their homes who had previously lost hope were now off their seats, shouting joyously at their team pulling off something that looked nigh impossible less than ten minutes ago.

Their hopes had been ignited once again, but the Vitoria de Guimares camp was now feeling the exact opposite of everything that the Oporto fans were feeling.

One thing was for sure however, and that was that everyone's eyes was now on Jason who was jogging back to his half of the field, high-fiving his teammates on the way, but his expression remained one of utter focus and determination.

A smile had threatened to break out on his face when the ball had gone in, but remembering that his team wasn't out of the woods yet wiped the smile off before it even showed up.

Mylo appearing in his vision when he turned back had an added effect in making sure that any positive expression stayed away from his face.

#89th minute...

The game had resumed with a kick-off by the Vitoria de Guimares team and the game had quickly resumed to its heated peak with both teams now vying for the winning goal that would ensure that they ended this game with the win.

There were still three points up for contention and both teams wanted to be the ones to take all the points, not willing to share the points with their opponents.

With their moods bolstered by their sudden barrage of two goals, Oporto were now playing like the defending champions that they were and were now doing their best to oppress their opponents, making the right passes, holding the ball for longer, and finding more breaking through options than before.

In the middle of the field, Viera suddenly saw Jason making a run at the defense line and he did not hesitate to send a lobbed forward pass over.

Jason increased his pace as soon as he saw Viera send the ball over, but at that same moment, he noticed the Vitoria de Guimares goalkeeper also running off his line, thinking that he could reach the ball before Jason.

It was a desperate attempt by the goalkeeper who wanted to do everything that he could to ensure that his team did not concede another goal and go behind at this juncture, but Jason could clearly see that the goalkeeper had miscalculated as there was no way he would get to the ball first.

As they both ran towards the landing point of the incoming ball, it seemed the goalkeeper had realized this as well, but at this point, he couldn't stop what he was doing as that would give Jason an even better opportunity.

Seeing the goalkeeper not giving up on his actions, a devious thought appeared in Jason's head for no reason, and unlike other times when he would avoid such ideas that were mostly just showboating, this time, he didn't immediately sweep away the idea.

As expected, it seemed like Jason would get to the ball first and the goalkeeper would get there about a second later.

Jason suddenly angled his body as if he would directly volley the ball at the goal, causing the goalkeeper to immediately spread out his arms and legs as best as he could to cover all angles, but to everyone's surprise, Jason caught the ball on his foot with perfect motion, taking all the power out of the pass and in one swift moment, sweeping the ball on the ground in-between the goalkeeper's legs.

The goalkeeper who had jumped into the path that he thought Jason would shoot at came crashing down, but as if in a movie, he caught himself in a sliding motion and immediately turned after Jason and gave chase.

Because of his cheeky actions, the ball wasn't rolling towards the goal, but was rolling wide while Jason chased after it, giving the goalkeeper enough time to get back into a position to cover the goal, but as soon as Jason reached the ball, the goalkeeper was sent flying again after Jason faked another shot.

"Pass!" Mylo who had just arrived in the penalty box called to Jason after seeing the awkward angle Jason was in despite sending the goalkeeper flying.

Jason didn't even bother paying any attention to hisses from the snake despite it being the better option as he was now surrounded by defenders.

'It's just two guys,' the thought flashed in his head as he moved, feinting to the right before darting towards the left, escaping one guy before following up with an elastico that he used to nutmeg the second guy, putting him in front of the goalkeeper once more.

The goalkeeper didn't think of the previous humiliations and immediately rushed at Jason once more and like a moth to the flame, he once again jumped at the ball as Jason raised his leg to take a shot.

As the goalkeeper jumped, Jason stopped swinging at the ball and pulled it out of the goalkeeper's path before putting his leg on the ball and turning to use his heel to flick it into the back of the net.

Chapter 393: Devil Mode... On VII

{What have we just witnessed!}

{What disrespect! What decimation! All done by one man!}

{Hat-trick! And what a way to do it!}

{It's been seven minutes since he came on! And that was all the time he needed to net three!}

{He's gotten his hat trick and he's single-handedly destroyed his opponents and saved his team while he was at it!} The commentator couldn't keep his commentary light after what he had just witnessed and neither could the Oporto fans or the players.

Even Jason had his mind clear up after the goal and he completely forgot about everything else for a moment as he jogged to the side of the penalty box where he saw a camera pointing at him.

He reciprocated the action, pointing at the camera and blowing a kiss at the camera.

Less than a second later his teammates jumped on him in celebration and Jason's mental troubles that were about to come back were sent away once again as he now had to focus on surviving this suffocating experience.

At this point, he didn't even remember that Mylo might be among the guys jumping on him in celebration and he was just enjoying the feeling of playing well and celebrating with his teammates.

While the Oporto team celebrated, the opposition players all had defeated looks on their faces as they watched their opponents celebrate.

Their eyes unanimously always fell on the handsome guy with long curly hair who had taken it upon himself to personally destroy their almost sure victory in less than ten minutes since he got on the pitch.

The Vitoria de Guimares goalkeeper especially had a hateful, yet helpless look on his face as the memories of Jason toying with him flashed in his mind.

The defenders Jason had sent packing were also experiencing something similar, but the goalkeeper had turned into a depressed patient after less than ten minutes of facing off against Jason.

