

LEGENDS 421

Chapter 421: Glory Addict IV

Fweeeeeeeee

The extra time first period was over and the score was still 2 : 2 in the favor of both teams and no one had managed to break the deadlock even after fifteen minutes of extra time.

This was not to say that both teams didn't try, but rather, they had both played like they weren't the slightest bit exhausted and went against each other with all that they had.

The Nacional team had managed to create a few chances and had almost scored on two occasions, but things had not gone in their way and Marchesin had managed to keep his team afloat.

The Oporto team had also had quite a few chances with the most remarkable one where Jason had managed to draw out his markers and then gotten past them with a well executed skill move before sending a pass to Evanilson who had hit the ball into the back of the net but was ruled offside because he was a few centimeters ahead of the last man when the ball left Jason's foot.

There were a few other chances, but like the scoreboard showed, none of them had ended at the back of the net and it was now time for the second half of extra time.

The match soon resumed with both teams still doing their best to take the lead before the time ran out.

The Oporto was the obviously more tenacious side and this began to show up more and more as the clock ran down and finally in the 115th minute, everything changed.

Viera sent a long through pass to the left flank where Diaz ran to meet it, beating his marker for pace and getting to the end of the pass.

Without getting the ball under control, he sent a powerful curling cross into the penalty box.

Jason ran into the path of the ball and jumped at the ball with a flying kick despite not being in front of the goal, barely touching the ball just enough to slightly change it's direction and giving it a bit more elevation.

{Jason reaches it!?!}

The Nacional goalkeeper did not realize what was going on until it was too late.

The ball flew over him and just barely managed to clip the inside of the right post before bouncing into the back of the net.

{GOAL!!!}

{Oh my word! What a time to score!}

{He needed it! The team needed! The fans needed it!}

{He has delivered spectacularly!}

{That's a striker's goal if I've ever seen one!}

{There's no such thing as out of position for him!} the commentator continuously sang Jason's praises as he ran down the to the sidelines, jumping into a knee slide with his arms folded before giving a two finger salute at the end of the knee slide.

The crowd had gone crazy in excitement... more specifically the Oporto fans, but it was not wrong to say the atmosphere was electric and the cheers and screams of the fans were like a drug to Jason.

The noise drowned out everything and for the first time in a while, his brain went blank and the only thing he could hear was the fans cheering him.

Even the annoying thoughts and images that constantly appeared in his head, continuously souring his mood ever since the incident was drowned out by the noise and glory in that moment and Jason stretched out his hand to bask in the glory because for the first time in a while... everything felt okay.

However he wasn't able to enjoy this feeling for long as he was soon jumped on by his teammates who couldn't keep their excitement in check either.

Hugs, Daps, and even dance moves were displayed as the players celebrated.

The players on the bench as well as the Oporto club staff weren't left out and also celebrated the goal as well.

Despite having a happy smile on his face, Mylo's hand that held his water bottle was clenched tighter than usual as he watched Jason celebrate his goal. No one noticed Mylo's actions as they were preoccupied with their own joy and Mylo clicked his tongue before turning away, anger flashing in his eyes.

The celebrations did not continue for too long and the players soon began heading back to their half of the field to play out the rest of the match.

Fweeeeeeee

The referee's shrill blew to continue the match and the Nacional team quickly kicked off. On kicking off, they quickly began exchanging the ball among one another, looking for a chance to get back on level grounds.

They could not afford to be rash now and concede yet another goal, but the remaining time on the clock did not allow them to sit around and pass the ball among themselves for much longer.

With less than three minutes to go, they quickly launched an attack, but before they could get far, they lost the ball and Oporto didn't waste any time trying to hit them on the counter.

The desperate Nacional players quickly raced back and managed to slow down the Oporto team's attack just in time before they could get clear on goal.

With the amount of time left, the Oporto team could easily sit back with the ball and wait for time to run out, but after being on the back foot for most of the match, they were burning with the desire to show who was the top dog.

The ball moved from player to player and soon the ball found Diaz inside the penalty box and he tried to find enough space for a shot, but all the ways out was blocked and he turned around to pass the ball back.

Viera received the ball, bringing it under control with one touch and sending it to Jason who was near the left corner of the penalty box with another touch.

Jason's first touch of the ball eliminated his marker and pushed the ball into shooting distance in one smooth movement and he followed with a shot, applying as much curl as he could to the ball.

The ball took off slowly from the ground and flew high, looking like it was going wide, but it soon began curling inward and just barely managed to scrape past the top right corner before ending in the back of the goal.

{Oh!!! Magnificent!}

{What a hit What a hit!}

{It was decorated with both dip and curl!}

{Surely it has given them the glory!!!}

{There's no catching them now! Surely!} the commentator cried out, but Jason was already brazenly charging down to the sidelines, but he didn't stop and ran up close enough and started slapping the palms of all the Oporto fans raging in excitement.

Not stopping there, he collected one of the fans phones and turned on the camera before turning to the crowd and taking a selfie with both him and the fans in the picture.

{Say Cheese!!!} the commentator shouted with a laugh, also infected by the excitement spreading in the stadium.

Chapter 422: A Picture

Fwee Fwee Fweeeeeeeeeeeee

The blasts of the referee's whistle brought the game to a long-awaited end and the Oporto fans immediately broke out in cheers upon hearing the final whistle.

{The final whistle has blown and it is over!}

{It.Is.Over!}

{Oporto are through! It's been a topsy-turvy game with lots of goals, comebacks, and excitement, but in the end, they have qualified for the next stage of this competition}

{What a match!}

{It's the first time out for the fans since last year march, but this performance from the Oporto players has definitely been a satisfactory performance from the two teams} The commentator continued his match ending commentary while the players on the field shook hands with each other to commemorate the match.

After waving at the crowds for a bit, Jason was finally leaving the field, but after his performance in the match, the reporters weren't going to just let him disappear down the tunnel without answering a few questions.

Soon, he was standing with his back to a placard that was being used as a background and had a few mics in his face.

“What a good performance you had out there. Coming off the bench to help your team coast to a comfortable win in extra time after they struggled with finishing for most of the match is quite something, wouldn’t you say, Jason?” one reporter asked.

“I don’t know much about the team struggling, but yeah, we weren’t really hitting the target a lot earlier, but I’m sure even without me on the team, the guys would have still come up with a similar result,”

“Nevertheless, it feels good to do my part for the team and helping the team towards the victory in front of the fans is quite exhilarating,” Jason replied with a smile.

