

LEGENDS 411

Chapter 411 Unfeeling Mind II

In the Oporto locker room, the manager was going into the game plan for the second half and giving each player instructions on how they should play in the second half that would help the team to further their lead and move out of the reach of their opponents.

The players were listening intently to the manager, even the players who weren't in the starting line-up.

Everyone except one person... Jason.

Not to say that he wasn't listening, but he felt more like a spectator of the tactical meeting rather than a participator and it wasn't difficult to figure out why.

Originally Jason was a person that indifferent to Oporto and was never a fan of the club or anything of the sort, but things changed when he joined the club.

He began to root for them and hoped for their success in every way, but now that he wanted to leave, he was slowly losing his positive emotions for the club and considering how he was mentally wired, this was easier for him than most people.

Not to mention that he had experienced this quite a few times in his past life, though for some reason, something told him that he wouldn't completely lose all his positive emotions to the club.

This was his new beginning after all, and this was where he first felt the love of football fans on a large scale so Oporto would have a special place in his heart at the end of everything, but things couldn't remain the same.

Another thing Jason noticed was that Mylo scoring no longer bothered him as much... at least not to the point of making him want to rage, but rather it ignited a desire to outplay him on all levels and crush him with his own performance.

He wanted the gulf between them to be so wide that no one would dare to put the two of them in the same sentence.

He wanted the gulf to be as wide as the range between a player like Cristiano Ronaldo to a player like Antony... No comparison at all.

That was the desire that burned within him whenever he saw Mylo on the field and he was not going to let go of that feeling for anything.

Other than that, he was completely unfeeling and unresponsive to whatever was happening and simply followed the motions.

Once the half-time break was over, he and the other bench buddies marched back to the bench to continue watching the match from the bench.

With that, the match continued and the second half kicked off with Oporto in the lead.

As soon as the match kicked off, the Oporto players rushed at their opponents looking to further their lead, but the Familicao players weren't going to allow themselves to be so easily swept aside by the Oporto players and they fought back with everything they had.

Unfortunately for the Familicao team, playing with everything they had was only able to keep the Oporto team at bay for a little while and the Oporto team soon found their way behind the defense with a splitting through pass into Diaz's path on the left flank.

With a perfect first touch, Diaz got the ball under control and pushed it forward past the last defender, and skipped past him perfectly with practiced ease before continuing his run toward the Familicao goalkeeper.

The Familicao goalkeeper immediately rushed out to hinder Diaz, but Diaz quickly lined up the shot and quickly swept the ball under the goalkeeper's arms and past the goal line.

{GOAL!!!}

{They have three!!!} the commentator shouted into the mic as Diaz charged down towards the sidelines in celebration.

The Oporto bench buddies also erupted in celebration at the same time as their teammates on the field as they celebrated their third goal in the game, but Jason didn't do more than nod a few times.

The game continued shortly after and as the clock ran down, the managers of both teams started making substitutions, each of them trying to influence the game.

On the Oporto side, the manager started making substitutions and thanks to his team being in the lead he had the freedom to sub in just about anybody on the bench and that was what he started doing.

Soon, all five people he planned to sub on were warming up on the sidelines and he began subbing them on one after the other in intervals.

#80th minute...

The match was slowly nearing an end, but both teams were still going hard at each other, each player trying to leave his mark on the game.

The new substitutes on the field were doing their parts and did not disappoint their coaches with each new player doing his best to hinder their opponent and show off their presence on the field and for a while, the match settled into a deadlock with both teams going at each other, but neither team managing to register another number to the scoreline.

Suddenly, the Oporto players shifted to a new gear and pushed harder at their opponents, stunning their opponents with the sudden shift and rendering them unable to respond.

Before the Familicao players knew what was going on, the Oporto players had moved the ball steadily past them and the ball was already rolling towards Mylo who skillfully used his first touch to confuse his marker and create enough space for a shot.

Once the marker was out of the way, his leg swept at the ball powerfully without hesitation and sent it smashing into the bottom right corner of the goal, leaving the Familicao goalkeeper tumbling all over the floor, unable to stop the shot.

{GOAL!!!}

{Surely now, it's all over!}

{No way back!}

{Oporto may be far from home, but they definitely do not hesitate to stamp their authority!} the commentator shouted racuously as the Oporto players erupted in celebration with Mylo, the goal scorer being the center of attention.

On the Oporto bench, Jason watched all this silently with his hands tucked into his coat pockets, his face not flinching in the slightest despite the infectious joy spreading around among his teammates.

Chapter 412 Loan Request

Fweeeeeeeee

The final whistle blew loudly across the field and the match between Familicao and Oporto came to an end with a resounding victory in the favor of the Oporto team and it showed on their happy but exhausted faces.

Players with quite a bit of energy left showed some of their happiness in their actions and body motions.

For Jason, with the match being over, he just got up with his hands still in his coat pockets and he headed into the tunnel, his face completely impassive, but it looked like a serious face to anyone looking.

As he headed into the tunnel, some interviewers tried to stop him to ask a few questions, but with practiced ease, he sidestepped the reporters that he could and deflected the questions of the ones he couldn't avoid.

It didn't take too long for him to get to the locker room with some of his teammates in tow and he just picked up his bag and sat on one of the available benches.

He didn't have anything to pack as he hadn't needed to get on the pitch, but after thinking that it might be a little too much for him to keep wearing his soccer boots, he took them off and replaced them with the comfy sport shoes and wore a trouser over the Oporto jersey shorts.

With that done, he was ready to leave, but the rest of his teammates were just beginning to file into the locker room after their excitement on the pitch.

The manager was right behind them and as soon as he was in the room, he started giving accolades to the players he thought deserved them and the room was filled with the sounds of laughter and camaraderie, yet despite being inside the same room and putting on a half-smile on his face while all this was happening, Jason could feel the distance between him and his teammates widening with every second.

It was a weird feeling, but he didn't try to avoid it as he knew it was something he would have to get used to.

Normally, one would think he was used to leaving his teammates thanks to his previous reality, but this time felt different and more meaningful for some reason and Jason let himself soak in that feeling.

Phewwwwwwww letting out a long, yet silent sigh, he closed his eyes and opened them with determination.