The unthinkable things Jason had done to him were very fresh in his memory and as a fresh wave of embarrassment swept across his body, he covered his face with his huge gloved hands in shame, wanting to hide from the embarrassment.

Nobody needed to tell him, that he would be the highlight reel of the week and would soon be known as the goalkeeper utterly decimated by a kid that was half his age.

Even worse was that he would soon be on every form of social media as a video reel for people to laugh at.

However, nothing he did now would change what had already happened so he got back to his feet as soon as it was time for the game to kick-off again.

The game soon resumed and the Vitoria de Guimares immediately tried launching an attack from the get-go, trying to find a goal that would put them back on equal terms before the final whistle was blown, but the Oporto team defense was on top of their game unlike previously and they ensured that till the final whistle was blown, there was no threat to their goal.

Fwweeeeeeee

{There it is, the final whistle!}

{Oporto have won!}

{They have done it the hard way, coming back from being two goals down to ending the game with a one-goal lead and it's all thanks to one man!}

{Hat-trick hero Jason came onto the pitch due to the unfortunate circumstances of his colleague, but his appearance on the pitch turned out to be a very fortunate occurrence for his team as he scored a hat-trick just seven minutes after stepping onto the pitch bringing the game to the score that we have as the final results of the game}

{Vitoria de Guimares 2 : 3 Oporto}

{With a performance like this one just before the January transfer window, Oporto may have a harder job than before trying to fight off teams that may not want to wait till the end of the season to get their hands on this man!} the parting commentary had somehow ended up being all about Jason instead of about the whole match in general, but the people listening could not deny the commentator's words.

Many clubs were already keeping their eyes on Jason while preparing their finances for a bidding war in the coming summer transfer season, but with the performance that Jason had just pulled off, those teams just might be letting go of their purse strings a little earlier than they planned.

If any of those teams felt a threat to their plans of getting Jason in the summer and they made a bid early, then it was sure as hell going to set off a wave as the other teams wouldn't want to miss the chance.

However, all this was still mere speculation from various people, and what would happen remained to be seen.

As the commentator gave his parting words, Jason went to pick up the match ball and also collected the man of the match award while he was at it.

Next were pictures and a brief interview with some reporters which Jason coasted through, though in the interviews, he mostly gave one-word answers to the reporters unlike usual.

Now that the exhilaration from the match was slowly draining away, he was slowly feeling less inclined to talk at all and just said the barest minimum before walking away from the reporters and heading to the locker room with his MOTM award and match ball in hand.

Jason entered the rowdy locker room that immediately became livelier with his arrival. His teammates did not hide their happiness at their victory and they acknowledged his part in the team's victory.

Jason also put on a customary smile despite how he felt at being in a room with Mylo and responded to his teammates as he began changing out of his match kit.

The conversation soon shifted to Jason's goals.

"Honestly bro, I thought you'd pass to Mylo there, but you just went full devil mode and slashed through those guys and scored so cheekily," Viera laughed, talking about Jason's third goal.

"Yeah, even on the free-kick, you were supposed to cross the ball into the middle, no one actually thought you'd shoot direct from there," Oliveira also added, remembering that he had told Jason to cross the ball to Mylo, yet Jason had taken the shot, which was out of character for Jason who tended to pass more than he took shots.

"Bruh, that second goal, you even dribbled Mylo instead of passing the ball to him," Zaidiu added laughingly as well.

Jason just laughed at their words, not intending to tell them why he wasn't passing the ball, but Mylo didn't seem to take a hint, and like an idiot in full glory, all he heard was that he had missed the chance to get a hat-trick in the match if only Jason only passed to him instead of taking the shots himself.

"Tch... You should have just passed the ball man," he clicked his teeth and said in an annoyed tone, his voice low enough that not many people shouldn't have heard, but Jason's eyes immediately snapped in his direction, anger, disgust, and disdain appearing in Jason's eyes and became apparent on his face seconds later causing the observant guy's to have an eyebrow rise at what they were seeing take place.

"I only pass to teammates... not snakes," Jason retorted coldly, his words drawing attention to the situation as Jason now looked at Mylo with a face that contained anger while Mylo stared back defiantly.

The rowdiness in the locker room reduced quickly as everyone's eyes now fell on Jason and Mylo, the tension in between the two of them now clear for all to see.

Chapter 394: Tension in the Locker room

The team that was once rowdy due to the high moods of the players after winning a game that was nigh impossible was now silent all of a sudden as everyone's eyes fell on Jason and Mylo who were staring at each other without any of the positive emotions that was supposed to be in the eyes of teammates.

"What's up with those two guys?" one guy nudged his friend and asked in a low tone.

"If you're asking me, who should I ask?" the other guy responded back in an even lower tone.

It was known in the team that there was no love lost between Jason and Mylo and no one could make the mistake of pronouncing them as friends, especially since they always attacked each other with words and Jason almost always won, but what the players were seeing was a completely different type of banter... in fact, things were too tense for anyone to believe that this was a mere banter.

"What do you mean by that, bro?" Mylo finally responded to Jason's words, and to the remaining guys it seemed like Mylo was taking a step back.

"You know what I'm talking about, don't act like you don't... and I'm not your bro," Jason retorted, his words sharp without a hint of warmth.

"Seriously man... urgh, that's personal stuff, this is business," Mylo shrugged, as if he was annoyed by Jason's actions and couldn't understand why Jason was bringing up that matter here.