“With a performance like that, you just might be receiving a few more love calls before the month is over, Uventus especially seem to be quite taken with you. Would you say that the news of you joining Uventus has any grounds?” Another reporter asked a question that every reporter here was itching to ask Jason.

“The Oporto fans would really want to know,” the reporter added, hoping to guilt trip Jason into answering the question.

“... About me joining Uventus huh... well, I don’t know, you tell me,” Jason replied, confusing the reporter.

“Huh?” the reporter asked in confusion.

“My job as a player is to play football and keep myself in shape by training, things like transfer deals only get brought to me after everything is concluded with the club so I don’t know anything about what you’re asking me,” Jason lied smoothly.

“Your source has a higher chance of knowing anything before I do,” he added, still lying, after all, he was even more updated on the transfer talks than the Oporto team management.

Due to already coming to an agreement with the Uventus side, he knew about the offers that the Uventus club would make to the Oporto team before the Oporto team itself did and Adele was also

pressuring the management so the moment the deal went through, he would be one of the first people to know.

However, he wasn't going to tell them that, and he definitely wasn't going to say that on TV.

"Oh, ok," the reporter nodded, taking the microphone away from Jason's face, but another microphone quickly took its spot.

"Still on the transfer talks, something the fans would like to know is that... if the club and Uventus come to an agreement and the decision is up to you, what would you choose to do?" the reporter holding the new microphone in his face asked quickly.

"Take a guess," Jason answered cheekily and started walking away, but as soon as his face was turned away from the cameras, the cheeky smile on his face disappeared like it had never existed.

He had expected a lot of questions about the transfer deal to Uventus, but he hadn't expected those guys to throw very direct questions at him and try to guilt trip him with the fans into answering.

If he got swept in their wavelength and gave the wrong answer, he just might end up being crucified by the media.

It was clear from all the previous articles that they would not hesitate to do just that and the moment he said anything that could be used against him in the slightest, then he only had to wait to see his name in the newspaper about having no good feelings towards the team that brought him into professional football.

There was nothing those guys couldn't write if it would get them more sales and clicks, so he quickly ran away before they started asking more annoying questions, especially if they were about Mylo.

No matter his beef with Mylo, he couldn't allow himself to be caught on TV saying bad things about a teammate, especially now that the public didn't know what had happened between them.

For now it was best to just ignore him until the transfer deal happened as he did not want any problems to hinder the transfer from happening and considering how Mylo was a harbinger of bad luck, Jason wasn't going to be taking any chances on his ticket out of seeing his face everyday for the next six months.

With these thoughts, Jason headed down the tunnel, shaking the hands of a few fans who were crowding the top of the tunnel and smiling at them before disappearing down the tunnel.

Click

Somewhere from a distance behind him a shutter clicked almost inaudibly thanks to the noise from the crowd and the photographer who took the picture looked at the screen to see the picture, but in that moment, all he saw was a lonely back in a Oporto jersey disappearing from the view of the fans.

'What am I even thinking?' he wondered to himself as he glanced again at the picture.

'It would make for a nice picture for when he leaves the club though,' the photographer thought to himself, already imagining himself editing it with that kind of format in mind.

Once he had that thought, he couldn't think much about anything else and he stopped taking pictures and went over to get his laptop to begin editing the picture, wanting to see the final image.

It did not take long for him to arrive at the picture he wanted.

It looked dreary, lonely, and incited an heartbreaking feeling just by looking at it which was more than he expected but he didn't mind and saved the picture before sending it along with other pictures to the e-mail of the club's publicity team.

Chapter 423: Road To Turin I

The answer to Jason's prayers came in the form of the effects caused by his performance in the match against Nacional in the cup tie.

Jason's performance, coupled with Oporto receiving enquiries from Arsenal and Leicester City who had begun to sniff around after having been tipped off by Adele, created a chain reaction that caused the Uventus team to push harder for the deal.

Unfortunately for them, the Oporto team had also become more confident in calling extravagant prices for Jason as he had proven his quality yet again and was now less inclined to reduce their asking price.

In the end, the two sides ended up coming to a compromise.

Jason would join Uventus on a short-term loan without an option to buy, but they would have priority rights to make a bid for Jason first in the coming transfer season, however, they would only retain that right if they made a transfer offer of over a hundred million Euros.

Both teams were pretty happy with that deal as for the Uventus team, it meant they would get the player while also getting time to raise enough money to carry out the deal at the end of the season.

There was also the chance that Jason would sell for lower then because his contract with Oporto would be nearing it's end.

For the Oporto team, it meant that there would be enough time for Jason's value to appreciate, and they could also get rid of Jason for a while and avoid the risk of the team falling out with each other.

Of course, there was the part that they would lose an important player till the end of the season, but the Oporto management thought they had that part covered with the current team.

With all that said and done, all that remained was the wage payment ratio from both teams but that was easily settled and the club's side of the negotiations were over and it was then up to Jason to decide whether to accept the deal or not.

The result of that was of course...

"*Shocking transfer move agreed!*" Adele read out to Jason as he drove.

“The medicals are when?” Jason asked, turning the steering, but he had a small smile on his face as he was also one of the biggest anticipators of this move.

“Tomorrow, but you’re leaving today so that you can rest up today and quickly finish up with the medicals tomorrow and join the team training at Uventus,” Adele answered, folding up the newspaper, not interested in reading the rest of the article.

“The earlier you join the team training, the faster you can get incorporated into the team, and the faster you are incorporated into the team, the faster you can crack the starting line-up,”

“I hope you have your bags packed?” she asked him.

“Kinda, I can’t pack too much as my accommodation in that place isn’t even sorted out yet,” Jason answered back, keeping his eyes on the road.

“I’m already working on that, but it’s a bit difficult to find an okay place that is also not very public, but also one that has a short lease,” Adele answered, looking through her phone.

Finding accommodation for Jason’s stay in Italy wasn’t easy because his salary still wasn’t all that high yet.

If he wanted to find a place that was away from the public, they came at a high cost, and he wasn’t even looking to stay for a long time so his choices kept getting smaller and smaller, but it was nothing that couldn’t be solved.

They would just have to look around a bit more, after all, they couldn’t do a lot from Portugal and would have to be in Italy to best settle the matter.