9th January 2021

"Sorry, can you repeat that?" Conceicao asked like he couldn't believe his ears.

He was currently at his office at the training grounds of the club as unlike his players who usually got a day off to rest after every match, he was required to be at work almost every day.

After all, he was the tactician of the team and he had to constantly be on the move, analyzing his opponents and coming up with all sorts of countermeasures while making sure to get the best out of his players at the same time.

There was no rest period for him until the off-season.

He wasn't alone at the training center as other club staff were also hard at work, and some players were also taking the rest day as a training day for themselves.

These were some of the players who did not feature in the previous day's match and wanted to get in some more training time thanks to them not having any muscle fatigue to deal with.

Among those players were Jason and he had noticed him hard at training earlier, but now that that same player was in front of him and saying some things that were hard to swallow down, how could he not be shocked.

"I would like to request a loan spell outside the club," Jason repeated without much of a reaction to the manager's reaction.

He had already made up his mind and even if the manager's jaw dropped to the floor in shock, Jason wasn't going to care and was still going to say what he wanted to say.

"But... wait, Why... Ah, wait, why are you requesting a loan?" Conceicao kept stumbling over his own words, and the right words to respond perfectly to the situation kept eluding him.

'As if you don't know,' Jason scoffed inwardly but still decided to speak.

"I need some time outside the club for personal reasons and a loan will allow for that time for me while also allowing me playtime that it seems I will not be getting much of here at Oporto anymore," Jason said, his words almost brazen, but he was done holding back.

"Personal reason? I get that you have a minor conflict with one of your teammates, but surely that doesn't warrant such an important decision,"

"Don't you think you're jumping the gun a bit here?" Conceicao asked.

"Minor conflict?" Jason asked incredulously, spitting out the words with venom.

"What happened between me and Mylo can hardly be called a minor conflict and I don't get why you're trying to play it off as something that can be brushed over, but I'm telling you now, Mylo Baumgartner is not on my list of teammates," He retorted sharply.

"... Don't you think you're being a little too hasty in your decision?" Conceicao didn't seem to want to give up.

"Can we just stop? I'm not here for a therapy session with you, it's not in your job description," Jason snapped.

"I'm here to inform you of my intentions and an official request from my agent is already in the mail,"

"I hope you'll agree to my request so we can stop playing all these games. I don't know why, but it's clear that you and the management side with Mylo, and since there's no way I will be playing with that guy on the field, it would be better for my career to go play football somewhere else that is not here for a while," Jason said without backing off, not bothering to play dumb.

He hoped the manager would also do the same instead of acting surprised in a situation he should have seen coming right from the start.

Chapter 413: Loan Offer

Conceicao watched Jason walk away and his earlier words rang again inside his head.

"I don't know why, but it's clear that you and the management side with Mylo, and since there's no way I will be playing with that guy on the field, it would be better for my career to go play football somewhere else that is not here for a while,"

“At least he’s not an idiot,” he muttered as he lay back into his chair, watching the door close behind Jason.

Despite his words making it seem like he was ignorant of the levity of the matter, he actually wasn’t ignorant of the whole fiasco in the slightest, after all he was the one driving matters this way.

After reporting the situation to the management, the management had made a decision to oust Jason from the club and make a considerable profit from it, and he didn’t have a choice but to go along if he still cared for his job and the club.

This wasn’t the first time he would lose a talented player and the fact that said player had an irredeemable relationship with one of his teammates did not help matters.

Naturally speaking, Oporto couldn’t keep a player with as much talent as Jason for much longer, hence the club’s decision to get rid of him first, and that was the order he received.

This was not the time the club had decided to get rid of a player due to many various reasons, but it never got easier for him as a manager, especially when it was a situation like this one where the player being ousted was the one on the short end of the stick.

It wasn’t something he liked to do and that was why he had made it clear enough to Jason that he needed to leave.

Doing this was going against the club’s management, who wanted the matter to be handled as stealthily as possible without giving Jason any reasons to point his fingers at them, but Conceicao couldn’t watch one of his favorite players treated as a mere commodity for profit by the club yet again.

Doing things this way would make Jason antagonize both him and the club management, but it was the best choice for Jason as his career wouldn’t be hindered.

Luckily, it seemed like his gamble was paying off as Jason had already made a decision and it was a decision he didn’t expect.

He had expected a transfer request from Jason, but a loan request was just as good as it would hit back at the club that was trying to make a quick profit with Jason, but they would still be able to sell him for a higher price at the end of the season... as long as things worked out.

There would be slower returns for the club and they would lose one of their most important players until the end of the season but they wouldn't lose much from this move.

"All that remains is if someone wants to take him on a loan," he was muttering to himself when his phone suddenly rang.

'I wonder how the fans would react when they hear this,' he thought as he picked up his phone and checked to see who was calling.

'Why's he calling?' Conceicao wondered on seeing the team's Director of Football's name as the caller ID.

"Hello," Conceicao spoke into the phone as he answered the call.

"Sergio, where are you right now?" The Director of Football's voice hurriedly rang into the manager's ear.

"My office, Portogaia. What happened? Why do you sound in a hurry all of a sudden?" Conceicao asked.

"First... What the hell is going on at the club? You know what, I can't say this over the phone, we'll talk at your office, I'm on my way," the Director of Football said as fast as he could and hung up the phone directly without waiting for a response.

"... Okay," Conceicao muttered as he put his phone down, still confused by what was happening, however, without any other option but to wait for the sporting director to arrive, he went back to what he was doing.

... Less than an hour later...

A knock sounded on the door and immediately after, the door was opened without waiting for a response with the club's Director of Football barging into the office and surprising Conceicao.

"Okay, hold on, hold on, what's the hurry?" Conceicao asked the Director of Football who sat across from him.

"Give me a minute to catch my breath, okay," the director wheezed as he sat in the chair, his sudden exercise of his slightly overweight body now taking a toll.

He grabbed a bottle of water from the table and poured it down his throat, gulping down hard all while Conceicao watched from across the table, still not knowing what could cause the club's director of football to lose his composure and come rushing over.

"Whew, okay..." The director finally put down the bottle after remosturizing himself enough.

"Now that you've got yourself in order, what is the problem," Conceicao asked the director but all he got was an envelope dropped on the table across from him.