"Oh? So now you know the difference between personal and business?" normally, Jason would be amused by Mylo's words, but his anger at Mylo wasn't allowing any other emotions to take its place.

“Wow, what a genius...” Jason’s words were sarcastic and cold and he was about to continue speaking when the manager barged into the room.

“What’s going on here?” the manager had been expecting the room to be filled with the loud and excited voices of the players who would be talking about their win, and he had been intending to make them quieten down and remind the players of what had truly happened in the game.

The players hadn’t been up to par until the last minutes and while some would say that his players had simply been unlucky to be unable to score, he thought differently.

They had simply not moved sharply enough and if not for Jason coming on in the final minutes and managing to jump-start his teammates’ morale, the game would have ended very differently.

The team owed the whole victory to Jason and only Jason, and he had been planning to remind them of that, but coming into the locker room and witnessing the pensive situation between Jason and Mylo, he instantly knew something was wrong.

“Can someone tell me what is going on?” he asked again but no one responded as most of the people in the room didn’t know what was going on between the two new youth talents of their club, while the youth talents themselves weren’t going to say anything directly.

Seeing that no one was saying anything, Pepe decided to take control of the situation and stood up.

“Something’s going on between those two kids,” Pepe whispered to the manager while pointing with his eyes at Mylo and Jason.

“Okay,” Conceicao immediately understood what he was to do next without Pepe saying anything.

No matter what was going on between Jason and Mylo, for now it felt like it was something personal and thus it would be best if it wasn’t aired out in a situation like this.

It could ruin the morale and team chemistry between the players and thus this wasn’t the time to bring up such a matter.

Of course, he also couldn't afford to leave the issue alone and assume it would blow over by itself, but now was not the time.

"Okay, guys, good work out there," he changed the topic swiftly as they didn't have much time to waste just sitting around.

"There were some hitches and we didn't play as sharply as I would have liked, but we were able to pull out the performance we needed to end up with the win, so that is a start for us,"

"We'll get to correcting what went wrong in the coming days," Conceicao quickly addressed the players while keeping an eye on Jason and Mylo.

"Of course, we cannot talk about our win without bringing up Jason's performance, which is something I want you guys to emulate,"

"A round of applause for him please," the manager's words was followed with a wave of enthusiastic applause as the players once again congratulated Jason, their tones jovial as what had happened earlier took a backseat in their heads.

"Of course, not everyone will pull off such cheeky goals, but his work rate on the pitch is something I want to see more of from you guys..."

The manager continued addressing the players for a few more minutes before finally ending his speech and the players were once again free to continue their preparations to leave the stadium.

The locker room once again became rowdy, but all was not forgotten and the Oporto players continuously sent glances over at Jason and Mylo who were at the farthest corners away from each other.

While Jason didn't pay any attention to what was going on and focused on clearing up, Pepe drew closer to Viera and whispered to him.

“Any idea what’s going on between those two?”

“Nah cap, I didn’t even know they were fighting. They’ve always had their squabbles but this time it was different and it seems something major has happened,” Viera whispered back to the Pepe, not making it obvious what they were talking about, but anyone watching them saw Viera glance over at Jason and immediately connected the dots.

“Any chance you can find out what’s going on?”

“It won’t be good for the quarrel to go on, it’s bad for the team’s morale,” Pepe whispered back.

What he was doing was under the orders of the manager, but it was also something he had to do.

The manager couldn’t directly interfere by asking what was going between Jason and Mylo as it was no longer football business, and Pepe couldn’t do it himself since he wasn’t too close to Jason and his butting in could make the situation worse, hence he had no choice but to ask for Viera’s help as he was probably the closest person to Jason on the team.

“I’ll try to find out, and hopefully, he’ll talk,” Viera sighed as he knew what he had to do.

Chapter 395: Jinx I

31st December 2020

The sun shone brightly on the green fields on the CTFD Portugaia where the Oporto players were having their team training session.

It was the last day of the year, which for so many people was the time for a year end break where they would travel to their homes to spend the year end with their family, but the Oporto team was different in this aspect.

Part of it was due to the professionalism of a top-tier club, and another part was that the manager wanted the players at the training grounds preparing for their next game after a narrow escape against their opponents two days ago.

... Well, maybe that was the major reason the players were hard at work instead of on their way home to their families all over the world.

In a room that functioned as the manager's office at the training ground, the manager was seated at the table drawing some things onto his pad.

It looked like some sort of a tactical set-up, considering the shape and the names being used, but the work wasn't complete yet.

As the manager continued his drawing, he heard a sharp knock at the door.

Knock Knock*

"Come in," The manager called out without looking up, his focus remaining on what he was drawing, but from the sounds that entered his ears, he knew that whoever had knocked the door had already come into the room.

After a few more seconds of drawing, he could finally see what he was drawing take shape well enough that he wouldn't forget after the interruption, thus he finally looked up.

"Pepe? What brings you here?" he asked, his curiosity evident in his voice.

Training had barely begun an hour ago so there shouldn't be anything that would bring the team captain to his office, but what his eyes were seeing were suggesting otherwise.

"Ah... it's about what you asked me to do two days ago..." Pepe began, but could see that the manager's curiosity hadn't disappeared.

"About Jason and Mylo," he added, and immediately, Conceicao's eyes lit up in remembrance of the matter.

“Are they still giving each other the cold shoulder? What happened between them?” Conceicao immediately asked.