“Anyway, so where are we going, we’re done at the club right, shouldn’t you be getting ready to go to the airport?” Adele asked Jason as she saw that he wasn’t driving in the direction of his house.

“What was that thing that humans need for sustenance?” Jason asked with sarcasm dripping from all over his tone.

“... Food?” Adele asked in an unsure tone.

“Yes, food... and I haven’t had any of that today, so unless you want Uventus’s newest player to faint from a lack of energy, you’d understand where I am going,” Jason said with sarcasm, his hunger both for food and disappearing from the Portuguese hemisphere taking its toll on him.

“Fair point,” Adele said with a glance at her watch.

They had been at the club since morning, finalizing the details of the deal and signing what needed to be signed and even though the final signing would only take place after the medicals in Italy, he was still pretty stressed out from all he had gone through, but it was the happy kind of stressed out and he didn’t mind the tiredness of negotiations adding to his tiredness of the match from the previous day.

The fact that the negotiations were so rushed wasn’t clear to him, but he didn’t mind, however, his body did and it was already complaining.

The car soon stopped at a restaurant that had Jason flinch when he looked at the restaurant’s name.

He had driven here on instinct because he had frequently chosen to dine here a lot of times in the past year, but he was finally remembering why he had not come here for a few weeks.

“Sorry, wrong location,” he muttered as he started the car’s engine, giving another glance at the “Miami” signboard.

“What are you doing!?” Adele hurriedly asked him, not wanting to waste any time in going to another restaurant.

“Eating here is not a good idea, matter of fact, it’s the worst idea possible,” Jason replied immediately as he turned to check whether there was any car behind him.

“Why, is their food bad or something?” Adele asked, grabbing Jason’s hand that was about to put the car in reverse.

“Remember when I told you that Sofia’s mom owned a restaurant?” Jason asked her with a knowing glance.

“Oh,” Adele immediately understood without Jason needing to say another word.

“You know what, that shouldn’t matter, we don’t have time to waste going around to another restaurant,” Adele said after a little pause, still of the opinion that they shouldn’t waste any time on things that didn’t mean much, especially when it was an ex that most definitely shouldn’t mean much.

“There’s another restaurant down the street though,” Jason immediately protested, but Adele wasn’t having it.

“Doesn’t matter, it’s still time wasting,” she shot back.

“Okay okay, I get it, sheesh, let’s just eat and go,” Jason grunted in annoyance, giving in.

He turned the engine back off and pulled on a nose-mask, not forgetting a dark pair of glasses to keep the sun out of his eye as well as to keep his eyes hidden from view.

Adele also pulled on a nose-mask as they both got out of the car and walked towards the restaurant’s doors with Jason in the lead.

They had made it past the door and were going to find a seat when Jason stopped suddenly and Adele slammed into him from behind.

“What are you doing?” Adele said in a hushed tone, but her voice was sharp as she recoiled from the shock of slamming into Jason from behind.

“We’re leaving,” Jason said without bothering to apologize.

Chapter 424: Road To Turin II

"We're leaving," Jason said in a flat tone to Adele making a U-turn on the already over-turned decision.

"What? Why?" Adele asked, rubbing her nose, which had slammed into Jason's back.

"Snake and Serpent at two o'clock," Jason replied without looking back, but Adele's eyes quickly fell on the two people that Jason did not want to see for any reason.

Mylo and Sofia were seated at a table and engrossed in a conversation over lunch, not paying any attention to their surroundings.

They were so into what they were doing that they hadn't even noticed Jason's presence in the restaurant even though he was standing tall in a pretty obvious place.

"We're already inside anyway," Adele grunted and grabbed Jason's hand, taking charge of the situation.

"What are you doing?" Jason asked, not wanting to be inside this space for one more second, but not able to force Adele's hand off of his.

"Ignore them, I'm here with you," Adele stated firmly and dragged Jason to a seat that was a fair bit away from Mylo and Sofia.

Adele had long noticed that Jason wasn't over Sofia even though he acted like he was. It was pretty clear to her as Jason was quite literally running away from Portugal.

Of course, if she asked Jason about it, he'd say that it was because he couldn't play on the same team as Mylo, and he was mostly right, but that was not all there was to it and they both knew it.

Jason just would never admit it out loud and she could understand why... or at least she could try to understand why.

She hadn't exactly been in the same situation so she couldn't actually say that she understood, but she knew that emotional wounds were not as simple as people made it sound.

For now, she wanted Jason to confront his problem more instead of running away from it at the slightest sign of it appearing, and by it, she meant Sofia.

In Adele's books, Sofia didn't qualify to be called "her".

Jason reflexively looked around before taking off his glasses, but luckily there were not many people in the restaurant, and the people in the restaurant were focused on their business and not looking his way which made things a lot easier.

Without the threat of being jumped on by a large number of fans, Jason finally took off his face mask as did Adele.

It didn't take long for a waiter to attend to them and take their order and somehow, Jason and Adele almost finished their meal without incident.... Almost.

When Jason was almost done eating, he involuntarily looked up and so did Sofia causing their eyes to meet across the room.

Jason's heart lurched to his throat, but he played it cool and swallowed the food he was chewing and continued eating, moving his eyes away from Sofia's direction in a disinterested manner, but only he knew that his performance deserved an Oscar award as he was internally trembling.

"Does the food taste bad?" Adele asked, noticing a change in Jason's look.

"It tastes like boiled paper, but it's not the food's fault," Jason replied, sweeping Sofia away from his mind and putting his full focus on Adele.

Since he was had no desire to keep eating, he pushed his food aside and just stared at Adele as she ate.

"What?" Adele asked, noticing how he stared at her.

“Nothing, I’m just watching food eat food,” Jason said with a dirty smile, stunning Adele and almost causing her to choke on her food.

“You-**cough* *cough**” Adele side-eyed him and grabbed a glass of water, but Jason’s brain was working overtime and another sentence flew out of his mouth before he could stop himself.

“Why choke on that meat when you can choke on mine,” this was even worse than what he said the first time.

“Uhwk!,” Adele almost spat out the water in her mouth and just barely got her hand over her mouth in time, but not before giving Jason the most bombastic side eye she could muster.

Jason could have sworn he heard the words ‘Boy if you don’t shut the hell up’ in his head just from making eye contact with the side-eye.

“Nah, fr, is your other nationality Nigerian cuz no one but our people can communicate a whole ass sentence with just our eyes,” Jason couldn’t help laughing as he saw Adele literally ‘dagging’ him with her eyes.