"What's this?" he asked as he picked it up.

With a glance, he could see that the envelope was already torn open so, the director should know what was inside.

"A transfer request... or to be more specific, a loan request," the director replied immediately.

"Oh, that was fast," Conceicao immediately remembered what Jason had said earlier.

"That was fast?" the DoF(Director of Football) repeated the manger's words in surprise.

"You knew about this?" he asked Conceicao, his surprise still in his voice.

"I just found out about it, but yeah, I did know about this," Conceicao replied as he took out the contents of the envelope and began perusing through it.

"... You want to tell me why one of the club's best performers and current fan favorite wants to leave the club on loan?" the DoF finally asked the question that had been on his mind right from when he saw what was in the envelope.

'Ah, right, he didn't know about it,' Conceicao glanced up from the letter and finally realized the cause of worry of the DoF.

Naturally speaking, what had happened was a scandal and the lesser ears that heard about what happened, the better, hence apart from the people that already knew, no one else was informed of what happened or the club's decision, hence the DoF's confusion.

"It's complicated," Conceicao replied and the tone of his voice made it clear that he wouldn't be saying anything else.

The DoF picked up on that and nodded in response despite his curiosity.

"The fans aren't going to like this," he couldn't resist saying.

"Well, there's nothing I can do about that. Anyway, was that all you came here for?" Conceicao asked as he put down the loan request and carefully folded it before placing it back into the envelope.

"No... there's something else," the DoF said as he sat back in his chair, thinking about the sudden barrage of incidences he had faced just an hour earlier.

"What is it?" Conceicao asked as he put the loan request on his table, making a mental note to send it to the club management later.

"An offer came... for Jason," the DoF sighed tiredly, already feeling an headache coming from the negotiations he might be undertaking in a little while.

Chapter 414 Loan Offer II

"An offer came? Already?" Conceicao asked in surprise.

"Yes, a short-term loan deal, with an option to buy at the end of the loan period," the DoF replied to the manager.

"It's even a loan deal like he wanted? Wait, which team made the offer?" Conceicao asked another question.

"... Uventus,"

"Hmmm," Conceicao hummed in response.

"Wait, Uventus as in the Serie A Champions Uve?" the DoF's answer finally hit home and surprised the manager.

"Yes, it is that Uventus... what response do we give?" the DoF asked.

"Hold on to that thought for a while, I'll need to discuss it with the board," Conceicao answered, no longer in shock.

"Are you really considering this?" the DoF couldn't help asking the head manager.

"We don't have a choice, he wants to leave, and there's an offer?"

"The least I can do is speak to the board about it," Conceicao replied, finishing up what he was doing as he wanted to quickly get to discussing the negotiation with the board.

"But that's Jason! He's way too important to the team to let him go just like that?"

"What will the fans say?" the DoF could not stop himself from asking, after all, he was one of those fans who had a lot to say about this.

"Hopefully they can accept his decision and move on, it's best for everyone," Conceicao replied half-mindedly.

"Bullshit! And you know that!" The DoF retorted.

"Well, it's bullshit they're going to have to swallow,"

"He wants to leave and though it means we will lose one option on the wings, we're a team of professionals who will be able to cope with whatever comes,"

"I say, good riddance," Conceicao replied sharply, his tone sounding harsher by the second and causing the DoF to pause.

"... You don't believe that," The DoF muttered after a few seconds.

"... No... I don't," Conceicao sighed tiredly.

"... But I already told you, he wants to leave and I can't stop him... no one can,"

"If we don't let him go now, we'll only be antagonizing him and that's not good for team chemistry, and also, that's a particularly annoying scandal to deal with if it ever gets out," he continued and closed his notepad before standing up.

"He has made his intentions clear and an offer has arrived, it's now up to the management to decide,"

"I don't run the club, they do," Conceicao said as he pushed out his chair and started walking.

"I'm just a figurehead tactician who takes the fall for everything bad that happens here while almost everything good is credited to the players... there's not much I can do in this situation," he continued, some of his actual thoughts slipping out, but he made no effort to correct himself despite his harsh words discrediting the club management and even the players.

The DoF couldn't say anything either as despite how harsh the words of the manager were, they weren't far from the truth.

As the Director of Football of the club himself, he was in charge of all transfer deals and contract negotiations. He along with the sporting director and a few others always did all the dirty work when it came to acquiring new talent for the club, yet how many football fans even knew the presence of such people at the club.

Most football fans didn't even think in that direction and a great percent of the few that did, did not care to know who they were.

Normally, they didn't care about such things, but it was a bit disheartening to think about.

"Anyway, let's go, you'll have to be there as well," Conceicao who had already pulled out his phone to arrange a meeting with the club management, called out to the DoF who was seated.

"Oh, coming," the DoF called back in response and quickly got to his feet, it seemed like he would have a lot to do soon.

10th January 2021

"Jason Rose to Uventus! What's happening behind closed doors?" Jason read aloud from the newspaper that Adele dropped on the kitchen counter as he wiped his hands.

It was evening and Jason was done with his training for the day, but Adele had come over as they had matters to discuss regarding the transfer.

"What does it say?" Jason asked as he continued preparing his dinner.

"It is rumored that just hours after making a loan request to Oporto, a loan offer came from the Serie A Top flight team Uventus," Adele read out the first line but then stopped reading it aloud and read the rest silently.

"It literally just talks about there being suspicion with the timing of the offer and it also talks about confusion behind why you're trying to leave,"

"It's not trying to put you in a positive light, that's for sure," Adele explained after she was done reading.

"Does it say anything about the progress of the deal?" Jason asked, not taking the typed innocuous ramblings of the reporter to mind.

"If that much information got out, that wouldn't just be an information leak, but rather an information sinkhole," Adele laughed lightly.

"That's their business, you tell me, is there any progress?" Jason asked Adele, still wanting an answer.

"Well, they didn't reject the offer outright... or rather they can't, that Rico Gulaz guy definitely had a way with words and that clause is very binding," Adele started.

"However, they want a lot more money than Uventus is offering," she stated.

"How much is Uventus offering?" Jason continued his questioning with a half mind while the rest of his attention was focused on what he was cooking.