He had forgotten the matter earlier, but now that he remembered, the urgency of the matter once again bore on him and he pushed aside the tactical drawings he was doing.

“We...” Pepe began and pulled out a chair for himself,

“We... might have a problem... a very big problem,” Pepe sighed heavily as he sat down at the table directly across from the manager.

‘That doesn’t sound comforting,’ Conceicao thought, but he still needed to hear the story.

“Tell me, what happened.”

Pepe didn’t hesitate to tell him what he had heard from Viera.

Viera had acted on the Pepe’s orders and asked Jason about the matter and initially, Jason didn’t seem to want to talk about it, but after little bit of effort from Viera, Jason spilled the beans.

What Viera didn’t know was that Jason had figured out that he was probably acting on someone’s orders to find out the situation between him and Mylo, and after weighing the situation, he had decided that there was no point in hiding the story, hence he had told Viera everything about the story.

Jason had chosen full transparency and had told Viera about how he had met Sofia, what he had felt for her, his actions towards her and their progress with each other, and everything else until the night when he found out that he had been played like a fool.

Viera himself couldn’t believe his ears when he heard the story from Jason, especially since he had heard about Sofia from Jason before and he knew that Mylo knew her as well.

After all, they used to be roommates and Sofia was also the only girl apart from Jason's agent that had ever been seen with Jason.

After getting all the information, he had come to training this morning like usual and he had told Pepe about what he had heard from Jason and Pepe told the manager everything that he had been told.

"... That's a major issue that we can't just hope to blow over," Conceicao sighed as he finished listening to what Pepe told him.

"... Are you sure that is the whole truth?" he asked after thinking about it for a few seconds.

"I can't confirm that, but I believe that it is very likely, sir," Pepe began.

"Jason is not the kind of guy that would come up with such an elaborate story to justify a quarrel between him and someone else, he's more likely to ignore the whole situation," Pepe continued, saying what he knew about Jason.

"I'm not saying everything was fabricated... but you're right, that kid is too straightforward to play those kinds of games," Conceicao started out trying to defend himself, but midway through, he could not help but agree with his team's captain.

"Also, from what I've heard, that Mylo kid is quite the expert in horizontal relationships, so this sounds to be right up his alley," Pepe chimed in.

"That doesn't give me any hope... but we need to at least hear the story from both sides,"

"Help me with that as well," Conceicao asked Pepe who nodded while still seated in the chair.

Conceicao lay back in his chair and rubbed in between his brows.

Things had become quite troublesome.

This was probably the worst thing that could happen to the team right now.

Despite still being on a good run of form, they had been quite shaky in the last match and conflicts between the players were the perfect ingredient to turn that shaky performance to a run of bad form.

The problem was that there was no simple way to solve the problem.

If the story heard was true, then there was now an irreconcilable chasm between two of the team's current best performers.

There was no way to settle the matter because considering the age of the two players, they weren't likely to be able to put aside their differences for the greater good.

In fact, forget about age factors... Conceicao didn't think even he would be able to work professionally with someone who slept with his wife.

He was sure that whenever they were even thousands of kilometers apart, all he would be thinking was about shoving a knife into the guy's throat and cutting his di*k off.

It was already a wonder that a physical fight hadn't broken out yet.

Conceicao was thinking about what he could do to avoid any problems when someone suddenly barged into the room,

“*Huff* Manager, the players are fighting!”

‘Shit, I had to jinx it,’ Conceicao thought as he immediately rose from his chair.

Chapter 396: Jinx II

In the manager's office, Conceicao was thinking about the best way to avoid any conflict with team interests when someone suddenly barged into the room,

“*Huff* Manager, the players are fighting!” the new arrival managed to huff out despite being out of breath from running all the way there.

‘Shit, I had to jinx it,’ Conceicao thought as he immediately rose from his chair and began moving hurriedly out of the room.

Pepe had already stood up much earlier and moved quicker as he was more athletic.

A few minutes earlier...

On the field, the players were having a scrimmage match that was being watched over by the assistant coaches as well as other club personnel.

The players had been divided into two teams on the field and were playing against each other.

Jason was on the B team and he currently had a bib over his training kit and luckily, Mylo was on the opposing team so there wasn’t any conflict of interest in Jason’s team.

However, with Mylo now on the other team, it gave Jason enough justification to play against him and for some reason, Jason had begun to take a sadistic pleasure at embarrassing Mylo.

Hence whenever he received the ball, he would run towards the center instead of down the flanks while watching for Mylo and whenever Mylo came to tackle him for the ball, Jason would pull out the most complicated skill that could send Mylo sprawling and use it.

With Mylo’s talents more geared towards attacking than defending, Mylo almost always couldn’t react on time and was always sent the wrong way.

Even the few times he wasn't sent the wrong way, he still couldn't reach the ball as he was no match for Jason's agility.

To the people watching, it was like Jason was showboating, but that didn't stop them from hooting, calling, and laughing until Mylo was red with embarrassment.

At this point, some of the guys who were in the locker room after the match two days ago remembered that Jason and Mylo had beef and that Jason was probably taking out his anger on Mylo running around him in circles, but they didn't bother interfering.

It wasn't their business what was going on between Jason and Mylo, plus Jason was very clever with his movements.

He made sure to aggravate Mylo enough to ensure that Mylo would always come back for more, yet he didn't overdo it to the point where he was going against the major point of the training session so everyone just watched the training session and let whatever was happening to keep on happening,

It was quite entertaining after all.