Adele just shook her head at Jason and went back to eating her food, leaving Jason to keep staring at her all he wanted.

She wasn’t going to risk hearing another of those dangerous statements.

“Hey, I’m paying for this meal, right?” Jason suddenly asked while grabbing the fork on his plate, but Adele’s hand shot out and put her hand on the hand grabbing her fork.

She didn’t need to hear anything else to know what was about to happen if she let Jason hold that fork.

“This one is mine!” She said, her eyes sharply glaring at him.

“Technically, I’m paying for it, so that statement wouldn’t hold in court,” Jason grinned wickedly while eyeing the rest of the food on her plate.

“Ugh, you’re a big baby,” Adele muttered as she began side-eyeing him again.

“I’m a boss baby,” Jason smirked.

The argument ended with Adele not being able to win and having to concede one spoonful of what was on her plate and to make sure that Jason didn’t take ten spoonfuls worth of food instead of one, she personally fed it to him, making it look like a romantic scene to the people around, but no one but Mylo and Sofia were looking in Jason and Adele’s direction.

After Adele was finally done eating, Jason settled the bill and they got up to leave, but Adele needed to use the washroom and Jason headed outside to wait by the car.

While waiting beside his car, Jason suddenly heard a voice from behind him,

“So you’re leaving to Uventus, huh?”

The voice wasn’t one Jason wouldn’t recognize, after all, he had lived with the owner of the voice for half a year.

“Why do you care?” Jason scoffed, glancing at Mylo.

Chapter 425: Road To Turin III

“Why do you care?” Jason scoffed, glaring at Mylo.

“I do care, you’re my teammate,” Mylo began but Jason didn’t want to hear it.

“Cut that shit out, cut it out, I ain’t about to hear some bullshit like that from your mouth,”

“You don’t like me and I feel the same way towards you, so step,” Jason didn’t bother mincing words, but he also didn’t lose his temper.

“Who said I don’t like you though?” Mylo continued like he hadn’t heard Jason telling him to quite literally ‘get the fu*k out of his sight’.

“Really now? Cuz I could have sworn that I remember you sleeping with a girl I was trying to get together with... you know what, matter of fact, I don’t even care no more,”

“Get your punk ass out of my face,” Jason clicked his tongue and turned away, not wanting to get into a battle of words with Mylo.

‘It wasn’t worth it,’ he thought to himself and turned away, but even after a few seconds, he didn’t hear Mylo walk away.

“You know what... you’re right... I don’t like you,”

Mylo’s voice came from behind Jason, causing his ears to perk up in surprise.

‘Would you look at this bit*h?’ Jason thought in amusement as he turned back to face Mylo again.

“As a matter of fact, I’m happy you’re leaving, I wouldn’t have to deal with your ugly face either,” Mylo continued, staring directly at Jason.

‘Ugly? Me?’ Jason’s eyebrow rose up in even more amusement as that was a word that had never been used to describe him before, but his mouth still came open without missing a beat,

“I feel the same way about you, you’re not special,” Jason replied.

“That’s it right there, that’s why I hate you so much,” Mylo retorted, his face contorting in anger.

“Why do you always have to sound so snotty like I’m below you, huh?”

“Just because you are talented and handsome, everyone likes you and you get the best of everything and you’re always strutting around with so much pride like it is a given!” Mylo’s voice had turned sharp and he sounded angry.

“... And?” Jason asked with a disgusted look.

“So what if it seems like I have everything? So what if I’m more handsome than you are?”

“So what if I play better? So what if the fans like me more?”

“Why are you hating me for it?”

“You know, I used to think you were stupid... I guess I was overestimating you,” he scoffed at Mylo.

“I’m not the one who wastes his time playing around instead of focusing on actual training,”

“I’m not the guy who focuses more on getting into women’s pants than getting into the penalty box,”

“I’m not the guy who stole his teammate’s girl instead of stealing the ball from the opponent,”

“And I’m not the hypocrite that is acting like that never happened,”

“That’s youuu! You’re that guy...”

“You’re the head honcho of stupidity, hypocrisy, arrogance, and irrelevance... but you hate me for being the fool that you are?”

“Wake the fuck up kid!”

"I'm not going to disappear because you wish it, oh no no no,"

"I will be here to torment you in every aspect of your life,"

"I'll make sure you'll never be able to hold your head up if you ever stand beside me,"

"If it's a war you want, well congratulations, you've just signed up for hell,"

"From now on, I'll make sure to always remind you of what you are to me..."

"... Nothing... absolutely nothing," Jason said in a calm tone and pulled open the door of his car .

Without taking a look at the stunned Mylo who hadn't been expecting his response, Jason started the engine and drove out of the car park, stopping in front of the restaurant to pick up Adele who had finally come out of the restaurant before driving off.

"You were talking to Mylo?" Adele asked as Jason drove, humming a tune in a light mood.

"Uh? Oh, yeah, he came over to say some shit and I returned the favor," Jason said with a smile.

"Why does it look like you enjoyed the conversation?" Adele asked, noticing that Jason seemed to be in a better mood than before.

"Well, I didn't not enjoy it... I had some things to say to his punk a**," Jason said with a smirk, enjoying how the air around him suddenly felt easier to breathe in all of a sudden.

"Maybe I should do this more often," he muttered.

"Huh?" Adele asked, not hearing what he said.

“Nothing, nothing,” Jason replied and stepped harder on the accelerator, wanting to get on the plane faster than ever before.

He had made a declaration of war and now it was time to fulfill it.

Jason dropped Adele off at her place first as she would be following him to Italy as she had to be present when he was signing the contract.

Once he had dropped her off, he raced to his house with his speakers blasting out music at the top of its volume.

Since he wouldn't be coming back for a while, he packed a bag filled with the essentials, but he didn't pack many clothes as he would need a change of clothes on reaching Italy when considering Italy's cold weather at this time of the year.

Italy, in January, was usually chilly compared to Portugal's warm January climate.

Hence apart from his thicker clothes, he didn't pack many other clothes, he'd just buy everything at Turin, he could use that time to take a tour of the city.

Soon enough, he was done packing his luggage and considering that he was going to be gone for six months, one did not need more than a glance to see that he had under packed, but that didn't matter to Jason.

He quickly lugged his bags into his car only to nod to himself that he had done well by not overpacking as his car couldn't carry much luggage anyway.