"Well, their starting offer is a short-term loan with an option to buy with a price range of between 40 to 50 million Euros depending on your performance at the club," Adele answered.

"Hmmm... so a minimum of 40 mil and a max of 50 mil? That's cutting it a bit close with player valuation currently, but it seems pretty okay, right?" Jason asked calmly.

"Well, your beloved club wants more," Adele replied immediately, a funny look on her face.

"... How much are they asking for?" Jason asked, slightly curious.

"One hundred..." Adele said.

"Isn't that a bit-..." Jason began to say, but Adele wasn't done.

"... and eighty," she completed her sentence.

"I'm sorry, what!?" Jason asked in shock as he was sure that his ears were no longer functioning after what he just heard.

Chapter 415 Mythical Treasure

"One hundred and eighty million!?" Jason asked in disbelief, his mouth agape.

"Why not just go rob the Union depository!? Bloody hell!" Jason spat out, finding it hard to not laugh at the situation.

"Even Michael, Trevor, and Franklin didn't steal that much from the union depository," Adele replied, not bothering to stop herself from laughing.

"... Wait, you know GTA V's story, and the characters?" Jason asked in surprise, finding another thing to be shocked about in less than a minute.

"What do you think I do when I get off work?" Adele replied to his question with a question of her own while she rolled her eyes.

"I don't know, sleep, watch YouTube reels, read werewolf romance fantasy, sleep," Jason answered.

"You said sleep twice," Adele rolled her eyes.

"Also, that's boring, there are tons of games to explore yunno, I mean, there's Fortnite, GTA, Watchdogs, God of War, Among Us, and even Fifa... if I'm feeling like something light," Adele said honestly, her eyes getting animated as she listed some of her favorite games.

"..." Jason just looked at her with his mouth agape.

"Can I kiss you?" the words slipped out of his mouth and he did not regret it.

"What! Why!?" Adele recoiled in shock.

"If you're trying to seduce me, it's working... it's working a little too much,"

"Why didn't you ever tell me you were a gamer girl!?" Jason felt like he had just uncovered the treasure mythical treasure that ever gamer bro looked to find his whole life.

When other guys talked about it when he was playing multi-player games, he had never thought much about it, but now that he was witnessing a gamer girl in the flesh, especially when it was a girl he was already attracted to, it suddenly felt like all was right in the world.

"You never asked, the most you know about me is that I'm half-Dominican," Adele rolled her eyes at Jason.

"..." Jason had first opened his mouth to reply but realized that he didn't have the words to counter her.

She was right and he hadn't bothered to know anything more than the necessary.

"Anyway, let's get back to the matter at hand," Adele changed the topic after seeing Jason struggle to come with a response.

Internally, she was happy with this victory and the fact that she was able to let him know that they knew way too little about each other for anything meaningful to happen between them.

"With the club's asking price being a little too sky-high, it's not likely they will be able to find a middle ground on the transfer fee," she continued.

"It's more than a little sky-high, but yeah, that is a problem," Jason nodded affirmatively, but there was a lot more than his transfer fee on his mind.

"To avoid the deal falling through, we may have to intervene," Adele said thoughtfully as she sniffed at the air that was heavily bearing the scent of delicious food.

The smell was so heavy that despite being unable to tell the contents of the pot, her mouth was already watering and urging her to finish this conversation first.

"Intervene how?" Jason asked while stirring the pot, not aware that he was cooking while cooking.

"It's looking like the only way out of here is a shock to both sides," Adele continued, swallowing hard.

"How do we do that?" Jason asked curiously.

"By entertaining an offer from another team, one that is just a loan without any option to buy," Adele began,

"If we do that, it should cause the Oporto team to reduce their sky-high expectations and should hopefully encourage the Uventus side to be more enthusiastic in their attempts at acquiring your services for their club, "

"Of course, I can't leave everything to chance and I will speak to the Uventus side to see what I can do. Hopefully, I can convince them to remove their option to buy and instead try to buy you at the end of the season when your price should have reduced due to your contract being about to run out," she sighed as she finished explaining her plan to Jason.

"Oh..." Jason murmured.

"Even with that, I still don't know what will happen, but I will do my best to get you out of here," Adele said all fired up.

"I'll hold you to your words," Jason said with a smile,

"Anyway, are you hungry?" he asked and turned around only to see her waiting with a plate and cutlery in hand.

"You sure you don't want to add eating to the things you do when you're off work?" he asked with a laugh.

"I would if I found someone who cooks like Gordon Ramsay without looking like he was half his age," Adele scoffed.

"Why thank you for the praise, now sit down and make yourself comfortable, milady, dinner will be served soon," Jason did a little bow and took her plate from her hands.

"I quite look forward to it good sir," Adele replied dramatically as well, doing a little lady bow before she turned back.

The next hour was spent with both of them eating while conversing with Jason finally making an effort to know more about Adele and Adele doing the same, but before they could enter an historical class with each other as the subject, they were swept away by a conversation on games.

One particularly reoccurring topic was the likely release date of the next sequel to the GTA series, the GTA VI game, however, like many others, they could only express their desire to play the game, but unable to determine the likely release date of the game.

Soon it was time for Adele to leave and Jason picked up his keys, offering to drive her home as it was already pretty late outside and she didn't have a car.

They were soon on the road and barely an hour later, they seemed to be nearing her house.

"Why don't you have a car? Am I not paying you enough?" Jason asked jokingly as he drove her towards her house, following her directions.

"Look at the bright side, now you know where I live," Adele replied as the car came to a stop in front of her house.

"What am I supposed to do with that information though?" Jason asked in confusion.

"I don't know, you tell me," Adele replied mischievously and got down from the car.

Chapter 416 Sports Talks I

11th January 2021

At a studio of one of the leading sports TV channels in Portugal, three people were seated at a table and looking at their cue cards to remember what they would be talking about as soon as the advert break was over.

Soon someone among the shooting crew held up a sign that indicated to the people at the table that the advert break was going to be over in a few seconds.

"3, 2, 1..." the host of the show counted in a whisper as he received signals from the shooting crew.

"Now!"