However, Mylo had had enough.

The next time Jason received the ball, he once again began shifting to the center while evading other players until he came face-to-face with Mylo again.

The beginnings of a devious smile appeared at the corner of Jason's lips as he saw Mylo charging towards him with clear intent.

Jason waited for Mylo to get close enough before his right leg went in front of the ball and his left leg caught the ball from behind and pushed it onto his right heel.

Before Mylo could realize what was going on, Jason was already in motion and completed a rainbow flick carrying the ball over his back and over the incoming Mylo.

Ohhhhhhhh!!! Everyone shouted as Mylo almost fell while he tried to come to a stop.

After almost slipping and falling, Mylo had recovered enough control of his body to turn back and chase after Jason, but just as he turned around, Jason flicked the ball that was still mid-air back over his head and he hopped back as well.

Ohhhhhhhh!!! the loud shouts filled the air again as Mylo was once again swept by, however, Mylo had entered tunnel vision at this point and only Jason was in sight, so he once again ignored his surroundings and chased after Jason once again...

This was exactly what Jason wanted and he waited for Mylo to rush up once more before coolly pushing the ball that was about to land in between Mylo's legs.

Ohhhhhhhh!!! the people watching went wild again and laughter could now be heard as well apart from their exclamations and this caused Mylo to snap.

As Jason was smoothly drifting past him after slotting the ball inbetween his leg, Mylo's arm shot out and he grabbed a hold of Jason's shirt by the collar and pulled hard.

This action surprised Jason who wasn't expecting it and for a second, his breathing was constricted, but Mylo didn't stop there and yanked even harder before sweeping his legs from the ground, and without surprise, Jason went crashing to the ground.

"..."

For a second, Jason dazedly stared at the open sky above him, but a second later, anger appeared in his eyes and a cruel smile appeared on his lips.

His hands immediately went to the side of his heads and he did a martial arts kick up, immediately jumping onto his legs and turning to Mylo.

"... Wrong move, very wrong move," he muttered and began advancing at Mylo.

“Hey, hey, bro, chill,” Otavio who was the nearest immediately called out to Jason, trying to dissuade Jason from doing what everyone could clearly see that he was going to do.

Unfortunately for Mylo, because everyone had been too stunned by what was happening, nobody moved on time to stop Jason from reaching, but he wasn’t a fool either and could see that Jason was definitely not walking up to him to shake his hand, or pat his shoulder.

Even if Jason did, he wouldn’t take it.

After all, he had been embarrassed continuously and was now infuriated so he also moved towards Jason and to everyone’s surprise he swung at Jason first.

Jason had been watching Mylo’s body movement so the moment, he moved his body to throw the hook, he saw it coming from a mile away and he swiftly dropped his body and went under Mylo’s punch before countering with a powerful liver shot punch.

Ooff

The sound of Jason’s fist hitting Mylo’s body was accompanied by the sound of Mylo’s agony at being hit, but as he doubled back, holding his abdomen, Jason rose back up.

He wasn’t yet done beating up the snake.

Chapter 397 Jinx III

Jason's eyes scanned all over Mylo's body as he stumbled back, his posture half bent over as he grabbed his abdomen where Jason had hit him earlier.

Yet despite being close enough to follow up with another hit, Jason caught himself before he let his limbs fly at Mylo.

Fighting wasn't going to solve anything anyway and would only make him feel good for a little while, but the repercussions of hitting Mylo in the face could become troublesome for him later on.

Jason knew his own strength and considering his current body's condition, which included his mental aggravation, he knew there was no way he would hit Mylo on the face and not leave a clear mark.

If that happened, then there would be talks about him being violent and the media would have a field day trying to ruin his life with nonsensical articles and this would affect him in the long-run.

As his mind finished this line of thought, a wave of anger, annoyance, and dissension swept through his body and for a second, he regretted his rationality.

If he wasn't rational enough, he would hit Mylo all consequences be damned, but his rational mind was continuously shouting at him to stop where he was.

Even now, Jason was thinking of hitting Mylo in a not-so-obvious location, but he knew that doing so would be just as bad.

Jason could already tell that by tomorrow, there would be an article about this fight floating around somewhere as he knew that there was no way to cover up something that just about everyone including menial workers had seen.

The gag orders wouldn't do anything and everyone was now watching him.

He was free to move, but at the same time, he was chained by the consequences of his decision.

He wasn't like Lion Ibrahimovic, or Ballotelli who did everything, not caring about the consequences.

Unlike them who had established themselves as top footballers of their generation, he was just barely starting out and any mistakes he made could be potentially career-ending.

He didn't need such troubles now that he was finally moving towards his exit from Oporto.

In another half a year or so, he would hopefully leave this club and not have to look at Mylo's face again.

Just as he had concluded and turned away from Mylo, other players rushed in trying to hold him from hitting Mylo again, amusing Jason who had already gone through a whole decision making meeting in his head and decided against hitting Mylo.

Just as Jason was turning away, Mylo who seemed to finally have caught his breath looked at Jason in anger and rushed at him, somehow managing to evade the other players and swinging a fist at Jason.

This time he saw it coming, and despite his anger rising up and threatening to put asunder his decision not to take action, he controlled himself and easily dodged Mylo's first swing which was immediately followed by another swing from Mylo that seemed to be trying to catch him on an upper cut, but that was obvious enough to Jason's trained eye.