Taking one last glance at his house, he got into his car and drove off, picking up Adele and they headed to the airport.

Less than an hour later, they were in the first-class seats of a plane waiting for take-off.

While waiting for the plane, Jason suddenly remembered something.

“You can drive right?” he asked Adele, glancing over at her, his blue eyes peeking out of the big white hoodie he had on.

“Yeah, why?” Adele responded glancing up from her phone.

“You can keep this for a while then... at least till I get back,” he said and put the key of his car in her lap before turning away and closing his eyes.

Italy awaited his arrival.

Chapter 426: Welcome to Uventus I

Jason’s arrival at Turin did not come with fanfare as he arrived late in the evening.

Quickly getting off the plane with Adele, they took their luggage and met up with a car that had been arranged for them by the club that took them to the hotel Jason would be staying in for the time being.

After dropping them off at the hotel, the driver left them to check in and lodge at the hotel by themselves.

Jason and Adele quickly checked in and went to their respective rooms with Jason opting to rest as he would have to face a medical examination the following day.

Putting aside any thoughts of touring the City of Alps for now, Jason focused on resting his body so he could be in peak form for the medical examination.

After a quick dinner, he went to sleep, but Adele couldn’t as she had work to do.

She had to confirm Jason's appointment with the club as well as the location and logistics of the coming day.

She also had to begin looking further into Jason's accommodation for his stay in Turin.

Only after finishing all that was she finally able to shut her tired eyes and go to sleep as well.

15th January 2021

6:45 am

Jason's phone rang loudly, rousing him from his slumber and causing him to reach out in sleepy confusion.

He tried to grab the phone and turn off the alarm, but after touching a few strange surfaces that he didn't recognize, he shot up alarmedly.

It was only a second later that he realized that he was no longer in Porto.

'Ah shit, what's the time?' he thought alarmedly, his darting around frenziedly as he looked for his phone to check the time.

His eyes soon settled on the still ringing phone and he grabbed it and checked the time, only turning off the alarm when he realized that it was still early in the morning and that he hadn't overslept.

Standing up to go check outside the windows, his eyes were met with the early morning light that rose over the day, slowly getting brighter with every minute passed.

"The originally scheduled time for the medicals was 10 am right?" he muttered, turning away from the windows and turning on the room's lights.

The thought of checking out the hotel's gym arose in his head, but he quickly quelled it, not wanting to take any chances with his medical examination at Uventus.

He hadn't experienced what the medical examination at a team like Uventus would be like, but there was a high chance that it could be a lot more stringent than anyone he had ever done.

Of course he wasn't scared of being sent back to Porto after failing the medicals, but the better the numbers he achieved, the higher and faster his chances of joining team action was.

To that end, he had to avoid anything that would disturb his performance in the medicals.

The most he could do right now was some yoga to warm up his muscles and help his flexibility and that was exactly what he did.

Thirty minutes of yoga after calling for breakfast.

He managed to finish his yoga routines before his breakfast arrived and he quickly ate before diving into the bathroom to wash up and begin preparing to leave.

Another thirty minutes later and he was dressed in a white shirt and baggy grey pants.

Donning a leather jacket over the shirt to keep out the cold as well as wearing comfortable white nike shoes, he was almost ready and only had his hair left to deal with, but with how Adele was staring him down and telling him to hurry up, Jason knew that he didn't have any time to spend on his hair.

Quickly grabbing a bandana and a hair band, he quickly gathered his hair and tied it up at the top with the hair band before going on to tie the bandana across his forehead.

"Let's go," Jason called to Adele and grabbed his already prepared sports bag.

"New club, new look?" Adele asked as she started moving.

"I guess, maybe the fans will like it," Jason shrugged as they walked through the hotel corridor.

"If you wanted a new look, maybe you should have tried cutting your hair instead, they would be shocked," Adele snickered as she handed Jason a nose mask.

"Not happening," Jason reiterated immediately as he collected the nose mask.

His hand involuntarily went up to his head and he ran his hand through his hair till the ends of his hair and he smiled.

His long hair was not due to something as simple as fashion and there was actually a deeper reason as to why he kept growing out his hair and never let a razor touch his hair, and no it wasn't because some angel told his parents to keep his hair longer so that he would have more football talent.

No, it was actually something very childish.

When Jason was younger and his whole family was still alive, Jason and his sister used to compete with each other in quite a number of things and the most debated competition among the two of them was their hair length.

Since Jason had longer and healthier hair than most people regardless of gender or race and he also had more hair than his sister, who was younger than he was.

His sister however didn't like that and always said that she would grow more hair than he did.

Unfortunately he would never get to know whether she would be able to do it or not, however, he kept the competition going even though his sister was gone.

His hair meant a lot more than just an adornment on his head and over time he had become more and more attached to it so there was no way he was just going to just allow someone to put a razor into his hair.

Other men cut their hair in different styles so that they could be handsome, but without doing anything, he was already more handsome than most, so there was no need to touch his hair.

Chapter 427 Welcome To Uventus II

Ding

The elevator made a ding sound as it opened up in front of Jason and Adele and they stepped into the elevator.

On getting into the elevator, they realized that they weren't alone inside the elevator and that there were three other people inside the elevator.

Two girls and one guy and they all looked to be in their early thirties at the most and they were talking animatedly to each other even before Jason and Adele entered the elevator.

Adele didn't even bother trying to listen in on the conversation as they were speaking in a language that she didn't understand, but Jason immediately realized that they were speaking in French which was a bit strange since they were in Italy but he paid it no mind.

However since he understood the language, he couldn't help but be informed about what they were talking about.

It seemed like they were on a trip and were travelling through Europe or something which was strange since the world was just recovering from the COVID-19 virus and a lot of places weren't considered safe yet due to the lack of vaccinations but this guys had still thought it was a good idea to go on a trip in these times.

'At least they're wearing nose masks,' Jason thought to himself, minding his business, after all, it was not his place to tell them what they should and should not do.

With that thought, he was just about to take his attention away from them when he noticed one of the girls glance at him and then nudge the other two.

"Don't you think he looks kinda familiar?" the girl asked her travel-mates in French.

"Now that you mention it, he does look kinda familiar," the only guy among them nodded in affirmation as he also glanced at Jason.

At that point, Jason realized he hadn't worn glasses to cover his eyes. It seemed he had instinctively removed it and placed it in his car when he had gotten down at the airport in Porto.