"Welcome back to Sports Talks, I'm still your host, Patricio Ortega and here with me are fellow pundits and reporters, William Jose and Martin Leveida," Patricio introduced himself and his co-hosts again despite having just gone on a short break just two minutes ago.

It was a customary thing among reporters to keep introducing themselves for the benefits of any new viewers who might have joined the show later than the starting time.

"Still on transfer news for the first month of the new year, let's get right into the next topic which I have to admit is a very interesting one,"

"I'm sure you guys would agree with me on this, Oporto's very own Jason Rose on a loan deal to Serie A giants Uventus," Patricio laid out the topic and the screen of the TV behind him immediately switched to a prepared graphic showing Jason edited into a Uventus shirt.

"He does look good in a Uventus shirt, I'm not gonna lie," William could not help starting wittily.

"That statement can have the Oporto fans come after you," Patricio said with a laugh.

"How true is this though?" Martin asked, glancing at the picture.

"Well, it's been confirmed that Oporto has already received an offer and the two teams are currently negotiating the deal,"

"Sources say that Uventus is looking to get him on a short-term loan deal with an option to buy at the end of the loan period. They seem to have made an offer of around 60 million Euros," Patricio explained the information that he had received prior to the show.

"Oh, that's a good deal, both for the club and the player. I mean, it's not every day one gets to play for a team with as much presence and history as the men in Turin," Martis nodded after hearing Patricio's explanation.

"The problem is how would the fans react to this transfer?" William butted in.

"That is an important question, haha," Martin laughed.

"Well, I am sure the Uventus fans would be quite happy to bring a top talent to their club, but I don't think the Oporto fans would be happy to lose him, especially now that it's mid-season,"

"Especially with their performances just beginning to perk up after a shaky beginning to the season which some of the Oporto fans still believe was due to his injury,"

"In fact, I saw a poll on Twitter yesterday that was in favor of them not wanting him to leave, however, the comment section was a bit of a madhouse," Patricio said with a laugh.

"Haha, I can imagine that," William laughed.

"I think at this point, it all boils down to the player himself, there were talks about him submitting a loan request to the club not long ago, weren't there?" Martin asked calmly, thinking quite deeply about the matter.

"Well, there's nothing confirmed and so far, it's just a rumor-" Patricio began but was interrupted by Martin.

"A very well-known rumor," Martin added.

"But a rumor nonetheless," Patricio continued.

"However one thing we do know that was confirmed was that there was an issue at training on the last day of last year which led to him facing disciplinary actions and he hasn't played since, on the other hand, the person he was said to have gotten into a trifle with, Mylo has played in all the matches after that, amassing five goals in just two goals," Patricio said.

"Oh, that's a very good record, the kid's on fire," William butted in.

"True, but that's beside the point, we're trying to determine Jason's feelings about the transfer, and whether or not he submitted a loan deal or not," Patricio cut back in, taking hold of the conversation again before they derailed from their topic.

"If you put it like that, then there is a possibility of a quarrel between the two players, or even more players on the team and this could lead to him wanting to leave... or there might be something none of us know about that could be the driving force behind his choice to leave," Martin calmly laid out his opinion.

"We aren't sure that he wants to leave though," William said.

"We aren't sure that he doesn't want to leave either," Martin immediately replied.

"I am sure that he's at least entertaining the thought. Apart from it being a very good choice for a transfer, if he truly had no plans of leaving, he would have made it clear that he has no plans of leaving, but so far, the player's side has been silent,"

"He hasn't said anything, his agent hasn't said anything, and we know that negotiation is ongoing," Martin calmly explained.

"What would you say is the likelihood of him leaving, like in percentage?" Patricio immediately threw a question at Martin who was currently on fire as he dissected the matter and had almost taken the reins of the show.

"Eighty-eight percent," Martin replied without hesitation.

"Oh wow, no hesitation with such a specific number," Patricio laughed lightly.

"I'll tell you why, I'll tell you why," Martin once again took the reins of the show,

"The reason for me giving such a high number is because firstly, Uventus is sort of a dream team for any footballer. It's a top club with top players and their chances in any trophy run are quite high, both domestically and on the continental stage, hence, Jason would likely want to join such a team and much sooner than later,"

"Why would he give up an opportunity on a platter of gold?" Martin asked.

Chapter 417 Sports Talks II

"Good point, I wouldn't give up such an opportunity to do so if I were him," William laughed.

"Exactly, especially when there's the possibility of a full transfer at the end of the loan period, that would mean a better salary, better playing conditions, more fame and all. Those are very enticing things for a player, especially when it's someone as young as Jason,"

"The kid definitely has dreams to make it out of the Portuguese Primeira Liga, and now with an opportunity having shown up, what's stopping him from jumping on it," Martins continued, on a roll as the words kept flying out of his mouth and heating up the conversation.

"Secondly, assuming our conjecture is correct and there is something going on between him and the club, be it the management or his teammates, this is a very good chance for him to escape and fly the coop," he continued, moving on to the next point.

"I don't know how it feels to be in such a situation considering I was never a football player, but if the work environment was filled with conflict, then I assume it wouldn't be pleasant for him and the pressure may come bearing down on him heavier than others, considering his age,"

"I'm not saying anything's happening, this is strictly a 'what if' situation, so that's that,"

"... wouldn't want to be sued for defamation," he added with a laugh.

"Haha, you should be safe, hopefully," Patricio laughed as he added and everyone burst out in laughter despite the bittersweet reality.

It was said that 'freedom of speech' was a human right, but the person who wrote the constitution failed to mention that 'freedom after speech' wasn't guaranteed.

"Anyways, the third reason would be the club. With suitors like Uventus who are known to have quite the deep pockets, the club might just be looking to cash in on the player and then re-invest the money into the parts of the team where they are lacking, which if you haven't noticed, is quite a bit,"

"The squad depth is barely okay at best and with the rush of games they are currently facing, injuries due to exhaustion would soon start showing up and it might hit the team hard,"

"The management wouldn't like that considering they are finally coming back in their race for the league title and their progression in other competitions," Martin finally finished.

"I have to admit, those are plausible reasons, especially the third one. Facing an injury wave right now would not be good for the team's chances in every competition. They're already progressively drawing close to the trophies in all competitions and any mishap could lead to all their work up till now fading away," Patricio started, taking over once again.