He side stepped the upper cut easily, flashing a cheeky grin at Mylo, but before Mylo could swing again his fist again, he was restrained by the other players.

"You guys should chill man," somebody shouted as they held back Mylo

"You shouldn't have hit him like that man, it's just a tackle," Otavio said to Jason.

"Just a tackle?" Jason repeated like he couldn't believe his ears.

"He had me by the neck and swept my legs right from under me, even in a match that's more than enough for a red card," Jason retorted. He might not have hit Mylo more than once, but he was not going to let himself be blamed for this whole fiasco.

"Well, maybe if you hadn't been embarrassing him like that-..." Otavio began saying back to Jason when Pepe and the manager arrived at the field in a hurry.

"What's going on here?" Conceicao immediately asked as he arrived, looking at the tense situation among the players.

Siramana, one of the assistant coaches immediately hurried to the head manager's side and quickly explained the whole situation to him.

After the situation was explained to the manager, he thought for a few seconds before turning to Jason,

"No matter how annoyed you are after a tackle, that doesn't mean you get to turn the field into a UFC fighting ring," he said, but his words struck a wrong chord in Jason's ears.

"Haha, so now it's my fault?" he involuntarily blurted out.

"Why don't you tell that to the person who had me in a choke-hold and kicked me down on that same field," Jason retorted, his words sharp toward the manager.

None of his usual light-hearted tone could be heard in his words, but it was to be expected, he had been bottling things up and taking a step back every single time up till this point and was already very close to bursting out in anger.

In Conceicao's ears however, it sounded like a challenge to his authority as manager and he also became angry and retorted,

"Well, if you didn't aggravate your opponent, then you wouldn't be in that situation to begin with!"

"So is it now a crime to play good football?"

"I have to dumb down my performance so that this nitwit can keep up?"

"If he can't play well enough, then he shouldn't be here, it's as simple as that, isn't it?" Jason himself didn't notice, but he was no longer holding back his words and this was quite a surprising scene to everyone at the scene.

Everyone was rooted to the spot, watching this exchange between the meekest player and the head strong manager.

"If you had this kind of decisive attitude in other aspects of your life, maybe you wouldn't be so angry at Mylo in the first place!" the manager retorted sharply, his voice filled with annoyance and not realizing the gravity of his words to Jason.

"... What?" Jason's eyes shook as the manager's words hit his eardrums and registered in his brain.

Chapter 398 Jinx IV

"... What?" Jason's eyes shook as the manager's words registered in his brain.

A look of total disbelief filled his eyes followed by anger that was very evident as his eyes stared shakily at the manager.

Jason considered himself a rational and observant person and he knew right from the start that the manager knew about what was going on between him and Mylo.

How could he not know?

Viera had come asking about the matter and as if that wasn't clear enough, Viera had gone to talk to Pepe just earlier and Pepe had then gone to meet the team manager.

Pepe and the manager even came together, yet instead of maintaining impartiality in this situation, he was saying this?

"I said what I said," Conceicao said, glaring at Jason, but unlike the anger in his eyes, inwardly, the manager was a mess.

He hadn't meant to say what he had said to Jason earlier, but he was already tense from previous events. After hearing about what was happening between Jason and Mylo and thinking about the effects it could have on the team, he was on edge.

With a fight breaking out among the players and increasing his tension even further, he had gotten angry and hurtful words had slipped out.

Immediately the words came out, he regretted it, but he couldn't take his words back at this point.

He could only hope to settle the matter with Jason later, but for now, he needed to quell the matter at hand as the players were already riled up.

Jason stayed quiet after his words, giving the manager a brief enough respite to quell the situation and send the players back to training, after which Jason and Mylo were called aside.

Despite the matter now being over, the two of them had caused a ruckus at the training ground and had to be punished according to rules of conduct.

The manager turned to Mylo first,

"You made a rough tackle on your teammate and engaged in a fight, for that, you will be fined one week's wages,"

"I hope you'll learn from this and not aggravate your teammates on and off the field," Conceicao said sternly to Mylo, his actual words clear despite his veiled way of speech.

"As for you, Jason... Unnecessary showboating to provoke a teammate, starting a fight, hitting a teammate, and insubordination..."

"You'll be fined two weeks of wages, suspended for a match, and will be on probation for the match after that," Conceicao said to Jason, his words harsh, but this was his way of telling Jason to 'chill the fu*k out'.

Unfortunately, the intended meaning of his words got lost in the mail and Jason did not see it as nothing more than an unjust punishment while Mylo, an actual offender(from his point of view) was getting a mere slap on the wrist.

However, despite this, he didn't raise a word in argument and he simply nodded in response, hinting that he had heard the manager's words.

With that done, the manager sent Mylo away first and turned to Jason,

"Hey kid, about what happened between you and Mylo-..." he began, but Jason cut in.

"I don't think it's a part of your job to discuss my personal life. I'd like it if it stayed that way," Jason said icily.

"I'll take my leave," he added and nodded at the coach before walking away.

His actions and words were respectful, but the manager didn't see it as such and he realized that he had really messed up the matter big time.

"*Sigh* Ugh," Conceicao rubbed his head in exasperation as he watched Jason walk away.

From just a rift in his relationship with Mylo, it had blown out of proportion and had now strained Jason's relationship with the club.