'Now I have to buy a new one,' he internally face-palmed, but glancing at the three travel buddies sneaking glances at him.

"I get that a lot, it must be my handsome genes," Jason said snarkily to them in French.

Hearing Jason speak in French surprised the three of them as they did not expect Jason to understand them.

"Ah gosh, that's so embarrassing," One of the girls muttered and covered her eyes and from her pronunciation, Jason could immediately tell that she was probably originally American as her English was clear and had an American accent.

"Not really, it's not, I'm quite flattered," Jason said in English with a smirk.

The surprise on the faces of the three travel buddies grew even more and their mouths dropped open when they realized that Jason could speak English just as well as he could speak French.

"Who is this guy?" the only guy among the group involuntarily murmured in his own mother language which was Italian.

"Just a regular guy, name's Jason," Jason responded in Italian and stretched out his hand for a handshake, his smirk hidden behind his nose mask, but his eyes were twinkling mischievously.

"You even know Italian!?" the guy asked in surprise, still speaking Italian.

"Well, we are in Italy, what did you think I'd speak?" Jason replied, still holding out his hand.

"When you say it like that, it does sound kind of normal," The guy laughed, taking Jason's hand, but he was soon pushed away by one of the girls.

"Are you Italian?" the girl asked, grabbing Jason's hand before he could pull it away.

"No, I just have, uh... experience with the language," Jason replied, slowly trying to pull his hand away.

"I knew it, you're-!" the first girl's eyes widened in realization as she finally remembered where she had seen Jason's face, but Jason's hand moved quicker than anyone anticipated.

"Shhhhh," Jason shushed her lips with his finger, doing the best he could to stop her from talking without making it seem like he was trying to kidnap her.

"Let's keep it a secret from your friends for now, yeah?" Jason quickly said and luckily for him, the elevator's door opened just in time.

"Uh, it was nice talking to you guys," Jason quickly said and grabbed Adele's hand before quickly disappearing from the elevator and out of sight of the three travel buddies.

"Nice to meet you!" the second girl called back to Jason before turning to her friends.

"That was kinda weird, though he looked kinda hot, and also, his eyes were weird," the girl said thoughtfully.

"Exactly! Who do you know that is African-American with long curly hair, has blue eyes, and could give those Korean idols a run for their money when it comes to comparing face cards?" the girl who had recognized Jason face-palmed.

"Wait!? Don't tell me?" The guy suddenly remembered someone who fitted the bill.

His eyes widened and he rushed out of the elevator hoping to catch a glance of Jason and go after him to ask for an autograph, but Jason was already nowhere to be seen.

"Some fan you are, you couldn't even recognize the guy you've been talking about to us every day for the last year," the first girl scoffed at the guy, but the guy had no words and could only put his head in his hands.

After Jason's appearance in the world of football in his debut against Leverkusen, the guy had fallen for Jason's skills and character and had always followed every news about him.

As a matter of fact, they had just landed in Turin yesterday and the major reason for him coming to Turin instead of going to his home in Milan was because he knew that Jason had joined Uventus on loan and he had been watching to watch some of the matches live while hoping that Jason would feature in one of the coming games.

Yet the same person he had been hoping to meet for the last year had just appeared and disappeared in front of him and he had not even recognized him.

The guy did not know whether to laugh or cry.

Chapter 428: Welcome To Uventus III

"You know... I only just realized that I never asked you if you knew Italian," Adele said to Jason as they got into the car that would take them to Continassa which was the main training ground for Uventus' first team.

"Well, now you know and you can remember to ask me the next time I'm making a transfer to a club in a new country," Jason smirked in response and took his sports bag off his shoulder before making himself comfortable in the backseat.

Adele watched him, still surprised that Jason knew how to speak both French and Italian apart from the English, Portuguese, and German that she already knew of.

"... Hey..." Adele poked his thigh with a finger causing Jason to open one eye and glance in her direction.

“What?” he asked.

“I need you to be completely honest with me now,” Adele began.

“O... kay,” Jason drawled, opening his other eye as he tilted his head.

“You don’t happen to be a secret CIA agent who dropped out of the academy because you had more talent for football than espionage?” Adele asked in a completely serious tone.

“...” Jason stared straight at her for a few seconds, his brain processing what he just heard and the only response that he could come up with was,

“Pffffffttttttt, hahahahaha,” he burst out laughing.

“What the hell are you on about? Hahahahaha,”

“Me? A CIA agent, and not even a successful one, but a dropout?”

“Come on now, hahahahaha,” Jason managed to get out mid-laughter.

“I’m not the one that knows five languages, can use guns, knows martial arts, and is smarter than everyone else his age... kind of,” Adele retorted, her face turning red from being laughed at.

“Eight actually,” Jason said, rubbing the tears caused by laughter away from his eyes.

“What?” Adele asked confused.

“I know eight languages... English, Portuguese, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, and Yoruba,” Jason reiterated.

“... Now you’re just bragging,” Adele managed to say after a pause to unfreeze her brain.

“Yes I am, also, I am smarter than everyone else my age...” Jason said with a laugh.

“... Kind of,” he added after some thought.

“Whatever, for now, focus on your football skills, you’ll need to impress your manager for the next six months in the next two days,” Adele muttered and pulled out her tab.

“Yeah, about that, when is Uventus’s next match?” Jason asked Adele.

“Uh... let me check,” Adele muttered and started manipulating her tab to pull out Uventus’s match schedule.

“It seems like they have a match on the 17th... that’s two days from now,” Adele told Jason.

“Any chance the manager would let me in that match?” Jason asked, the question seemingly directed to Adele, but he wasn’t expecting an answer.

“I don’t know, it will depend on your readiness and how well you adjust to the play style here, though there is a chance the manager might let you get some minutes out there so you can get a feel of the Serie A playing style,” Not knowing that Jason didn’t expect an answer, she answered.

“However, I can’t be too sure about your chances since they’re playing the league leaders on that day,” she continued.

“Wait, who are the league leaders?” Jason asked, wanting to know more about the current league situation in the Serie A.

“Inter Milan, and they have a six-point lead over Uventus who are currently in second place, however, there are two other teams with the same number of points as Uve,” Adele answered Jason scrolling through her pad as she surfed through the available information.

‘That’s some crazy competition,’ Jason thought to himself and tried to think about where he would fit into the manager’s plans for his tenure at Uve.