"If their way out is a sale for one of their more important players so they can cover other parts of the team, then there's a chance they could take it, but that would mean a direct transfer deal which is no longer the same thing, but well we can never tell with the negotiations," he said.

"If that's the case, why not just give the full hundred percent chance, why eighty-eight?" William asked Martin curiously.

"Well, that's because of two reasons," Martin began licking his lips a little as his throat felt slightly dry after all his previous talking.

"First, I removed ten percent because of a fallout in negotiations between the two clubs,"

"I purposely made the percentage as low as ten percent because that's how low the chances of the negotiations falling out are. Both sides want to do business for sure,"

"The Uventus will definitely want to get their hands on one of the new stars of the young generation even if they have to pay a bit of a hefty price to do so while the Oporto side definitely wants the money that the Uventus side has to offer, however, there could be a falling out if the price the Oporto side have in mind is too high even for the Uventus side that is willing to sacrifice quite a bit," Martin explained.

"How much would you think is too high?" Patricio cut in.

"Well, I'm not a business man, but based on the current day valuation of players, I would say anything above seventy million Euros is already cutting it close," Martin responded.

"Don't you think that's a bit low for a player like Jason," William immediately questioned.

"I mean, Mbappe was bought for one hundred and eighty million Euros by PSG and even Felix from Benfica was bought for over almost a hundred and thirty million Euros by Atletico, so why do you think seventy million is too much," William asked.

"Firstly, I never said it was too much, I said cutting it close. To be honest, no matter how we look at player valuation in the current day and age, seventy million is still quite a lot of money and despite Uventus having quite the deep pockets, you forget that they were hit by the COVID break as much as every other person and their finances has taken the brunt of it,"

"There's even news about the club owing some players quite a few million in wages so they can't pull out the numbers you are expecting right now," Martin explained like a professional who spent his days analyzing company assets.

"That's probably one of the reasons why they're going for the option of a loan with the option to buy at the end of the loan, they may not have raised enough money and might be looking to get a buffer period to pay the transfer fees while already having him linked to them," Martin explained.

""Ohhhhhhh"" Patricio and William echoed at the same time.

"That explains a lot," William said.

"Yeah, it brings a new perspective into this, you should be a professional investigator," Patricio said with a laugh.

"No way, I love my job," Martin laughed.

"Anyhow, what about the remaining two percent?" William suddenly remembered that there was still two percent left out of the calculation.

"That two percent is the chance that Jason will reject the loan deal even if the two clubs come to an agreement," Martin began explaining the last part.

"Don't you think that chance is a bit low, considering that it might be a tough decision, especially if we bring things like feelings and the fans into play," Patricio asked.

"The fans probably wouldn't have much effect," Martin immediately replied in a confident tone.

"Why do you think that?" Patricio asked.

"I don't know if you remember, but Jason had hardly made his debut when the stadiums were closed down to the fans so he hasn't established that deep of a relationship with the Oporto fans hence, their voice in his decision would be quite low and he might very well just do whatever he wants," Martin said and opened a bottle of water.

"Anyhow, there you have it folks, we will be back after this commercial break," Patricio immediately took the cue to take an advert break so that they could rest a bit before moving on to the next topic.

Chapter 418 Glory Addict I

12th January 2021

"Viera, your job in the center is to draw out their defensive midfielders so that there will be enough space for the ball to reach the strikers,"

In one of the locker rooms of the Madeira stadium in Funchal, Oporto's manager was giving his players instructions on the tactical set-up for their upcoming match.

The Oporto team would be going up against the Nacional team in the fifth round of the Taca de Portugal and it was a pretty big day because apart from the importance of the match, it was also the first match since before the COVID break where fans would be allowed back into the stadiums.

Of course the stadiums wouldn't be filled due to some precautionary measures being taken, but sixty percent of the available seats were sold.

Due to it having been a while, the fans of both teams did not hesitate to lap up the available seats and the seats were sold out in less than ten minutes after they were put up.

This showed just how much the fans had been craving live football and they were finally going to get it in this match.

Soon the manager was done with the tactical meeting and the players moved out, with the players in the starting line-up stopping at the tunnel while the bench players continued out of the tunnel and moved towards the bench.

Jason was among the bench players and as he walked out of the tunnel was greeted with the sight of the fans in their seats and singing and having fun before the game started.

They were supposed social distancing, but it was obvious that none of them cared about that and were already swept up in the joy of being back at the stadiums.

As Jason and the rest of the bench buddies walked toward their, some of the fans spotted them and started calling to them, pleasantly surprising them since it had been a while and they waved back with smiles.

Even Jason couldn't resist giving a wave and a small smile appeared at the corner of his lips. For a moment, he even forgot his issues with the club and that he was likely to be joining another club soon.

The players hurried to their team's bench as it was almost time for the match and shortly after, the starting players started marching out of the tunnel in readiness for the match and for the first time in a long while, they were welcomed with the loving presence of fans shouts, cheers and chants.

This also brought with it a pressure to the player, especially the new members of the Oporto and Nacional team.

The new players hadn't played under the scrutiny of their own fans before and the older players had not experienced the fans presence for a while so they could already feel sweat beading on their face before the match began.

The pre-match formalities didn't take long and the players were soon arranged on the field with the ball in the center of the park as they awaited the referee's whistle to kick off the game.

The referee didn't keep the players and the fans waiting for much longer and soon blew his whistle loudly, kicking off the fifth round of the Taca de Portugal between Nacional and Oporto.

The match kicked off with the Nacional team being the one to kick off the game after their luck had put them atop in the coin toss, but as for whether their luck would carry on to help them with the rest of the game, remained to be seen.

The match got off to an exciting start as both teams charged at each other, each one trying to score first and take the upper hand in this cup tie that would determine who would continue toward the title.

Despite being the team that anyone with any knowledge of football would call favorites, the Oporto team weren't able to dominate their opponents like they would have liked because their opponents were playing as best as they could, their every move made almost in desperation.

The Nacional team was doing all they could to keep the Oporto team in check, but they weren't able to keep it up for very long and the Oporto team soon began showing why they were the favorites in the match up.

#22nd minute...

Corona broke away from his marker on the right flank with a well executed step-over and side step and immediately sent a powerful diagonal pass towards the center where Mylo was.