There was no way this was going to end well and it was all because of a few words spoken in anger, yet despite sighing tiredly, the manager couldn't change anything that happened and he couldn't reduce Jason's punishment, otherwise, it would seem like he was being partial to Jason which could cause problems with other players.

It was either one player or the team and he did not need the club management breathing down his neck and reminding him that a player wasn't bigger than the club.

For the greater picture, there was nothing else he could do, and he only hoped that things would blow over with time, yet he had a lingering feeling that things were almost certainly beyond repair.

Unknowingly, the manager's gut feeling was right and Jason had stopped seeing the manager and the team in a good light... at least for the moment.

At the moment, he felt betrayed and unjustly discriminated against.

His rationality had chosen this time to stop working, not allowing him to look at things from a wider point of view and it was for good reason.

Up till this point, he had always taken a step back and not over reacted to anything that came flying harshly his way.

Despite everything that he had experienced in Oporto up till this point, he had never reacted over the top, and even when he had found Mylo having rodeos with Sofia behind his back, he had refrained from an over the top reaction not just because of his future prospects, but also because of the team.

Yet this time it was too much for him to bottle in and he had chosen to react in the least harmful way to the team, yet he was getting punished for his troubles.

He was feeling betrayed, and this was already having his mind in a knot as he inched ever so close to a very important decision.

Despite how Jason was feeling or what he was thinking, he didn't stop his training and resumed his training with even more vigor than before.

He had been suspended from the next match by the manager so there was not going to be much of a problem if he spent more time training than usual was what he would normally think, but in reality, all he was doing was pushing himself as hard as he could in training because there was currently nowhere else for him to release his anger.

Chapter 399 What The New Year Brought In I

1st January 2020

Ding Dong

The tinkling sound of the doorbell echoed in low tones through the house, alerting its inhabitant of a presence at the house's entrance.

Jason rose up from the couch where he was going through his phone and glanced in the direction of the house's entrance, wondering who had no better job than to be at his door this time of the year.

Not thinking too much into it, he stood up to go see who was at the door.

On his way to the door, the bell rang once more, but he didn't react until he reached the door, undid the lock, and pulled open the door.

"... Don't you have anywhere else to be on the first day of the year?" Jason asked immediately after he saw who was at the door.

"Did you expect me to be able to enjoy the first day of the year when there's something like this about you in the news?" Adele responded in a fiery tone as she held a folded newspaper to Jason's face.

"It was that bad, huh?" Jason sighed.

He hadn't seen what was written in the newspaper, but he felt like he could guess, nevertheless, he collected the newspaper from Adele and unfurled it.

While Jason was busy with the newspaper, Adele dodged past his frame that filled most of the doorway and walked into the house, immediately heading for the kitchen.

Jason sighed tiredly as she walked past him and closed his door while shaking his head at her antics. He followed after her shortly after, heading to the kitchen as well only to find Adele rummaging through his fridge.

"What are you looking for?" He asked as he sat at the kitchen counter.

"I'm unable to enjoy one of my few days off in the year, so you should make it up to me by having delicious food in here that I can eat while shouting at you..." Adele said while looking through the fridge, but at the end of her sentence she turned back,

"But there's nothing in here," she asked almost tearfully.

"What do you mean there's nothing in there, I literally stocked up just yesterday," Jason countered as he remembered that he had had groceries delivered yesterday to his house and he had spent quite a bit of time arranging those things into his refrigerator.

"Exactly! Everything's raw!" Adele retorted in a pained voice as she had been expecting Jason to have some leftovers that she could just pop into the microwave and wolf down.

"Ingredients... that are usually raw," he scoffed.

"Tch... anyway, we can get to that later, let's talk about the paper first," Adele clicked her teeth, closed the fridge and turned back to Jason.

"Oh, right," Jason remembered the newspaper he held in his hand and began to read the news.

It was a Portuguese sports newspaper and covered sports news and was usually issued daily which Jason knew since he read it sometimes

However at the moment, right on the front page was clearly highlighted,

"Portogaia Training Wars" and there was a picture of a close shot of his face facing off against a close shot of Mylo's face.

"... Well, it was definitely a war, but it wasn't cuz of training," Jason muttered in a low tone before turning over to the next page to read the full article.

"What was that?" Adele asked, hearing Jason mutter something.

"Nothing," Jason responded half-mindedly as he began read the article.

Just like he had expected, he had known that there was no way to keep the matter from leaking, but he hadn't expected for there to be enough attention put on the matter that it made front page.

He quickly read through the context of the article and soon got the gist of the article.

It briefly described a quarrel on the training grounds between Jason and Mylo, but there weren't any details as to the main cause of the quarrel and they had been a flimsy excuse of it being a spur of the moment thing because of heated emotions after a rough tackle.

Jason didn't know why there weren't any details as it was clear that whoever leaked the incident definitely knew more, yet had refused to elaborate any further.

This caused it to look like Jason was someone who couldn't take a hard tackle and always reacted violently, but that was currently the least of his worries and he continued reading, however by the time he was done reading, he wanted to rip the paper to shreds.

From everything written in the article, anyone who didn't know much about the situation would think that Jason was at fault and had let his pride get to his head and was overreacting to a slightly rough tackle.

The article also hinted at speculations that this could be a play by Jason to facilitate a transfer away from Oporto now that they were in the transfer season.

It definitely wasn't as bad, but in Jason's eyes, it felt like a poorly scripted joke to make him look like the bad guy in that situation, however, he controlled his emotions and put the paper down on the counter and stared straight into Adele's eyes while she stared back.