‘Hopefully, the manager doesn’t plan to have me mostly play for the U-21 team or some sh*t like that,’ Jason thought to himself knowing that there was a possibility for that to happen if there was no space for him on the main team.

He didn’t have time to think for much longer because they finally arrived at the Continassa.

There were a few cameras welcoming Jason as he stepped out of the car, but there wasn’t too much fanfare as he was quickly taken inside and before long was facing Andreas Pirlo, the current manager of the Uventus team.

“Welcome to Uve,” Pirlo said to Jason, putting out his hand for a handshake and Jason didn’t waste any time in taking Pirlo’s hand.

Once the greetings between all of them were over, Pirlo took the lead and started walking, all while addressing Jason.

“The medicals aren’t anything major because we already have your records from Oporto and it’s clear that you’re quite fit,”

“What you’ll be doing today is just a customary exam and a check to see if your last match didn’t affect your physicals since you’ve not been able to do a fitness test after the last match,”

“I’m sure there’ll be nothing wrong though so we should get through that quick enough and you should be able to join the rest of the guys in training,”

“Ah, and yes, we’ll have to decide on your jersey number as well as arrange a few interview schedules for you, the fans will want to see more from you on and off the field,” Pirlo spoke curtly, but there was friendliness in his tone that allowed for Jason to not be unnerved by how strict their meeting felt, not that Jason would have minded though.

Despite him being a bit fidgety that he had joined a big club like Uve, a little bit of cold shoulder from his manager wasn’t enough to unnerve Jason, not to mention that he knew that Andreas Pirlo was naturally a very strict looking person even when he was a bit younger and was still actively playing football.

Jason could even have sworn that he had never seen a smiling picture of Andreas Pirlo, one of the greatest sniper passers of the game as well as a legend of the Uventus and Italy.

“... so, do you have any number in mind for your jersey number?” Pirlo turned around to ask Jason.

Chapter 429: Welcome to Uventus IV

“17,” Jason replied to the Uventus manager.

“Hmmm, interesting number, that’s the same number De Bruyne wears I think?” Pirlo worded like he was talking to himself.

“Christiano also used to wear that once,” he continued,

“Why do you want that number though? I’m not saying it’s bad, I’m just curious,” Pirlo finally directed the question to Jason.

“It’s my birthday, the 17th of June, I consider it like my lucky number, kind of,” Jason laughed lightly as he responded.

“I see,” Pirlo’s face softened a bit and for a second, Jason almost thought he would smile, but he didn’t.

Pirlo quickly called to someone on the side and gave them orders about Jason’s jersey,

“Uh, how would you want your name to be written on the jersey?” Pirlo asked Jason, turning away from the person he was talking to.

“Just Jason is fine,” Jason replied and Pirlo turned back to the person he was talking to, using his eyes to ask if the person got all that down.

The reply was favorable and Pirlo told the staff member, “Tell them to have this done quickly, we’ll need to take pictures soon,”

The staff member nodded affirmatively and left quickly.

Andreas Pirlo soon resumed his walk, with Jason, Adele and a few others following after and Pirlo gave him a bit of a tour as they moved towards the gyms where the fitness tests would be carried out.

“So, I’m sure you know a little bit about us here at Uventus but here at Uve, we have a tradition of sorts where a new member of the team has to become a training partner with an existing member of the team,”

“This would allow the new members to get used to the new surroundings quicker, you know, get used to the place, build friendships, and even start picking up the language a bit before they undergo language learning classe-... wait?” Pirlo suddenly paused mid-sentence and turned back to Jason, suddenly realizing that from the time Jason arrived, he had spoken to Jason in Italian and Jason had also responded in Italian.

“You can speak Italian?” Pirlo asked, amazement showing in his eyes.

“Uh, yeah,” Jason replied calmly.

“Ahem, that’s good, you wouldn’t have to spend any time learning the language,” Pirlo muttered, reigning in his curiosity at where someone of Jason’s age could speak very fluent Italian despite having not lived in Italy... at least, that was what the records said.

“Anyways, as I was saying, we usually have our newer players pair up with someone they can learn from and even train with, someone who can show them the ropes around here,”

“The good news is, you get to choose your training partner,” Pirlo continued his explanation.

“That’s easy then, I want to work with Cristiano Ronaldo,” Jason didn’t hesitate and didn’t even let Pirlo finish. The moment he heard there was a chance for him to become the training partner of the one person he admired the most, he was sold.

“Haha,”

For the first time since they met, Pirlo laughed a bit.

It was almost like he was laughing at Jason’s choice and that somehow was more scary than being given the cold shoulder.

“See the thing with choosing a training partner is not as easy as it sounds because it is a commitment from you to work with that player and it is an obligation from the player to take you in according to the rules of the club,”

“What this means is that you’re at the mercy of that player’s schedule, training style, training time, and even meal types,”

“This is not something that can be done half-heartedly especially when it’s with someone like Cristiano,”

“If you become his training partner, it means you actually become his training partner and have to undergo the same kind of training he undergoes, the same amount of training he does, and you must also do it when he does it, meaning if Cristiano wants to train from 5 am in the morning to 8 pm in the evening... which he often does, then you’ll have to do the exact same thing for as long as Ronaldo is your training partner,”

“While we expect a lot from our players and they are obviously professionals, most of them cannot keep up with Cristiano in training,”

“You might want to think again,” Pirlo smiled, shaking his head at Jason’s naivety.

He understood where Jason was coming from and what it would mean for someone like Cristiano to be his training partner, but at the same time, he knew that often times being placed beside the strongest version of anything you could ever aspire to be could be quite damaging, especially when you found out what they had to do to become what they were and then you realized that you couldn’t even keep up with their efforts.

In this case, ignorance was often bliss, but Jason didn’t think so.

He had already failed once and if the price for getting to learn from one of the greatest players to ever play the game was just merely keeping up with their training endeavors, then Jason would willingly do it.

He was already training as hard as he could even without anyone pushing him.

“Where do I sign up?” Jason asked with a smirk.

“... I like your confidence... I’ll hand you over to him after we’re done here,” Pirlo said flatly, impressed that Jason was still willing to work as hard as Cristiano Ronaldo who was also known as the genius made from hard work

With that settled, Pirlo spoke to Jason about some of the interviews he would have to do in the coming days as well as the media shoots he would be doing after the examinations, as well as the final signing of the transfer documents.