Mylo immediately tried to control the ball, but the pass was more powerful than he expected and the ball bounced off his leg and flew towards Oliveira who was nearby.

Before the ball reached him, Oliveira scanned to see which of his teammates was free, and to his delight, Diaz was making a run into the penalty box from the left.

Without hesitation, Oliveira made a first-touch pass into Diaz's path and Diaz received the ball completely unhindered as he stepped into the penalty box.

{He's all alone!?!} the commentator began and the crowd were on the edge of their seats in anticipation as they saw Diaz about to unleash a shot.

{Hit's it!?!}

Diaz did not disappoint and hit the ball skillfully, sending it curling past the opposition goal keeper.

{GOAL!!!}

{Such delicious curl!!}

{They take the lead!!} the commentator sang out and for the first time in a while, the stadium erupted in the cheers of the Oporto fans who were swept up in the joy of their team taking the lead.

The Oporto players were not left out of the celebrations and the whole team jointly celebrated their goal for a few seconds before they started heading back to their half of the field so the match could continue.

The match resumed shortly after and like expected, the Nacional team took their style of play to yet another level after they went behind.

The Oporto players immediately reacted in kind with the manager shouting out instructions from the sidelines as well, hoping to coast through this period of high pressure, but it was not to be.

Chapter 419 Glory Addict II

#25th minute

The Nacional team that had taken their intensity a notch further had kept pushing immediately they went behind and it seemed that the universe was about to reward them for their efforts as they had pushed the Oporto team back and were now passing the ball around in their half.

Soon one Nacional player lost his patience as the Oporto players were only trying to block their path instead of committing to tackles which would create space for them to break through.

The player sent a hopeful pass forward and the ball somehow managed to evade the Oporto players before reaching the Nacional striker.

Having gotten this far, the Nacional striker took control of the ball and took on his marker in a contest of strength, holding him off as he adjusted his direction into the best shape for a shot.

As soon as he was in position, he did not hesitate to unleash a powerful shot at the Oporto goal.

{A shot!?!} the commentator shouted as the ball flew powerfully at the Oporto goal but Marchesin wasn't a decorative ornament and immediately lunged for the ball, getting in the way of the shot and punching it towards the right.

Before the Oporto team could relax that they were out of danger, the Nacional right winger who had been lurking and waiting for a chance pounced on the loose ball and chipped it over Marchesin who had yet to recover from the save.

{Another try!} the commentator shouted as the ball flew towards the back of the net.

The Oporto defenders chased after the ball, but couldn't reach it in time and the ball crossed the goal line, giving the Nacional team the equalizer just three minutes after going behind.

{It's taken them no time at all! You score, we score!}

{With that they've equalized!}

{It's the fans' first time at the stadiums after a while and the two teams are putting on a show that was worth the wait!} The commentator went on and on in his spiel while the Nacional players and their fans celebrated joyously.

Soon enough, the Nacional players had to stop celebrating so that the match could continue.

As soon as the match resumed, the Oporto players also tried to take the reins and force another goal out of their opponents, but the Nacional team knew to transition to a more defensive game play and they defended like their life depended on it.

Of course, this wasn't able to completely keep out the Oporto team and was only able to keep their attempts at goal to a bare minimum, but the Nacional team's luck showed its hand and the Oporto team was unable to register a goal despite having managed to create a few clear cut chances after a lot of work.

Mylo was particularly wasteful as he managed to get two one-on-one chances with the Nacional goalkeeper, but was unable to get the ball into the back of the net despite getting it past the goalkeeper.

The first chance was hit wide when he tried to curl the ball around the goalkeeper and the second chance flew just over the bar when he tried to chip the ball over the goalkeeper.

With the Oporto team wasting all their chances and the Nacional team's few and far in-between chances, the first half soon came to an end and the players headed into the tunnel for a fifteen minute consultation with their coaches while they rested their exhausted bodies.

"Good work out there in the first half..."Conceicao started.

"... but you haven't done well enough out there, we should be leading by more despite them playing defensively," he said, glaring at his players. It was clear that he was not happy with what he was seeing.

"We already worked on this in training and I've emphasized time and time again on effectiveness,"

"Not beauty! If you see a chance, you take it, I don't care if you have to push in the ball with your balls!" he ranted in rage.

"You can't keep being wasteful like you were, otherwise, this might just come back to bite us if they score another one and park the bus,"

"Mylo, that chance where you chipped the ball, next time, just hit it past the goalkeeper,"

"This isn't freestyle football, we're professionals here, you try that again and you will be taken off, is that clear?" Conceicao turned to Mylo and said sternly.

"Yes coach," Mylo muttered, but inwardly he scoffed at the manager's words.

"If all that is clear, then let's look at how we are going to play in the second half," Conceicao turned away after receiving the answer he wanted from Mylo.

For the remaining time, Conceicao gave instructions on how to crack the opposition's defense. He didn't need to say too much as the players were already able to get through, but he needed them to be able to do it with more ease.

Soon, the break was over and the players headed back to the field with neither manager making any changes to the line-up yet.

They seemed to have their own plans for when to start making substitutions, but now was not the time and the match soon resumed.

Fweeeeeee

With the referee's whistle, the second half kicked off and the two teams once again went at each other, trying to take the lead and win the game.

Time quickly ran down, yet neither team managed to score and the clock had already gone past the seventieth minute.

The managers had long started making changes to try and shake up the game, but so far, there was no effect.

The Oporto defense were still standing strong and barely allowing the Nacional team in while the Oporto team was still wasting the few chances they had.

#76th minute...

The Oporto team once again found a way past the Nacional defense and Diaz soon found enough space to send a cross into the penalty box.

The ball flew into the penalty box and Oliveira and his marker rose to the ball, but due to constantly pushing against themselves, they both missed the ball and the ball flew past them and found Mylo who was all alone.

Putting his leg out to catch the ball, he sent the ball high into the air and it soon started coming down towards him.

Despite doing this, no one was near him and he had enough time to catch the ball and smoothly slot the ball past the goalkeeper, but Mylo's next move shocked everyone as he turned his back to face the post and jumped into the air in a kicking motion.