"So... What do you think?" she asked.

"What do I think?" An eyebrow rose on Jason's face.

"You really want to know what I think?" he said as his hand moved forward and he picked up a lighter on the counter and lit up the paper.

"Utter bullshit, that's what I think," he replied as he placed the burning paper on the counter, his face impassive.

"Ok, wow... you really didn't like the article," Adele half-laughed, surprised by Jason's dramatic actions.

"No, I did not," Jason replied.

"What was wrong with it? Was the reporter lying or something?" Adele asked Jason despite having already contacted the Oporto club earlier concerning the article.

Chapter 400 What The New Year Brought In II

"What was wrong with it? Was the reporter lying or something?" Adele asked Jason despite having already contacted the Oporto club earlier concerning the article.

"Not really. I did fight with the snake bastard, but it wasn't because of something as simple as a rough tackle, I take on at least five of those each game and I haven't hit anyone else so far, have I?" Jason asked.

"Well... No, that's why it's strange and I'm curious what made you get into a fight," Adele replied.

"The article made it seem like I was over my head with pride because of my talent and could not take someone roughly tackling me, hence I got into a fight with the snake bastard," Jason continued explaining, ignoring Adele's curiosity.

"They even make it sound like it was some sort of ploy for me to leave the club,"

"As if I would get into a fight with that snake bastard just so I can leave the club. If I got into a fight with that snake bastard, it would only so I can punch that smug face of his till even the fellow sperm that he raced against to be inseminated can't recognize him," Jason spat out annoyedly.

"... All I heard was snake bastard," Adele commented, her voice tainted in disbelief as that was the most emotion she had seen Jason show towards a person... apart from that one time.

But this time, it was negative and it was clear that something serious had happened between them.

"What is really going on between you and that Mylo guy, I thought you were close, after all, you were roommates and you even have great chemistry on the pitch," Adele asked, her curiosity once again getting the better of her.

"Close? Hah, it's already disgusting enough to be in the same sentence as the snake bastard," Jason spat out sharply.

"For the sake of your occupational status, It'd be better if you avoid making that a regular occurrence," he continued, his annoyance already bubbling up again.

"... This is serious," Adele muttered, even more surprised at the amount of dislike Jason was showing towards Mylo.

"... Want to uh... talk about it," she asked.

"No, I don't want to talk about it," Jason snapped.

"Why don't you want to talk about it?" Adele immediately fired back.

"Cuz I just don't want to. It's not your concern who I'm fighting with anyway," he retorted.

"Your mental state is my business, it's my job to make sure that you can put your full focus on your football and that means I have to deal with almost all your other problems, especially if they will affect your mental state,"

"This is the most I've ever seen you angry at someone, and you even got into a fight with him at training, causing all this," she said, pointing at the burning paper.

"And you want to tell me that's not my business?" she asked in a very serious tone.

"..." Jason didn't have any words against her argument as he knew that she was right.

"... Uhm... so, what do you want to eat?" he stood up and started walking to the fridge, stealthily trying to change the topic.

"Don't try to change the subject, Jason, this is very important," Jason's attempt to change the topic didn't affect Adele at all.

"Since it's the first day of the new year, maybe I should prepare something grand," Jason continued talking like he hadn't heard her and he pulled open refrigerator's doors.

"Jason!" Adele's voice rose as she grabbed his arm.

"Talk to me! This is important! We need to fix what is wrong before it becomes something worse!" her words sounded professional, but in her voice was a concern that was more than what a professionally involved person would have.

"... " Jason just barely managed to stop himself from reflexively reacting to her hand that suddenly grabbed him.

He turned around, and glared at her for a second before turning his eyes to her hand that was on his arm.

Adele immediately let go when she saw Jason looking at her hand and she remembered that she was holding him.

"I... don't... want... to... talk... about... it," Jason spelled out to Adele for the umpteenth time, but she didn't plan to take no for an answer.

"Why?" she retorted.

"And we are back where we started," Jason groaned in annoyance as this was beginning to become an annoying cycle.

"You could end it all, just tell me what I want to know and we can work on solving the problem," Adele stayed headstrong.

"Urgh... You know being alone in a house with a frustrated man is very dangerous for a woman," Groaning, Jason tried changing his tactics.

"And what are you going to do to me, huh?" Adele retorted, folding her arms, but not backing down in the slightest.

"Many things... many many things," Jason smirked.

"Yeah, right. You won't do sh*t," Adele rolled her eyes at his words.

"Have you seen yourself in the mirror? Woman, don't push me," Jason scoffed and turned away, but in response to his words, Adele stretched out her hand and used one finger to push him on the chest.

"I've pushed you, now what will you do?" she said and stared defiantly at him as if to tell him that his threats weren't working on her.

Unfortunately for her, Jason wasn't the kind of person who made empty threats and he had to stifle a wicked laugh from escaping his throat, but a chuckle still managed to escape.

"Remember, this is your fault," he said while his right hand simultaneously snaked around her waist and pulled her closer.

"Ahhhhh!" A scream involuntarily flew out of Adele at Jason's sudden action.

"This was not what I mean-..." she could not finish her words when Jason's lips covered hers stunning her senses into irredeemable confusion.

She was here to find out what had happened between Jason and Mylo, as well as what their actions concerning the situation would be, so what exactly was happening right now?