Soon they were at the gyms where the medical exams would be held and Jason was handed over to the team’s medical specialist.

“This here is Enrico Zargoza, the team’s no.1 medic, he’ll be in charge of this medical exam and you’ll meet him a quite a few number of times during your stay here,” Pirlo said, gesturing to a man that looked to be in his fifties with an amiable look on his face holding a tab and looking at Jason.

“Let’s just hope you guys can keep seeing each other’s faces to a bare minimum,” Pirlo added, his words sounding quite negative and rude, but it was for the best.

Jason seeing Zargoza’s face more than required would mean that he had sustained an injury and that was no good for anyone, especially Jason.

Chapter 430: Welcome to Uventus V

Now changed from his previous into sports wear without any logos on it, Jason got on the treadmill and began warming up in accordance to Zargoza’s instructions.

On the side, Pirlo was engaging in discussion with Adele as they waited for Jason’s fitness test to be done.

Pirlo was taking Adele that Jason could quickly join the team as he didn’t need to be registered for the squad due to being under 21 years of age.

It was part of the regulations that a player who was younger than 21 wouldn’t be restricted by having to go through an extensive registration process and thus all that Jaon needed to play in Italy was a work permit.

Since officially getting one would take too long, Pirlo had decided to use one of the work permit waivers that the team had.

Each team usually had a few of these given to them at the beginning of the season and most times it wasn’t usually used unless there was a problem with getting a work permit for a player that had to compulsorily be on the pitch before a scheduled time, but luckily Uventus hadn’t had any such problems this season so Jason could quite literally take part in the next game once he was done signing the final papers.

As for whether he would play or not however, depended on the manager's mood, after all, the team wasn't in a dire need of his presence on the pitch, they were doing quite well for themselves at the moment.

Not where they would like to be for sure, but Jason's presence on the team was just just as an added option for the time being and for how long that would continue remained to be seen.

While Jason's fitness was going on, the Uventus players were already on the fields doing their team training and they were going quite hard at it, especially when they knew that they would be going up against the team that was currently holding on to the reins in the league.

If they managed to win the game, they'd cut down the point difference between them to three and this would put them in a better position to take back the number one rank in the league standings.

With such a game at stake, how could they not be training hard?

However, the absence of their manager on the training ground was quite obvious.

Unlike other managers who were much older, Pirlo had still been actively playing football just over five years ago so his methods of training differed greatly from those types of managers.

He always got up close and personal to watch over the players' training and sometimes worked almost like a personal trainer for the players.

At times, he even personally showed the players what he wanted to see from them, showing them different ways to switch up play, send in crosses, and pick out teammates in dangerous areas.

He especially came to life in the passing-type training sessions and personally showed the players time and time again that the passage of time had put no dent in the passing skills that made him a renown sniper passer in his legendary career.

Hence the Uventus players were almost always expecting to see him in training unless there was something else that required his attention and now that his presence was nowhere to be seen, they quickly started wondering why he was nowhere to be seen.

"I saw him earlier, I don't think he's left," Cuadrado was telling Mckennie who had been asking him about the manager's whereabouts.

As someone who benefited a lot from Pirlo's personal training sessions, Mckennie always wanted to learn from the team manager and was quite disappointed that the manager was nowhere to be seen.

"I think it's because of a player, the new guy," Dybala who had been nearby joined in the conversation.

"I saw them going into the gym when I was leaving earlier," he added.

He was also just recovering from an injury and had just barely began to join the team's training but he's had to take it easy and had to do constant check-ups with the medics so he had been undergoing a fitness test shortly before Jason arrived.

He had left the gym before Pirlo arrived with Jason, but he had seen them coming from afar.

"Oh, it's that Jason guy then," Mckennie's eyes brightened up in realization.

"Good for you, you've got a fellow countryman joining the team," Cuadrado said with a smile at Mckennie.

"I think they said he plays for Nigeria though, but yeah, he's definitely a brother from the hood,"

"I can tell by his gangster attitude," Mckennie smirked and did a little crip walk.

"You make it sound like you've been in a gang before when you obviously used to live in a rich neighborhood," Cuadrado retorted with a teasing smile.

“You don’t know nothing about a hood ni**a like me bruh, I’m a real ni**a,” Mckennie snapped back.

“I wonder who he picked as a training partner? The new guy,” Dybala suddenly asked, sitting on a ball.

“That’s hard to guess though, it could be you, Bernadeschi, Chiesa, Morata, or even this guy,” Cuadrado replied, pointing to Mckennie at the end of his words.

“Why didn’t you mention agent 007?” Mckennie asked, referring to Ronaldo.

“Even though that is a very scary thought,” Mckennie added, remembering that when he had joined the club, he had also wished to take Ronaldo as a training partner, but he was advised out of doing so after which he went with Cuadrado.

Only after joining the team did he realize that he had dodged not just one bullet, but more than ten bullets because Ronaldo’s rate of training as well as his methods of training were insane and beyond his level of tolerance.

Even at 35, Ronaldo wasn’t cutting down on his training and was even adding more sessions with newer and more effective methods to keep himself in shape.

The training wasn’t the problem, the problem was the sheer amount of it.

Before arriving at the training ground for team training at 9 a.m. every morning, it was said that he woke up as early as 4 a.m. to begin training and would have gotten at least three hours of training before he would start heading towards the Continassa, where he would then go on to train more than everyone else.

While everyone else would begin leaving the training grounds, he would still stay behind to get some training in and even if he did leave, it was only so he could go to continue his training in his house that had more a more extensive amount of training equipment than a four star hotel.

Being Ronaldo’s training partner meant that you’d have to do all that, or at least something very similar.

Mckennie felt like he would die the one time he actually tried to do something like that and he wasn't even able to finish the training plan.

"Why would anyone subject themselves to such a torturous training schedule?" Mckennie muttered.

"I mean, that's why he's the best in the world," Cuadrado replied, eyeing Dybala mischievously and sure as can be, Dybala side-eyed him bombastically.

"Second best, Messi is in number one," Dybala said, still side-eyeing Cuadrado who was doing his best to stop himself from laughing.

"Y'all can't start that here, please," Mckennie quickly rushed to defuse the situation before Cuadrado's mischievousness caused an issue.

'This guy,' Mckennie internally shook his head, glancing at Cuadrado who was more mischievous than most people expected him to be.