It was clear to everyone what he was trying to do, and it was an understatement to say everyone was surprised, but they were even more shocked when he mishit the ball and sent it high and wide.

{What a chance! And What a letdown!}

{What was he thinking!? He was all alone for that shot!}

{He might have to start looking at the sidelines now to see if he will stay on after that miss} The commentator did his job not pulling his oral punches, and just as he had said, Conceicao who had his head in his hands immediately called out to Jason to start warming up.

Jason did not waste any time and got to his feet to begin warming up, happy that he might get some play time after a while, and happier that Mylo was playing like shit.

However, Mylo's terrible wasn't the end of Oporto's problems as the Nacional goalkeeper quickly collected a ball from the ball boy and sent the ball flying back into the field.

The ball flew powerfully at Oporto's half of the field and somehow managed to reach the Nacional's right winger.

The Oporto team had been playing a high line to break past the Nacional's defence and that had come back to bite them as the Nacional player ran up to Marchesin and dribbled past him before slotting the ball into the back of the net.

{Shocking! Absolutely shocking!}

{They're looking to run away with it! What a comeback against a stronger opponent!}

{The Oporto fans might not be happy, but this is exciting football!} the commentator shouted exuberantly as the Nacional team celebrated their goal.

The goal also marked Mylo's last moments on the pitch as the assistant referee held up his board and on it was Mylo's number in red.

"I want you taking Mylo's place in the striking position and trying to catch them off guard with your pace. They're exhausted so you should wait on the last line and try to time your runs so you can get in behind,"

"This is no time for anything fancy, we need goals and I trust you should be able to help the team get that," Conceicao told Jason as Mylo walked toward the sidelines, an angry look on his face.

He didn't even stretch out his hand for an handshake when he reached the sidelines which worked out for Jason because he would have slapped the hand away.

Ignoring Mylo, Jason did a cross sign and touched the field before running onto the pitch.

Chapter 420 Glory Addict III

{Oporto seems to be making a substitution here} The commentator began speaking as he saw Jason waiting beside the Oporto manager and listening to instructions as the assistant referee held up the board.

{What do you think about this, Mark?} the commentator asked his commentary partner.

{Well, the player coming off has not put on a good performance out there. He's been very wasteful with the chances he's gotten out there and should have scored at least three} Mark began his own commentary analysis as soon as he was given a chance.

{Maybe it's the pressure getting to him, but he's not looked as sharp as he was in the previous games leading up to this one}

{As for the player coming on, well, it seems like the manager intends to play him out of his regular position, opting to sub him on for a striker, but we'll have to wait until he gets on the pitch to see how the Oporto team would arrange themselves now that he is coming on}

{One thing's for sure though... if anyone's going to change the game, there's a high chance it would be him} Mark finished up his analysis as Jason began running onto the pitch.

{You're right about that Mark, he's got an uncanny ability to perform in games like this, let's hope the transfer talks that have been flying about in the last few days haven't changed that} The commentator said just as the game kicked off again.

With Oporto having fallen behind, they moved with hesitation and bore down on their opponents, looking for an equalizer now that it was so late in the game.

They had just about fifteen minutes left to get something out of the game, otherwise, they would be crashing out of the Taca de Portugal in just the fifth round, which wasn't something that happened very often and was a stain that would be hard to wash off.

None of the Oporto players wanted that and played to the best of their abilities, looking for just that one goal, but their opponents who were so close to a much-desired victory were doing everything they could to prevent the Oporto team from getting past them.

However, just like before, the Oporto team soon began finding their way past their opponents.

Despite playing out of position, Jason's presence on the pitch changed a lot of things for his teammates.

He was seen as a threat and was tightly marked which made it easy for him to draw players out of position by making decoy runs, thus giving his teammates more time on the ball while also opening up space for the ball to get through.

The clock continuously ran down and the end of the match approached, but the Oporto team held on to hope and kept looking for an equalizer and just when all hope seemed lost, they finally found their chance.

In the 89th minute, Viera received a pass in the center of the field and as soon as he stabilized the ball, Jason suddenly began making a run forward but his direction was slightly angled left.

Viera immediately took the hint and as soon as Jason drew away his marker, the ball was sent flying over to Corona on the right flank.

Catching the ball on his chest and pushing forward, Corona easily beat his marker for pace as he ran down the right flank and as soon he reached the side of the penalty box, he immediately sent a cross into the penalty box, however, he miscalculated the distance and didn't put enough power into the cross.

The ball seemed like it would barely reach the front of the goal, but Jason who had corrected his run after the ball had been sent to the right flank ran into the ball's path and jumped past the ball's path

before the ball even reached where he was then used his back heel to catch the ball and hit it upward, giving it more elevation and power so that it could reach Evanilson who was coming from into the penalty box from the left.

Not even bothering to trap the ball, Evanilson unleashed a powerful volley that thundered past the Nacional goalkeeper and smashed into the back of the net.

The stadium immediately erupted in cheers.

{They've done it!}

{An equalizer at last!}

{We've expected it, doubted it, hoped for it, and finally, it's here!}

{They just will not go down without a fight and they've got the support of their fans right behind them every step of the way!}

{With such a turn of events, where do we go from here!?!} The commentator was in a frenzy as he spat out word after word which accentuated the Oporto team's celebration.

For the first time in a long time, Jason felt the joy of the team and fans celebrating a goal sweep across him, making him shiver in excitement.

He wasn't even the one who had scored, but he was already feeling the quivers and this made him look forward to what it would feel like again when he scored.

It would be preferably if it was a stadium filled with fans rather than this small, half-filled stadium, but at this moment, he didn't care to choose.

With the glory calling to him, Jason started playing with more enthusiasm than ever, but the time left was too short and the final whistle was blown by the referee.

With both teams having a similar scoreline, they would be going to extra time and if a winner still couldn't be decided, then it was penalties next.

The Oporto players didn't have any plans of leaving their chances to the risky penalty shootout though, and their manager agreed whole heartedly and repeatedly emphasized on their attacking gameplay, providing all sorts of tactics that they could use to get a goal before the extra time period ran out.

After the short meeting with their managers, the players went back to arrange themselves on the pitch the same way they started the match with there now being quite a bit of difference in their line-ups.